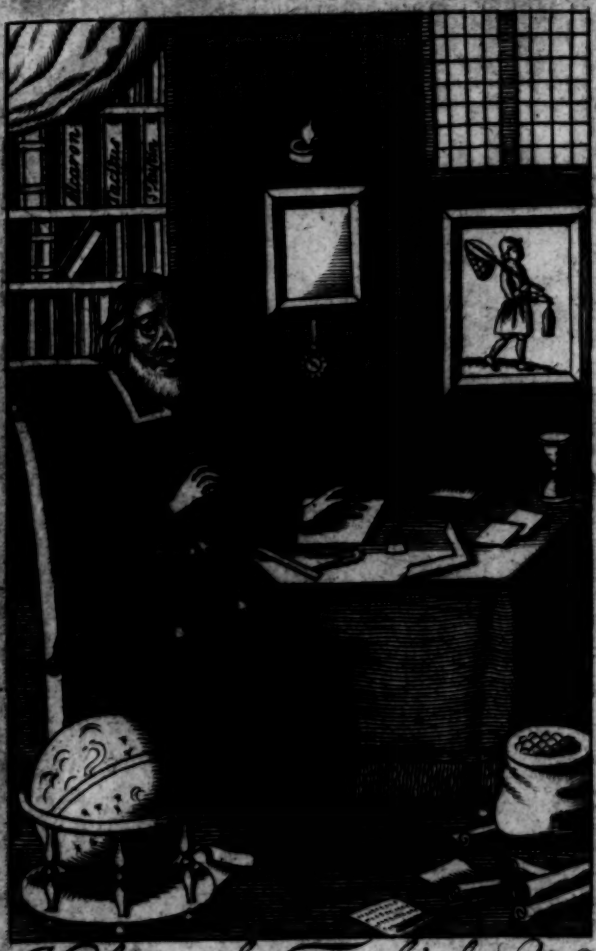
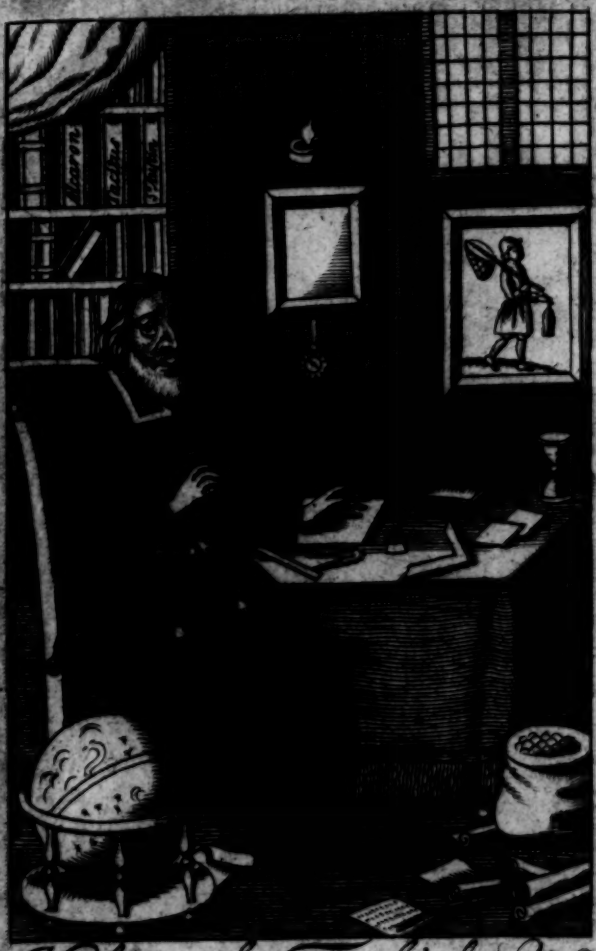


Mahmut the Turkish Spy

Ætatis suæ 72.

Marana (John Paul)



Mahmut the Turkish Spy

Ætatis suæ 72.

Marana (John Paul)

THE Eight Volumes OF LETTERS Writ by a Turkish Spy, Who lived Five and Forty Years, Undiscover'd, at PARIS:

Giving an Impartial Account to the *Divan* at *Constantinople*, of the most Remarkable Transactions of *Europe*; And discovering several *Intrigues* and *Secrets* of the *Christian* Courts (especially of that of *France*) from the Year 1637, to the Year 1682.

Written Originally in Arabick, *Translated into* Italian, *from thence into* English. *And now Published with a Large Historical Preface and Index to Illustrate the Whole. By the* Translator *of the First Volume.*

LONDON, Printed for **Joseph Hindmarsh** over against the *Royal Exchange* in *Cornhill*, and **Richard Bare** at *Grays-Inn-Gate* in *Holborn*, 1694

THE

Eight Volumes

OF

LETTERS

TO

Mr. HOLE.

A General Preface

To the WHOLE.

BEsides the *Prefaces* already affix'd to each Single *Volume* of these *Letters*; which contain Particular Answers to the Objections and Cavils of some, with Solutions of the Scruples and Doubts made by others: As likewise Critical Explanations of Passages seeming obscure to all, in the *English* Translation of our *Spy*; it is thought necessary to prefix something more by way of General *Preface*, not so much regarding the Translation, as the seeming Original Abruptness and Obscurity of our *Arabian* Author Himself

in some Places, with his frequent Change of Subjects, his Digressions and Startings from Matter of Fact, the then present Wars, Transactions, and Intrigues of *Christian* Courts, States, and Kingdoms, (for which he was chiefly sent to *Paris*) and his Immethodical falling upon Philosophical, Divine, and Moral Contemplations, and even to Ancient, Obsolete Histories, which some think were altogether Foreign to his Business.

That the Ingenuous *Reader* therefore may not henceforward be left in the Dark as to any Thing exhibited in the whole Series of these Letters; it will not be amiss to begin regularly at the First *Volume*, and say something of the Wars in which our *Spy* found several Nations of *Europe* engag'd, at his first coming to *Paris*; especially *France*, *Spain*, and the *Empire*.

After the Barbarous Regicide of *Henry the Great*; the Name and Malice of what they call'd the *Holy League*, seem'd to be quite extinguish'd, as if that deplorable Tragedy had fully satis-

satisfied the Cruel and Bitter Zeal of the Factious Catholicks. *France* seem'd to enjoy a Serene Quality, and Halcyon Days, from the Year 1610. to 1614. Fortune smiling on the Greener Years of *Lewis* XIII. as loth to disturb and ruffle the Tender Passions of the *Royal Child* with the Harsh Sound of War, foreseeing that he wou'd quickly have enough of that, even in his early Youth, before he cou'd write Man, unless he had been a King.

During this Minority of his, the Guardianship of him, and the Regency of the Kingdom, were committed to the *Queen-Mother*, *Mary de Medicis*, Daughter to the *Great Duke* of *Tuscany*. This *Princess* had brought into *France* a Favourite of hers, a *Florentine* by Birth and Extraction, whom she exalted afterwards to great Dignities, procuring him to be made a *Marshal* of the Kingdom, and to be invested with so exorbitant a Power at the Court, that the *Princes* of the *Blood*, with the other Grandees of *France*, began to look with an ill Eye on him, being quite disgusted at

the too portentous Authority of a Stranger.

Therefore in the Year 1614. they openly shew'd their Discontent by taking up Arms, raising Seditions, Tumults, and Insurrections, which lasted till the Year 1616. at which time the *King* was married to *Anne*, the Daughter of *Philip* III. *King* of *Spain*, whilst an interchangeable Match was made between the Young *Prince* of *Spain*, Son to the said *Philip*, and *Elizabeth*, Sister to *Lewis* XIII. Thus these Two Potent *Monarchs* bound themselves to each other, as the World judg'd, in streighter Obligations of Peace and Friendship, by the Sacred Bonds of Matrimony, and a reciprocal Union of their Blood. Which was also accompanied with the Blessing of an Universal Domestick Tranquility, and Cessation from Civil Broils in *France*; *Henry de Bourbon*, *Prince* of *Conde*, and the Rest of the Confederate *Princes* being reconcil'd, in all outward appearance, to the *King*, their *Soveraign*. But, on a sudden, new Jealousies arising, about the Beginning of *September*, 1616, the *Prince* of *Conde* was

was seiz'd and clapt up. And Declarations of War publish'd against the *Princes*, his Confederates. Yet this was all hush'd up again, and a Peace made the following Year, upon the Death of the *Marshal d'Ancres*, the fore-mention'd *Florentine*, and Favourite of the *Queen*, who was kill'd in the *Louvre*, by the *King*'s own Command; in that when they were going to arrest him, he offer'd to draw his Sword in his Defence.

The Fall of this *Italian* seem'd now to pacifie all Malecontents. But the *Queen* taking it to Heart, retir'd from the Court. Which gave occasion to the *King* to assume the Publick Administration of the Government into his own Hands. And a while after, he releas'd the *Prince* of *Condè* from his Confinement.

Much about the same Time, there broke forth Civil Wars among the *Grisons*, upon the account of Religion. For, the *Catholicks* and *Protestants* continually vex'd one another with mutual Injuries; and engag'd the *Kings* of

France and *Spain* in their Quarrel: So that the *Arms* of these Two Kingdoms were employ'd against each other on a foreign Account, for many Years.

In the mean while, the *Duke* of *Luines* succeeding the *Marshal d'Ancres*, in the Prime Ministry of *France*: The *Princes* and *Nobles* conceiv'd as great a Dislike and Hatred of his Power at the *Court*, as they had before done of the others. So that, in short, they took up Arms also, and gave the *King* no small Trouble, who was at the same Time molested by the Factious Attempts of the *Queen-Mother's* Party. But, by the Assistance and Counsel of the *Prince* of *Condè*, who now prov'd faithful and serviceable to him, he suppress'd all his Domestick Enemies, and restor'd Quietness in *France*; the *Queen-Mother* also and her Party being reconcil'd to him.

Things remain'd in this Posture, till the *Duke* of *Rhoan*, and his Brother, *Monsieur Soubize*, rais'd new Commotions in the Kingdom. The *Rochellers* at the same Time took up Arms

in

in Defence of their *Religion*, and cal-led in the *English* to their Assistance; who sent a Navy of a Hundred and Twenty Ships, under the Command of the *Duke* of *Buckingham*; but all to no Effect. For, though the *English* land-ed in the Isle of *Rhee*, after many sharp Conflicts; yet they were soon expell'd again, and a long Siege laid to *Rochel*, under the Conduct of *Cardinal Richlieu*, and the *Marshal de Schomberg*, who re-duc'd that City to the *King*'s Obedience, ras'd the Walls, and left it as open as a Village, that it might be a Terrour and Example to others; teaching them rather to confider in the Clemency and Faith of their *Soveraign*, than to try the Force of his Arms. This was done in the Year 1628. From which time the Rebels, as it were by strife, return'd to their Duty, seeking who shou'd be most forward in testifying their Obedience to the *King*, and their Repentance for what was past. Thus was Peace once more restor'd to *France* at Home; that the *King* might have the more leisure to prosecute the War in *Italy*. Whither he led his Victorious Army, taking many Towns in his Way to

Casal, which he hasten'd to relieve, it being at that Time besieg'd by *Spinola* the *Spanish General*. In a Word, he come within sight of the very Walls, and so near to the *Spaniards*, that both Armies were ready to engage, when *Mazarini* (afterwards made *Cardinal*) ran between, and reduc'd them to Terms of Peace.

A while after this, a *Peace* was concluded between the *Emperour*, and the *Duke* of *Mantua*; the latter having the Possession of *Mantua*, *Montferrat*, and other Places, confirm'd to him by an *Imperial* Decree. But, as if Fate had ordain'd, That the Arms of *France* should not rust, or be long Idle; but that they shou'd be constantly kept in Exercise, by equal Vicissitudes of Foreign and Domestick Wars; no sooner was this *Peace* concluded, which gave some respite to the *French* abroad, when new Stirs arose at Home; occasion'd first through some Misunderstandings between the *Queen-Mother* and *Cardinal Richlieu*. Which afterwards were improv'd into open Hatred and Enmity; the *Queen-Mother* having drawn

into

into her Party the *Duke of Orleans*, Brother to the King: a Man who had conceiv'd an Irreconcilable Averſion for that *Potent Miniſter*. Till at length Things coming to an Inevitable Rupture at the *Court*, the *Queen-Mother* fled privately into *Flanders*, and the *Duke* of *Orleans* into *Lorrain*; from whence he afterwards follow'd her into *Flanders* alſo.

The next Year he ruſh'd into *Dauphine* with a Confus'd Army, and the *Duke* of *Montmorency* came over to his ſide. Who being Governour of that *Province*, brought great Forces with him, and gave new Courage to the Invaders. Inſomuch as they enter'd Battel with the *Marſhal de Schomberg*, General of the *King*'s *Army*. The Fight was ſhort and bloody, wherein the Rebels were routed, having loſt many of their Principal Leaders on the Spot; whilſt the *Duke* of *Montmorency* was taken Priſoner, and afterwards beheaded, by Sentence of the Parliament. This concluded the Year 1632. But the *Duke* of *Orleans* did not return to his Duty till the Year 1634.

From

From which Time the Kingdom of *France* was ſtill by various Turns kept in an Active Poſture, either of Defence or Offence, partly by Domeſtick Factions, and partly by Foreign Engagements of Allies or Enemies, even to the Time of the *Turkiſh Spie*'s Arrival at *Paris*, which was in the Year 1637.

I paſs over theſe Three laſt Years, before his coming to *Paris*, with the more Brevity, that there may be Room to ſay ſomething of the other Wars in which *Europe* had all along been equally engag'd, from the Murder of *Henry* the IV. or thereabouts, to the ſame Year 1637. and this ſhall be done as concisely as may be, That ſo the Reader may have the clearer *Idea* and Underſtanding of what our *Spy* entertains him with, in the Courſe of his *Firſt Letters*, to the Year 1643. when *Lewis* XIV. the preſent *King* of *France* began his Reign. Whoſe Life and Actions gave an immediate Turn to all Affairs, both in his own Dominions and the other Nations of *Europe*.

In

In the Year 1610. The Town of *Gulick* in the *Netherlands* was surrender'd to *Prince Maurice* of *Nassau*, after many *Princes* had claim'd it, upon the Death of *Duke John William*, who left no Heirs of his Body. And *Prince Maurice* himself was oblig'd to the *French*, for their Aid in obtaining it. About the same Time, the *Moors* were expell'd out of *Spain*, to the Number of Nine Hundred Thousand. Of which our *Spy* takes Notice in some of his Letters.

In the Year 1611. *Sigismund King* of *Poland* took *Smolensko*, a very strong Town of the *Moscovites*, after Two Year's Siege. Whose Son *Uladislaus*, the *Moscovites* chose for their *Duke* or *Czar*. Of which repenting in a little Time, there broke forth a Bloody War in those Parts.

The same Year died *Charles* the *King* of *Swedeland*, being succeeded by his Son *Gustavus*; tho some endeavour'd to transfer the Crown to *Sigismund King of Poland*.

In

In the Year 1612. died *Rodolph*, *Emperour* of *Germany*, who was succeeded by *Matthias*, his Brother. A while after this, the *Venetians* made War upon *Ferdinand*, *Arch-Duke* of *Austria*, Son of the *Arch-Duke Charles*, who was Brother to the *Emperour Maximilian* II. This War lasted to the Year 1618. at which Time it was finish'd.

In the mean while the War between the *Dukes* of *Mantua* and *Savoy* broke forth about the Principality of *Montferrat*. It was occasion'd by the Death of *Francis*, *Duke* of *Mantua*; who leaving no Male-Issue behind him, *Cardinal Ferdinand* his Brother, under the Protection of the *King* of *Spain*, took Possession of that Principality, which he defended by Arms against *Charles Philibert*, *Duke* of *Savoy*. This War also lasted to the Year 1618. at which Time it was ended by the powerful Intervention of the *French King*.

About this Time there broke out a most Cruel War in *Germany*, on this Occasion. *Ferdinand*, *Arch-Duke* of *Austria*, and *King* of *Bohemia*, receiv'd

also from the *Emperor Matthias*, the *Kingdom* of *Hungary* on certain Conditions. Which Conditions seeming disadvantageous to the *Protestants*, they made an Insurrection first at *Prague* in *Bohemia*, where they kill'd the Magistrates, and then they were soon followed by all *Bohemia* and the adjoining *Provinces*; who took up Arms against the *King*, under the Conduct of *Ernest Mansfelt*, and other *Grandees*.

In the Year 1619. *Matthias* the *Emperor* died, whom *Ferdinand* the aforesaid *King* of *Bohemia* and *Hungary* succeeding, prosecuted the War very vigorously against the *Rebels*. In the mean while they chose for *King* of of *Bohemia*, *Frederick*, *Elector Palatine* of the *Rhine*, who had married the *Lady Elizabeth*, Daughter to *James* I. *King* of *England*. He with his new *Queen* were the same Year solemnly Crown'd at *Prague*: and the Year following, their Forces being routed by the *Emperor*, they themselves were forc'd to fly into *Holland*, where they led a private Life ever afterwards. In the mean while, *Bohemia*, with the other revolting *Provinces*,

vinces, return'd to their Obedience. And this was thought to be a Leading Card to the *Religious* War, which about the same Time was rais'd among the *Grisons*: Of which mention is made above. Nay, and the same is suppos'd to have Influence on the Commotions rais'd by the *Huguenots*, inhabiting the Foot of the *Pyrenees*, against whom *Lewis* XIII. made a successful Expedition in the Year 1620. reducing the greatest Part of that *Province* to their Duty and Allegiance: tho the following Year gave him some fresh Trouble, and the Loss of many Great *Nobles*: among whom were the Duke of *Mayne*, Governor of *Guienne*; and the *Duke* of *Luines*, First Minister of State.

About the same time died *Pope Paul* V. being succeeded by *Gregory* XV. who sate in the Chair but Two Years and a few Months, when dying he left it to *Urban* VIII.

In the Year 1624. *Breda* was besieg'd by *Spinola* the *Spanish General*, and surrender'd in 1625. In the mean while, *Count Mansfelt* infested *Germany* with

with frequent Excursions, being got at the Head of a bold Army of *Freebooters*; but at length he was defeated by *Tilly*, a brave and expert *General* on the *Imperial* side. Then he was forc'd to fly for Sanctuary into *Transylvania*; and from thence going to *Venice*, he died in the Year 1626.

All these Things our *Spy* glances at in his Letters, but with some Abruptness and Obscurity: Which renders him scarcely Intelligible in those Places, to such as know not the History. 'Tis for this Reason we are at the Pains of giving a Compendious View of the Wars and Transactions in *Europe*, before his coming to *Paris*.

Therefore to proceed; *Gustavus King of Sueadland*, came out of his Territories in the Year 1630, and enter'd *Pomerania* with a Mighty Army. From whence and from all the adjacent *Provinces*, he drove the *Imperialists*. In the Year 1631. he enter'd the more interiour Parts of the *Empire*, taking Innumerable Towns, and filling all Places with Terror. And this he did under

pretext

pretext of vindicating the *Evangelicks* or *Protestants*. In vain did *Tilly*, the *General* of the *Catholicks*, oppose him. All that he cou'd do, was to burn *Magdeburgh* to Ashes.

After which the *Protestant Princes* held a *Diet* or *Assembly* at *Leipsick*, where they enter'd into a Confederacy against the *Emperor*, joining their Forces with those of *Gustavus*. Against these *Tilly* march'd with *General Papenheim*, and laid close Siege to *Leipsick*; which they were forc'd to surrender upon Conditions.

After this, the *King* of *Swedeland*, the *Duke* of *Saxony*, with the other *Confederate Princes*, took to the *Field*: and there was a Terrible Fight between them and the *Imperialists* at *Leipsick*, whose Consequence prov'd fatal to the latter. For *Tilly* having lost Ten Thousand of his Men, was forc'd to fly himself; Whilst *Leipsick* fell into the Hands of the Duke of *Saxony*. This Victory opened a clear Way for the *King* of *Swedeland* to over-run all *Germany*. So that having taken *Wirtzberg*, he soon reduc'd

reduc'd all *Franconia* or *Frankenland*: after that *Mentz*, with other *Provinces*; ſpreading like a Fire, or a Deluge of Water. In the mean while, the *Duke* of *Saxony* invaded *Bohemia*; and took *Prague*, the Capital City of that Kingdom. In a Word, ſo General was the Conſternation throughout the *Empire*, that ſome *Princes* to divert the Storm which they ſaw hanging over their Heads, had Recourſe to the Protection of the *King* of *France*; who accordingly by his Mediation ſkreen'd them from Violence; eſpecially the *Archbiſhop* of *Triers* or *Treves*.

In the Year 1632. the *King of Sweden* purſu'd the Courſe of his Victories; ravaging without ſtop or oppoſition, through *Alſatia*, *Bavaria*, and other Parts, ſtill taking Towns and ſtrong Holds, filling all Places alſo with Ruin and Deſolation. At length paſſing the *Danube*, he routed *Tilly* once more, with all his Army, who died ſoon after of a Wound he receiv'd in the Battel.

Walſtein was ſtreight ſubſtituted in his Place, who recover'd *Prague* in *Bohemia*

hemia from the *Saxons*. Then after many Conflicts and Skirmishes he encounter'd the *King* of *Swedeland* at *Lutzen*, a Town not far from *Leipsick*. This Battel prov'd fatal to *Gustavus*, for in it he lost his Life, and not long after him, *General Papenheim* on the *German* Side.

The same Year *Sigismund King* of *Poland* dying, his Son *Uladislaus* succeeded in the Throne. The *Swedes* were not the least discourag'd from prosecuting the War, by the Death of their *King*; but whereas before they fought for *Conquest* and Liberty, now they seem'd to fight for Revenge. *Christina*, the Daughter of *Gustavus Adolphus*, was soon set upon the Throne of *Sweden*. After this there was a *Diet* held at *Francfort*, consisting of *Swedes* and *Saxons*. Then there was another assembl'd at *Hailbrun*. And in the Year 1634. The States of *Saxony* met at *Halberstadt*, to consult about their own Safety. Much about the same Time happen'd the Sieges of *Ratisbonne*, and *Norlingen*. This Year was Noted with Tra[illegible] Characters, on the Account of

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the great Desolation made in the Provinces lying on the *Rhine*, by War, Pestilence, and Famine: Where People were reduc'd to those Streights, as to feed on Humane Flesh, and to do other Things, which will scarce now seem Credible.

The next Year 1635. seem'd to give a New Turn to the Affairs in *Germany*. For the Duke of *Saxony*, *Brandenburgh*, and *Lunenburgh*, having had a Treaty at *Prague* in *Bohemia*, came over to the *Emperour's* Party. Yet the *Swedes* still pursu'd the War.

The Two following years, were remarkable for the Election of *Ferdinand* III. who was chosen *King* of the *Romans* 1636. and succeeded his Father in the *Empire* 1637. as also for the Irruption made by *Galassio*, *General* of the *German* Forces in *France*: Which was attended with Various Events on both Sides; Till at length toward the End of 1637. *Galassio* return'd with his Army into the *Empire* again. The same Year before, there was a Notable Sea-Fight between the *Spaniards* and *Hollanders*.

derls. *Prince Maurice* overcame the *Portugueze* in *Brasil*, and took from them Immense Riches. The *Prince* of *Orange* besieg'd *Breda*, and took it: The same Year died *Bolislaus*, the last *Duke* of *Pomerania*. Much about the same Time, the *Pope* earnestly exhorted the *Princes* of *Europe* to establish a *General Peace*.

Such was the Face of Things in *Christendom*, when this *Turk* first came to *Paris*: and it is evident that the Scenes were often chang'd in the Course of those former Years, which I have here recounted. And so they have been ever since: Which was the True Reason of that Variety of Subjects, with which our Author abounds. In some *Letters* giving an Account of Battels, Sieges, and other Events of Campaigns; glossing also and descanting on the Good Conduct or Oversights of Great Generals; on the Valour of Famous Captains, and, in General, on the Fortune of War. In others he treats of Court-Intrigues, *Junto's* of Politicians, and Subtle Proposals of Statesmen.

Again,

Again, when he writes to his Intimate Friends, he either entertains them with Melancholy Complaints of his Long Abſence from *Conſtantinople*, and his Native Country; with the Inconveniences, Miſeries, Hazards, and Hardſhips, that attend it; or elſe diverts them with ſome trifling Diſcourſe, Comical Story, or ſomething very unuſual, ſurprizing, and ſtrange.

In Time of *War*, he ſeems to be a curious Engroſſer of the Earlieſt and Choiceſt News. In Time of *Peace* he watches the Motions of *Cardinal Richlieu*, *Mazarini*, *Olivarez*, and other Great Miniſters of State. For this End he had his Agents about in every Corner of the Court of *France*, beſides his Intelligencers at *Vienna*, *Venice*, or ſome other City of *Europe*.

But give him leave ſometimes to lay aſide the Cares and Buſie Toils of Life. And wonder not, if he ſeem in ſome of his Letters, very Melancholy; in others, of a contrary Humour, chearful and frolickſom: For theſe Unevenneſſes of Temper happen to every Man.

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You shall hear him sometimes wishing himself in the *Pyramids of Egypt*, confin'd and enclos'd within those Antique Piles; a Companion of Ghosts, and Devils, rather than lead the Life he did in *Paris*. When at another Season, you shall find him all over content, and Resignation it self in the Abstract.

Besides, the Difference of his Years ought to be consider'd; which at the *Climacterical* Periods, are observ'd to alter Men's Spirits as well as their Bodies. So that 'tis no Wonder, if in the Course of Five and Forty Years, which he pass'd away at *Paris*, both his Genius and Conversation may seem to Vary at some Critical Seasons; through the Natural Force of Time, and the Change of the Elements, of which his Body was compounded: As he himself in his *Letters* makes the same Apology.

Add to all this, his daily Improvements by Observation, Experience, Reading, Meditating, Converse, and Habitual Engagements in the World. For which Reason alone, it wou'd be unequal to expect the same Method of Writing

Writing from him, either as to Sense or Style, Matter or Form, when he was but Thirty or Forty Years Old; as when he was Threescore, or Threescore and Ten. Most of the Famous Writers in the World, have not only chang'd the Opinions which they harbour'd in their Greener Years; but before they came to the Age of our *Spy*, some of them have Publickly Recanted them, both with their Tongue and Pen. Neither is it a Shame to any Man, so long as the Old Axiom is true: *Humanum est errare; at Errores feliciter retractare, vere Divinum.*

Neither cou'd our *Spy*, considering his Education in the *Mahometan Religion*, take a properer Method, in my Opinion, to disengage himself from the *Legends* of the *Nursery*, and the *Fables* of the *Schools*, (as a Great Man calls our Infant *Idea's* of Things) than to follow the Counsel of his beloved *Des Cartes*, the *French* Philosopher, whom he so much admir'd; and who advises every one that wou'd perfect his Reason, and arrive at the Knowledge of Undisguised Truth, To shake off the Prepossessions

sions and Prejudices of his Infancy and Youth; to wipe, brush, or sweep his Soul clean of the very Dust and Relicks left behind on our Faculties, by those First Foreign Invasions and Encroachments on our Minds. Having thus cleans'd and polish'd the Soul, it becomes a Pure *Tabula Rasa*, fit for the best or worst Impressions. And here's the First Start of the *Free-Will*: For, before this, a Man is a perfect Slave, driven up and down by every Spirit that blows strongest on him. Whereas now he begins to feel some Strength and Consistence in himself: Being able to say with Interiour and Solid Reason; *Cogito, ergo sum.* Fixing therefore on this Foundation, he builds a Fortress, or Strong Hold, from whence he defies all the Attempts of open Enemies, or sly Secret Interlopers; neither permitting himself to be debauch'd by the Profaneness of *Libertines* and *Atheists*, nor by the Ridiculous *Enthusiasms* of *Fanaticks* and *Zealots*. This is the Course which our *York* seems to have taken with himself, when he once arriv'd at those Years, wherein Men usually begin to examin the *Grounds* of *Religion*, and bring the

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Doctrines and *Traditions* of their *Fathers*, to the Test of Sense and Reason. 'Tis no wonder therefore, if in some Letters to his Families and Intimate Friends, he discourses of such Matters with more freedom, than when he writes to the *Mufti*, the *Mufti's Vicar*, the *Preachers* of the *Seraglio*, or any of the *Grandees*. Yet even to these he makes bold sometimes to propose *Queries*, and start Scruples; which plainly discover, that he was not fully satisfied in many *Principles* and *Practices* of the *Mahometans*.

On the other Hand, when he writes to the *Jew*, his *Correspondent* at *Vienna*, he endeavours to reclaim him from a too fond and implicit Confidence in the *Hebrew Rabbi's*, whom he calls *Religious Triflers*, ridiculing their *Fables* and *vain Inventions*; and perswading his Friend not to be over Pious, but to attend the Affairs of his Employment with Alacrity, and to be zealous in the *Grand Signior's* Service. He likewise frequently explodes the Vanity and Superstition of some sort of *Christians*, with some Tartness indeed, but free from all Ill-Nature and Bitterness, every where speak-

ing honourably of *Christ Jesus* our *Blessed Saviour*; only condemning the Vices and Errors of his *Followers*. Which last is no more, than what would become a *Christian Divine*, whose Duty it is, to reprove and correct whatsoever he sees amiss in those that profess the *Christian Faith*.

In General, he appears a Man void of Superstition and Bigottry. And if he seems Partial, or Byas'd any Ways, it is in the Point of *Abstinence* from *Flesh*, and the *Doctrine* of *Transmigration*. Whereby we may conclude he was a *Pythagorean*, which is no new or uncommon Thing among the *Turks*; there being a particular *Sect* of *Mahometans*, wholly devoted to the Rules of that *Philosopher*; and it is well known, that *Pythagorism* is in great Reputation all over the *East*.

Hence we need not wonder, that he appears so much enamour'd with the *Indian Gentiles*, who are the strictest Observers of Abstinence, and of the whole *Pythagorean* Discipline, of any People

People in the World, as all our Modern Travellers can testifie.

Tho' he cannot be call'd an Antiquary, yet he appears a great Lover of Antiquities; and no less an Admirer of New Discoveries; provided they be both of them Matters of Importance, and worth a Wise Man's Regard. For it does not belong to either of these Characters, that a Man is a Curious Collector of Medals, Images, Pictures, and a Thousand other Insignificant Trifles, which can neither serve to Illustrate *History*, Regulate *Chronology*, or Adjust any Momentous Difficulty in the *Records* of *Time*; but are only Reverenc'd for their Rustiness, Illegible Characters, and Exotick Figure: Nor that he is fond of every little Improvement in *Arts* or *Sciences*, which perhaps has no other Tendency than the Advantage of some Particular *Trade* or *Profession*, among Men, and serves only to divert the Mind from more Solid Objects. Whereas, our *Arabian* aspires at Higher Things: He loves *Antiquities*, but 'tis only such as draw the Veil from off the *Infancy* of *Time*, and uncover the

Cradle of the *World*. This makes him busy himself with so much Zeal and Passion on the *Records* of the *Chinese* and *Indians*. He admires *New Discoveries*, but only such as shall either conduct us to the yet Unknown Parts of the Earth, or present us with a Truer and more perfect *Scheme* of the *Heavens*, than what was before extant: As may be seen by his Letters to *Osman Ashrewly*, *Astrologer* to the *Sultan*, Vol. viii. Book iv. p. 268. and to *Abdel Melec Ibn Omar*, *President* of the *College* of *Sciences* at *Fez*, Vol. viii. Book iv. p. 356.

He often praises and recommends the Reading of *History* to his Friends: And throughout the Course of these Letters, gives sufficient Proofs, that he is no Stranger to it. Which yet need not be laid to his Charge, as if he affected to be thought a Knowing Man; or that he spent his Time in Studies Foreign to his Employment. For he began to read *Histories*, as he himself declares, long before he came to *Paris*, as soon as he was releas'd from his *Captivity* in *Palermo* in *Sicily*, and had Access to the *Academies*. Which makes it no Wonder, that he should employ his Vacant

Hours

Books in the *Libraries* of *Paris*, after he became Master, being a very Inquisitive Man, and Greedy of Knowledge. Besides, that was Commended by him, So *Solomon* tells us to improve himself, and to transmit the *Abstracts* of what he Read, to *Constantinople*: Which is a sufficient Excuse for All.

It only remains now, that we touch upon some Translations of the *Turks*, as we have already done upon those in the *Text*: That so the Reader, who perhaps has not the Leisure to peruse the *Turkish History*, may the better understand some Passages in these Letters relating thereto.

Solyman was born in the *Reign* of *Selim Achmet*, during whose Life, he being but a Youth, it will be to no purpose to recount what happen'd in those Parts, or between that *Monarch* and the *Christians*.

Achmet dying, was succeeded by *Mustapha*, his Brother: Of whom our Author makes some Mention; as of his throwing Gold to the Fishes of the Sea;

and of the Cruelty of *Sultan Amurath* IV. in causing him to be Strangled. Indeed, he was a *Prince* who made so small and contemptible a Figure in the World, That few *Historians* take any other Notice of him, than as a Man more fit for a *Convent*, than for a *Royal Palace*.

Therefore he being Depos'd, and Remanded to his Former Prison, where he had spent his Youth; *Osman*, the Son of *Achmet*, was plac'd in the *Throne* of his *Fathers*. He Renewed the Ancient *Leagues*, which had been made between his *Ancestors* and several *Christian Princes*; wrote *Letters* to *James* I. *King* of *England*, and *Lewis* XIII. *King* of *France*; Aided the *Emperour* of *Germany* against the *Hungarians*, *Bohemians*, and other *Rebels*. But at length entring into a *War* with *Poland*, his Army was beaten. From which Time his Affairs began to decline. And the next Year giving out that he would make a *Pilgrimage* to *Mecca*, he was Strangled by the *Janizaries*, who Suspected that he design'd to abolish their

and alter the *Constitution* of the *Empire*.

Then *Mustapha* was taken out of his Prison again, and the second Time plac'd in the *Throne*. Who soon after experienc'd the Mutability of Fortune, in that he was again laid aside; and *Amurath*, the Brother of *Osman*, Establish'd in his stead.

This *Amurath* was a very Warlike *Prince*, and esteem'd the stoutest Man of his Age. He had not long Sway'd the *Ottoman Scepter*, when the *Persians* came and Besieg'd *Bagdat*, or *Babylon*, which they took from the *Turks*. Then the *Cossacks*, with the Inhabitants of the *Ukrain*, gave him some Diversion, making violent Incursions into the *Turkish* Territories, and laying all Waste where-ever they came. However, the *Sultan* regarded the *Persian* War with most Concern. He sent an Army toward *Babylon*, in the Year 1626. who were defeated by the *Persians*; Twenty Thousand *Turks* being kill'd upon the Spot. This was reveng'd afterwards, by the Slaughter of

Thirty Thousand *Persians*. Then follow'd the Siege, or rather Blockade of *Babylon* by the *Turks*.

A while after this, happen'd that dreadful Fire at *Constantinople*, which consumed a Third Part of the City: Of which our *Spy* makes mention in some of his Letters; especially to his Friend *Dgnet Oglou*, who had suffered great Losses in the Conflagration.

Not long after this, there was a *Rebellion* rais'd in the *Holy Land* by *Facardine*, the Brave and Famous *Emir* of *Sidon*; with whom join'd some other discontented *Bassa's* and *Beys* of *Egypt*. But *Amurath* sending powerful Forces against them, reduc'd them to their Duty. Afterwards enticing *Facardine* to *Constantinople*, the Old *Emir* went accordingly with Forty Thousand Men at his Heels: Who encamp'd at a Distance from the City: But at length trusting too much to *Sultan Amurath's* Allurements and fair Promises, he ventur'd so far into the *Grand Signior's* Clutches, that he was Strangled. This our *Spy* descants upon in several Letters.

Next

Next follow'd the taking of *Revan* by the *Persians*; which was accompanied by the *Rebellion* of the *Beglerbeg* of *Grimea*. At which Time there rag'd a Destructive *Plague* at *Constantinople*. In this Year our *Spy* came to *Paris*. Much about the same Time, the *Persians* routed the *Turks* before *Babylon*, and forc'd them to Raise the Siege.

Amurath was enrag'd with these reiterated Ill Successes, that collecting together a Mighty Army, he led them in Person to the Walls of *Babylon*, and laid Close Siege to that *City*; resolving never to return to *Constantinople*, till he had won that Important Place: Which he accordingly did, with an Infinite Slaughter of the *Persians*. Our *Spy* speaks much of this Siege, sometimes extolling the Bravery of *Schah Abbas*, *King* of the *Persians*; at other Times, magnifying the Valour of *Amurath*.

The *Grand Signior* returning from this Successful Campagne, enter'd *Constantinople* in Triumph. And being puff'd up with his Victories, gave the

Reins

Reins to his Passion, committing a Thousand Exorbitances and Cruelties. At length he died of a *Fever*, which he got by Excessive Drinking of *Wine* and *Spirits*, to which he had much addicted himself.

Ibrahim, Brother to *Amurath*, Succeeded in the *Throne*; a *Prince* wholly given over to the Amours of Women. Yet he commenc'd that long and tedious War with the *Venetians*, which cost so much Money and Blood on both Sides; which lasted above Twenty Years, and which was not ended till the Surrender of *Candia*, the Chief City of the *Island* bearing that Name, which Consummated the *Conquest* of the whole *Isle*.

The Occasion of this *War* is related Variously. Our *Histories* affirm, That it was begun on the Account of *Sultan Ibrahim*'s Son being taken Captive by the *Knights* of *Malta*; who was afterwards Educated in that *Island*, became a *Monk*; and for Distinction's sake, in Regard of his suppos'd Extraction, was call'd *Padre Ottomanno*, or *Father Otto-*

Ottoman. Our *Spy* contradicts all this, and says he was only the Son of a *Female Slave*, belonging to the *Seraill*, there being no Account to be had of his Father.

Ibrahim being transported with an Extravagant Luſt after Women, and having debauch'd the *Muſti*'s Daughter; the *Muſti*, with the *Grand Viſir* and ſome other *Baſſa's*, Conſpir'd againſt him, drawing his own Mother into the *Plot*. At length he was ſeiz'd, depos'd, and after ſome Days Confinement, growing Mad, he was Strangled in his Priſon, and his Son *Mahomet* IV. aſcended the *Throne*; a *Prince* addicted more to Hunting, and the Pleaſures of a Country-Life, than to War or Love of Women. Whence it was, that he ſpent moſt of his *Summers* in ſome delightful Solitude, where the agreeable Shades of Trees, the purling Streams, and Harmony of Birds, invited him as to an Earthly *Paradiſe*. Yet this hinder'd not the *Grand Viſir* from proſecuting the *Wars* in *Hungary*, *Dalmatia*, *Candia*, and elſewhere, as there was Occaſion. Of all which Things, our *Spy* gives Hints in his Letters, according to their proper Seaſons.

To

To draw towards a Conclusion, the Reader of these Letters may observe, That our *Spy*, in some of them, makes Mention of several *Papers* and *Journals* which came to his Hands; and of one which he wrote himself in the *Academies*, wherein is contain'd the *History* of his *Youth*, with the most Memorable Adventures which befel him in *that Part* of his *Life*.

But among Foreign *Journals*, he seems to put the Greatest Value on those of *Carcon*, *Pesteli Hali* his Brother, and *Ismy* his Cousin. The First of these was a Private *Agent* for the *Grand Signior* at *Vienna*, who liv'd some Years there after our *Spy* came to *Paris*, and held a strict Correspondence with him, by Order of the *Turkish Divan*, as appears by several Letters, in the 1st. and 2d. *Volumes*. But at length dying, his *Journal* and other *Papers* were sent by his *Successor*, to our *Spy*, with a *Ring* which *Carcon* had bequeathed him as a Legacy and Token of his Inviolable Friendship even to Death.

This

This *Journal*, as we may gather from some of our *Spy*'s Letters, contains Copies of all the *Dispatches* which *Carrera* sent to the *Ministers* of the *Port*, during his Residence at *Vienna*; with some of their *Letters* to him. In these, as we may further collect, is couch'd a *History* of all the most Remarkable Transactions in *Europe*, with parallel Occurrences and Events in the *East*, from the Year 1600, or thereabouts, to the Year 1642, at which time *Carrera* died. Our *Spy*, besides other Commendations which he gives this *Journal* of *Carrera*, particularly celebrates it in one of his last *Letters*, to *Nathan Ben Saddi*, a Jew at *Vienna*. At the first Receipt of that *Journal*, he sent an Answer to *Nathan*, which begins thus: ["Thy "Letter, with *Carrera*'s *Journal*, is come "safe to my Hands, and the *Ring* which "he bequeath'd me, *&c.*] And a little after, he says, ["His *Memoirs* will be "of Great Service to me; containing a "More Accurate *History* of the *German* "Court, from the Year 1600, to the "Time of his Death, than I have yet seen "extent. I am not acquainted with

"Rela-

Relations of this Kind, &c.] *Vol.* III. *Book* I. *Letter* XXX. *Pag.* 107. But in the very Last Letter he wrote to this *Jew*, he gives this *Journal* yet far higher *Encomiums*, praising the Elegance and Succinctness of the Style, the Solidity of the Matter, and the Great Usefulness, as well as Delightness of Both; as may be seen more at large in *Vol.* VIII. *Book* IV. *Letter* XVI. *Pag.* 350.

The Second *Journal* is that of *Peseli Hali*, Brother to our *Spy*, and a Great Traveller in *Asia*. At his Return to *Constantinople*, he was made *Master* of the *Customs*, and *Superintendant* of the *Arsenal* there. His *Journal* contains an Accurate Account of his *Travels* through *Syria*, *Arabia*, *Persia*, *India*, *China*, *Tartary*, *Georgia*, *Circassia*, *Mingrelia*, &c. With Choice Remarks and Observations on the Divers *Religions*, *Laws*, *Customs*, and *Forms* of *Government* which he found among so many *People* of *Different Nations*. As also several strange and pleasant Adventures that happen'd to him on the Roads, and in Cities; the Escapes he made from Robbers, and his Intrigues with the *Persian* and *Indian* Ladies. All

which

which our *Spy* professes he took great delight to read. In a Word, according to the Character which he gives us of this *Journal*, we may believe, That it contains many Useful and Pleasant *Memoirs*, in *History*, *Philosophy*, *Morality*, and the *Politicks*.

As for the *Journal* of *Ysouf* his Cousin, we may conclude from several Letters in our *Spy*, that it deserves much the same Character: Only, with this Advantage, That besides his *Travels* through all or most of the fore-mention'd Countries in the *East*, he adds an Account of his *Journies* through the *South*, having Visited the Chiefest *Regions* of *Africk*. And *Mahmut* appears particularly pleas'd with this last Part of his *Journal*, as containing Narratives of *Countries* to which he was wholly then a Stranger. In a Word, upon the Reading of this *Journal*, he conceiv'd so great an Affection for his Cousin *Ysouf*, the *Author* of it, that he recommends him to his Brother *Pesteli Hali*, and to one of the *Bassa's*, as a Man deserving the *Sultan*'s Favour, and some Preferment suitable to his Abilities. Which

may

may be a sufficient Ground for us to believe, That this *Journal* was not stuffed with Vain *Romantick* Fables, and Empty Trifles; but that it had something in it Extraordinary and Illustrious.

If therefore the *Publisher* of these *Volumes* (who has been at great Expence and Pains, in endeavouring to retrieve the said *Journals*, should ever be so happy as to succeed in his Attempt; he promises himself, That the *Publication* of the said *Journals*, will be a *Work* both Useful and Acceptable to the *World*.

The End of the Preface.

AN INDEX INTERPRETING Some *Turkish* and *Arabick* Words, which may seem Obscure and Unintelligible, either in these *Letters*, or in their *Titles*.

A.

Araf, *A* Place *of* Prisons; Purgatory, *or a* Mid-Receptacle *of* Souls *between* Paradise *and* Hell, *according to the* Doctrine *of the* Turks.

Allah.

Allah, *The Name of* God.

B.

Bassa, *A Title of* Honour *given to Governors of* Provinces, *and Privy-Councellors of the* Grand Signior.

Berber Aga, *The* Grand Signior's Barber.

Bey, *A* Lord.

Beglerbeg, Lord *of* Lords. *A Title Equivalent to our* Dukes *and* Princes.

C.

Cadilesquier, *A* Lord Chief-Justice.

Cadi, *A* Judge *or* Justice *of the Peace.*

Corban, *A* Mahometan Sacrifice *of* Sheep, *which being kill'd and cut in Pieces, are distributed to the* Poor.

D.

Divan, *The* Grand Signior's Privy Council: *Also a Rais'd Ground in a Hall, or any other Room of a House.*

Dinalma, *A* Festival *or Royal* Holy-Day.

E.

Emir, *A* Lord.

H.

Hasnadar-Bassi, Chief-Treasurer *to the* Grand Signior.

I.

Imaum, *A* Minister *or* Clerk *of a* Church.

Janiar Aga, General *of the* Janisaries.

K.

Kaimachan, *A* Deputy-Lieutenant, *or* Governor *of a* City. *The Grand Vizir's Vicegerent. By Way of Excellency, 'tis appropriated to him who governs* Constantinople *in the* Grand Vizir's *Absence.*

Kiaya Bey, Lord-Lieutenant *of the* Janisaries.

M.

Minaret, *A* Turret *or* Steeple *of a* Mosch.

Mollah, *A* Doctor *or* Preacher.

Muccerman, *A* Carrier *or* Muleteer.

Mussulman, *or* **Moselman**, *a* True Believer, *one Resign'd to* God. *This* Title *the* Mahometans *arrogate to themselves, as the only Elect of* God, *in their own Conceits.*

R.

Reis Effendi, *A* Secretary *of* State.

S.

Selictar Aga, *The* Sword-Bearer *to the* Sultan.

Seraſquier, *A* General *of an Army.*

Sultan, *A* King *or* Emperor.

T.

Teſterdar, Lord-Treaſurer.

U.

Vizir Azem, *The* Firſt Miniſter *of* State.

THE First Volume OF LETTERS Writ by a Turkish Spy, Who lived Five and Forty Years Undiscover'd, at PARIS:

Giving an Impartial Account to the *Divan* at *Constantinople*, of the most Remarkable Transactions of *Europe*; And discovering several *Intrigues* and *Secrets* of the *Christian* Courts (especially of that of *France*) continued from the Year 1637, to the Year 1682.

Written Originally in Arabick, *first Translated into* Italian, *afterwards into* French, *and now into* English.

The Sixth Edition.

LONDON,
Printed for Joseph Hindmarsh, at the *Golden Ball* in *Cornhill*, and Richard Bare, at *Gray's-Inn-Gate* in *Holborn*, 1694.

Fifth Volume

OF

LETTERS

WRITTEN BY

PARIS:

TO THE

READER.

I Here offer you a Book written by a *Turk*, whose Matter is as instructive and delightful, as the Manner of finding it was strange and surprizing.

I do not doubt but you would know where 'twas written; and perhaps, whether the Author be living; and whether you must expect a *Romance* or a *real History*. Hear then in short, what will fully satisfie you.

The Curiosity of seeing *Paris*, made a Man of *Letters* leave *Italy* in the Year 1682, where being arrived, he found such Diversions, as caused his stay longer than he intended.

Scarce had he been Two Months in *Paris*, when, by changing his Lodging, he discovered, by meer chance, in a Corner of his Chamber, a great heap of Papers; which seem'd more spoil'd by Dust than time.

He was at first surprized to see nothing but barbarous Characters, and was upon the Point of leaving them without any farther search, if a *Latin* Sentence, which he perceived on the top of a Leaf, had not retained him:

Ubi amatur, non laboratur; & si
Laboratur, labor amatur.

The Surprize of the *Italian* was yet greater, when after having considered these Characters with more Attention, he found them to be *Arabick*: which Language was not altogether unknown to him, which made him look narrowlier into them, where he found, That they treated of Affairs of State: That they contained Relations of War and Peace; and discoursed, not only of the Affairs of *France*, but of those of all *Christendom*, till the Year 1682.

The curious *Italian* was in no small Impatience, to know how, and where these *Memorials* had been writ, and by what adventure they came to lie so neglected in a Corner of his Chamber. But, before he further informed himself, he thought it expedient to transport these Manuscripts into another House, as a place of greater Security.

He afterwards questioned his Landlord with great Precaution, concerning the Papers; and he inform'd him even to the least Circumstances.

He told him, That a Stranger, who said he was a Native of *Moldavia*, habited like an *Ecclesiastick*, greatly Studious, of small Stature, of a very course Countenance, but of surprizing Goodness of Life, had lived long at his House. That he came

came to lodge there in the Year 1664, and had ſtaid Eighteen Years with him; that being gone abroad one day, he returned no more, and they had no certain News of him ſince. He was about Seventy Years old, had left Manuſcripts, that no Body underſtood, and ſome Moneys, which was an Argument, that his Departure was not premeditated.

He added, That he had always a Lamp Day and Night burning in his Chamber; had but few Moveables, only ſome Books, a ſmall Tome of St. *Auſtin*, *Tacitus*, and the *Alcoran*, with the Picture of *Maſſaniello*, whom he praiſed very much, calling him the *Moſes* of *Naples*. He ſaid further, That this Strangers greateſt Friend, and whom he ſaw often, was a Man which moſt People took for a Saint, ſome for a *Jew*, and other ſuſpected to be a *Turk*. According to the Landlord's Report, he came to *Paris* in the Year 1637. being then but Twenty eight Years of Age, At firſt he had lodg'd with a *Flemming*; he went oft to Court; Moneys never failed him; he had Friends, and paſſed for very Learned. As for his End, this Man thinks he died miſerably; it being ſuſpected that he had been thrown into the River.

The *Italian* being ſufficiently inſtructed by what he had heard, applyed himſelf to the Study of the *Arabian* Language; and as he had already ſome Knowledge in it, he quickly learnt enough to tranſlate theſe Manuſcripts, which he undertook a while after; and he examined with care the Truth of what the *Moldavian* had writ; confronting the Events he met, with the Hiſtories of thoſe Times; and to ſucceed the better, ſearched the moſt approved *Memorials*, having

had Access into the Cabinets of Princes and their Ministers.

These Letters contain the most considerable Intrigues of the Court of *France*, and the most remarkable Transactions of *Christendom*, which have been sent to several Officers of the *Ottoman* Court.

By these may be known the Perspicacity of this Agent of the *Turks*; and by him the Prudence of those that command in that Nation, who chose (the better to penetrate into the Affairs of *Christians*) a Man, who could not be suspected by his Exterior; who was deform'd, but prudent and advised; and, for the better concealing him, destined his ordinary abode in one of the greatest and most peopled Cities of *Europe*.

During his being at *Paris*, which was Forty Five Years, he has been Eye-witness of many great Changes; has seen the Death of Two great Ministers of State; has seen that Kingdom involved in War, without and within. He was scarce settled in *Paris*, but he was Witness to the Birth of a King, who surpasses those that preceded him; in a time, when the Queen's Barrenness, caused the King, her Husband, to despair of ever having a Son that should succeed him.

During the Course of so many Years, he hath seen Cities Revolt, and return again to the Obedience of their Sovereign; Princes of the Blood, make War against their King; and Queen *Mary de Medecis*, Wife, Mother, and Mother in law to four of the greatest Kings in *Europe*, die in Exile in *Cologne*. He

He speaks frankly of the Princes of *Christendom*, and explains his Sentiments with Liberty. He saith, The *Emperor* commands Princes, the King of *Spain* Men, and the King of *France* sees Men, and even Kings obey his Orders. He adds, That the First commands and prays, the Second sees oft times more effected than he commanded, and that the Third commands many brave Soldiers, and is well nigh obeyed by Crown'd Heads. There appears no Hate or Animosity in him, in what he writes against the *Pope*. In discourfing of the *Emperor* and King of *Spain*, he says, That both of them having Provinces of such vast Extent, they are not much concerned at the Losses they sustain.

He believed that *England* was more powerful than the Empire, and *Spain* at Sea. He apprehended more the Counsels of the *Republick* of *Venice*, than their Arms. He magnifies what passed in the Wars of *Candy*, which the *Venetians* supported with so much Bravery against the Forces of the *Ottoman* Empire. The *Genoeses* with him are perfect *Chymists*. He speaks of the last Plague, and last War that this *Commonwealth* hath been afflicted with; he touches something of the late Conspiracy against this State by *Raggi* and *Torne*; and to shew, that he understood their History, he says somewhat of *Vadero* and *Balbi*.

Thou wilt see, Reader, by the Progress of the Work, what this secret Envoy of the *Ottoman Port*, thought of the other Princes of *Italy*, and those of the *North*: And I have drawn his Picture, because thou maist understand better what I give thee of him.

This *Arabian* (for he declares himself in his Writings, to have been of that Nation) having been

taken and made a Slave by the *Christians*, was brought into *Sicily*, where he applyed himself to Learning. He studied *Logick* in his Captivity, and applyed himself much to *History*; he overcame them by suffering with Patience the Blows of his Master, who often beat him for endeavouring to acquire those Lights, which this Brute had not. And finally, after much Labour, great Assiduity, and long Watchings, he came, as he writes himself, to understand *Greek* and *Latin* Authors; he had Commerce afterwards with the best Masters; and during his sojourning in the *French* Court, he joined Experience to the Knowledge he had acquired.

He explains himself neatly, and speaks of Things with great Frankness. His Style shews a great Liberty of Spirit, and never Passion; and if it appear that he accommodates himself to the Fashion of the Court, one may see that it is not out of design to please, but that he wisely conforms himself sometimes to the *Genius*'s of Nations.

Thou wilt find in his Letters *Wit* and *Learning*. If sometimes he appears tart, 'tis to shew his Vivacity, not disoblige; and he appears all over fully instructed in *Ancient* and *Modern* History. He is very reserved when he blames, and seems persuaded when he praises. When he speaks to the great Men of the *Port*, his Style is very grave; and he changes when he writes to meaner Persons. He never tells News that he is not assured of, nor thinks of divining Things that seem obscure to him.

He gives rare Lessons when he writes of the Revolutions of *Catalonia*, the Kingdoms of *Naples*, *Portugal* and *England*, which happened in our Days; with strange Circumstances, terrible Murders, and the Death of a Potent King, Martyr'd

tyr'd by his own Subjects upon a Scaffold before his own Door.

He weighs much the Duke of *Guise*'s hardy Resolution of going to *Naples*, to succour the Revolted there; and he reasons not as a *Barbarian*, but like an able Statesman, and wise Philosopher, on the Rise and Ruin of States. He always discourses with Liberty, and what he says, is filled with solid and agreeable Thoughts. He speaks sometimes of the Cruelty and Tyranny of the *Turks*, of the Violence of the Ministers of the *Port*, and upon the precipitated Death which many of the *Sultans*, *Bashas* and *Viziers* are forced to suffer. But this Language is only to his Friends and Confidents.

However, though these Letters be neither *Greek* nor *Latin*, nor written by a *Christian*, they contain nothing of Barbarous; and though the Ignorant be in great Numbers amongst the *Turks*, there are yet Men of great Understanding, that write the *Annals* of the *Ottoman* Empire, though they are not easily come by; for, their Books not being printed, they scarce ever reach us. We may notwithstanding believe, That amongst this Nation, that we term Barbarous, there are great and wise Captains, good Men, and learned Authors; as we have amongst us Generals without Conduct, Hypocritical *Votaries*, and ignorant Fellows that pretend to be Masters.

To justifie what I affirm of the *Turks*, let us but consider their Victories, which have gained them so many Kingdoms, their Power at Sea, their Exactness to punish Crimes, and to reward Merit. As for Printing, they would never endure it amongst them. A *Grand Vizier*'s Judgment of it was remarkable

markable, which shews rather their Prudence than any effect of their Ignorance. A famous Printer of *Holland*, by Religion a *Jew*, came to *Constantinople*, bringing Presses with him, with Characters of all Sorts of *Idioms*, particularly *Arabick*, *Turk*, *Greek*, and *Persian* Letters, with design to introduce the use of Printing into that great City. As soon as the *Vizier* was informed of it, he caused the *Jew* to be Hanged, and broke all his Engines, and Millions of Characters which he had brought; declaring, it would be a great Cruelty, that One Man should, to enrich himself, take the Bread out of the Mouths of Eleven Thousand Scribes, who gained their Livings at *Constantinople* by their Pens.

Peruse, Gentle Reader, what I offer, without fear of tiring thy self, or being deceived. As *Christian* Authors think of nothing ordinarily, but of writing Panegyricks in hopes of Reward, we have reason to believe not to find all the Truth in their Works. Interest and Passion do often make good Princes pass for Tyrants, and unjust and cruel Princes, are sometimes transferred to Posterity for Models of Justice and Clemency. This occasions Histories which issue from so corrupt a Source, to serve like a pitch'd Field for *Modern* Writers, where the one and the other combat for the destruction of Truth; the one falsly reporting what they have heard; and the other, by ill badly representing the things they seem to witness. Most Princes will have their Altars, and then 'tis no wonder if there are Priests found to sacrifice to Falshood, and Idolaters to deface the Statue of Truth.

There is no *General* that will not always seem Conqueror, and Princes never confess their Losses, which occasions a Confusion, and the Actions of Men do thereby become doubtful.

How

How many times have we seen both the Victors and Vanquished make Bonfires for their Successes? And, in our Days, we have known the *French* rejoyce, and the *Spaniards* and *Germans* sing their *Te Deum* for the same thing.

As we are, perhaps, now less just than in Ages past, it is difficult to write things as they are, particularly during the Lives of Princes; whose History cannot be writ without Fear, nor the Truth said without Danger. For these *Reasons*, we ought not to question the Credit of our *Arabian*, who reports with Liberty what came to his Knowledge: Besides, he being an Universal Enemy to *Christianity*, and a concealed one, neither obliged or gained by any, and religiously true to his *Prince*, whom he adores as a *Divinity*; it cannot be imagined, that he says any thing for Fear or Favour.

As these Relations have been read with Attention and diligently examined, we may be assured of an exact History, abounding in considerable Events; and this History being separated into Letters as the Author writ them, the Reader may read them without stopping. If he will not acknowledge the *Translator*'s Pains, let him at least receive the Labours of a dead Man with Civility, one that never dreamt his *Memorials* would be printed, and that served his Master faithfully.

These Sentiments made him exactly follow that Sentence of St. *Austin*, found in the Front of his works:

Where Love is, there is no Labour, and if there be Labour, the Labour is loved.

The

The *Translator* hath thought fit to retrench some Ceremonies, and proud Titles of the *Eastern* People. What is represented here, is in a familiar Style, such as the Ancient *Latins* used in their Writings to their *Consuls*, *Dictators* and *Emperors* themselves. And, if the Translation be not Elegant as the *Arabick*, do not accuse the Author, seeing it is not possible to reach the Force and Beauty of the Original.

Have moreover some Respect for the Memory of this *Mahometan*; for, living unknown, he was safe from the Insults of the Great Ones, so that he might write Truth without Danger, which ordinarily is disguised by Fear or Avarice, having still reported the Transactions of *Christians*, with no less Truth than Eloquence

If what I have said cannot satisfie the Curious, expect the rest of these Letters, which will be found full of great *Actions*, Profitable *Instructions*, and good *Morals*. Thank God however, who raises Men that employ themselves in vanquishing Ignorance and Idleness. And in rendring Justice to *Mahomet*, a passionate *Slave* for the Interest of his *Master* and the Truth; have some Goodness for the *Translator*; who being born free, acknowledges no Master but *God*, his *King* and his *Reason*.

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LET

LETTERS
Writ by a
SPY at *PARIS.*

VOL. I.

BOOK I.

LETTER I.

Mahmut *the* Arabian, *and Vileſt of the* Grand Signior's *Slaves, to* Haſnadar-baſſy, *Chief Treaſurer to his Highneſs at* Conſtantinople.

I Have at length finiſhed my Journey, after One hundred and forty days March, arriving at *Paris*, the 4th of this preſent *Moon*, according to the *Chriſtians* Style. I made no ſtay in *Hungary*, yet ſojourned One and forty days at *Vienna*; where I obſerv'd all the Motions of that *Court*, according as I was ordered; of which I ſhall not now ſpeak, having given a full Account to the ever Invincible *Vizir Azem*. Being but newly arrived, I ſcarce know any Body, and am as little known my

ſelf. I have ſuffered my Hair to grow a little below my Ears; and, as to my Lodging, 'tis in the Houſe of an old *Flemming*, where my Room is ſo ſmall, that Jealouſie it ſelf can ſcarce enter. And becauſe I will have no Enemy near me, I will therefore admit of no Servant.

Being of low Stature, of an ill-favoured Countenance, ill-ſhap'd, and by Nature not given to Talkativeneſs, I ſhall the better conceal my ſelf. Inſtead of my Name, *Mahmut the Arabian*, I have taken on me that of *Titus the Moldavian*; and, with a little Caſſock of black Serge, which is the Habit I have choſen, I make two Figures; being in Heart what I ought to be; but Outwardly, and in Appearance, what I never intend.

Carcoa at *Vienna*, furniſhes me with Bread and Water, ſupplying me with juſt enough to live, and I deſire no more. The Eggs here are dearer than Pullets with you. It is to him that I will addreſs my Letters.

Eliachim the *Jew* came to ſee me, who ſeems to be ſufficiently informed of what paſſes in the World, and will be an uſeful Man to me: Yet I will never truſt him more than I need. Although I have a Diſpenſation from the *Muſti* for Lying, and falſe Oaths, which I ſhall be obliged to make, yet I have ſtill ſome Qualms on my mind. However our Sovereign muſt be ſerved; and, I can commit no Sin, as long as this is my ſole End: for the Intelligence which I ſhall ſend, none ſhall come from me but what is true, unleſs I be firſt deceived my ſelf.

It will be hard for me to mention any Thing conſiderable of a City which is not to be viewed in One day, I having been there but Seven. 'Tis peopled like the Borders of the Sea with Sand, the Inhabitants lodging to the very Cock-loſts; and Houſes are built on the Bridges.

The

This great City is divided by a River, and both Parts of it are joined by a great Bridge of Stone, well built and very stately. In the midst of it is seen, an Horse of Brass, with the Statue of *Henry* IV, which bestrides it; whose Heroick Actions have justly surnamed him *The Great*, and he seems still to command this Capital of the Kingdom. The other Bridges being full of Houses, are not seen, appearing as if they had been made for the City, not the River.

The King's Palace is an ancient Building, yet retains a certain Majesty, which denotes the Grandeur of its Master: Within it appears a Desart; for, the Court is always abroad, or in the Army.

A Church-man, term'd at *Rome* a *Cardinal*, is the Principal Minister of State; his Name is *Armand du Plessis, Cardinal* of *Richlieu*. He is esteem'd a great Politician, a Man of Wit and Action, and every way fitted for the Place he holds.

All the People make Vows to Heaven, That their King may become a Father; for, the Queen has been barren these many Years.

I go into the Churches as a *Christian*; and when I seem attentive to their Mysteries, I hold our Sacred *Alcoran* in my Hands, addressing my Prayers to our Holy *Prophet*; and thus behaving my self, I give no Offence. I avoid Disputes, mind my own Concerns, and do nothing which may endanger my Salvation.

Preserve thy Health, and expect to hear from me, as oft as the Interest of our Great and Mighty Monarch requires, who is the Master of my Life and Affections.

I make thee no present of my Services: for they be devoted to that *Lord*, whose Slave thou art as well as I. The Letters I write for the future, shall be directed to the Ministers of the *Divan*.

Live with the Piety of a good *Muſſulman*, and the Prudence of an able Miniſter, and preſerve the *Treaſure* as thine own Heart, (which thou knoweſt) is the laſt expiring.

Paris, 11th *of the* 9th *Moon, of the Year* 1637, *according to the* Chriſtian *Style.*

LETTER II.

To the ſame Haſnadarbaſſy.

I Had too good an Opinion of my ſelf, and did not ſufficiently conſider to whom I wrote, when I attempted, in ſo little a time, to give thee an Account of the Court of *France*, and how this King lives. An old *Arabian* was wont to ſay, *To have a perfect Knowledge of Things, we muſt know them more than once, and forget them twice, to the end, that learning them a fourth time, they may become perfectly our own.* This will inſtruct me how to write to my Friends hereafter; not as I underſtand Affairs, but as they ought to be underſtood: For, once well done, is better than twice ill done.

I think I may ſay, the *Spaniards* want Grounds themſelves, by taking an handful from others. Two and twenty of their Galleys, with ſome other ſmall Veſſels, have taken two ſmall Iſlands named St. *Margaret's* and St. *Honorat's*, which lie over against *Provence*, and are barren and unprofitable Places, and will ſerve to little purpoſe, unleſs for Ports; and 'tis alſo a queſtion, how long they will hold them.

The War betwixt theſe Two Nations is like to continue, eſpecially from the Death of the two Ba-

that Princes, Victor Amade, Duke of *Savoy*, and *Charles Gonzague*, Duke of *Mantua*.

I believe it an Effect of Providence, that these Two Nations know not their own Interest, or knowing it neglect it. Heaven is more kind to us; for, as our Empire transcends all others in Strength and Greatness, so it does in Unity and Concord, by which means 'tis in our Power to make War or live in Peace. The *Christians* never consider the Advantage they lose, and the Good they may acquire by attacking of us, whom they yet hate and treat as *Barbarians*.

The *Archbishop* of *Bourdeaux* is at present *General* of the *French* Naval Forces; who though a Priest, is yet permitted to turn *Turpaulin* and Soldier: For my part, I understand not how a Prelate of his Rank can forsake his Flock, his Altar, and his Function. *If what the* Christians *say be true*, but that is nothing to us; and the King of *France* being so enlightned a Prince, and employing him, as he does, he must needs be a good Seaman and Soldier.

To say no more in this Matter, *For Princes of what Religion soever they be, are always sacred, and not to be approached but with Respect, seeing their Doings lie above the reach of a common Capacity.*

I would fain hear of the *Grand Signior*'s Health; for, when he is well, all the World is so to me, and without him I am nothing. I will not write so soon to the *Grand Vizir*, being desirous to write what passes here with more exactness.

I am in this Place, like a Man lost in Confusion; for, this Town seems rather a Province than a City. All is hurry and Noise, every Body bustling about after Action. The Men for the most part are for Martial Exploits, either at Sea or Land; and as to the Women, they are not idle, employing themselves as becomes them, either in the Shops or Kitchins. Yet they take more care to shew

themselves, than ours do to hide themselves. Do thou be careful of thy Health, for I shall never be Miserable having thee to my Friend.

Paris, 25th of the 10th Moon, of the Year 1637.

LETTER III.

To Darnish Mehemet Bassa.

I Have been at a Ceremony which I am willing to see often, to give an account of it in my Letters; 'tis the *Te Deum*, which *Christian* Princes cause to be sung in their Churches, on the gaining any considerable Advantage over their Enemies; which *Te Deum* is an Hymn composed by Two of their Saints, to wit, *Ambrose* and *Austin*. When the *French* beat the *Spaniards* they sing the *Te Deum*, and when these vanquish their Enemies they do the same. These Two Nations do the Duty of the *Mussulmans*, in destroying one another; and when this is done, they give *God* Thanks for the Evil they have committed. Whence we may judge of the Wisdom and Piety of the *Mahometans*, amongst whom there's seldom seen an open War; and, if it should happen, 'tis generally condemned.

The rejoicing of the *French* proceeds hence; the *Spaniards* had besieged *Leucate*, a small *Peninsula* in *Languedoc*, which is but four Leagues round, with Two Ports, where a few Galleys, and Four small Vessels may Anchor in safety. The Place was attack'd by the *Spaniards* with much Heat, but was afterwards given over with as great Loss. The Assailants being obliged to make a Retreat,

nor

not unlike a shameful Flight; quitted their Baggage, their Arms, and all their other Provision.

Count *Serbellon* offered at first to *Barrè*, who commanded the Place, a great Sum of Money, which was to be attended with a constant Pension; which refused, they were necessitated to betake themselves to Force, by which, in short, the *Spaniards* were entirely defeated. *Serbellon* withdrew towards *Perpignan*, with the Duke of *Cardonna*'s Son, who was Viceroy of *Catalonia*. He lost all his Tents, his Plate, and the Money designed for Payment of the Army: And I will say yet more, that he has lost the Reputation of a good Captain and valiant Soldier, *until he can recover an Opportunity to Fight and Vanquish*. This Victory must have been of Consequence and very Glorious, seeing the King assisted in Person, together with the Queen, Two Cardinals, the Council of State, and that of the *Finances*, and that which they call here, *the Courts Sovereign*, which are a Company of Men chosen to judge others. Besides these, there was an innumerable Concourse of People, who testified their Joy for the Advantage gained by their King, notwithstanding it be at the Cost of their Brethren of the same Religion.

Live happily, and conserve thy Honour as thy Life.

Paris, 25th *of the* 10th *Moon*,
of the Year 1637.

LETTER IV.

To Iſouf *his Kinſman.*

I Tell thee I live, and am well. I have received no News from thee; perhaps thou thoughteſt me Dead. I Salute thee firſt with my Letters, though thou oughteſt to have begun. If thou art aſhamed of my Kindred, accuſe thy Parents, by whom thou art become of the ſame Family. But be not ungrateful to them, nor forgetful of the Good thou haſt received from me. Thou ſhalt now know where I am and ought to ſtay, and mayeſt anſwer me if thou wilt. Believe in the mean time the Counſel I give thee, although thou doſt not demand it. Be devout in thy Religion without Hypocriſie, and remember there is no more *Gods* but One; as alſo, that the Favourite, and ſent of *God*, is *Mahomet* his Prophet. After that, love thy Maſter, without deſiring any thing more than the Execution of his Pleaſure. Embrace thy Father as from me, and give thy Mother a Kiſs, ſaluting her as my Siſter and Friend, which is the moſt endearing Title that Antiquity could invent for Perſons, who had the ſame Sentiments of Affection. Live happily, and conſerve thy Chaſtity.

Paris, 25th *of the* 10th *Moon*,
of the Year 1637.

LET-

LETTER V.

To the Aga *of the* Janizaries.

I Shall give thee ſome Pleaſure in telling thee, that the *Chriſtians* loſe eaſier than they acquire. It ſeems the Marqueſs *Ambroſe Spinola*, whom all the World took for a great Captain, has loſt much of his Reputation; ſeeing, that a Place is loſt in Eleven Weeks, which he had formerly beſieged Eleven Months, and where he had expended Eleven Millions. If theſe Circumſtances are true, they are very extraordinary. However, he ſhall continue a great Captain in my Opinion; and it is ordinary enough to ſee that loſt in a little time, by the Cowardlineſs of one, which has not been acquired in a great while by the Valour of a whole Army.

The Prince of *Orange* hath taken *Breda*, a Place of great Importance, which had been ſurrendred Twelve Years and Three Months ſince, to the ſaid *Spinola*, who commanded the Army of *Spain*. This Conqueſt is great; for, 'twas the general Opinion, the Place could not be taken but by Famine; yet hath it been conſtrained to yield, by the continual Fire and Volour of the Beſiegers.

Had not the *Hollanders* become Maſters of this Place, they had been, as it were, block'd up on the ſide of *Brabant*, and had the Enemy always at their Gates; whereas, now they are more at large. We ought to rejoice rather at their Acquiſition, than thoſe of the *Spaniards, with whom we never had Peace.*

This Place is fortified with much Regularity. It hath fifteen Baſtions, beſides ſome little Forts on the Moat ſide. There are five Horn-works without. The Place is conſiderable for its Greatneſs.

It contains Five thousand Houses, with great Gardens, and there are Three principal Gates.

I mention these Particulars, because thou art a Man of War. Receive my Letter kindly; believe me thy Friend, and do not doubt of my Fidelity. If thou wilt add to thy Valour by new Merit, which will heighten the Consideration Men have for thee, I will teach thee a Secret, which will not be very Expensive, but very Delightful. Read at Times the Histories of others, and particularly those of the Greatest and most Fortunate Princes, and their Captains. Imitate rather the Wise, than those who have only signalized themselves by their Valour. To conclude, be conversant in Histories, but chuse always the best, I mean such as cannot be suspected for Lyes. Thou canst not fail of good Books, both *Greek* and *Arabick*, which are translated into the *Turkish* and *Persian* Tongues. Thou wilt learn to be wise by the Folly of others, and wilt become yet more prudent, by observing the sage Conduct of such who performed great Actions: Above all Things never neglect to make serious Reflections upon the least Events. It happens sometimes, that Passages are found in Books that seem of no Consequence, which may yet be of use in important Occasions, for the clearing of Difficulties. And for Example, learn this from a great King, *Henry* IV. who conquered his Kingdom by the dint of his Sword.

I will finish with a worthy Saying of Marquis *Spinola*'s, which I think is to the purpose. He said, That a Captain's Sword must be tied to his Hand, his Hand fixt to his Head, and conducted by his Judgment; which ought particularly to be formed by the reading of Histories. Love me as much as I esteem thee, and thou wilt never love me enough.

Paris, 25th *of the* 10th *Moon*, *of the Year* 1637.

LETTER VI.

To Mehemet, *Page Eunuch to the* Sultan-*Mother.*

THou has ſpent Fourteen Years in the *Seraglio*, and to thy unhappineſs, always been in the Service of Women; ſerve now a Man, who is certainly ſomewhat more than a Woman. Thou knoweſt the Confidence we have in each other is arrived to that Degree, as to diſcover our Failings to each other, and to ſuffer them. Seeing I am at preſent far off, and by Conſequence the more expoſed to Criticks and ill Offices, do not forget the Intereſts of thy Friend. Watch Day and Night for the Advantage of my Life. Obſerve, ſearch and endeavour to penetrate what People diſcourſe of me, and what is ſaid concerning me at Court. Our Great Emperor ſent me hither to obſerve what paſſes here, and render him an Account. I know I am where I ought to practiſe what I am commanded to do, but I do not yet know whether I ſhall return to the Place where I would willingly end my Days. Moſt things are done on that ſide, but they are not all equally performed. I have therefore more juſt Reaſon to apprehend, that all Men do know that I ſhall acquit my ſelf with Fidelity, of the Orders I have received. Conſider how far this unhappineſs doth extend, who ſerves another, who is Maſter of ſo many Millions of Subjects.

I will inform thee of *two* Things, whereof thou ſhalt tell the *firſt* to the *Baſſa* of the Sea, and the *other* to the *Muſti*'s Vicar. We are told, that the King of *England* hath ſet forth a Veſſel upon the *Britiſh* Ocean, of ſuch Prodigious Greatneſs,

that

that it exceeds all others as well in Force as Vastness. It is armed with one Hundred and twenty Brass Guns. It draws Unrigg'd, Seventeen Foot of Water, and its Bulk is Eleven hundred Tun. 'Tis reported, that it cost Two Millions of *Piasters*, and as if it were the King of all other Ships, it is called *The Sovereign*. The Second News is, a Prodigy that happened in Upper *Saxony*, which finds but a little Credit with the Wise, but is easily believed by the Women, and the Common-People.

They say, That at *Dresden*, one of the Duke of *Saxony*'s Courtiers having cut a piece of boiled Beef, there issued so much Blood out of it, that the *Elector*'s Table was wholly covered with it; which extreamly troubled this Prince, looking upon the Adventure as a Presage of Famine and War. Let me hear often from thee, and of our Friends; but, make no Confidence to any, of that which is betwixt us. Thou shalt learn from me Secrets of great Importance, provided thou be Faithful and Discreet. *God* grant thee in an instant, the Good which I shall wish to acquire in my whole Life.

Paris, 15th *of the* 11th *Moon*,
of the Year 1637.

LETTER VII.

To the Invincible Vizir Azem.

SEeing thou hast acquired the Knowledge of Things present, by thy Prudence and rare Understanding, and hast desired me to inform thee of those Things which shall happen in the Places wha-

whither thou hast sent me; I will endeavour to penetrate into Affairs the most secret, to the end that nothing in this World may be hid from thee.

At present, there are but few Actions in *Christendom* which deserve to be reported; and thou art sufficiently instructed in the Affairs of *France*, and touching the Person of her King. I expect to inform thee of Events, which at the same time may divert thee, and instruct thee. The Prince is called *Henry the Just*. He cannot be called *the Happy*; for having as yet no Son to succeed him, there will be always Occasion of Trouble in his Kingdom: Nor is there any Hopes that the Queen may prove with Child, by Reason of her long Barrenness. If the King will resolve to be divorced from her, and take another, it cannot be effected without *Rome*; and *Rome*, the *Mufty*, and all their *Priests*, will, according to their usual Manner, raise so many Difficulties, and be so long before they determine, that it will be a hard Matter to extort from them, that Consent which the Laws of the *Christians* render necessary for the dissolving a First Marriage. Certainly, this Slavery which doth thus subject the *Christian* Princes, is hard; but, it is a Point of their Law, which being of no Importance to thee, I will trouble thee no more with it. This Defect of a Successor in the King of *France*, is of great Advantage to the *Spaniards*; and one would think, Heaven had created this Nation to be Enemies to the *French*. It seems moreover, there is a secret Violence which entertains an Antipathy betwixt the Two Nations; which enforces a belief, that there can never be a solid Peace betwixt them.

Thou hast already understood from those I writ to, and who dare hide nothing from thee, what hath happened here during the small time of my Sojourning in these Quarters. I will not repeat little

Things

Things; the Greatneſs of thy *Genius*, and the Eminency of thy Employment, have put thee far above every Thing that is not extraordinary, that we ought to inform thee of nothing but tranſcending Events.

I will not entertain thee with the taking of the Old Town of *Sally*, nor of the Diſorders in the New. Thou wilt have learned more ſwiftly from the Coaſts of *Africk*, Advices of the Hoſtile Acts which the *Engliſh* have committed with their Ships of War, againſt that City, which the King of *Morocco* protects.

The Attempt was great, and is diſcourſed of here as a hardy Enterpriſe. The vaſtneſs of thy Underſtanding, will eaſily judge of the Conſequence.

They ſay here, that the King of *France* has writ to *Rome*, that he will willingly reſolve to make a long Ceſſation of Arms with his Enemies. If that happens, this Repoſe will ſerve but to encreaſe the Forces of both ſides, which may hereafter render the War more cruel. In the mean time, 'tis thought they deſign a General Peace, but Time will diſcover to the Politicians, what we cannot at preſent divine.

This Court is great and Magnificent. It ſtays not long in a Place, and is very ſeldom at *Paris*; being in the Camp amongſt the Armies, or for Pleaſure in the Country.

The *Genius* of the Courtiers is different, but they have an equal Inclination for two Things very oppoſite, *War* and *Love*; and apply themſelves to both with much Conſtancy.

The Religion which they call *Proteſtant*, and which has been the occaſion of ſo much diſturbance to the Kingdom, is now low, by the Surrender of *Rochell*, which was, as thou knoweſt, the Principal Bulwark of thoſe of that Party.

It

It seems this King will imitate our Mighty and Formidable Emperors, and will regulate his Conduct by theirs, in not suffering within his State Two Religions which are opposite.

The Kingdom is notwithstanding, as yet, full of Trouble. Cardinal *Richlieu* (who holds the Helm of Affairs in *France*, as thou directest that of the Empire of the World) seems as may be said, in the midst of a Tempest, and hath reason enough to apprehend Danger; for, there are an infinite number of People, who follow the Standards of *Luther* and *Calvin*, who have no other Thoughts but of his Ruine.

In the mean time, the Power of *France* seems mighty Great, and 'tis to be apprehended, it may in Time augment infinitely.

Thou knowest, *Invincible Bassa*, what the ancient *Gauls* did in Old Time. They were called *Gallogrecians*; for having over-run *Italy* and sack'd *Rome*, they settled in the middle of *Asia*, and could not be overcome but by the *Romans*: because the Heavens had ordained, that the *Romans* should subjugate all Nations. But now that these *Gauls* are no more, and there are no more of these brave *Romans*, we must pray the Infinite Goodness of the most High, that the Power of these Modern *Gauls* may be limited. If the *French* however would do, what a *Spaniard*, who fled from the Passion of *Philip* II counselled *Henry* IV. their King, which was, To set himself right with *Rome*, to have a great Power at Sea, and a Counsel composed of Wise, Secret and Faithful Men; by that means, he might one day perhaps equal the Ancient *Romans*. I think he that gave this Advice was named *Antonio Perez*.

I observe every thing with Care, but shall observe them neater for the future. It appears to me, that the *Genius* of this Nation is to aggrandize it self, and extends its Limits.

The

The *French* have a common saying, That Kings having nothing above them that may limit them, *God* hath given the Empire of the Earth to the strongest. They add, That *Adam* left no Kingdoms to his Children, but that they made them for themselves. They glory in certain Prophecies, which promise them the Empire of the World. In relating this, I tell what they say, not what ought to happen. They entertain here the same Hatred for us, as others do when our Power is Formidable; but wise Men who have Knowledge of our History, speak with more Admiration of the *Ottoman* Empire, than that of the *Romans*; and if these last were restored by the Civil Wars which tore them in Pieces, the other will encrease and maintain it self, by the great Pre-cautions used to hinder them, and by the Union of their Forces.

Thou knowest more of the Extent of the City of *Paris*, than I can tell thee. It appears to me, great and full of People; but *Constantinople* is yet Greater, and more Populous.

Thou wilt pardon me after all, if I make not a certain Judgment of a Nation, which I do not yet well comprehend. However I will assure thee, the *French* are no Fools, and I believe never were. They do not love Novelty through Levity, but for Reason of State; and when they are unconstant, it is not to do ill, but to acquire Good. They are Happy and Unfortunate in Wars, like others; but, what is considerable, They do not combat their Enemies because they hate them, but in Obedience to their Prince, which occasions the great Discipline which is in their Armies. And, what seems worthy of Reflection, is, That they love their King by Inclination; and, this Love produces in them, that which our Attachment to the Precepts of the *Law*, does in the Hearts of the best *Turks*. I use this Comparison, which I learnt from thee,

who

who are the wiſeſt Man in the World; from whoſe Mouth I have heard, as from an Oracle, That it is not much material, whether Subjects love their Maſter by Inclination or Fear, provided they always faithfully ſerve him, and are always humble.

If ever it happen I am diſcovered, thou wilt do me a great Honour to let me know, if I ought to avow my ſelf an *Agent* from the *ſublime Port*; or, whether I ought to die without confeſſing any Thing.

I end with my Head in the Duſt, without ever ceaſing to ſupplicate the Moſt High, that he will ſhower his continued Happineſs upon thee and the Empire.

Paris, *15th of the* 11th. *Moon, of the Year* 1637.

LETTER VIII.

To Muzlu Reis Effendi, *Principal Secretary of the* Ottoman *Empire.*

THis is the Second Letter which I have writ to thee. My *Diſpatches* hitherto have not been filled with Things of great Importance, by reaſon I have not yet had Time to learn them. I wiſh greatly to write what may pleaſe thee. Receive therefore what I offer kindly, and be perſwaded, That I fear thy Cenſures, as much as if I did deſerve them.

I live here according to the Inſtructions which were given me, and live eaſie enough. The Country is good and fat, the men good Companions, are frank and ſeem Diſcreet.

I have not as yet any Acquaintance with Women, and yet it is necessary I find Means to introduce my self into their Companies. It is a Sex that will not pardon, when they think themselves neglected. They are proper to discover Things one would know, and to say them when one would have them published; and likewise, they as much penetrate into the Secrets of Hearts, as the most refined and spiritualest Courtiers. Further, there are many of them that can conceal nothing, but what they do not know.

I frequent not the *Monks*, but when necessitated. If I see them, it is to seem devout, upon Design of being introduced by them into the House of a Minister of State, when I teach his Son the *Greek* Language.

We must not expect to find here the great Tranquility which is at *Constantinople*. The Town is so full of Coaches, of Horses and Waggons, that the Noise surpasses Imagination. Thou wilt certainly find it strange, that Men who are in Health, and have no sore Legs, should cause themselves to be drawn in an Engine with Four Wheels; but I more wonder to see these same Men can resolve to suffer the Inconveniency of the Noise, and of the Expence which they throw away out of Vanity. The more moderate *French*, which do not approve of this Luxury, say, That in the time of *Henry* III. there were but Three Coaches in *Paris*, whereof two were the Kings. But the number is now so great, that they are not to be counted.

I can tell thee no more of the *Genius* of the *French*, thou knowest it perfectly. There is in all their Actions a Spirit very delicate, and an Activity like that of Fire.

It seems as if none but they knew the short Duration of Man's Life; They do every Thing with so much haste, as if they had but one Day to live.

If

if they go on Foot, they run: if they ride, they fly; and if they speak, they eat up half their Words. They love new Inventions passionately. I can say nothing certain of their Fidelity, though methinks we might suspect such, *who do not read as they write, nor write as they speak.* They love Money, which they look upon as the *first Matter*, and *second Cause* of all Things: They well nigh adore it, and that is the Original Sin of all Nations.

Paris ought to be destroyed, to enrich many Cities in *Europe*. Whence thou mayst comprehend her Greatness, her Traffick, how Rich she is, and how all sorts of Arts do flourish in her.

The *French* Nobility is always ready to get on Horseback at their King's Commands: And they love War so well, that it is to be supposed, we should have enough to do with them, if we were as near them as the *Spaniards*, and they did not want Infantry.

I shall hereafter observe every Circumstance with so much care, as well in this Kingdom as elsewhere, that nothing shall escape me. In the mean time I shall endeavour to get Acquaintance; but shall want more Money than is allowed me, to answer what is expected from me. Two Chequins a Day, are more than enough to support a Man that will live like a Cynick, but not sufficient to introduce me into their Houses, to dive into their Secrets, and enable me to discover the Affairs of most Importance, according to my Commission; so that thou must assist me to obtain more.

I hope to succeed in my Employment, if thou dost not refuse me thy Assistance, finding no Difficulty in the Execution of my Orders, but the Necessity of Lying, when I pass for a Christian. I fancy I see *Mahomet* in a Rage, and believe my Soul lost; though I am from my Heart more faithful in my Religion, than all the *Mahometans* put together

gether. Seeing I am resolved to do a Thing to which I have so much Aversion, thou mayest be assured, I will bear all the Evil imaginable that can happen to me with Firmness, though in all appearance I ought to hope nothing but Good.

Deliver, I beseech thee, this inclosed Letter into the Hands of the most Venerable *Mufti*, and extort from him, if possible, a Solution of my Doubts. There is nothing that touches me nearer, than what regards my Religion, and with my Religion the Service of my Emperor.

Paris 15th *of the* 11th *Moon*,
of the Year 1637.

LETTER IX.

To the Mufty, *Prince of the Religion of the* Turks.

I Will die a true *Musſulman*, though I should see all the Crosses of the *Carthaginians* set up for my Punishment, and had before mine Eyes, all the Instruments of the most Cruel Tortures, that the Enemies of our Holy Religion could invent. But, seeing there is no Question at present of dying, but of living to serve my Emperor, I beg of thee, Sovereign Prelate, that thou wilt be pleased to conserve my Innocence, in giving me an ample Absolution, or in imposing a Penance that may cancel all my Crimes.

Paris hath always been the Residence of the Kings of *France*; whence it is, that the Exercise of no other Religion but the *Christian*, is suffered there; and those who acknowledge the Bishop of *Rome* for their

their *Head*, have the principal Management of the Affairs of Religion; and 'tis with these, that the Rites of the *Latin* Church are more strictly observed.

I live here in Appearance, as if I were a *Christian* and a *Catholick*. I enter into their Churches, assist at their Ceremonies, kneel before the Cross; and I appear with great Devotion and Humility before the Images, which are had here in Veneration.

I know well enough, if the Life which I lead be not permitted me, as advantagious to the Affairs of State, and the Person of the *Grand Signior*, that I commit Sacrilege, acting as I do, contrary to the Precepts of *Mahomet*, expressed in his *Alcoran*.

I am guilty of violating the Law which is prescribed me, and deserve Death, if thou dost not, by approving this Life I am obliged to lead, assure me of both my Salvation and Life. 'Tis true, thou hast already given me Absolution from all the false Oaths I shall be necessitated to take, when they are for the Service of my Master; but I am not assured this Absolution extends far enough to secure my Conscience, when I abuse Holy Things.

'Tis thy Province to decide this Point which is of such Importance to my Repose, which makes me expect thy Resolves with Impatience; if thou thinkest a Faithful *Musulman*, who conserves his Religion in his Heart, and lives, as I do, amongst the Enemies of the Law, worthy this Grace.

The Interest of my Conscience obliges me to demand, after what manner I ought to govern my self, when I see them, who are effectively what I seem to be, practise the same Acts of Religion.

The *French* will in a little Time celebrate their *Carnaval* or *Shrove-tide*. As soon as it is done, the *Catholicks* think of Fasting, having first assisted at a Ceremony, where Ashes are put upon their Foreheads,

heads, to make them remember, *they were formed out of the Duſt, and ſhall return to Duſt again.* It is at this Time they go to hear Sermons, their Prieſts explaining that which they call the *Goſpel*, and frequent the Church more than ordinary. They apply themſelves oftner to Works of Piety; and having purged their Conſciences by Penances and ſecret Confeſſions, which one Man makes to another, they eat of a certain Bread, which they call *The Sacrament of the Euchariſt*, where, after certain Words pronounced by their Prieſt, they will have the Body of their *Meſſiah* to be really preſent under thoſe Apparent *Species*.

This Ceremony is an Obligation that good *Chriſtians* cannot diſpenſe with, it being ordained by their Law, and by their Great Prelate, the Biſhop of *Rome*. They commonly call it *Confeſſion*, and *Communicating*, and Keeping *Eaſter*. Ought I hazzard my ſelf in committing ſo horrid a Sacrilege, and tempt, as I may ſay, *God*, by ſo great a Superſtition, and ſo irritate our *Great Prophet*? It may be ſaid, perhaps, that many *Jews* have done the ſame Thing, and do it yet every day to preſerve themſelves more ſecurely. But how many of them have been chaſtiſed by viſible Miracles from Heaven, and undergone terrible Puniſhments by the Ordinances of the Judges?

All theſe Reflections trouble my Spirit, O Holy Primate of the moſt Divine Law. I do not think it lawful, *to mock the Myſteries of any Religion whatſoever*. The *God* of the *Chriſtians*, is the ſame that we adore; but *Their Religion* is quite oppoſite to *Ours*: There is a great difference betwixt their *JESUS* Crucifi'd, with all the Ignominies poſſible, as theſe *Infidels* do believe, and a *Mahomet* Immortal and Triumphant, a great *Legiſlator* and the Angular Stone of the firſt Empire of the World.

Give

Give me then positive Orders, to the end I may be eased of my Scruples, and may believe, That what thou permitteſt, may be an Effect of thy Juſtice, and not of a Toleration which may be pernicious to me.

'Tis true, I may wave all theſe things in feigning to have done them; but it will be more advantageous for my Affairs, not to exempt my ſelf, if that may be without a Crime.

Teach then a moſt Obedient Slave, what thou ſhalt believe moſt conducible to the Glory of *God*, and moſt profitable for the Service of our *Soveraign Lord*. I do not ſend thee my Doubts to puzzle thee, but to draw from thy great and ſublime *Genius*, ſuch Lights as may diſſipate the Darkneſſes I live in.

This done, Sovereign Prelate, remember thy Humble Servant, and pray our *Holy Prophet*, that he will keep me from periſhing.

Paris 15th *of the* 11th *Moon of the Year* 1637.

LETTER X.

To the Kamachan.

I Received from thy Hand the firſt *Diſpatch* that has been addreſſed to me from the *Sublime Port*, and I received it at the Beginning of the Year, according to the *Moons* of theſe *Infidels*. The Date is of the Month *Meelidge*. Thou order'ſt me to write to thee of *Two* Things, and to do *Three*. Thou wilt firſt know, If this King be Aged, and of perfect Health; and afterwards, If there be

any

any Hopes that the Queen may have Children. Thou wouldeſt alſo have me ſend *his Highneſs* the Pictures of the King, the Cardinal of *Richlieu*, and the Eldeſt Son of the Prince of *Condé*.

As thou art one of the Principal Supports of the Power of the *Sublime Port*, elevated above all the Thrones of the World, (after the *Vizir Azem*, whoſe Orders are the Rule of the Univerſe) Miniſter and firſt Slave of the happy Emperor of the *Ottomans*; I ought to do what thou commandeſt me.

I tell thee then, I have ſeen this King Thrice, nor doth he appear by his Countenance, by his Hair, or by his Shape, to be yet Old; neither would it be eaſie to divine the Number of his Years, if we were ignorant of the Day of his Birth; But it is known to every Body, that this Prince was born the 27*th* of the Ninth *Moon*, of the Year 1601, according to the Style of the *Chriſtians*.

By this thou may'ſt juſtly calculate the Age of this Monarch, who though he is in his Flower, ſeems fading, becauſe he hath as yet given no Heir to his Kingdom; beſides, his Years being near Forty, ſurpaſs that of a young Man; and 'tis obſerved, That *few Princes arrive to a great Age*.

The Queen may ſtill lie in, if ſhe proves with Child; which if it ſhould happen after Twenty three Years of Barrenneſs, 'tis certain, a Fruit which hath been ſo long in ripening, will give an ample Subject of reaſoning to the Aſtrologers of *Europe*.

For my part, I fancy this King will ſcarce become a Father, unleſs they Repudiate this Wife and marry another.

It is not permitted to be inquiſitive into the Cauſe of this Sterility. Hereby thou ſeeſt the Weakneſs of thoſe *Chriſtian* Princes, who are ſubjected to the Laws of *Rome*, which think it a Crime to give themſelves Heirs that are not born of lawful wed-

lock;

lock; tho' it often happens, that when such are wanting, this Kingdom is expos'd to Ruin, by the Dissentions and *Civil Wars*, which, on these Occasions, are always inevitable.

The *most High*, who hath always protected the Grandeur of the *Ottoman* Empire, hath left the *Infidels* in these Errors; to the End, that he might give our most Mighty Monarch, who is the Avenger of the *Divine Unity*, an Eminence Superior to that of all Kings, who are his *Slaves*; and at the same Time, made him Holy above all the *Saints* in the World, and permitted us to have Children, that may succeed us, from as many Wives as we can entertain; the Children of *True Believers* being always Legitimate.

I humbly beg Pardon; I forgot I spoke to thee, who art Wisdom it self, and to whom no Secrets of the Law or State are unknown.

I will send to *Caire* or *Vienna*, the Pictures of the King, of the Prince of *Conti*'s Son, and of the Cardinal *Richelieu*, according to the Orders I received from thee, and they shall be dispatch'd in little Time; I would to Heaven I could as easily send thee the Originals; I should at one stroke disarm this Kingdom, which would thereby be suddenly involv'd in Fire and Blood.

The Habit I wear, and the manner after which I live, have already gained me many Friends. I find Means to escape a Wreck to Court. My Deformity procures me access to the Jealousies of Husbands. Some People take me for a Wise Man, and discourse confidently in my Presence of Politicks and Affairs of State; neither do I neglect the making Use of every Thing which may be advantageous to my Master. Thus in doing a Thing for the which I have much Aversion, I compass all I desire; and I swear thee, upon my Faith, if thou will continue to protect me and assist

me with thy Counsels, I will do somewhat extraordinary.

I supplicate the *Great God*, to give a perpetual Health to thy Body, and make thy Soul enjoy upon Earth and in Heaven, the Felicity of the *Blessed*.

Paris, 1st. *of the* 1st. *Moon*, *of the Year* 1638.

LETTER XI.

To Bedredin, *Superior of the Convent of* Dervises *of* Cogny *in* Natolia.

I Write to thee, who art Venerable by thy Age, and so many long Voyages, which thou hast made. Thou who hast been so many Times in Pilgrimage to *Arabia*, *Tartary*, *Persia*, and the *Indies*, always barefoot, and begging, out of pure Devotion to the *Saint of Saints*, our *Great Prophet Mahomet*.

I address this Letter to thee; Thee, who bearest the Scars of five and twenty great Wounds; Thee, who hast prayed nine and Fifty Times in the *Sacred Porch*, and adored the *Holy Mysteries* in the most retired *Sanctuary* of *Mecha*, and hast lived more than seventy Years of Religion amongst the *Dervises*, where thy Merit caused thee to be elected *Superior* of the *Convent* in *Natolia*.

Thou knowest well, that I serve him, who is Arbitrator of the Destiny of the Universe, I mean the *Sultan*, Sovereign of the World. Learn what I heard here from the Mouth of *Thyrsias*, and pardon me, if I have not sufficiently answered thee; but do not accuse me to have deserved Death, for having

having seemingly cursed our Holy Law, and *Him* that gave it us; and if I have seemed to reject his Successors, *Ali*, *Osman* and *Omar*, it was expedient that I should commit *some* Evil, not to lose the opportunity of doing *much* Good.

Thou knowest well, I am destined to serve; and, that being absolved from all the Perjuries I shall commit, I may transgress the Law by being permitted to lye. That suffices: Read my Letter, and learn how far their Malice does extend, who are Enemies to our Religion.

To instruct thee better in what has happened to me, I must tell thee, that amongst these *Infidels*, there is an Order of *Religious* much in *Vogue*, called *the Company of* JESUS; wherein, there is an infinite Company of Men, some more able than others in all sorts of Sciences sacred and prophane; and, according to appearance, ought to be very recommendable for the Holiness of their Manners.

These *Religious*, who are ordinarily called *Jesuites*, have the Education of the Youth almost in all the Cities of *Europe*, as well as in the *Indies*; and many excellent Wits are brought up in the *Seminaries* they have establish'd. When they Preach, the People crowd to their *Sermons*. They are the *Confessors* of almost all the Princes and Monarchs of *Christendom*, who discover to them their weaknesses, their Sins, and the Vices whereunto they are enclined; and receive from them, upon their knees, like Slaves, such Penance as they think fit to impose on them.

A Man may say of them, That being Dispensers of Penances, they are also the Masters of Recompences. They are Habited in a long Vest of black Wool, which descends to their Heels. They go not bare-foot, but their Vestments are simple. They observe great Modesty in all their Actions; they march with Gravity, never go alone, and suf-

ſer not their Beards to grow. They apply themſelves to edify the Good, and to correct the Bad.

The Founder of this Order was a Souldier, called *Ignatius*. The *Spaniards* will have him to have been of their Nation; and the *French* affirm, that he is of that Part of *Navarre*, which is ſubject to the Crown of *France*. If thou wouldſt have me to ſpeak the Truth, I think this Founder was a good Man, ſeeing all his Diſciples are Men of Good Example, of great Modeſty in their Actions, and very Diſcreet in all their Undertakings.

This *Ignatius* began to ſtudy his Grammar in his Seven and Thirtieth Year, which would make one believe, he took leſs Pains to become a Saint than a Scholar. His Enemies call his Diſciples, *the Politicians of the Church*; and I, on the contrary, call them the Camels of *Eſau*; becauſe in bearing the Burthen of the Affairs of their Religion, they are loaded more than others, and forced to couch under their Burthens. There is one thing ſeems ſtrange in them, to wit, that they ſhould name themſelves the *Religious* of the *Society* of *Jeſus*; as if they had a deſign to diſtinguiſh themſelves from other Chriſtians; and that this Title, which is particular to them, ought not only to agree to all the other *Religious*, but to all the Followers of the *Nazarite*.

If they follow the Precepts of their Father *Ignatius*, thou muſt needs approve their way of living. He has taught no other way than that of obedience, to thoſe that profeſs his Order. He ordains, That thoſe who enter into this Society, do abandon themſelves to the Diſcretion of their Superiours. And they affirm, That if the Pope commands them to paſs the Sea in a Veſſel without Oars, without Sails, and without a Rudder, they would obey and muſt paſs. And ſome having reproached them that there was Folly in ſuch blind Obedience:

once: They answer, That Wisdom ought to be observed in the Commandments, and that it ought not to be searched in Obedience. Make Reflections upon this Sentence, which is conformable to our Laws.

To inform thee of the Power and Greatness of this *Order*, it suffices to tell thee, That during Sixteen Years that this Souldier governed it, he saw an Hundred *Colleges* in *Italy*, in *Germany*, in *France*, and in *Spain*; and that in *Rome*, which was founded by *Borgia*, hath been, as may be said, the Parent of all the rest. Judge hereby the Number of their Houses, and Disciples.

Having one Day met with one of this *Society* who understood the *Oriental Languages*: and who conversing with me, did not believe he discoursed with a *Mussulman*: I heard him vomit injurious, and fearful Imprecations against *Mahomet*, against his *Law*, and against all *true Believers*. I have so much Horror to write to thee all he said, that I will tell thee but some few of them; and the rather to divert thee, by the knowledge of the Errors of our Enemies; and also, that thou mayst not be afflicted at some Things not very seasonable, which are observed in many of the Precepts of the *Law*, which we follow. Let this be said, as if I had not spoken it, seeing I pour frankly the Secrets of my Heart into thy Bosom, no ways doubting, but thou knowest to be silent in what may cause my Death. This *Jesuite* maintains, That the *Mussulmans* are not wise in following the Precepts of a Drunkard, who forbad drinking of Wine, and committed Excesses himself, when he thought he was unobserved. He maintains further, That it is foolish to give Credit to

such a Fellow, who makes a Paradise to consist of Beautiful Women, where one may abandon himself to all sorts of Pleasure and Debauchery, and that he hath not foreseen a Hell, where he, and all his Followers, ought to suffer the Pains due to their Crimes. He adds further, That one must be very foolish to adore a Blasphemer, who hath commanded his Law should be maintained by the Sword, when it could not be supported by Reason.

The Father did not leave off so, he said, That seeing the *Alcoran* is filled with Dreams, with Bestialities, with Blasphemies and Impurities; the *Mufti's*, the Doctors and Interpreters of the Law, must be in a great Blindness, not to condemn a Possessed, an Enchanter, who gives for the Precepts of his Religion the committing of Violences, Robberies, and all that may satisfie the most Irregular Appetites. What Extravagancy, urged he, to adore the Heel of so vile a Slave as *Mahomet*, and to believe, upon his Reports, that *Jacob's* Father was his *Porter*, to Deify his *Camel*, and to place it in *Heaven*? He adds further, That there is nothing so absurd, as to command the *Turks* to wash their Bodies, when their Souls are defiled with Filth; to give them at the same time Charity by Precept, and to command them Robberies by Devotion. It seems also to him foolish, to believe that *Mahomet* is the only *True Prophet*, the only agreeable Person to *God*; and to Swear afterwards by One Hundred and Twenty Four Thousand *Prophets*. He still entertains me with this sort of Discourse.

But all this (O great *Dervis*) is nothing; he vomits yet this damnable Heresie, That the wickedest

ellt Wretches, and the moſt deteſtable that ever liv'd, were *Judas*, *Mahomet*, and *Luther*; That theſe two laſt, as moſt impious, are the more tormented in Hell. *Judas*, he ſaid, ſuffers leſs pains, becauſe if he betrayed his *Lord*, he was one of the Inſtruments of the Redemption of all Mankind; whereas the others in damning themſelves, damn'd alſo an infinite Number of other People. This *Jeſuit* would have continued his Blaſphemies, if Cardinal *Richlieu*, in whoſe Anti-Chamber we were, had not come out of his Cloſet, to go to the King.

I had been ſilent all this while, becauſe he gave me not a moment's liberty to ſpeak. At length, he aſked me at parting, If I was not of his Sentiments, and I anſwered preciſely thus; My Father, If thou art a good Man, I approve what thou ſay'ſt, becauſe thou ſpeakeſt out of true Zeal; but, If thou beeſt a Hypocrite, I diſapprove all; becauſe thou ſhalt be damned with *Mahomet*, and all the *Muſſulmans*.

The *Jeſuit* ſmiled, not comprehending the Venom which lay hid in my Anſwer. But, doſt thou not believe, thou, who art a *Dervis*, the moſt illuminated, That a Man, of what Religion ſoever he be, provided he be a good Man, may be Happy after his Death? Tell me, I pray thee, thy Opinion herein; it is a Point very important to be decided.

As for me, I begin really to think, That there may be *Saints*, even amongſt the *Chriſtians*, as there are amongſt *Us*. I have ſeen and underſtand many Things that denote true Piety in ſome of them; and we muſt acknowledge, That the Precepts of their *Law* have ſomewhat of Juſt; and if they be well obſerved, they ſeem no leſs Holy to me than our own. They have one *Article* that puzzles me. They affirm, There is but one Truth,

so that we are lost, if we are not *Christians*, he they are damned, if they are not *Mahometans*.

And this is what I had to say to thee in this Matter; but, I shall not end this Discourse, without some violent Scruples of Conscience. Pray the Great *God* with me, That he will illuminate my Understanding with inward Lights, until the time promised by our *Holy Prophet*; the Man, I say, who ought to be born of his Race, be descended upon the Earth; Who is to see all Kings humbled in his Presence, and to unite with *Jesus* the Two Religions that they may make but One.

In the mean Time let us live as honest Men, who have Sin in horror, like the Plague, which poisons the Soul; and apply our selves, as much as in us lies, to what is truly Good; and above all things, let us carefully observe this Precept, writ in the Book of their *Law*, but is not always imprinted in their Hearts, *Never do to others, as all thy Enemies, that which thou wouldst not have done to thy self.* A Duke of *Guise* gave an Example of this to all *France*; and 'tis what thou oughtest to preach in the vast Empire of the *Musselmans*. This Prince surprized a Villain that would have Assassinated him, who confessed that the Interest of his Religion (which was that of *Calvin*) had obliged him to form a Design to take him away, to deliver himself, and those of his Party, from so great an Enemy. The Duke, instead of causing him to suffer the Pains due to so black an Enterprise, Pardoned him, contenting himself to tell him, *Friend, If thy Religion Obliged thee to Kill me, without hearing me, my Religion Obliges me to give thee thy Life and Liberty, now I have heard thee. Go thy ways, and amend thy self.* This Prince was then General of *Charles* the IX's Army.

Sage *Bedredin*, but *Mahomet* never the wiser for such generous Sentiments, when he prescribed to his

Law

Law this Precept against *Christians*, that had never Offended him; *When you Encounter the Infidels, kill them, and cut off their Heads, imprison them, and keep them in Chains, until they have paid their Ransoms, or till you find it requisite to set them at Liberty. Persecute them until they have all submitted, or are intirely overthrown.*

Observe in this Letter, what may be of use to thee. Pardon my Friendship, the frank Manner of Writing, and remember *Maimun* in thy Prayers, who personates a *Christian*, and in his Heart a most faithful *Mussulman*. If it be in thy Power to succour me, never do me any Injury. *God* protect and govern thy great Age to the last Moment.

Paris, 28th of the 2d. Moon, of the Year 1638.

LETTER XII.

To Chirurgi Muhammet *Bassa.*

THE Queen is with Child, when least expected, which occasions much Joy at Court, especially to the King; who, after so many Years of Marriage, will become a Father.

Thou, who hast applied thy self so long to the Studies of Astrology in the Schools of *Egypt*, yet makest Profession of this Divine Art, which discovers these Things the most hidden to thee; who readest so learnedly in the Book of Heaven, whatever the Stars have traced there, who hast found the Moment of their Rising and Disappearing, with the Intervals betwixt these two Times, and the Causes which render their Motion quicker

or flower; thou who penetrateſt into the moſt hidden Secrets of Men, and knoweſt the Seaſons of Famine, of Shipwracks, of Victories, and of loſs of Battels: Divine in *God*'s Name, Great Interpreter of the Secrets of Nature, wiſer than *Albumazar* and *Ptolomy*, what will become of this Impregnation; and whether it be true, that this Child that's to be born, has been more than two Hundred and Seventy *Moons* in forming?

If thou believeſt what I writ laſt to thee to be impoſſible, ſay nothing of it; it would be no Credit to me, to paſs for the Author of a Novel, that has no grounds of Truth.

The City of *Paris* is in an inconceivable Joy: and this Joy is ſpread all over *France*. Thou may'ſt perceive by that, the Paſſion of this People to ſee their King a Father. 'Tis true, they have much to hope by it; but it is as certain, they have yet much to apprehend, ſeeing all their Hopes vaniſh in an inſtant.

Nature uſes all her Power when ſhe forms a Man, the moſt perfect of all Creatures. But, there needs but a ſlight Fall, to deſtroy this Workmanſhip before it is finiſhed, as well as after.

I have heard a great many People queſtion much the Sex and Life of that which will be born.

All the Converſation at the Court, at *Paris*, and in all the Kingdom, is no more of Wars, of Leagues, of Peace, or Naval Preparations; they all rowl upon the bringing to Bed of Women.

There will be other reaſoning in ſome ſmall time in *Chriſtendom*; and even amongſt us, if the Queen do not miſcarry; *France* being no leſs conſiderable amongſt other Kingdoms, than the *Bourbons* are amongſt Men. *Henry* IV. who introduced the Crown into this Branch of the Family, was a Prince very brave; and if we live long enough to ſee his

Grand-

Grand Children, we shall see, whether they will have as much Courage as the Chief of their Family.

As for thee, thou wilt have wherewith to divert thee, and exercise thy Talent, if this Queen be brought to Bed happily of a Prince. I shall in the mean time be very exact to mark, not only the Days and Hours, but the least Minutes; to the End thou may'st know, by the Situation of the Planets, which ordinarily regulate the Inclinations of Men, in what manner, a Prince so long expected, will regulate his Affairs, and consequently those of others.

It is a great while since we have had any Commerce here with the Sun, there being forty nine Days since this beauteous Planet appeared to us; and the Cold is so violent, that it has changed (as I may say) the Waters of the *Seine*, a large River, into Chrystal. Do not look upon these Effects as extraordinary; it happens here frequent enough; for, when the Days are shortest, the Cold is most intense. Thou knowest, that this Climate is very inconstant. I have often seen, in a little space of Time, Rain, Hail, Snow, and terrible Winds; and presently after, the Air become Fair and Serene. This inconstancy of the Climate, has its Advantages; for, if the *fair* Weather do not last long, the *foul* is also of less Duration.

Fail not, upon the Receipt of my Letter, to communicate the News I send thee, to the *Grand Vizir*, without telling him the Reflections which I make. They are of no use to such great *Ministers*, particularly by us, who are in comparison of them, but vile Slaves, always subject to the Sentences they pronounce of us.

Love me, and consult the Stars to know, whether thou wilt be always Faithful to me; and, if it be by Force or Inclination.

As

As for my self, I assure thee, that following the Inclination of my Heart, I will conserve thee the Fidelity which I owe by Obligation.

Paris, 28th *of the* 2d *Moon*, *of the Year* 1638.

LETTER XIII.

To Carcoa *at* Vienna.

THE *Kaimacham* commands me forthwith to send the Pictures of the King of *France*, the Eldest Son of the Prince of *Conde*, and of the Cardinal *Richlieu*. I caused them suddenly to be Copied from the Originals, by an *Italian* Painter, who passes for one of the best of these Times.

These Three Heads are the principal of *France*, if not of all *Europe*: The First, by reason of a great and potent Kingdom, which is this Day more flourishing than all others: The Second by reason of his Nobility or Royal Blood, and by his extraordinary Courage: And the Third, by a Wise Conduct in a Ministry full of Difficulties; being as it were, the absolute Master of Disgraces and Recompences.

As soon as these Pictures are delivered to thee, whole and well conditioned, pay the *Express* I dispatched to thee, the Sum contained in the Billet, which he will present to thee from me. That done, send the Packet to *Constantinople*, without loss of time, and address it to the *Kaimacham*.

I beseech thee order the Business of my Pension so, that I shall not need to desire the Payment of it.

in. Send me presently what is ordered me for my Subsistence. Nothing in the World appears so terrible to me, as to be obliged to ask for it.

I have only Moneys for six days, after which I should eat nothing but raw Herbs and Water. Both cost Money here, and every Thing is sold very dear, except Civilities and obliging Terms, which you have for nothing, and whereof they are very liberal. I must Live, I must have Clothes, change to Court; for all which there must be Bread, Cloth or Serges, and Coach-hire. Thou knowest at present my Wants, suffer me not to languish with Expectation. Thou will injure the Emperor, and not *Mahomet*, if thou dost not readily assist his *Slave*.

The great God preserve thy Life, if thou doest not forget me; and give thee Grace to be Sober, in a Country where People do not always drink Wine to quench their Thirst.

Paris, 28th of the 3d. Moon, of the Year 1638.

LETTER XIV.

To William Vorpel, *a Christian of* Austria.

I Am obliged to thee for the Confidence thou hast in me, in declaring to me thy Loves. Another would have rejoiced in hearing of thy Two Adventures: but, as I do not believe it is a great Evil to lose a Wife, so I cannot think it is a considerable Good to turn *Monk*. It is impossible for me to forbear telling thee, That I find thy Reso-

Resolution too sudden to approve of it. Thou art not the Cause of the Loss thou hast sustained, and yet retirest into a *Convent* to do Penance, as if thou hast committed a Crime.

Is it necessary thou torment thy Body for the Death of a Wife, if thou hast not Murthered her? If thou didst love her, because she was Discreet, it is not impossible to find another as Prudent. If her Beauty charmed thee, there are enough that may please; but if thou were weary of being a Husband, why are thou then of being a Widower? Tell me, What wilt thou do at present in the *Convent* thou art shut up in? The *Carmelities* are *Wise* indeed, but know not *all* Things. It is true, they are very Devout, but not exempted from Sin: Finally, they are Men, and too austere. How canst thou so suddenly accustom thy self to that kind of Life thou hast chosen, and become *once Chast and Sober*? As for me, who am a *Christian* as thou art, and more restrained in my Pleasures than thou hast hitherto been, I cannot understand what I see in that *Order* thou art entred into; neither can I figure to my self, how a Man bare-footed, without a Shirt, covered with a coarse Habit of Wooll, who is no Master of Crowns, and who hath no Armies, should absolutely command, not only another Man, but many, who obey blindly what he requires of them.

To live well in thy *Order*, thou must Fast; the least Faults are not Pardon'd; thou must receive Offences with Thanks: Finally, the Combat is assured and constant, and there is but little Certitude of the Crown which ought to be the Reward. Thy greatest Friend is obliged to betray thee, and thou wilt be deprived (as it may be said) of the Elements, to make thee desire the use of Water, Air, Earth and Fire. I cannot persuade my self, that there are so many Things required

quired to make a *Saint*; for, when thou loveſt *God*, as much as it is in thy Power to do, and paſſeſt every Day, as if it were thy laſt, I believe thou wilt Live and Die a Juſt Man. Return me an Anſwer, and let me know, If what I write to thee be Conformidable to right Reaſon; or, that I am deceived in my Opinion. The Friendſhip I have for thee obliges me to write as I do, and to tell thee all I think that regards thee; becauſe after thou haſt taken thy laſt Reſolution, I would rather ſee thee ſuffer with Conſtancy, all the Evils Imaginable, than to ſee thee change with Confuſion. There are many, who have abandoned with ſhame, the Places which they entred in Triumph; and how many have been puſhed by their Deſpair, to commit Follies which ſeemed Actions of Piety, which they had never undertaken in their right Wits?

We ſee in our Hiſtories, That many great Men have cauſed themſelves to be Circumciſed, thereby to have Commerce with the *Jews*, and be inſtructed in their Doctrines, finding their Ancient Temple Magnificent, Venerable, Holy and full of Majeſty. We alſo read, That *Pythagoras* cloathed himſelf in white, and ſtay'd ſome time amongſt the *Sinuaries* of Mount *Carmel*, to learn the *Miſteries* of their *Religion*. His Curioſity was the Occaſion of this great Man's Voyage, as their Ignorance had cauſed the ſame Deſign in others. It is not the Deſire to be inſtructed, which made thee enter into the *Convent*; the Affliction for the Loſs thou haſt ſuffered, made thee take this Reſolution. Take heed of quitting it by a Repentance, which would prove an Excels of Folly. The *Jews* are at preſent Vagabonds, without Law, without a Kingdom, without Altars; and according to the *Alcoran*, they will be Metamorphoſed into Aſſes, to carry the Souls of the wicked *Mahometans* into Hell. Who knows what will become of the *Carmelites*?

They

They say *Elias* is not Dead, but is to return to the Earth, to combate those Men who shall rise to trouble the World about the establishing a New Religion. Stay still where thou art, or return presently from whence thou camest; lest after too long a stay, to come out in form, thou commit a Fault, that *God* will not easily pardon, which will doubtless happen, if thou perswade thy self, that thou canst not find the Way to Heaven, but out of the Noise of this World.

If thou dost not find I advise thee well, do thou better; but, above all things, govern thy self so, that *God* may not reproach thee one Day, That a *Moldavian* gave thee good Advice, and thou didst neglect it. The *worst* of *Turks* might give the same Advice that I do, as a *good Christian*; and it would be no surprizing Thing, if thou Received it *better* from a *Mahometan*. These *Barbarians* are sufficiently Instructed in *Morality*, to teach others that which they do not always practise themselves. Vertue and Truth are respected every where. Turn thee from *East* to *West*, from the *South* to the *North*, thou wilt find on all Sides Impious Men, who Blaspheme against the Deity; but, true Vertue has that of singular, That *she is always Respected, and even by the most Profligate.*

Consult once again thy Forces and thy Courage, and take a *bitter* Resolution, if thou art not yet well fixed in thy *first*. *Titus* salutes thee out of this World; and prays Heaven to give thee the Pleasures of the Happy, in thy Solitude, if thou beest no Hypocrite; and if thou hast not yet Repented of the Resolution thou hast taken.

Paris, 28th *of the* 3d. *Moon, of the Year* 1638.

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LETTER. XV.

To Ibrahim, *who Renounced the* Christian *Religion.*

THou hast Renounced thy Religion, either to save thy Life, or for some other Consideration. I do not say this to make thee Scrupulous, but in quality of Resident in this Kingdom, to serve here the *Sultan* Emperor of both Seas, and of the Two Parts of the Earth, Distributor of all Crowns; the Grandeur of whose Majesty I beg of *God*, may last till the last Day of *Universal Judgment*. I advise thee to take heed, not to solicite those *Infidels*, whose Religion thou hast chang'd, to run the same Course that thou hast done.

Thou hast written to thy Brother, that he is become a Beggar, because he Renounces his God a Thousand Times at Play; and that thou art at present very Rich, for having Renounced him but Once, and by this thou exhortest him to turn *Mussulman*.

I thought good to write to thee, That Souls are not to be gained with a Letter and a Scurvy Jest. Think of becoming a Good Man after thy Change of Religion, and give no Occasion to the *Musselmans* to say, That thou art Infamous because thou hast renounced thy Faith, and that we are all damned because we are *Mahometans*. If thou dost not approve the Advice I give thee, I shall be obliged to acquaint thee with what shall come to my Knowledge, which I shall do with Regret, because thou may'st suffer by it.

The

The Great *God* make thee rather Wise than Fortunate.

Paris, 28th *of the* 3d. *Moon*, *of the Year* 1638.

LETTER XVI.

To Dicheu Huſſain *Baſſa.*

AS the Knowledge which I ſhall have of Affairs will augment daily, ſo I ſhall have the more Matter to write; and will omit no Occaſion to remark what occurs, which I will not fail immediately to communicate. Thou who with great Application obſerveſt what paſſeth amongſt Men, and art deſirous of knowing the moſt ſecret Tranſactions of Potentates, thou may'ſt obſerve, That there are more violent Enemies betwixt the *Chriſtian* Princes of *Europe*, than all the other Princes of the World: and cannot comprehend whence it is, that theſe *Infidels* cannot live in Peace; and, perhaps they do not comprehend it themſelves. It ſeems a Decree of Heaven, That Man ought to be contrary to Man; and, that whilſt there are Kingdoms there will be Wars and Enmities.

The Wars which are carried on at preſent in *Alſace*, look as if they would laſt long. The Death of *Guſtavus Adolphus*, King of *Sweden*, the ſecond Scourge of the *Imperialiſts*, who was ſlain Six Years ſince, did not terminate the Differences of *Germany*; they are greater than ever; and there appears in the Main Generals of the Armies, vaſter Deſigns than thoſe in their Predeceſſors. Perhaps they will revenge the Death of *Guſtave*, who was kill'd, not

as the *Christians* affirm; but by one of the Forty *Germans*, who had bound themselves by Oath, never to quit their Swords before they had slain him, as the *Turkish* Historians do write.

Duke *Bernard Weymar*, of no less Valour than *Gustave*, commands the rest of the *Swedish* Army, with a good Number of *French* Troops, and many *Christian* Hereticks of *Germany*. Victory attends the Arms of this *General*; and, the Princes which are united for Defence of the *Empire*, begin to apprehend a Captain, who observes less the Rules of War than the Emotions of his Valour; and whom they perceive seconded by Fortune. But, he doth not consider, That in weakning an Emperor, he doth augment the Forces of a King, who will enjoy the Fruits of his Labours; and suppress him in spite of his Bravery, when he pleases. In the mean time, I am of Opinion, That it is our Interest that *Weymar* be always Victorious. It may be said of him, That he hath sold to *France*, all but his Glory, having reserved nothing for himself but Hope.

All that this Duke can conquer from the *Germans* is for the *French* King, who furnishes him with Troops, with Arms, and with Moneys, besides wise Advice. Cardinal *Richlieu*, who is an able States-man, fails not to perswade his Master, That the Places which *Weymar* shall take in the *Empire*, with the Army which he commands, are the effects of his Counsels, and his Majesty's Money. The *French* begin to preserve their Conquests, and know how to defend the places which are subject to their Power.

This *Prince* makes Acquisitions which are in truth of more importance, than they seem considerable for their Greatness. He took *Rhinfeld* almost as soon as he had besieged it. The Place was strong, seated near the *Black Forest*, where the Garrison was furnished

nished with Abundance of all sorts of Ammunitions.

John de Wert, General of the *Imperial* Army, had reliev'd it with Nine Regiments of Horse, and Five Thousand Foot. He defeated *Weymar*'s Horse, took part of his Baggage and Artillery. The Duke of *Rohan*, a great Captain, and great States-man, was hurt, and taken fighting; and the City relieved with Men, Ammunition, and Victuals, which rendered the taking of it more Glorious.

They write, that two *Imperial* Generals, the first *John de Wert*, which hath succeeded *Rainfeld*, *Embaufort*, as also Duke *Savelli*, had been taken in Combat which preceded the Rendition of the Place, besides Thirty Eight Cornets, and Nineteen Foot Captains. These Spoils were gained by the Blood of the *Swedes*, and sent to the *French* King; who after he had caused them to march through all the Streets of this Great City, commanded them to be hung up in the Principal Church, where they rendered them, as Marks of the Triumphs of Policy. The Siege of this Place lasted but Eighteen Days.

The Duke of *Weymar*, after this Victory, marched into the *Marquisate* of *Durlach*, where he took the Castle of *Rotelen*, Defended by the King of *Hungary*; in which he found great Store of Provisions, and all sorts of Ammunitions, which served greatly for the refreshing of his then needy Army.

In the mean time, Duke *Savelli* escaped out of Prison, and retired to *Lucerne* in *Switzerland*. The Officers that guarded him, were accused of favouring his Escape, which cost them their Heads.

All write there is most trade and thou may'st cause my Letters to be registred. God grant that *Rhine*, together with all *Alsatia*, may fall into the *French* Hands, and that the Emperor of Germany be subjected to the Laws of the *Ottoman* Em-

pire.

seest the Time come, wherein the French *make Conquest, without being present at them.* The King of this Nation, appears not only Happy, but is so in reality; all things succeeding that he undertakes, his Queen's being with Child, and the *Cardinal's* Policy, puzzels the *Spaniard*, the *Empire* and *Italy* it self. What will happen none knows, but *God* and *Mahomet*. 'Tis our Duty to humble our selves, and say what we see, and not be so rash as to penetrate into the Future.

Do what thou canst by thy Intrigues, to augment the *Germans* Losses; for the Reasons thou knowest; and particularly to facilitate the *Sultan's* Conquest in *Hungary*. Assist, in the mean time, the poor and faithful *Mahmut*, not with the Sword that cuts every thing; but, by good Counsel, by which we ordinarily perceive, the Re-union of what the Sword hath separated; And I will pray the *Most High*, that all the *Infidels* bow the Knee before *Amurath*, and that all that breathe, may enjoy their Lives, but by an Effect of his Clemency.

Paris, 12th of the 4th *Moon*, of the Year 1638.

LETTER XVII.

To Ahmet Beig.

I Receive none of thy Letters; I receive none from the *Divan*; and I have none from any of my Friends, *Italy*, where there are so many People proper for War, that Province which hath commanded the World, is at this time troubled by the

the Arms of *France*. The *Pope* and *Venetians*, who appear to have the Principal Intereſt there, make no Advance to divert the Storm that threatens them. *Piemont*, which belongs to the Duke of *Savoy*, begins to feel the Incommodities that War draws alway with it. That State is in the midſt of the *Spaniards*, who attack it, and the *French* ruine it in defending it.

Theſe laſt cannot abandon the Intereſt of the Houſe of *Savoy*, the Dutcheſs being their King's Siſter, and her Children his Nephews. The *French* are already ſtrong on that ſide, having a great Garriſon in *Pignerol*, a Place very conſiderable, which they call one of the Gates of *Italy*, whereof they have been Maſters ſince the Year 1631. and their Power will much encreaſe, by the Acceſſion of the Fort of *Breme*, which may be termed a Rampart, covering *Casal* and *Vercelle*, and which alſo defends both *Monſerrat* and *Piemont*. The Marquis of *Leganez*, Governour of *Milan*, having rendred himſelf Maſter of the Field, had laid Siege to *Breme*; and Marſhal *Crequi*, having in the Name of the King his Maſter, undertaken the Defence of the young Duke of *Savoy*, oppoſed the Deſigns of the *Spaniards*. 'Tis believed the War will be cruel in this Quarter, being *theſe* are very ſtrong, and the *other* very expert.

Thou ſhalt know the Event. In the mean time, all the Affairs of the *French* do not appear ſo Fortunate in *Italy*; and, at this Hour that I write to thee, the *Court* laments the Loſs of the *General* that commanded their Armies in that Country.

There is certain News of the Death of Marſhal *Crequi*, who was ſhot with a Cannon-Bullet through the Body, as he was going to view the *Spaniards* Works before *Breme*. This loſs was by ſo much the more ſenſible to the *French*, in that they

they saw their Enemies make such great Rejoicings at it.

All Men conclude, this *Crequi* was both a good Souldier, and a good Captain; a Wise Man, and of Excellent Conduct. He had acquired great Reputation, for the King his Master, in *Italy*. He slew *Don Philip*, Bastard of *Savoy*, who challenged him in the Sight of Two Armies. He several Times defeated his Sovereign's Enemies in *Montferrat*, and in *Piemont*, and beat back the Duke of *Feria* to the Gates of *Milan*. There remains no more of this Great Man, who did so many brave Things, but the bare remembrance of 'em.

Scarce any thing of his Body, save his Entrails was left for his Soldiers to celebrate his Obsequies with. His Soul is before the Throne of *God*; his Friends honour his Memory with their Elogies: his Kindred mourn for him, his Sovereign praises him, and his Soldiers crown his Tomb with Herbs and Flowers.

The *Italians* say highly upon this Occasion, That *Italy* has been fatal to the *French*, and that it will be so always. They affirm, That the Duke of *Savoy* will lose his Estate, if defeated by his Enemies, which he will likewise do by the Victory of his Friends. But, these are the Conjectures and ordinary Reasonings of Men, which I write to thee to the end thou may'st not only know what is done, but also the Discourses which are entertained upon the Events that happen. We shall shortly have News of the Siege of *Bremen*; in the mean time, it imports the *French* much, to conserve the Opinion had of their Valour and Goodness.

The Business in hand is to defend a great and illustrious House, which moreover pretends to the Sovereignty of the Kingdom of *Cyprus*, troubled by the Ambition of Kindred, and the Bollicks of the *Spaniards*. These Engagements import much to

Princes, who have as many Maxims as differing Interests; but, we have nothing to do with the Differences of others.

May it please *God*, that our Affairs be always attended with an Equality of good Luck, for the Ruine of these *Infidels*. Be thou constant in the Friendship thou promisedst me, and always faithful to thy Friend, who recommends himself to thee, as the Law obliges thee to be to thy Sovereign.

Paris, 20th *of the* 4th *Moon, of the Year* 1638.

LETTER XVIII.

To Berber Mustapha *Aga.*

I This Day entertained a Man, which came from *Italy*, and hath served in the *French* Troops. He gives this Account of the Death of Marshal *Crequi*.

The 17th of this *Moon*, this *General*, having approached the Lines of the *Spaniards*, to view their Works, and to Fight them, in case he judged it Expedient, a Cannon-Bullet separated a Body in Two, and the Bullet being taken up, they were surprised to see a Cross graved upon it, about which were also engraved Letters, which made these two Words *IO. CREQUI*. This Bullet, the Cross, and the Letters, caused no less Astonishment, than the Death of this Captain did Sorrow, and every Body spoke his Sentiments of it.

Many treat the *Spaniards* as Magicians, and Sorcerers. Those who are perswaded of the Power of

of *Negromancy*, affirm, That the *Devil* can carry a Bullet to the Place whither 'tis deſigned: Others are of a contrary Sentiment, and believe, there is no Power without the Commandment of the *Great God*. There are others, who believe neither Charms nor Characters, nor Magick; who, deſpiſing all theſe Superſtitions, attribute all to *Deſtiny*; and I believe the ſame. *Achmet Celebi* explains this perfectly well in his Journal, which begins in the One Thouſand and Twenty Sixth Year of our *Hegira*; when he affirms, that all Things which paſs here below, are effected by the Orders of *Heaven*. 'We 'cannot doubt (ſays he) but the Events which we 'ſee, are the Effects of the Will of *God*; yet we 'muſt believe, he ſuffers all Things to happen by '*Second Cauſes*.

Had not *Sultan Oſman* irritated the *Janizaries*, and *Spahi's*, by throwing them into the River alive, when he ran diſguiſed through the Streets of *Conſtantinople*, and found them drinking Wine in Taverns: And had he not publiſhed his Deſign of Reforming this *Militia*, and tranſporting the *Imperial* Seat elſewhere, he had not perhaps been murthered with ſo much Ignominy.

God ſent him a terrible Dream before his Death. He thought he ſaw our *Great Prophet* ſnatching the *Alcoran*, which he was then reading, out of his Hand; and taking from him by Force, his Coat of Arms; and ſtriking him down with ſuch a great Box on the Ear, that he could not get up again. Thou knoweſt he conſulted the Aſtrologers, and Interpreters of Dreams thereupon. I will not report what he, who was his *Præceptor*, ſaid, for it was plain Flattery: But we ſaw, what was foretold by the Aſtrologers came punctually to paſs. Theſe had foretold, That the Emperor ſhould never ſee the Feaſt of *Ramezan*; becauſe the Star which preſided at his Birth, was much obſcured in its Con-

junction with the Planet, that was then Predominant; which made 'em affirm, he would die in a very little time. The Ignominy wherewith his Death was accompanied, was an effect of *Destiny*; for, never any of the *Osmans* suffered so much Shame. He had several times seen the fatal Cord about his Neck without dying. A Soldier, in charity, lent him his Handkerchief to cover his Head, which was without a *Turbant*.

He said, all in Tears, to his Murtherers, *Ye saw this Morning your* Emperor *upon the* Throne, *and this Evening you are for throwing him into a Dung Cart, designed to carry Dirt into the Sea: You cannot live always, and* God *will require a Reason for this Cruelty.* Thou knowest, his resisting of those that strangled him, caused him to suffer much Pain. They took hold of him by the Secret Parts; and one of his Ears was cut off, and carried to the *Valide*, who expected the News of his Death. The will of God appears in this Adventure; as also, the Power of *Second Causes*. Thou may'st see all this in that *Journal* of *Ahmet*. Had not Marshal *Crequi* been in the Wars, he had not perhaps ended his Days by a violent Death; and had he not been so rash as to approach too near to the Enemies Works, the fatal Bullet had not touched him.

We see hereby an Effect of *God*'s Will accompanied with our Consent; because we search by our own Choice, that which we might avoid.

In the mean time, accuse me not of Ignorance or Superstition, if I have been long in entertaining thee, upon a Matter in Action, betwixt Me and the *Devil*. Thou knowest, that by Magick Art, we number the *Twelve Spirits* or *Angels* which preside over each of the *Signs* of the *Zodiack*, which govern the Nations, People, and Cities committed to their Care. In like Manner, in the Secret *Cabala* of the *Jews*, by the Twelve Angels

of the great Name of *God*; and, according to the Colour of the Stones where these Anagrams were Engraved, they judged of the Future; performing thereby Things very astonishing. They have subjected our Bodies to these Twelve *Signs*, and divided them into Twelve Principal Members. But, how many surprizing Things are done with the Number *Seven*, to which they have applied the Seven Planets; by Means whereof, they discover the Secret of the good or evil Fortune of Men? Add to this, the Invocation of Spirits, and the Power of Figures, of Words, of Herbs, of Writings, of holy Characters, and so many other Inchantments, wherewith they consult the *Black Angels*; and thou wilt find, that Men do many Wonders by this Art, which they cannot do without Supernatural Assistance.

The little Bits of Paper, cut Triangular-wise, which *Tockta Cham*, the King of *Persia*'s Embassador caused to be thrown in the Night, round about the Imperial Tent of the Great *Vizir Asis*, (in each of which there was a certain word writ) wrought more considerable Effects, than the *Spaniard*'s Inchanted Bullet, which killed Marshal *Crequi*. The *Ottoman* Army revolted the Day following, as if possessed with Furies. The most Seditious took and bound the *Vizir*, and made him raise the Siege of *Babylon*. And the King of *Persia*, who had already dismissed *Mustapha Aga*, our Envoy, with the Treaty, whereby he Surrendred this Place, being advertised of the precipitate Retreat of our Army, caused *Mustapha* to be called back; tearing the Treaty he had given him, in his presence; and bad him tell his *General*, He could not do so shameful an Action, as to surrender so important a Place, to an Army that was running away.

Hast thou ever heard of any thing so strange? Read this *Ahmet Celibi*'s Book, and thou wilt see,

that all these Prodigies arrived in one Day. The Historian makes no Judgment upon this Adventure; he only reports it; neither do I believe it was an Effect of the Enchantment of these Bits of Paper, and the Characters contained in them; because it is certain our Army was greatly prest with Hunger. But in Effect, when *Mustapha*, all in Tears, reproached the *Vizir*, That if he had gained but two Days time, he had made a Peace equal to a Victory. *Asis* answered him, How couldst thou with thy Tears, retain an Army possessed with all the Devils of Hell, and resolved to be gone?

If thou finish the reading of so long a Letter, accuse thy Patience, and reproach not me with tediousness for having writ many things to thee worthy of being known. After the Death of the *French* General, *Breme* was presently delivered to the *Spaniards*, by the Cowardliness of the Governor, who incurr'd, in time a rigorous Destiny for it; having his Head cut off at *Casal*, where they had imprisoned him.

The *Great God* preserve thee and thine for ever; and protect thee against the ill-will of those that do not love thee.

Paris, 20th. *of the* 4th. *Moon, of the Year* 1638.

LETTER

LETTER XIX.

To Murat Baſſa.

THE Dutcheſs Dowager of *Savoy*, finds herſelf extremely preſſed by the continual Incurſions which the *Spaniards* make into *Piemont*; they having beſieged *Vercelle*, a Place which covers the Country on the Side of *Milan*,

She her ſelf appears on Horſeback, with great Courage, being reſolved to remove what is loſt, as well as to defend the reſt, which is in ſome danger; having joined her beſt Troops with great Diligence, to thoſe of *France*.

A *Cardinal*, which they call the *Cardinal la Valette*, commands in the Place of Marſhal *Crequi*, thoſe Troops of *France*, which conſiſt of Twelve Thouſand Foot, and Four Thouſand Horſe.

Thou doſt not know, perhaps, what theſe *Cardinals* are: They be the principal Prieſts of the *Roman* Church. Their Profeſſion is not to command Armies, though that ſometimes happens, either through want of ſage Captains, which theſe *Infidel* Kings may ſometime ſtand in need of; or for other ſecret Reaſons, which are not always eaſie to penetrate, and muſt be of great Importance, *France* not wanting fit *Seculars*. A *Roman Muſti*, called *Innocent* IV. gave the Purple Habit to theſe Prieſts, and obliged them to wear Red Hats, Caps, and Bonnets, that this Colour might always put them in mind, they ought to ſhed their Blood for the Service of their Church and Religion.

I have been told, that formerly that there were but Five and Twenty, and now their Number is ſaid to be Seventy Two; which is that of the Diſciples of the *Chriſtian Meſſias*; but, they are ſeldom com-

pleat. I was desirous of being precisely informed, what the Dignity of a *Cardinal* is; and an old Physician, that seems an honest Man, instructs me in all things, that regard the Religion, and Politicks of the *Christians*. He is such an Enemy to the *Circumcision*, that he gives often the uncleanest of all Meats to his Patients, such as we think unwholesome, and cannot be eaten without Sin,

Thou that art a States-man, and obliged to assist at *Council*, and in the *Divan*, ought to know more Things than others, and those more perfectly.

I will inform my self, with Care, of the Life, Actions, and *Genius* of this *Cardinal la Valette*, to know, whether the King, his Master, has any other reason than that of his Valour and Experience in War, to make use of a Priest in his Armies, to shed Blood and ruine People; for, I never heard the *Mussulmans* did ever make use of a *Cheik*, to command the Armies of the Empire: Besides, they are without Experience, Fearful, and Superstitious.

The *Spaniards* are more powerful in Infantry, and Cavalry, having Eighteen Thousand Foot, and Five Thousand Horse, whereby they pretend to render themselves Masters of *Piemont*, and drive the *French* wholly out of *Italy*. The Marquis of *Leganez*, Governour of *Milan*, affirms, That his King will not suffer the Children of the late Duke of *Savoy*, to be under the Protection of Strangers. He says, That *Pignerol*, and other Places in the Power of the *French*, were usurped upon the *House* of *Savoy*, and must be restored. They affirm, That the House of *Austria* will hinder the Widow, her Children, and Subjects from being Oppressed.

Behold here an Example of the singular Piety of the *Spaniards*, in Favour of a Widow and her Children; and on the other side, admire the Kind-

ness

neſs of the *French*, who fight againſt theſe ſame *Spaniards*, for the conſervation of that which concerns neither of them. It will be difficult to diſcover theſe ſecret Myſteries. Every Prince puts a value upon his Reaſons, as he does upon his Mony.

The Dutcheſs of *Savoy* came accompanied with a great number of Ladies, and the greateſt of her *Court*. She was on Horſeback, at the Head of all the Company, both Horſe and Foot, and harangued the Army amidſt the Battalions.

She conjured, not only the Captains, but even the Corporals, and private Souldiers, not to abandon her Defence. She ſhewed all the Sentiments of Grief, that a Perſon of Courage could have, in ſeeing her ſelf expoſed to loſe her Eſtate; or to ſee her Children, in a manner, Captives; and upon this Occaſion, ſhe failed not to mingle Torrents of Tears with the moſt charming Expreſſions, which is ordinarily the ſtrongeſt Eloquence of Women.

The Army being ſenſible of the Dutcheſs's Misfortune, which ſhe had repreſented with all Poſſible Earneſtneſs; the *Cardinal Valette* cauſed it to diſcamp to relieve *Vercelle*. He forced the *Spaniards* Lines, and put Two Thouſand Men into the Place. The Beſieged, fortified with ſuch Succours, made a great Sally, and much *Infidel* Blood was ſhed on both Sides. But all that the *Cardinal* could do, with his Care, and the Dutcheſs with her Tears, could not hinder *Vercelle* to fall into the Hands of the *Spaniards*. 'Tis ſaid, that the Commander of this Place, and his Garriſon, defended themſelves to the laſt Extremity; and having no more Powder or Lead, they fought at puſh of Pike, with Stones; and finally, when all was gone, with their Fiſts.

But this is not believed here, it being alledged, that the *Governour*, or the *General*, did not do their Duty. The *Cardinal*, say they, failed in his Duty also; for, knowing they wanted Ammunition, yet he did not send it, though he found means to put into the place such a great number of Men. But the Governour is blamed yet more, that did not discover this his Necessity to the *General*.

I tell thee all these Particulars to inform thee of the Manner how the *French* make War; many of whose Over-sights would cost us our Lives.

There marched out of *Vercelle*, Four Thousand Men bearing Arms. Thence thou mayest judge, that our *Generals* are not cruel, when they cause the Heads of Commanders to be taken off, that behave themselves so ill.

The Princess of *Mantua*, who has lost her Husband, would, they say, marry a Prince of the *House of Austria*, called the *Cardinal Infant*, which is an Effect of the Policy of the *Spaniards*, to have a better Pretence to attack *Montferrat*, and drive out the *French*, who entred there by consent of the Duke of *Mantua*, who was Sovereign thereof.

The valiant Duke of *Roan*, is at length dead in a Castle near *Berne*. I think I writ he was hurt, and taken Prisoner in the Battel fought by the *Swedes* against the *Germans*. He was in the Sixty Eighth Year of his Age, and was very considerable for his Erudition, Valour and Experience in War. He was bred a Soldier from his Youth; was always employed in Military Affairs, and had often commanded Armies. He supported, by his Bravery and Experience, for a long time, the Remains of a feeble and dying Party, against the Power of the King. He was illustrious by the Greatness of his *House*; and his Religion was that of the *Calvinists*, called the *Reformed*. His Body was Embalmed, and afterwards brought to *Geneva*, with

with great Magnificence and Warlike Pomp. This City is the Retreat of such as the Church of *Rome* calls *Hereticks*, who are all well received here; which gives great Occasion of Complaint to the *Pope*'s Partizans; how reasonably, I will not presume to determine; but, there appears to me much more Splendor in the Ceremonies of those of the *Catholick* Church, and they pretend to greater Vertue and Antiquity.

These are the Transactions in *Italy* which came to my Knowledge. I will not fail to write what passed in *Germany* these last *Moons*, as soon as I have the Certainty of them.

Pray *God* the many Differences and Wars, which are amongst the *Infidels*, may never end; that *Italy* may be humbled even to the Stirrop of the Horse, on which rides the *Great Emperor* of the *Elect of God*, the faithful *Mussulmans*; and, that all *Germany* adore the Sacred Porch of *Mecha*.

I pray *God* support thee always, that thou never fall; and so conduct thee, that thou never goest astray.

Paris, 20th *of the* 4th *Moon*,
of the Year 1638.

LETTER XX.

To Dgnet Ogiou.

THE Condition I am in at present, makes me think of those long and tedious days we passed together at *Palermo*, in Slavery. How fruitless were the Tears, which the Irksomness of our Captivity made us shed? yet nothing befel us, but what

what is common to other Men: But, thou wert too Young to ſupport it, and I had not Experience enough of the World, to conceive the Unhappineſs whereunto Fortune had reduced me.

Thou art at preſent, at *Conſtantinople*, where thou haſt all thy Heart can deſire, and I at *Paris*, where I have a Thouſand things to take Care for. *Conſtantinople* and *Paris*, are indeed, Two of the greateſt Cities in the World; but, much differing in manner of Living, Clothes, Language, and Religion. Thou art at preſent in the midſt of Pleaſures, with thy Friends, Children, Wife, with the Liberty of exerciſing thy Religion, which is the *True one*; and that, and in the *Moſques*, which our Fathers eſtabliſhed: Moreover, thou art elevated in Dignity. I, on the contrary, am amongſt *Infidels*, amongſt *Idolaters* and *Hereticks*; obliged to live with a Nation much differing from Ours in their Inclinations and Cuſtoms. Finally, I live amongſt the *Devil's Peacocks*. The exceſſive Liberty they give themſelves, is not ſuch as is enjoyed with true Satisfaction of Mind; ſeeing they do a Thouſand things which carry Repentance along with them.

The Philoſophy of the *Stoicks*, which I learned during my Captivity, gave me to underſtand, of what Importance it is, for a Man to know himſelf. Thou maiſt remember, perhaps, in the Beginning of our Slavery, that thy Maſter and mine, were no leſs oppoſite in their manner of living, than our *Genius*'s were differing.

My Enquiry was after Books and Writings; and Watching did not weary me, provided I employed it in learning ſomewhat. On the contrary, thou being always employed with different Handy-works, didſt little think, that Heaven had deſigned thee to wear a Sword, and conſequently, to the Employments of War.

How many Things did we ſuffer in thoſe Days, whereat we do now laugh? Thou wert always chained; and I in Priſon, in a Den; thou wert beaten, becauſe thou wouldſt not read; and I was banged to Pieces, becauſe I would not embroider.

The reading of *Seneca*, could not induce me to pardon my Maſter the Baſtinado's he gave me. That which I endured, was greater than the Pains which thou didſt ſuffer; I was perſecuted for the Pleaſure I took in Reading; and they would oblige thee to ſtudy; whereas thy Inclinations were quite different from mine.

This hardſhip made me reſolve to hide my ſelf in a Celler, without Bread, and without Water. I had nothing but my *Seneca* with me; and I was reſolved to deliver my ſelf from my Servitude by Death; ſo far had this *Stoick* perſwaded me not to live. *Thou art ſo near Death* (quoth he) *and in the mean time art a Slave.* Judge the Force of my Temptation, by the Authority of this Great Man. Whilſt I was thus hid, my Maſter ſearched me in vain, in the Garden, the Stable, the Kitchin, and had no leſs Pains to find me, than I had to hide my ſelf from him. But, at length I choſe the better Part, which was, to live, and to forgive.

My Maſter owes his Life to *Seneca*; he taught me ſo well to forget Offences, that my Deſpair changed into Reſpect. I had no more mind to die. I felt my Courage fail, and Fear made me pardon my Maſter. Thou hadſt no knowledge of this Adventure, becauſe I went into the Country, and thou waſt ranſomed, whilſt I was out of *Palermo*. I was ſo very intent upon my Studies, that my Maſter, vanquiſhed by my Obſtinacy, gave me Liberty to apply my ſelf to them; being himſelf aſhamed to continue ignorant, whilſt I dreamt of nothing but of improving my Mind.

In

In the Course of Four Years and Four Moons, that my Captivity lasted, *Nero*'s Master gave me the first Tincture of *Morality*; and after that, I went into the *Academies*, where I writ the *Journal* of my Life. *Plutarch*, *Livy* and *Tacitus*, made me forget the odious Names of *Master* and *Slave*.

The Examples of so many Great Men, whose Histories we find there; of so many Emperors, Kings, Captains, Masters or Slaves of their Passions; some dead by the Hands of their Friends, by Poyson; others by the Sword and Surprize; others, persecuted by their Fathers or their Sons; sometimes by their Wives, and often by their Native Country and Slaves, so often saved and defended by themselves; disposed me to suffer patiently the State whereunto I was reduced; and to acknowledge, That the honest Man is never a Slave, where ever he is, when he can find his Master within himself. I had time then to do a Thousand good Things, which I should never have done, if I had not been in the Condition I then found my self in.

Consider how much we learn by Books, and more yet by the Disgraces that happen to us. We see the Ill as in a Perspective, and the Good in Circle. Disgraces afflict us when they happen, and good Fortune when it leaves us. When I was in my House I lived at rest, because I fansied Serving; and now I am in Service, I am in continual fear of not pleasing. How many Souls hath *Amurath* sent into the *other World*, to expect the *Universal Day of Judgment*? And how many more will he send in this Siege of *Babylon*, whether he goes in Person, carrying Terror with him, and Forces sufficient to destroy the Empire of the *Persians*?

He hath commanded me to observe the Actions of the *Christians*, with all possible Application and Exactness, to give Information of them. He will

will, in doubtful Affairs, have me to write to him my own Judgment, and not that of others. He will have me not to ſhorten, but extend my Explications, that nothing may be left that will admit of a double Interpretation, and will rather have me tedious, than appear eloquent by the Conciſeneſs of my Relations. He orders me to receive the Advices of *Carcoa*, who is at *Vienna*, and to inform *Adonai* the *Jew*, who reſides at *Genoa*, in what is neceſſary; to the end, that all that paſſes in *Germany*, *Italy* and *France*, may be diſpatched to the *Miniſters* of the *Divan*.

The *Secretary* of *State*, as Maſter of all that is written, has order to en-regiſter my Letters, and examine them. He, according to his Capriciouſneſs, or Ignorance, may render the Exactneſs wherewith I obey, criminal; by ſaying, *I am a Fool*, or *do not write the Truth*. This regiſtring puts me in Pain: For, as many mean things may appear very good at firſt Sight; and are often commended, becauſe of their Novelty; ſo they may appear alſo very deſpicable, when they come to be examined; and may deſerve a Check.

I tell thee what I have reaſon to fear, without telling thee thoſe things which might raiſe a Belief in thee, that I have reaſon to hope.

Our Sovereigns are Mighty, and they diſtinguiſh themſelves from all the Potentates of the World, by the Impetuouſneſs wherewith they give their Orders: And there is no Empire where the Puniſhments and Rewards, work ſo great Effects. Thou knoweſt the reſt, which is ſuperfluous to tell thee, and which Princes do not willingly hear.

Explain to me better, the News I heard of *Muſſuladdin Aga*, of an Action of Juſtice of old *Berber*.

He writ to me, That a Creditor to whom he owed for a Shirt, being dead, he had put the Price into

into the deceaſed's Hand, and went his ways. This new way of paying Debts, ſeems very extraordinary to me. There is an Author, whether *Greek* or *Latin* I have forgot, which tells another Adventure not unlike this, of a Man who not finding his Shooe-maker alive, threw the Price of the Shooes he had made him into his Shop. If theſe Actions be not done for Oſtentation, they ſeem Vertuous; but if out of Vanity, I cannot believe that our Negligence to pay our Creditors whilſt alive, can be excuſed by the care we take to pay them after their Death.

The Dead want nothing in the *other World*; they are Living that have need of Supplies in this; and who ſuffer ſometimes very much, when they are not punctually paid. The *Ancients* could never ſufficiently deſcribe the Exceſs which Men committed by their Paſſions, and the *Moderns* do it as little. They are Juſt, ſometimes even to Superſtition, and ſometimes Unjuſt even to Exceſs. *Sultan Muſtapha*'s Charity for the Poor, was very great. He was not ſatisfied according to the Precepts of *Pythagoras*, to give Life to Beaſts; his Simplicity went yet farther, not preſidented by any Prince or Saint; he threw Pieces of Gold to the Fiſhes, in Ponds and Rivers; alledging for his Reaſon, That the moſt ſecret Alms were the moſt agreeable to *God*; and that theſe Animals would never tell of it.

Thou wilt anſwer me when thou haſt time and convenience. *God* give thee the Succour which is neceſſary for thee; and let our *Great Prophet* be always favourable to thee.

Paris, 20th *of the* 4th *Moon, of the Year* 1638.

LET-

LETTER XXI.

To the Kaimakam.

MY last Letters ſhew what happen'd in *Italy*, on the Side of *Piemont*, which thou maiſt have ſeen at the *Divan*.

I have informed the Council what the *Infidels* have done there; where three different Nations, which have but one Religion, fight together; The *French* make War upon the *Spaniards*, to aſſiſt the *Savoyards*; and theſe latter would drive the other out of *Italy*, and reduce *Savoy* under their Power, which does what it can to avoid the Yoke of both theſe Nations.

It is to be feared, that new Troubles may ariſe from this War; which will undoubtedly happen, if it be not ſuddenly terminated by a Peace. I will only write to thee what I know, and perhaps what is not come to thy Knowledge. I will not repeat what I have already written; becauſe my Letters paſs ſecurely, by the good Order which thou haſt taken.

The different Intereſt of the Princes of *Italy*, occaſion ſmall Intelligence betwixt them. As their Eſtates are ſeparated the one from the other, ſo they are divided by their Maxims, their Intereſts, and Pretenſions. They have, however, but one Religion, which they make to ſerve for a Pretext to their Deſigns, which are all different; and there is not one of them which wholly minds his Religion, which can have but one only End.

There are few that can ſuffer the Conqueſts of the *French* in *Italy*; becauſe that Nation ſeems reſtleſs, and Men would not ſee the *Spaniards* more powerful than they are; becauſe they play too much.

much the Masters. But however, as the least of these Princes have their particular Inclinations and secret Interests with these two Nations, thou art ignorant of those of the *Republick* of *Genoa* with the *Spaniards*, with whom they have strong Alliances: But peradventure thou hast not been informed of a Conspiracy, which appears to have been carried on in the City, to introduce the *Spaniards* into it, which the *Republick* will in no wise suffer.

The said Conspiracy is thus related: The Marquis of *Montecy* having finished the time of his Government of *Naples*, and being embarked with some Gallies, for his Return into *Spain*, came *Incognito* in *Genoa*; having had a Conference in a Village near the Town, with some of the Conspirators, to render himself Master of the *Port*, and afterwards built a Citradel upon the highest Side of the *Port*. Some of the most qualified, were to open one of the Gates by Night, and receive the Troops that should be disbarked out of the Gallies. The Marquis of *Leganez*, Governour of *Milan*, promised to send to *Genoa* a Chain of Slaves stronger and more numerous than ordinary, which instead of consisting of condemned Criminals, was to be composed of the bravest Officers of *Milan*; and some Nobles of the Accomplices, who were to share in the Treaty, were to receive the Troops, and come armed for the effecting of the Enterprize.

After a Design so well laid, the *Spaniards* were ready to execute so hard an Undertaking; when the *Republick*, being suddenly advertised of the Plot, caused it to miscarry, without Noise, by redoubling the Guards, which did not a little surprize the Conspirators.

Cardinal *Richlieu*'s Creatures give out, That one *Doria*, called their Prince, did delude, or hinder the Plot, which was profitable for *Italy*, but con-

contrary to our Intereſts; for thence undoubtedly had ſprung a War which would never have had End, whether betwixt the Subjects of this *Commonwealth*, who would have ruined each other, or *France* and *Spain*; and thou wilt alſo find, that in preferring the Liberty of their Country, and keeping the *Spaniards* at a Diſtance, they will maintain themſelves ſtill in a Condition advantageous for the Commonwealth, and neceſſary to the Crown of *Spain*.

They ſay, That the Conſtancy of *Doria* hath acquired the Honour of having twice ſaved the Liberty of his Country.

This *Doria* is deſcended from *Andrew Doria*, that Great Captain, who did ſo many brave Actions againſt our Nation, commanded the Maritime Armies of *Charles* V. Emperor of *Germany*; and ſince, thoſe of *Philip* II. his Son, King of *Spain*, and who often combated the invincible *Ariaden*.

I do not believe that *Adonai*, which was at *Genoa*, hath writ this Adventure to thee; either becauſe it may not be true, or becauſe the thing being very ſecret, it was in a manner ſtifled as ſoon as diſcover'd.

If thou wilt know the particular Reaſonings, made upon this occaſion, I will tell thee, That the moſt adviſed *French* believe, that the *Spaniards* did attempt ſo fair a Blow; but that the Two Parties in the City, the one to preſerve their Liberty, and the other to maintain their Authority, did both avoid the Concluſion.

The Diſcourſe is, at preſent various, concerning this *Republick*; and the *French* do as much endeavour to make ſecret Treaties with it, as the *Spaniards* to hinder its change of Maſter. It being always of great advantage to ſuch who have Pretences in *Italy*, to be in good Correſpondence with this Place; which may be termed the *Principal Port*.

The

The *French* make a great Noiſe with their Pretences upon *Genoa*; and they, at preſent, revive many Ancient Hiſtories. They affirm, That the *Genoeſe*, when they had Differences amongſt themſelves, have often-times changed their Laws and their Maſters; and that they had been ſubjected to ſtrange Powers: That Two *Charles*'s, One *Lewis*, and *Francis* I. all Kings of *France*, have taken them into their Protection, having alſo ſubdued them by Force of Arms. They add, That this *Francis* I. continued a great while to ſend them Governours: And that it was by the Valour and Reſolution of *Doria*, that this Republick recovered its firſt Liberty.

Theſe are the Diſcourſes that People make at *Paris*, the Entertainment of Idle Perſons, as alſo of our Politicians. It will be a hard matter to tell what the King thinks, and what are the Sentiments of his Council.

Conſider, in the mean time, with what Impudence People diſcourſe here; they preſume to decide Affairs of State; they divide and accommodate Differences; they ſupport and ruin Commonwealths and Kingdoms: but this is no new Thing, the People in all Times having taken the Liberty to cenſure the Actions of Sovereigns.

It is not for enlarging my Letter that I write theſe Particulars of the Hiſtory of *Genoa*; but, being an Ancient Nation, which hath formerly wearied the Courage of the *Romans* by their Enterprizes and Oppoſition, and have performed, upon our Seas, great and noble Actions. The *Oſmans* have her therefore in Conſideration; and, the rather, becauſe we poſſeſs many Countries, and conſiderable Places, that were under their Dominion in *Aſia minor*, upon the *Black Sea*, and in the *Archipelago*.

I ſhall

I shall ever recommend all thy Words and Actions to Almighty *God*, and pray him to hinder thee from falling into Error, and prosper all thy Undertakings.

Paris, 24th *of the* 5th *Moon, of the Year* 1638.

LETTER XXII.

To the same.

HEnry of *Bourbon*, first Prince of the *Blood* of *France*, marching by *Bourdeaux*, came upon the Frontiers of *Spain*, where he besieged *Fontarabia*, strongly seated upon the Brink of the Ocean. His Army is made up of Twelve Thousand Foot, and Twelve Hundred Horse. The Two Nations have had several Encounters and Skirmishings, wherein the Loss and Gain have been equal on Land.

But the *Spanish* Affairs go so ill at Sea, that thou wilt wonder at the great Losses they receiv'd there. The *French* have burnt Two Gallions upon the Stock, that were making, and Six others entirely finished, which had not been yet at Sea. They have further taken Eleven great Ships, whereof Six were richly loaden for the *Indies*; besides the Equipage and Munitions of War; with Two old Gallions that were of no great Use. They further took a Prodigious number of Cannons, which lay upon the Shore, One Hundred whereof were Brass, all with the Arms of *Austria*.

If all this I write be true, as I verily believe

lieve it is: We may ſay that this Prize, where there were more than a Hundred and Fifty Pieces of Ordnance, was no mean purchaſe.

I ſay nothing of the great quantity of Artillery, mounted upon the Ships and Gallions, for fear of troubling thee with the news of a great Victory, wherein the *French* gained ſo many Veſſels and ſuch great Riches, as will ſuffice to equip a great Fleet.

The Prince beſieges the Place and preſſes it, but the *Spaniards* defend themſelves bravely; and much Blood will be ſhed there.

The Prieſt of *Bordeaux*, which theſe *Infidels* call the *Archbiſhop*, was come thither with Sixty Sail, whereof Forty Two are *Men of War*, and the reſt Attenders; with ſome Fireſhips filled with Bituminous Matter, which inflames eaſily to burn the Enemies Ships where they can come at them, ſo that there is nothing wanting in the Armies by Sea or Land.

This *Archbiſhop* of *Bordeaux*, makes more noiſe at preſent than the *Pope*; and 'tis credible, that what he has done, will gain him great Favour with his King.

He has, with as much Courage, inveſted Fourteen Gallies, and Four Frigats, which came from the Neighbouring Ports to the Relief of *Fontarabia*, with Three Thouſand natural *Spaniards*.

He fought Six Hours together with this new Army, which he entirely defeated, having burnt and ſunk all theſe Ships, except one Galley, which was ſtranded and rendred uſeleſs. The *Admiral* of *Spain*, with Eight Hundred Men, was blown up; which was no ſmall Misfortune to the *Spaniards*, who loſt upon this Occaſion, a great Number of Soldiers and Seamen: And 'tis believed, they will not be able to appear before their Enemies in Sea this great while.

If

If ſo many Loſſes ſuffered by a Party, are not advantageous to the *Grand Signior*, becauſe the other is grown ſo much the ſtronger thereby, he will however gain this Benefit by it. That the *French* and *Spaniſh* being both Enemies to one Nation and Religion, our Affairs will be in greater Security, when of Two Enemies we ſee One ſuppreſſed.

The *French* publiſh by their Joy and continual Feaſtings, the Advantage they receive from theſe Succeſſes: And theſe *Infidels* have reaſon to rejoice, their Victory having all the Agreements poſſible; it is indeed great, and their Loſs very inconſiderable.

They ſay, there were but Twelve of the Ships of *France* diſordered, and that they loſt not above a Hundred Seamen, and very few Officers. Here hath been made a large Relation of this Victory; and 'tis engraven in Copper, to the end it may be made publick in all its particulars, and the Memory of it conſerved to future Ages. Since the loſs of the *Armado*, ſurnamed *The Invincible*, which *Philip* II. ſent into *England*, in the Year 1588, to make War upon a Woman, we have not known that *Spain* ſuffered ſo great a Loſs.

This is the only News I can tell thee at preſent. So many Armies as are in continual Action, will furniſh Matter enough hereafter to divert thee, by reaching the Follies of theſe *Infidels*, who ſeem to deſtroy themſelves daily, and ruin their Affairs to gratifie us by their Defeats, and make us triumph.

Paris, 17th of the 4th Moon, of the Year 1638.

LET-

LETTER XXIII.

To Asis *Bassa.*

IF thou always followeſt thy Inclination, and thy natural Honeſty, thou wilt be indefatigable in faithfully ſerving the *Sultan*, and thou wilt not be averſe to him that eſteems thee, and loves thee.

Read what I write to thee, and publiſh it when thou haſt read it, that the Council may know, that it is reſolved at the *Diet* held at *Stockholm*, the Reſidence of the King of *Sweden*, to continue the War againſt *Auſtria*; and, that the Duke of *Weymar*, and the General *Banner*, begin already to combat the *Imperialiſts*. Thou wilt ſee *Spain* and *Germany* attack'd on ſo many Sides, and by ſuch powerful Enemies, that 'tis credible there may happen ſuch vaſt Loſſes to all theſe *Chriſtians*, that the *True Believers* will have occaſion to rejoice, and to hope yet the Aggrandizing of the Great and Moſt Mighty King of Kings, *Sultan Amurath*, Maſter, and abſolute Sovereign of both Seas, and Vanquiſher of all Nations.

This King hath ſent an Army into *Picardie*, under the Command of Marſhal *Chatillion*, to beſiege St. *Omer*, a very ſtrong Place in *Artoiſe*, belonging to the *Spaniards*; ſeveral Villages and Towns of Conſideration, being already burnt and pillaged.

The faithful Slave *Mahmut* ſalutes thee, gives thee a friendly Kiſs, and wiſhes thee all ſort of Proſperity.

Paris, 24th *of the* 6th *Moon*,
of the Year 1638.

LET-

LETTER XXIV.

To the Kaimakam.

THE King of *France* hath ſent forth another Army. I have already informed thee, that this Prince hath already Three Armies in Three Parts of *Europe*. There is one in *Piemont*, commanded by *Cardinal le Valette*; another whereof Prince *Henry* of *Conde* is *Generaliſſimo*, which they hope will quickly take *Fontarabia*; and a third commanded by Marſhal *Chatillion*, which beſieges St. *Omer*.

The Duke of *Longueville*, is at the Head of the Fourth, which is entred into *Burgundy*, with deſign to ruin the *French County*, defended by Duke *Charles* of *Lorrain*, one of the Emperor's *Generals*.

So many Armies, and ſo many Captains march againſt the *Spaniards*. This Nation ſufficiently manifeſts her Force; ſhe is attack'd on all ſides, and reſiſts and defends her ſelf on all ſides. This vaſt Extent of Countries, which the *Auſtrians* poſſeſs, though ſeparated from each other, is the Reaſon, that they are always employed in defending themſelves; but they will be eternally expoſed to loſs without any Appearance of Gain.

Thou knoweſt, that the true Secret of preſerving Union amongſt the Good, is to entertain perpetual Differences amongſt the Bad; and thou wilt ſee, that all the Adventures of this Country will render Us Invincible. What I tell thee is a true Saying. The *French*, at preſent, are too powerful, with ſo many Troops, ſo many Armies by Sea and Land, which are ſeen in the Provinces of their Enemies.

The

The other *Christians* are in continual Apprehensions. The Ambassadors of Princes which reside in this Town and *Court*, observe with great diligence, so many extraordinary things, but say nothing; they do like me, they write and advertise their Masters.

I am afraid thou wilt take no Pleasure in the Relations I make thee of the Successes of so great a Power; but I ought to let thee know the Truth. Affairs are carried on here with much Art. The Ministers serve with great Fidelity, and are very secret. Cardinal *Richlieu* hath an entire Ascendant over the King's Spirit; and, to say Truth, is a Person of great Merit. They say, he aspires to true Glory, and will place the Crown, which *Charlemain* wore, as Emperor of the *West*, upon his Masters Head. If the good Fortune of *France* marches always at this Rate, the Misfortunes of its Enemies must be excessive.

The manifold Wars which this Monarch undertakes, and *Richlieu* counsels him, do in the mean time make the People (who bear the Burthen, by the Taxes which they are forced to pay) murmur; besides their Grief for the Loss of their Parents and Friends slain in these Wars.

The *Cardinal* fears Peace, and apprehends his Enemies may destroy him, if they have leisure to cabal against him. Thus he finds his Interest in the War, and the Armies support his Authority.

I cannot yet make any certain Judgment of him, not have a perfect Knowledge of his Manners, no more than of the Extent of his *Genius*; because the Man hides many things during his Life with a Dress, which will be discovered when he dies. We can see which are his good Inclinations; and it is not easie to penetrate into a Discovery of the Vices which he is inclined to.

In

In few Words, he has much contributed to the Peace of *France*, divided by diversity of Religion. He hath succour'd *Italy*, and manifested there the Power of the King his Sovereign; has weakned the Empire of *Germany*, by the War he hath carried into her Bosom, by the joint Forces of the Princes of the *North*, and them of *France* at once; and no less weakned the Power of the King of *Spain*.

Thou that knowest every thing that passes, and hast Intelligence from all the Parts of the World, canst truly judge of Affairs, which makes thee know and foresee all that may prejudice the formidable Empire of the *Mussulmans*.

Paris, 20th *of the* 7th *Moon*,
of the Year 1638.

LETTER XXV.

To the Kaimakam.

ALL is in Peace here, the War being carried on abroad.

The Court continues to make Vows for the Queens Health, and happy Delivery. They seem not so much concerned for the King's Welfare as the Queen's; every Body being perswaded, that the Happiness of *France* depends on her safe Delivery.

I writ to *Chizer Mahamet*, that he should mention the Queen's being with Child, as a doubtful thing, and which might vanish; but at present, it is most certain: For she will shortly be brought to Bed. She lives in great repose, for fear of

hurting her self; she scarce stirs out of her Bed-Chamber; and every Body endeavours to please her.

There is News from *Provence*, of the arresting of a King's Son by that Governour. The Prisoner is Bro: her to *Uladislaus* King of *Poland*.

'Tis said that the King of *Spain* had made Prince *Casimir* Viceroy of *Portugal*, in Recompence of the Troops of *Cossacks* he had formerly raised to defend the County of *Burgundy*. They add, that being embarked at *Genoa*, upon one of the Gallies of that *Republick*, for *Spain*, to take Possession of the said Charge, with a small Train of Domestick, and Count *Konickpolski*, who called himself *Uladislaus*'s Embassador, with the Marquiss of *Gazague*, his Kinsman; being arrived in *Provence*, and visiting with Care, all the Ports and Fortresses. This gave no small Cause of Suspicion to the *French*. He staid Four Days privately in *Marseilles*; but his Galley was arrested at *Boue*, the last part of *France*, by Orders of this King.

'Tis not yet known what obliged *France* to make a Person of this Quality, Prisoner, having nothing to do with *Poland*; and King *Lewis* XIII. having no particular Pique against Prince *Casimir*: But the Secrets of State being only known to them that govern Kingdoms, I pretend to penetrate no further, but content my self to write what they do, and what they say. Thou who in the Absence of the *Visir Azem* art the Glory of his Highness's Council, art best able to discover the Reason of so extraordinary a Novelty.

The most knowing Persons at Court say, this Prisoner will suddenly be set at Liberty; and that having no War that may authorize his Detention, it would be unjust to retain him.

The Event will teach me who am Ignorant, and them that will divine, that which perhaps no body

body knows at preſent. May it pleaſe the Great *God*, Maſter and Sovereign Moderator of all Things, that the Intelligences and Gueſſes which I give, may always be profitable and agreeable; and, that thy Life may be of Eternal Duration, for the Happineſs of our Great Emperor and his Empire.

Thou ſhalt ſuddenly know whether Prince *Caſimir* be retained longer in Priſon, or ſet at Liberty. I would that King *Vladiſlaus* were in the ſame Misfortune, in the Hands of the *Janizaries*; and, that he, as well as his Kingdom, were Slaves to the invincible *Sultan*, King of Kings; to whoſe Power may it pleaſe the Divine Goodneſs, and the Wiſeſt of his *Prophets*, to ſubject all the Countries of the *Infidels*; and then to place him with his Wives and all the *Prophets* in his *Paradiſe*.

Paris, 20th *of the* 7th *Moon*,
of the Year 1638.

LETTER. XXVI.

To the Kaimakam.

HAving given thee an Account of the Impriſonment of *Caſimir*, I will relate to thee the Voyage of King *Vladiſlaus*, his Brother, who is gone a Progreſs into *Hungary* and *Germany*.

The News here is, That the King of *Poland* was gon to make a Viſit to the King of *Hungary*, who, to do him Honour, ſent the Chief of his Nobles to receive him upon the Confines of *Moravia*.

They write alſo, that Arch-duke *Leopold* went from *Vienna* to meet him: They embraced like

Brethren; and returned together with the Queen of *Poland*, and her Sister back to *Court*. 'Tis added, that the People received this Company with great Acclamations, with the Noise of the Cannon, and all the small Shot of the City.

The Day following, having dined in the *Imperial* Palace, they went together to *Luxemburg*, to visit the Empress *Eleanor*, Widow to the late Emperor of *Germany*.

If *Carcoa* hath not informed thee of these particulars, thou wilt receive them from *Mahmut*, who watches incessantly to give true Intelligence, and penetrate as much as may be, into all that occurs and is done in this great *Court*, which gives motion to all the Courts of *Europe*.

Reprove me if I do not well; and punish me if the Emperor be not well served, and thou satisfied.

Paris, 15th *of the* 8th *Moon*,
of the Year 1638.

LETTER XXVII.

To Kerker Hussan *Bassa*.

DO not accuse me of being ill advised or negligent, if I write to thee things that thou knowest already. I am only careful in telling thee what happens here; and my Business is not to examine whether thou art better informed another way. When I am ordered to write all that comes to my Knowledge, I do my Duty in doing it, and I ought not to be reprehended for it.

I am told that the *Sultan* is gone with an Army, more numerous than all the Leaves on the Trees, to destroy the * *Red Heads* * *Persians*, and conquer *Babylon*. I know that the *Mufti*, the *Grand Vizir*, and all the Grandees of the *Divan* followed him; but am ignorant of what he did in his first Expedition, when he took *Revan*.

An old *English* Merchant, who comes from *Ispahan*, and has served in the Army of the faithful *Mussulmans*, passed this Way in his Return to *England*. He hath been an Eye-witness of the great Actions of *Amurath*. He says, that this mighty Emperor after his taking of *Revan*, left Twelve Thousand Soldiers in Garrison there; with Two Hundred Thousand Crowns in Silver; besides Copper Money, to pay them.

He saith also, that our Mighty Monarch, being wearied to see so much Blood of the *Faithful*, yea, of the *Heretick Mussulmans*, spilt, he had sent the King of *Persia* a Challenge; offering to fight singly in Duel with him, but he would not accept of his Defie.

He tells how *Amurath* being fallen in the Water, in passing the River *Haret*, was in great Hazard of being laid up in expectation of the *Last Judgment Day*, in the *other World*, had it not been for a young lusty *Solack*, who took him by the Arm, and dragged him out of the River. This Accident was the Prelude of a great good Fortune, which happened to this Mighty Prince upon the Bank of another River, called *Maky*, where he had the News of the Birth of a Son born to him in the *Seraglio*, at *Constantinople*, whom they call *Alaaddin*; whose Nativity hath been celebrated with infinite Demonstrations of Joy.

This *Englishman* tells us farther, that *Amurath* has taken *Tauris*, and appeared publickly here with all the Marks of a formidable power; that he

had destroyed the King of *Persia*'s *Seraglio*, burnt the publick Markets, and caused a Million of fine Trees, which renders the loss irreparable, to be cut down.

Let me know, when thou art at leisure, whether this News be true, and do me the Favour to tell me our great Emperor's Success in the Expedition of *Babylon*. The Politicians here, attend the News of it with much Impatience. 'Tis allowed, that *Amurath* is the most Potent of all Princes, the strongest Man alive; and, that only he can vanquish and ruin the King's of the Earth.

Two Strangers of differing Nations, and both of *Royal Blood*, are dead in this City. The one is *Don Christopher*, Son of *Don Antonio*, King of *Portugal*; who after he had lived Sixty six Years, without ever attaining the Crown of his Father, died in a *Convent* of *Dervises*, called *Cordeliers*, where he was buried, in the same Place where his Father's Brother had been formerly.

The other Stranger was called *Zaga Christus*, who was the legitimate Successor of the Kingdom of *Æthiopia*; a young Man of Twenty five Years, Son to the Empress *Nazarenne*, Widow of *Jacob*, Emperor of the *Abyssins*, who died in a Village near *Paris*. He quitted his Kingdom, as thou knowest, forced by Civil Wars he arrived in *France*, in the Year 1635 of the *Ægyra* of the *Christians*. After many Adventures, he composed the History of his Travels, which he performed with Troubles and Incommodities which seemed insupportable.

What has he not suffered in traversing many Kingdoms, *Arabia* the *Desart*, *Egypt*, *Asia Minor*, and *Jerusalem*, where he ran the Hazard of being arrested by the *Bassa* that resides there; whom he escaped by retiring by Night to *Nazareth*, amongst the *Christian Dervises*, where he concealed himself five Moons.

He

He said here, that an Eunuch of the *Bassa* of Cairo, had much solliciced him to forsake the *Christian* Religion, to which he would never consent; and refused to go to *Constantinople*, to humble himself, by prostrating his Face in the Dust of the *Grand Signior's* Feet; although the *Bassa* extreamly pressed him to it, with very advantageous Offers.

This King has done much Honour to the *Manes* of the dead Prince, whilst perhaps, he suffers Everlasting Torments; which neither thou nor I shall suffer, if we always live like Faithful *Mussulmans*, according to the Precepts of the Law, ordained by *Mahomet*, and written in the *Alcoran*.

I shall gladly hear that thy Life is safe, and my Friendship agreeable to thee.

Paris, 20th *of the* 8th *Moon*, *of the Year* 1638.

LETTER XXVIII.

To the Kaimakam.

That which hath been so long expected, is at length hapned: The Queen is brought to bed of a *Dauphin*; the King is a Father, the Kingdom seems to desire nothing more, and the People witness their Joy by a Thousand differing Festivities.

The Men, the Women, the Children and the Aged, run through the Streets as at *Bacchanals*. They rejoice with their Friends, they go to Church and thank *God*, as if a *Messia* had been born to them.

All the *Priests* praiſed *God* in their Temples for ſuch a Preſent; and the *Monks* not ſo content, deafen the People with the noiſe of their Bells, and do more than the Drums and Trumpets of the Soldiers, and all the Cannon of the Citadel and Arſenal. I did in Company of others, what I ſhould not have dared to perform, if I had been alone, or had not been obſerved.

Thoſe who affirmed the Queen would be brought to Bed of a Son, pretend now they had been adverriſed by ſome Divine Revelation, and will paſs for *Prophets*; and amongſt theſe, there are many *Religious*. Obſerve how far their Superſtition extends.

The *Court* has diſpatched many *Expreſſes* into all the Provinces of *France*; and others have been ſent to all the Embaſſadors, to give notice of his Birth to their reſpective Princes.

A Prieſt, who is a Biſhop, hath baptized this Child, without any Ceremony, in Preſence of the Chancellor of *France*; the Princes, Princeſſes, and Grandees of the Kingdom; the farther Solemnity being reſerved for another time.

The King commanded *Te Deum* to be publickly ſung; being the Hymn which is uſual to all *Chriſtians*, to thank *God* for extraordinary Succeſſes.

Nothing is ſeen in the Streets of *Paris*, but Bonfires, and Fountains of Wine, which run Day and Night. The People teſtifie their Joy; and the Fires are ſo great on all ſides, that it looks as if the City were to be reduced to Aſhes.

Amongſt ſo many Subjects of Joy, the King has wherewith to afflict him, having been for ſome Days tormented with a violent *Tertian Ague*; and it cannot be, but he muſt have his Spirits agitated with ſo many Wars at once. He has Armies againſt *Spain*, in *Flanders*, *Italy*, *Burgundy*, and

and the Empire in *Germany*; without mentioning his Naval Forces, and the Designs and Pretensions which he doth not yet declare. Thou mayest be confident that Leagues will be formed against him, and Conspiracies against his State. The Great ones of the Kingdom are not asleep; having long since had Designs to humble the Favorites and Ministers, whose Deportments displeased them, and to make themselves Masters of Affairs, and the Government.

I have a piece of News to tell thee; but receive it as coming from a Woman, not *Mahmut*. I seldom send that for assured, which in Appearance is not Truth. What I am going to say, will undoubtedly seem ridiculous.

The Women give out, that the *Dauphin* has Teeth, and the Nurses will witness it. Those who easily believe Wonders, publish this as a most certain Truth. The People who add Faith to the most Incredible things, raise Stories upon this, and are full of pretended Auguries.

But there being no Law that obliges us to believe that which we find incredible, thou mayest therefore receive this News as thou pleasest, and look upon it as useless, and excuse me.

They give the King the Title of Saint, which they add to that of *Just*, because of his great Piety, in devoting his Son, before he was born, to the *Virgin*, (which the *Christians* say is the *Mother* of their *Messiah*) with his Kingdom, People and Person, which he hath put under the Protection of the *Mother* of his *God*, which he has made appear by Prayers, Processions, and extraordinary Alms.

This Ceremony is ordinary enough with these *Infidels*; who, by an inexcusable Idolatry, devote their Towns, and dedicate their Temples to Men that are dead, whom they call Saints; worship-

ing them afterwards upon their Altars, and invoking them in their Diſtreſs.

I have nothing more at preſent to write to thee, *God* give thee always the Grace to be juſt to thy ſelf and others.

Paris, 16th. *of the* 9th. *Moon*, *of the Year* 1638.

LETTER XXIX.

To the Captain *Baſſa*.

THE Birth of the *Dauphin* of *France* happened this Month, whereof I forthwith adverti'd the *Kaimakam*. I find my ſelf in a great City, where they feaſt continually, to teſtifie the Love they have for the King, the Queen, the Young Prince, and the State.

Joy ſpreads equally; the moſt miſerable, to whom Fortune has given nothing but Tears, do now divert themſelves.

The Women rejoice yet moſt; and, it ſeems this Adventure regards them principally. There is not one of 'em that would not lie in; all the Maids would be Mothers, and the moſt advanced in Years do not now deſpair.

It ſeems here, that *God* only hears the Prayers of the *French*; for, they believe the Queen had never been with Child, if the People were not holy. Thus all believe, that they owe it to a Miracle of *Heaven*, not of *Nature*, that the Child is born, and for that reaſon he is called, *Given of God*.

If this be ſo, thou muſt conclude, this Prince will be very great, and much to be redoubted, when

hath

him God for his Father, and is Heir of a great Kingdom. To say the truth, *France* was never so flourishing, besides the great Armies they entertain by Sea and Land.

But that which appears most Important to me, is, their vanquishing the *Huguenots*, and defeating the Rebels. The Birth of a Successor, does much heighten these Advantages, and causes a great Happiness to this Kingdom. I have my Share in the Feasting, being obliged to do as others; for to what purpose should I appear afflicted?

Before I relate to thee a bloody Combat of Gallies, which was fought in the Sea of *Genoa*, I will inform thee of a ludicrous one in that of *Marseilles*, which resembled those Spectacles the Ancient *Romans* exhibited with so much Pomp and Magnificence called *Naumachies*.

The Count of *Alais*, Governour of *Provence*, caused Four Gallies, Two against Two, to combat, first with Cannon, and afterwards with small Shot; and lastly, to board with Swords and Pikes; which was a fatal Presage for Two Nations, who ran in search of each other through all the Ocean, and exhibited a sad Spectacle by Battels, where a number of valiant Men were seen to perish.

Five and twenty *Spanish* Gallies appeared on the Coasts of *Provence*, where it was said they were come to surprize some Maritime Place. But the Count of *Harcour*, General of the Armies of the *Levant*, for the King, having given them Chace, some of them retired to the Coasts of *Genoa*; where they were attacked by a like number of those of *France*, which had still followed them since they were seen before *Marseilles*.

It was the first of this *Moon* that they fought. Never appeared more Valour; never was Combat more terrible; and 'tis scarce conceivable what Blood was shed. Thou who art a great Captain, and an excellent Seaman, maist guess. These

These Thirty Gallies having began their Combat with their Cannon and Musquets, the Sea was in a little time coloured with Blood, and covered with dead Bodies. Each Galley having singled out his Enemy, the Fight was the more bloody and obstinate. 'Tis said this Battel was seen from the Walls and Tops of Houses in *Genoa*, which were crowded with Spectators; and looked on with the same concern, as if they had fought for the Empire of *Italy*.

The Victory cost much Blood, which the *French* pretended to; seeing they took Six Gallies from their Enemies, amongst which was *The Royal Patron* of *Spain*, *the Captain*, and *the Patron* of *Sicily*, with Eight Hundred Prisoners; having themselves lost but Three Gallies, which were taken by the *Spaniards*. The following Night there arose so violent a Tempest, that the Sea had well nigh swallowed the Victorious and the Vanquished. The *French* lost the *Royal Patron* of *Spain*, which breaking loose, retired into a little Port of the River of *Genoa*, where the Inhabitants of *Arenzano* seizing it, restored it to the *Spaniards*, which they say here, the *French* will not fail to revenge.

I am perswaded that all I write to thee is true, because I have it from disinterested Hands, and such as know the Truth of what passes.

They add only, that the Gallies of *Spain* having more Slaves and Soldiers, the Victory of the *French*, was by so much the more glorious; and they affirm, that the other had Two Thousand Foot extraordinary, designed for *Milan*.

God give thee always Victory over thy Enemies, and make thee feared of all the World.

Paris, 24th *of the* 9th *Moon*, *of the Year* 1638.

LET-

LETTER XXX.

To the same.

They do here so highly magnify their Successes, as also those of the Allies of the Crown of *France*, that I know not what to believe, these Exaggerations being so contrary to the Glory of the *Osmans*. Having given thee an Account of the Fight betwixt the Gallies of *France* and *Spain*, I will at present, inform thee of the Advantage they say the Gallies of *Malta* have had.

They affirm that this Squadron has defeated a very great Galley of the *Bassa* of *Tripoli*, laden with great Store of rich Merchandise. We know well that this Vessel and her Loading are of good Value; but not so great as the *Infidels* publish. They say farther, That they took upon the Coast of *Calabria*, Two great Vessels, and a *Polacre*, commanded by *Picose*, Admiral of *Tripoli*, who is a *Renegado* of *Marseilles*. They say, there were Two Hundred *Turks*, Three Hundred and Fifty Prisoners taken, and Fifty *Christians* Slaves set at Liberty. If what they say is true, there were also a great many Brass Cannon in these Ships. They confess, that the *General* of these Gallies, did all that was to be expected from a Valiant Man, although he had the Gout; and that they lost but Eight Knights.

Thou who knowest the Truth of this Adventure, punish so great Lye. 'Tis true, that the *Christians* have taken the Vessels in Question; but it is not true, that their Advantage hath been so great as they make it, seeing there were no Brass Cannon, but a few *Christians* delivered; and, they having lost much more than they acknowledge.

Thou

Thou art Valiant, thy Employment gives thee the command of the Sea; root out of the World this little Neſt of obſtinate Pyrates, who breathe but by the Goodneſs of *Amurath*, whoſe Clemency hinders their Deſtruction.

Paris, 4th *of the* 10th. *Moon*, *of the Year* 1638.

The End of the Firſt Book.

LETTERS

Writ by a

SPY at *PARIS.*

BOOK II.

LETTER I.

To the Captain *Bassa.*

WHY wilt thou be more cruel than a Serpent; and give me Poyson, when I send thee so good Antidotes, to preserve thee from the Mischiefs, with which thou mayest be overwhelmed? If thou beest not satisfied with my Friendship, be at least-wise with the Sincerity wherewith I have given my Advice. Thy proceeding, I must confess, makes me repent I did not take another Course; I should thereby, in all probability, have put a stop to all thy ill Practices. Had I made known to the *Grand Vizir*, what I wrote to thee from *Vienna*, I should have received Thanks for my Care and Diligence, and thy Chastisement might have been of good Example:

ample: But I tell thee plainly now, that I shall be obliged to accuse thee of Treason, in case thou continuest thy Commerce with the Emperor of *Germany*'s Secretary.

What Interpretation wouldst thou have me give the Correspondence thou holdest with this Minister; when I discover, that he sends thee continually Presents, and receives the same from thee? Be perswaded, every time thou appearest favourable to the *Christians*, that the Pleasures thou dost them, render thee Criminal to the *Mussulmans*. For, in fine, what's the meaning of those *Persian* Horses, those *Hungarian* Slaves which thou sentest, and that quantity of Magnificent Vests which thou presentedst to thy Friend? What wouldst thou have a Man think of that Silver *Hercules*, and Clock enriched with Pearls, which one of the *Faithful* receives from an Enemy of our Holy *Law*? It signifies nothing to answer my Letters with Passion, and Raging: Go to the Tribunal, where these kind of Questions are to be decided; the Judge will tell thee, whether such a Commerce is lawful, even in times of Peace. Thou much exaggeratest the Obligations thou hast to thy Friend at *Vienna*, because he used thee well, when thou wert his Prisoner of War. To this it is easie to answer, That if he behaved himself like a Gentleman, thou oughtest to imitate him, like a good Mahometan. Should he happen to be thy Prisoner, take then thy Revenge, and endeavour to requite him.

Again, supposing it should be discovered, that this thy Friend has presented thee with this famous Cypher, composed with such Ingenuity, that it may be fitly called Arts *Master-piece*; what Opinion can the *Mussulmans* have of thy Fidelity? 'Tis known with what Application thou usest it to write into *Germany*, and to decypher the Answers which thou receivest. Are not these sufficient Signs to

shew

ſhew, that the Diſpatches thou writeſt, and their Anſwers, are like the *Trojan* Horſe, concealing abominable and dangerous Myſteries? Be perſwaded, that I had not writ to thee from *Germany*, the Letter which has ſo greatly offended thee, on ſimple Conjectures. The Secretary thy Friend, ſaid one day, he muſt be a Witch or a Devil that can diſcover the Artifice of theſe Characters; that an *Italian*, who was condemned to perpetual Impriſonment, had wrought Twenty Years to meliorate this Art, and had brought it to ſuch great Perfection; that he never ſaw any Body that could underſtand his Letters, with they Key it ſelf, which he gave them. 'Tis ſaid, that this Invention is wholly new; and the more admirable, that a Letter of an ordinary Style, of domeſtick Affairs of Love and Compliments, may contain Secrets of the greateſt Importance, without uſing Equivocal Expreſſions particular Characters, Figures, ſuppoſed Names. Hieroglyficks, Juice of Herbs or Liquors; it being impoſſible ever to diſcover what one deſigns to hide. He adds, that one may write in *Turkiſh*, *Arabian*, *French* or *Italian*, and conceal a ſecret, written in any *Tongue* whatever.

Thy Friend carries it yet farther, and ſays, he could make uſe of *Verſes* to decypher *Proſe*: And this audacious Man affirm'd one day in the Emperor's Anti-chamber, that he would put into *French*, this horrible Blaſphemy, *The Tyrant* Amurath *will ſoon die*; which is found in the following Verſes of an *Italian* Poet, whereof he immediately made a Proof: And theſe are the *Italian* Verſes.

Giace l'Alta Cartago, a penai Segni
De l'alte ſue ruine illido de ſerba
Muiono le citta, muiono i Regni
Cuope i faſti, e le pompe arena & herba
Et l'huom di eſſer mortal parche ſi
O noſtra mente cupida, & ſuperba ſdegni.

If-

If it appears that I am too ſharp againſt thee, I will receive thy Curſes without Reply: But if thou knoweſt I have had juſt Reaſons to write to thee, as I have done; Why are thy Anſwers ſo full of Injury? Think better on thy Intereſt, and be always faithful, if thou intendeſt a long life.

Paris, 4th *of the* 10th *Moon,*
of the Year 1638.

LETTER II.

To the ſame.

THE ſmall Succeſs which we always meet with at Sea, obliges me to entertain thee thereon. I ſhall take no Notice of this to the other Grandees of the *Port*, no not to the *Kaimakam*, to whom I have not written theſe Three Poſts. If thou haſt received my two laſt Letters, thou oughteſt to be ſatisfied with the Care which the faithful *Mahmut* takes to give thee ſound Advice. Conſider well all the Circumſtances which are related here, concerning the Sea Affairs.

The Loſs of ſo many Gallies, great Ships and other Veſſels, made this Year, by the Friends of the Empire, the *True Faithful*; do much leſſen the Reputation of the *Ottoman* Greatneſs.

The Diſcourſes made hereon by the *Chriſtians*, are ſo many Invectives againſt the Honour of *Amurath*, againſt thine, and that of our Nation. If it be by a Decree of Heaven, that theſe *Venetian* Pyrates have taken this Year, all the Gallies of *Africk*; we muſt then conclude, That *God* is offended with us, and does not hear our Prayers.

For

For my part, I believe it; but I ſhould not be a good *Muſſulman*, ſhould I pretend to underſtand the Secrets of Providence.

They write from *Marſeilles*, That the People of *Tunis*, *Bizerte*, and *Algiers*, are greatly diſmayed at the loſs of their Fifteen Galleys, which General *Capello* has taken from them this Year. Thou knoweſt how the buſineſs has happened; the Infraction of the Treaty is manifeſt to all the World, as well as the Inſultings over the Fortreſs of the *Grand Signior*. I cannot imagin what Excuſes the *Senators* of this *Republick* can make, for what their Admiral has maliciouſly done againſt us, when they ſhall be obliged to give an Account of their Actions at the Fleet of *Amurath*. I ſpeak to thee with all poſſible Humility, and thou needeſt not doubt but I ſpeak with zeal. I believe 'tis time for thee to oppoſe, and put a ſtop, not only to the Pyracies of theſe People, but the Incurſions and continual Enterprizes of the Corſairs of *Malta*, and ſo many Veſſels which infeſt our Seas, under the Banner of the Duke of *Tuſcany*, and other *Infidel* Princes. Thou oughteſt to ſuccour thoſe People which are Friends and Tributaries to the *Port*, whoſe Aſſiſtance thou haſt often advantagiouſly uſed; neither doſt thou want means for this, having at thy diſpoſal the terrible Forces, entruſted to thee by *Amurath*, and, with theſe, the magnanimous Courage given to thee by *Nature*.

The *Chriſtians* have vowed to pierce, this Year, into the *Boſphorus*, and put all to Fire and Sword. Above Sixty *French* Knights are determined for *Malta*, to joyn themſelves with their Comrades, to cruiſe our Seas with them. And thou knoweſt the Reſolution and Courage of this *Militia*, and the Progreſs they every Day make.

Believe what *Mahmut* tells thee. Thou haſt Two Seas to keep, and if it be true, thou haſt made

Ali

Ali Piccinino, to come from *Africk* with ſo many Galleys, deſigned to the keeping of the Coaſts of *Barbary*, 'tis not to be doubted, but the *Divine Providence* has ordered, (it concerning ſo greatly *Amurath*'s Honour) that the Guilty be purſued, ſo that not one of them may eſcape his Vengeance.

All People ſay here, that *Piccinino* has loſt his Army for want of good Conduct. However here are great Rejoycings at our Loſſes; and, if poſſible, more in *Italy*, where they feel the Advantage of ſo conſiderable a Prize at the ſame time, together with the Honour of the Victory; and where we are hated more than in any place elſe beſides. I beſeech *God* to chaſtiſe theſe People by thy Hand; and that the Edge of thy Cymiter, in giving Death to our Enemies, may put an end to Slander and Slanderers.

Here's an impudent Fellow, who reports he has ſeen thee ſeveral Times at *Conſtantinople*. He with great Confidence affirms, the *Chriſtian* Corſaries will bring thee one Day, laden with Chains, into the *Arſenal* of *Venice*, or that of *Malta*. He grounds his Prediction on that thou art, ſays he, furious when thou commandeſt; and that being too forward, thou canſt not obey the Orders given thee. He adds, that *Tobacco*, Love of Boys, Wine, and Women, drive thee twice a day into a Condition uncapable of exerciſing thy Reaſon. He moreover ſays thou wanteſt Courage in a Land-Fight, neither art well skill'd in Sea-Combats. I would not write theſe Fooleries to thee, were I not perſwaded that they really are ſo; and that thou wanteſt neither Courage nor Experience. I am moreover perſwaded of the Malignity of thy Accuſers, touching the Debaucheries I mentioned; and it appears to me more pertinent to write thee this, than to the *Grand Vizir*; though I muſt confeſs, I am enjoyned to inform the Miniſters of

the *Port* of whatever I hear, without any Reſerve.

'Tis ſaid, that as to what concerns the *Republick* of *Venice* and *Capello* who commands its Navy, that this *General* will be puniſhed for doing too well; that this puiſſant State, will be humbled to the kiſſing the Stirrup of our great Emperor's Horſe; but it will juſtifie the lawfulneſs of the Prize, which this *General* made, as being no breach of the Treaty with the *Sublime Port*, whence come the Orders by which the World is to be governed; and that, in fine, the Pyrates of *Africk*, are not comprehended in the Treaties of Peace made with his *Highneſs*.

And it is moreover alledged, that ſhould this *Republick* be obliged to reſtore theſe Galleys which ſhe has taken, 'twill appear, they have been loſt through ſeveral Accidents.

All *Chriſtendom* is perſwaded, there's no *Republick* in the World governed with greater Prudence; which will make her avoid all occaſions of Difference with the *Port*, and ſeek all Ways of Reconcilement with *Amurath*, to prevent a War which cannot be for her Intereſt.

I hapned into a Company of diſcreet Perſons, who blame *Ali Piccinino*'s Conduct; and attribute his Misfortune to his want of Skill, and to his Raſhneſs. They affirm, that had he had the Courage of a true Soldier, he would have behaved himſelf not only in the *Archipelago*, but in the *Adriatick* Sea, like a Captain, and not like a Thief; and, that *God* has given him this Mortification as a Puniſhment for the Cruelty he ſhewed to the innocent *Veſtals*, whom he made Slaves at *Calabria*, together with a great Multitude of Old Men, and Children which was an Act no ways ſuitable to a brave Commander. And this is the Diſcourſe cauſed by the Hatred to our Nation, and eſpecially to *Ali*

The

The Great *God*, Sovereign Moderator of all Things, keep thee in perfect Judgment, and make thy Valour renowned, and thy Glory proclaimed in all Places, enlightned by the Beams of the Sun.

Paris, 6th *of the* 11th *Moon*,
of the Year 1638.

LETTER III.

To the ſame.

I Wrote to thee Yeſterday, what the Senſe of the World was of thee; and I write to thee this Day what Mine is.

Although thou askeſt not my Advice, yet I will give thee ſuch, as perhaps, thou wilt approve of, and may be uſeful to thee in due Seaſon.

Wilt thou be revenged of the *Venetians*, and all the *Chriſtians* at once? Paſs over into the *Adriatick* Seas, with twenty ſmall Galleys; draw near at Night to the Shoar at *Ancona*; And, before the Sun be up, ranſack the famous Place of *Loretto*; thou mayſt carry away thence as great Booty, as ever the *Conſuls* and *Roman Emperors* did elſewhere.

Couldſt thou conceive the immenſe Riches ſhut up in a little Chamber, (where the *Chriſtians* affirm, That a Virgin received an Embaſſador from Heaven, under the Form of an Angel; after whoſe Words ſhe found ſhe had conceived the *Meſſias*, whom the *Chriſtians* worſhip) thou wouldeſt not defer the executing of what *Mahmut* counſels thee.

'Tis reported in this Kingdom, as if *Piccinin* had ſuch a Deſign. Why did not this brave Spark

then

then execute what he had ſo well contrived? When he was in *Africk*, he was to ravage all *Italy*; and he had no ſooner come on thoſe Coaſts, but he loſt all the true *African* Courage. He let himſelf be taken Priſoner; he ſuffered a mighty Fleet to be loſt, and the Shamefulneſs of his Defeat will for ever blaſt his Name.

If *Amurath* returns a Conqueror of *Babylon*, which is very likely to happen, and thou takeſt *Loretto*; it may be ſaid, that the *Ottoman* Empire is arrived at its full Height; *Loretto* being the *Mecha* of the *Chriſtians*.

There is no Seaſon, wherein one ſees not arrive an infinite number of *Pilgrims* from all Parts; who come to offer there their Devotions, with the ſame Zeal as the *Faithful* go and pray at the Tomb of our *Holy Prophet*; and they often joyn with their Prayers, Offerings of conſiderable Value. A ſmall number of Prieſts of the *Roman* Church, have ſuch Treaſures there in their keeping, as cannot be fully valued: Veſſels of both Gold and Silver, with Veſtures and Ornaments, and precious Stones, which ſerve to ſet forth this Temple, the moſt magnificent and famous amongſt the *Chriſtians*; an infinite number of Lamps, Crowns and Scepters offered by the greateſt Princes of the *Chriſtian* Belief; and, in fine, whatever can be imagined moſt Beautiful, moſt Great, and Coſtly. Thou that knoweſt not what Fear is, thou canſt foreſee nothing in this Enterprize which may deter thee. The Prieſts of this famous Temple ſleep all the Night long, and ſpend the Day in chanting their *Maſſes*; and the Soldiers deſigned for the keeping of this Place, are few in number, and can make but ſmall Reſiſtance: If thou beeſt perſwaded of the Truth of what I write, do more than *Ceſar*; go, conquer, and repoſe thy ſelf. I have no more to write to thee: I ſend the *Kaimakam*

kam a Copy of this Letter. I have writ thee whatever has come to my knowledge, and thou wouldſt farther know, that *Mahmut*, under the Habit of *Titus*, has diſcourſed at *Paris*. I am willing to inform thee, I have anſwered ſome People, who have had the boldneſs to ſay, *That the* Ottoman *Empire will be ſoon ruined, ſhould it receive ſuch another Blow*; that *if Trees be not wanting in* Aſia, *the* Mehometans *will not want Ships nor Gallies*; *and that they will have as many Soldiers and Seamen as they pleaſe, if the Women do not happen all of them at once to be Barren.* Thou knoweſt, that after the Battel of *Lepanto*, wherein the Great *God*, and our *Prophet*, deſign'd to mortify the *Faithful*; that *Selim*'s Favourite maintained the Glory of his Maſter, in thus ſpeaking to the *Bailo* of *Venice*: *There is difference between the Loſſes which the* Republick *makes, and the Misfortunes which happen to the* Muſſulmans; *that when we took from you the Iſland of* Cyprus, *we cut off one of your Arms*; *and when you defeated us in Battel, 'twas juſt as if you had cut off our Beards, which will ſoon grow up again, And if Women and Trees do not fail us, we ſhall ſoon have Ships and Men*; *but the loſs of your Arm can never be repaired.*

The *Eternal Lord*, without whom nothing can ſubſiſt, make the Sea always navigable, and without Tempeſts, that the Winds may favour thy Deſigns; and when thou haſt finiſhed all thou oughteſt, for the Glory of the Empire, I pray Heaven make thee Poſſeſſor of the *Infidels* Countries, which thou ſhalt ſubdue.

Paris, 7th *of the* 11th *Moon*,
of the Year 1638.

LET-

LETTER IV.

To the Kaimakam.

THis Letter will perhaps prove troubleſom to thee, wherein thou wilt find an odd Mixture; however, thou wilt have no cauſe to complain of me; for, whatever I write to thee, ſhall be put into ſuch Order, that if the *firſt* News be troubleſom to thee, the *laſt* will prove otherwiſe. Thou haſt received none of my Letters in the laſt Pacquets which I ſent thee; and, I have found it more to the purpoſe, to make thee know at once, though ſomething later, what I could not write but at Three times; whereby thou wilt be better informed than others, to whom I wrote the firſt Notices I had. There's nothing like to Patience; as in all other things, ſo more eſpecially as to what concerns News; the lame Poſt always bringing the beſt Intelligence.

However, I hope thou wilt pardon me, if I wrote only to one Perſon, who is the Captain *Baſſa*, thoſe diſagreeable things which I heard, that I might not make a new Recital, which would not pleaſe; beſides that he is obliged, as well as the other *Miniſters* of the *Port*, to impart to thee the Advices he receives from me.

Thou wilt find by the Copy of the Letter which I have written, that 'tis not without Reaſon I am angry with him. My Deſign is not to learn thee, what thou knoweſt probably before me, but what thou may'ſt be ignorant of, and yet oughteſt to know.

The *Chriſtians* expreſs continually their Hatred againſt us, always ſpeaking ill of our Affairs. Although there be no War declared between theſe *In-*

fidels, and the ever invincible *Sultan*; yet they ceaſe not to be our Enemies; and thou maiſt know by their Diſcourſe, they are ever laying Deſigns againſt us. Thou knoweſt, the uſual Way of the World, is to diſcourſe firſt of Affairs, and then take their Reſolutions. The *French* are generally excepted from this Rule, for they have executed their Deſigns before they began to ſpeak of them; ſo lively is their Imagination, and ſo ready are they to take their Reſolutions. They do in Affairs of State, what we are wont to do in thoſe of Religion; they decide them by the Sword. They affirm, That Princes who have Valour, have no juſter Tribunal than War; and that their Soldiers are their Lawyers. What meaſure then, moſt Wiſe *Kaimakam*, can be taken with a Nation which is in continual Activity? The *French* cannot remain at Reſt; and when they diſturb not their Neighbours, they make War amongſt themſelves. The Miniſters of Foreign Princes, who do, neat the matter, what I do; although they have a Character which I have not, are inceſſantly in Action: They watch without ceaſing, as I do, on what paſſes; and thou maiſt aſſure thy ſelf that the *Divan* ſhall be fully and certainly advertiz'd of all things.

The *Pope* keeps here, as his Ambaſſador, a Prelate, called a *Nuncio*. The Emperor of *Germany*, the King of *Spain*, thoſe of *England*, *Swedeland*, *Denmark* and *Poland*; the *Electors*, and ſeveral other Princes of the *Empire*, entertain alſo Embaſſadors, to obſerve the Motions of this Prince, who often breaks all their Meaſures. The States of *Italy* do alſo the ſame. There are, in this Part of *Europe* Princes and *Republicks*: theſe little Sovereigns, are more jealous than others of their Intereſts; and do more concern themſelves in all Affairs which paſs. The *Republicks* likewiſe uſe

greater

greater Precautions in their Conduct, than the *Monarchs* do.

The *Republick* of *Venice* has acquired a great Reputation; *France* keeps a good Correſpondence with her; the Embaſſador of that *State*, living here with all the Marks of Grandeur, and the ſame Prerogatives granted to thoſe of Crowned Heads. Neither *Perſia* nor *Moſcovia*, keep any *Publick* Miniſter here; yet, perhaps, they may have ſome that give *Private* Intelligence to their Maſters. As to what concerns the Princes of the *Indies*, they ſeem not to me, to have any Intereſt here; ſo that they have, I believe, no Agent in theſe Parts, either *publick* or *private*. If the Name of *Spy* be mean, or diſhonourable, I know no Body that is called one; for I being unknown, my Reputation therefore runs no hazard. I ſerve, without being obſerved. But, to ſpeak plainly, what are the Embaſſadors and Agents of Princes, but *ſecret Spies*, as I am, who under a pretence of keeping a Correſpondence between their Maſters, inform them of what they can diſcover in the Courts, where they are ſent.

Thou ſhalt be ſufficiently inform'd by the *Baſſa* of the Sea, of *Piccinino*'s Adventure; he will ſhew thee what I have written. However, there are Sixty Galleys loſt; and our greateſt Conſolation is, that we ſhall not want means to be revenged: If the *Chriſtians* have cut off one of our Fingers, we ought to pluck out both their Eyes.

'Tis ſaid here, that this *Admiral* is made Priſoner by the *Venetians*: If this be true, his Confinement muſt be very uneaſie to him. But, all People are not agreed, whether he be a Priſoner or no; for ſome maintain, he is at *Conſtantinople*, where he juſtifies himſelf with his uſual Arrogance; laying all the Fault on the *Renegado*, who commanded the *Admiral* of *Algiers*.

I have recommended to the *Baſſa* of the Sea, the Enterprize of *Loretto*. If thou haſt leiſure to examine the Project, thou wilt find, though I am no Captain nor Mariner, what I have hinted is worth regarding. The Knowledge which I have of the World, of the manner of Living of the *Chriſtian* Princes, and Prieſts of *Rome*; together with the other Notices I have acquired, by reading of Hiſtories, ſhould make me conſidered, as a Man that is able to offer at great things; though I have not yet gain'd much Credit in the World.

The Embaſſador of *Venice*, reſiding in this *Court*, ſays, that their *Republick* will ſatisfie the *Grand Signior*; affirming, that *Ali* is a Pyrate; that the *Africans* have broken the Peace; and, that the Action of their General *Capello*, is Juſt and Heroical; and, that *Amurath* himſelf will chaſtiſe *Piccinino*. He moreover pretends that the Gallies which were taken, will not be reſtored, ſeeing it will be made apparent, that they have been loſt by different Accidents: I think he ſays, they have been all ſunk before the Iſle of *Corfou*, by the *Senate*'s Order, to prevent the Expectation of a Surrender, the *Admiral* of *Algiers* only excepted, which thoſe *Infidels* have brought in Triumph into their *Arſenal*, to preſerve the Remembrance of an Event, which they pretend to be very glorious to them. But theſe Misfortunes are not extream, nor paſt Remedy, if *God* continues the Life of our Great Emperor, and thy Health.

Paris, 7th. *of the* 2d. *Moon*,
of the Year 1638.

LETTER

LETTER V.

To the ſame.

THey have at length given over talking of our Loſſes, but I give not over deviſing the Means to be revenged of the *Chriſtians*. Remember, that the *Grand Vizir* keeps in Priſon a Man fit for great things at this time, who can do the *Nazarenes* conſiderable Miſchiefs, and procure notable Advantage to the *Muſſulmans*. If the old *Renegado* of *Dalmatia* be yet alive, he is capable of deſtroying all Places in the *Mediterranean Sea*. Adviſe with him about the Deſtruction of *Loretto*. There is no *Corſary* that has done more bold Exploits. He has ſpent Sixty Years in courſing on the *Archipelago* and *Adriatick Sea*; where he has made horrid Devaſtations, with infinite Prizes. He has likewiſe moſt conſiderably damnified the *Coſſacks*, on the *Black Sea*. He began the Trade at Nine Years old in a little Veſſel; has been wounded in Twenty, or Twenty two Occaſions, taken Priſoner Four Times by our Pyrates, and Thrice eſcaped out of their Hands. And not being able to fly the fourth time, nor redeem himſelf by Money, he redeem'd himſelf by his Religion, which he quitted to embrace ours; and ſince he has been circumciſed, he has brought to *Conſtantinople* above Thirteen Thouſand Slaves in about Thirty Years ſpace. He has paſs'd full Five Years in the Cleft of a Rock, along the Banks of the *Adriatick Sea*; which by his Induſtry he made a ſure Place of Retreat. Here 'twas that he hid himſelf with his Men and Veſſel, like a wild Beaſt in his Den; and 'tis hard to imagine how many Snares he laid during that time, for thoſe of his own Religion. He has been

often purſued, but could never be taken; and his Name became ſo terrible amongſt the *Chriſtians*, that there was no Place but dreaded him. But, in fine, having, as 'tis ſaid, attempted to betray his Maſter, in delivering into the *Chriſtians* Hands the Five Galleys he commanded; he was ſent, by Order from the *Grand Vizir*, into the Caſtle of *Seven Towers*, although his Crime was not certainly proved. 'Tis about Two and fifty *Moons* ſince he has been there kept Priſoner; and he is not only very old, but decrepid. The long Penance which a Man has undergone, that has done ſuch *great* things, and who is accuſed of having done *one ill* one, of which he is not convicted, does plead for ſome Indulgence.

I ſhall never go about to ſollicit for the Liberty of a Traytor; yet I muſt ſay, That Men who have dared to execute great Crimes, are often capable of Heroick Actions. This Man was, and is ſtill, at the end of his Life; perhaps if thou wilt endeavour to procure him ſome Advantage, and make him hope ſtill greater, he may repair his Fault, by performing ſomething for the good of the *Empire*; or at leaſt, give ſome good Advice. Thou knoweſt the *Ancient Perſians* had a Law, whereby their Kings were obliged, *Not to put a Malefactor to Death for One Crime; and private Perſons not to chaſtiſe their Domeſticks or Slaves for One Fault.* Thou knoweſt moreover, that Princes ſhould obſerve in the Chaſtiſement of their Subjects, whether the Services they had rendred, have not been greater than their preſent failings, and pardon them if their *good* Deeds ſurpaſſed their *bad*. Theſe Laws, although no longer obſerved in *Perſia*, yet ceaſe not to be wiſe Precepts; to which, if thou haſt no regard, yet thou wilt have ſome to the Zeal and Affection of *Mahmut*. And, if thou wilt ſuffer me to make here a ſhort Digreſſion, in comparing

paring the State wherein we are, with that of the Ancients; thou wilt find, how much our *Monarchy* ſurpaſſes all others. Doſt thou believe, Generous *Kaimakam*, that the *Ottoman* Empire is equal, inferior, or ſuperior to that of the *Romans* in *Pompey*'s time? Let us content our ſelves with ſuppoſing it equal, to ſpeak without Paſſion, and cut the courſe of Diſputes, which might be made hereupon; and reflect, I pray thee, on the Conduct which *Pompey* held in the War he made againſt thoſe infinite number of Pyrates which infeſted the Seas of *Italy*, *Africa* and *Aſia*. He was made *General* of an Army of Five hundred Sail, with abſolute Power to do what he thought fitting, without giving any Account. Thou knoweſt his Conduct was ſo prudent and full of Valour, that embarking with Ten thouſand and Twenty Foot, and Six Thouſand Horſe, he in Forty Days cleared *Lybia*, *Sicily*, *Spain*, *Sardinia*; and in, in a Word, all the Seas which depended on the *Roman* Power, from an infinite number of Pyrates; who had, as it were, beſieged the *Capital* of the *Empire* by their Incurſions, Rapines and Violences.

Now, although the number of our Enemies be not ſo great, nor their ſtrength ſo conſiderable; yet 'tis to be feared, leſt the *Infidels* be one Day bold enough, (having joined their Forces, which now are diſperſed.) to fall upon us, and ſhake the vaſt *Monarchy* of the *Ottomans*, which they now often diſturb by frequent Enterpriſes in ſeveral Parts.

We have an infinite number of Places to preſerve. We have ſeveral Kingdoms, populous Iſles: We command Warlike Nations, and the number of the Empire's Subjects are innumerable, which ought to incourage us to undertake no leſs than *Pompey* did heretofore, who was called the *Agamemnon* of *Italy*, becauſe he commanded a numerous Fleet, as this

Hero of the *Greeks* formerly did. But, it being already Midnight, I am forced to finiſh this Letter, leſt it ſhould be too late for the Poſt.

I ſhall inform thee by the firſt Opportuniry, of what has happened in *Italy* and *Germaay*, and of ſeveral other things which I thought I ought to give thee Notice of by this *Expreſs*; but, accuſe me not of neglect, in not having written all to thee in this Letter, and receive my Excuſe, which is juſt and ſincere, and grant me thy Favour.

The great *God* encreaſe thy Proſperity, and continue thy Health and Credit in the Dominions of the Invincible *Sultan*, under whoſe Glorious Reign we live.

Paris, 7th *of the* 11th *Moon*,
of the Year 1638.

LETTER VI.

To the ſame.

I paſs immediately into *Monferrat*, without leaving *France*, to tell thee, That the *Spaniards* have there made themſelves Maſters of a little Town, which the *French* could not keep for want of Men; and have alſo demoliſhed the Fortreſs which guarded the Place, that their Enemies might not have any deſire after a Reprizal.

The eldeſt Son of *Amadeus*, Duke of *Savoy*, is now dead; he was called *Lewis Amadeus*; he was but Seven Years old when declared Sovereign, and was ſo but few *Moons*. He died Four Days after the Ceremony of his Baptiſm. The King of *France* and the Queen of *Spain*, were Godfather and God-

God-mother to this Prince. Thou wilt ask me perhaps how this could be, seeing they could not be there present? But thou must know, that these *Nazarenes* assist often at these Ceremonies by Procuration. The Dutchess of *Savoy* seems to me worthy of Compassion, having lost in one Year, both her Husband and her Son, and a good part of her Estate, and sees what remains to her, exposed to the hazards of War; but she has ever shewed her self a Woman of Courage and Resolution. Her Second Son has been declared his Brother's Heir, and the *States* have chosen her Regent, during his Minority.

The reason of the sudden Visit, which the *Elector* of *Saxony* gave the King of *Hungary*, is not yet known: We have had advice of his Departure from *Dresden*, the Capital Town of his Country, with a great Train of Courtiers, and the Three princes his Sons, and that he went to *Leutmaritz*, where this King expected him; and, 'tis further said, that in the small time they were together, they have had several Conferences, the subject of which is not yet discovered. The King has presented the Duke with a rich Coach, with Six stately Horses, sumptuously harnessed; and given Diamonds and Gold Chains to his Courtiers. But thou being nearer the Place of this Conference, and the Port having every where subtle Agents, thou may'st sooner get this Secret than I: For, 'tis not to be doubted, but there's something hatching against the *Ottoman* Empire, while *Amurath* is at that Distance, and the chief Forces of his Empire employed elsewhere.

As to what concerns the Progress of the Duke of *Wimar*, who carries on the War in *Alsatia*, there are infinitely different News come from thence, since I wrote to thee; but this is what is most certain. After the taking of *Fribourgh*, this *General* made himself Master of the Champaign about *Brizac*;

zac, and his Army seizing on all the Posts thereabouts, the *Imperialists* put themselves in a Posture of hindring them; but, for Three Months Time, they could do nothing but spoil the Corn, and forage in the Country, whereby they wasted their own Subsistence. They have also fruitlesly endeavoured to break down the Bridge, which *Wimar* had built at *Newremberg*; where they met with such resistance, that they were forced to retire with their Army which was in great Danger. But the Duke also met with no Success in his Enterprize on *Offemburgh*, through the fault of Fifteen hundred Musqueteers, *French* and *Germans*, who came not soon enough to plant their Ladders against the Walls, and surprize this Place: And, he has since made different Trials, which have proved all in vain. An Officer had already entred as far as the Ramparts, with a small Party, which he commanded by means of a false Pass-port; but, being discovered by a Sentinel, he was forced to retreat in Confusion, with the Loss of some of his Men. *Wimar* since defeated Two Regiments of Dragoons, and Two other Regiments of Horse, and seized on the Castle of *Mauberg*; the Garrison of which Place surrendred at Discretion, to a *Swedish* Officer. But I am informed, that the Two Armies came near to one another on the Banks of the *Rhine*; of which I shall say no more than what is necessary.

The *Emperor*'s Troops being discovered by *Wimar*'s Vant-guard, commanded by *Turenne*, gained an high Ground; on which, fortifying themselves, they sheltred behind a Church and some Houses, before which there was a Battery raised of several Pieces of Cannon, to keep the *Swedes* at a distance, and hinder them from encamping too near. Some *French*, imprudently advancing to discover the Enemy's Posture, within less than Musquet-shot, were

were almoſt all kill'd on the Place. By this time the Duke of *Wimar*, ſeeing he could not draw the *Imperialiſts* to fight, and it being impoſſible to force them on the Mountain, where they were intrenched, retired under the Caſtle of *Mauberg*, with his Rear-guard, commanded by the Count *de Gurbian*, a *French* Gentleman. The next day he joined the reſt of the Army, and being informed by a *Moor* that ſerved him, and in whom he put great Confidence, that the *Imperialiſts* began early in the Morning to retire; he immediately therefore put himſelf into a Condition to follow them, making his Army to march in Battel-array. His Horſe conſiſted of Twenty four Squadrons, and his Foot of Eight Battalions; beſides the Auxiliary Troops, of which he made a Reſerved Body.

The *French* affirm, the *Imperialiſts* were the ſtrongeſt, as having Four thouſand Men more than the *Swedes*; of which 'tis hard to know the certainty; but the Particulars of the Battel are worth ones writing. 'Twas very bloody, the Fight being obſtinately held by both Parties, and the Victory long inclining, ſometimes to one ſide, and ſometimes to another: So that the Combatants were ready to retire, weary of ſtriking and being ſtruck; when Fortune on a ſudden declared her ſelf for the Duke of *Wimar*, who behaved himſelf in the Fight like a Wiſe Captain and valiant Soldier. 'Tis certain, the *Imperialiſts* have loſt Two Twouſand Men in this Occaſion, with ſeveral of their Principal Officers: And alſo, above Fifteen Hundred were made Priſoners; amongſt which, there were above Two hundred Perſons conſiderable on the Account of their Birth or Employs. I make no mention of the Number of the Cannon; neither do I reckon the Hundred Colours or Cornets, nor Three Thouſand Waggons laden with all ſorts of Ammunition, which fell

to

to the Conquerors: But I greatly value the Box of Writings of Two great Commanders, wherein were found the Inſtructions and ſecret Orders of the King of *Hungary*, and ſome Treaties made with the *Sublime Port*; to which, all the Potentates of the World ſhould pay Homage.

It cannot yet be diſcovered what theſe Treaties contain; yet I ſhall do all that's poſſible in order to it. The Booty has been great; however *Wimar* ſeems not to ſet much by it, as aiming at ſomething more conſiderable. He remained Two Days in the Field of Battel, the better to aſſure his Enemy of his Conqueſt. He moreover pretends in his Letters to this Court, that he had not in this Expedition above Five hundred Foot, and few Cavalry; which out of a Bravado, he ſays he will reinforce with his Pages. This is that which our Emperor who are the Maſters of the World, would ſcruple to ſay in the Preſence of their Slaves; ſo far would they be from ſpeaking ſo before an Army, as this Prince did, in the Preſence of a great King. See the Vanity of one of theſe *Infidels* Generals.

In Obedience to the Orders which I received from thee, I here end my Letter; ſo that thou wilt receive a very imperfect Relation, of the Events which I began to relate to thee; and I ſhall continue my *Diſpatch* to morrow, that thou may'ſt the better remember what I have already written to thee, that I may not loſe the Thread of the Hiſtory.

Paris, 24th *of the laſt Moon,*
of the Year 1638.

LET-

LETTER VIII.

To the ſame.

I Find in the *Alchoran*, the *Chapter* which ſpeaks of *Limbo*'s, to be very long; and, I believe I never wrote thee any Letter, wherein there were ſo many Words; Thou ſhalt not receive henceforward any from me, larger than the Hundred and ſix Verſicles of this Chapter, ſeeing thou enjoyneſt me to be ſhort. I have therefore divided this *Diſpatch* into Two, leſt it ſhould prove tirefom to thee; although I believe thou wouldeſt have found it when intire, not ſo long as the *Chapter* which treats of *Hell*.

Wimar loſt no time, but went and encamped before *Brizac*. He cauſed the Trenches to be opened with great Diligence, and has ſo beſet the *Rhine*, that nothing can paſs without his Leave. This River is conſiderable for its Largeneſs, and Length of its Courſe; carrying Veſſels of great Burthen, which makes it much frequented.

This Captain perceiving the Town wanted Proviſions of all kinds, uſed all imaginable Artifices to ſurprize it, or carry it by Aſſault. It is the Capital of a great Province, where he is Maſter of ſeveral conſiderable Places, and ſeveral ſtrong Caſtles, from whence, one may ſay, the Place was already beſieged.

Things were in this Condition, and there was no other Diſcourſe in the *Swedes* Camp, but of Victories, Loſſes and Wounds, when the News of the Birth of the *Dauphin* was brought there, which cauſed another Noiſe to be heard. The Horſe and Foot, joyned their Shouts of Joy to the Sounds

of

of the Drums, Trumpets, and the Artillery, which was several times discharged.

The Valour of the Duke of *Wimar*, and that of the Troops which he commands, made not the *Imperialists* to lose their Courage, having recruited their Army with new Troops. General *Lamboye*, a Man of Courage and good Conduct, appeared in the fight of the *Swedes*, having added to his Army Five Thousand Men, with the rest of the Troops of Prince *Savelly*, and wasted the Country which the Enemy was in Possession of. If thou wouldst know the Situation of the *Suedes* Camp, and in what manner they made their Trenches, and Circumvallations, I can certainly inform thee; having had some time since a very exact Draught of it. This Camp is Three *German* Miles in Compass; Fortified on each side by a Trench Sixteen Foot thick with a large deep Ditch, a double *Palisado*, and several *Redoubts*. The Lower as well as Upper Parts of the Town, are mightily annoyed by Two Bridges made on the *Rhine*. The Abundance of all sorts of Ammunition, does much hearten the Army. The Commander, although very ill, yet is incessantly watchful, and seems indefatigable. The Soldiers animated by their past Successes, think of nothing but new Conquests, and new Booty, imagining themselves invincible. The Artillery, which is in the Camp, is Fifty Pieces of great Cannon, with which such Batteries have been made, as drive the Besieged to despair. I mention not to thee several small Skirmishes, which continually happen, yet this is what is most considerable: Some Troops of young Soldiers of the *Imperial* Army, having taken several Cattle from the *Suedes*, and made some Prisoners, had Notice of the March of Colonel *Sillard*, who came from *France*, and brought a good Sum of Mony for the Payment of the Troops. They went to meet him, and took

it,

it, together with ſeveral Young Gentlemen Priſoners, all Men of Note; and, who had alſo a great deal of Mony about them. At the ſame time, the Duke of *Lorrain*, a Prince of great Valour, who ſerves in the *Imperialiſts* Party, has undertaken to relieve *Brizac*, which he knew was reduced to the utmoſt Extremity: And, having choſen, for this Deſign, Forty Companies of Foot for a Convoy of Proviſions; and, being on his March, he met with the Duke of *Wimar*. And this is the ſhort of the Story: The Prince was ſtill indiſpoſed, by reaſon of his late Sickneſs; yet, this could not hinder him from embracing this Occaſion, which he believed to be of great Importance to his Party; he got therefore on Horſeback, and marched up to the Duke.

The Combat laſted Five Hours, and *Lorrain* did all that could be expected from a brave and experienced Commander. But, he was conſtrained to yield to the Duke's Fortune, and retire into a Wood, with what he could ſave of his Troops; and, the *Suedes* Courage was not a little increaſed by ſo great an Advantage, which will certainly be attended with the Surrender of *Brizac*. The Duke of *Wimar* remained Maſter of the Field, having entirely defeated the *Imperialiſts* Foot, and put the Duke of *Lorrain*'s Horſe into a Horrid Diſorder: There lay above Twelve Hundred Dead on the Place, and all the Baggage, together with the Ammunition, fell into the Hands of the Conqueror. A Man would think, Illuſtrious *Kaimakam*, that the *God Mars* has united himſelf with this Captain; for, notwithſtanding the Weakneſs of his Body, he performs every Day moſt Heroick Actions with his valiant Soldiers, who are ready to undertake any thing, when he is at their Head. Whether this happens from his not valuing of Life, or his Thirſt after Honour; yet, ſo it is, That he

That he cannot live without nouriſhing himſelf with Victories; and, he begins already to equal the Famous *Guſtavus*, under whom he has learn'd his Trade. Yet he has loſt, notwithſtanding his Diligence, two Forts he built on the *Rhine*, which, if he retakes, 'twill not be without the Coſt of much Blood on both ſides. The *Germans* have already loſt Sixty Thouſand Men there, amongſt which there were Four Hundred Drowned.

The Extremities of *Brizac*, of which we have already private Advices, is at preſent known by all the World. The *Swedes* intercepted, the laſt *Moon* of *October*, a Letter from the Governor to the King of *Hungary*, wherein he laid open his Condition, and told him plainly, that Places which wanted Men, Victuals, and Ammunition, could not be defended but by a Miracle; adding, that the beſt Officers and Soldiers were already dead; and thoſe that were alive, were either Sick, or lay Wounded, and ſo greatly tired, that they could do no Service; and beſides, their Victuals would laſt but twelve Days. He ſeemed afterwards to reproach him for letting the time ſlip, in which he had promiſed him aſſiſtance; and put him in mind, he did not believe he could hold out to the 4*th* of the *Moon* of *September*; being reduced to ſuch Extremities, that he durſt not mention particulars, leſt his Letter ſhould fall into other hands. Obſerve the Imprudence of the Expreſſion; he dares not write all, and yet he writes more than needs, to diſcover that the Place will be infallibly taken.

If thou beeſt impatient to know the Surrender of *Brizac*, thou ſhalt be ſatisfied by this *Diſpatch*. The Poſt is now come, which brings News of the taking of this important Place, and he has come hither in Three Days. The Place was taken according to the Rules of War, ſurrendring the Ninth of the laſt *Moon* of this Year, according to the

Chriſtians

Chriſtians Stile. The Governor procured very honourable Terms: and truly, he ſuſtained the Siege with all the Vigour and Courage poſſible, to the laſt extremity. He is called the Baron *de Reynech:* His Name deſerves a Place in the Letters thou enregiſter'ſt; and that the *Divan* ſhould be inform'd of a Man, who knows ſo well to defend what is intruſted to him, that they may give to Vertue her Due. There went out of *Brizac*, only Four Hundred Foot, and Seventy Horſe, who were all Naked, Wounded, and almoſt Dead with Hunger; they were reduced to thoſe Extremities, that they had already eaten the Fleſh of Horſes, Cats, and Dogs; and ſome were ſaid to have devoured Human Fleſh. As touching the Booty, there are different Diſcourſes; but 'tis certain, the Conqueror found above Two Hundred Pieces of Cannon in the Place.

But, there is a ſtrange Story related of a Young Lady, of admirable Beauty, who falling down at the Duke of *Wimar*'s Feet, thus ſpake to him: *Sir, I have but ſome few Moments to live, Hunger having reduced me to the Gates of Death; but, I ſhall die deſperate, if you do not revenge me of a baſe Fellow, who has exacted of me a Diamond of great value, which I have been forced to give him for a roaſted Mouſe; I am not angry with him for his taking of me a Pearl-Necklace during the Siege for four ounces of Flour; but I confeſs my Weakneſs, I cannot ſee my ſelf bereaved of what I moſt valued, and die without Satisfaction.* 'Tis ſaid, this Prince could not forbear ſhedding Tears at ſo pitious a Spectacle; this Lady dying almoſt at the ſame inſtant ſhe had done ſpeaking; but 'tis not known whether he called this hard-hearted Fellow to an account for what he had detained.

The Siege of *Brizac* laſted Four *Moons*; almoſt Fourſcore Thouſand Men periſhing in the Town, by

by Sickneſs, Wounds and Famine. Bonfires are made at *Paris*, for ſo great an Advantage; and, the Duke of *Wimar*'s Praiſes, are every where celebrated; and, great Commendations are given him in the Letters from the *Court*. Our Empire may have one Day ſomething to fear, from ſo brave, ſo experienced, and ambitious a Captain, were he at leiſure. But, *Germany* is ſo large a Country, ſo full of ſtout Men, and contains ſo many great Towns, and thoſe ſo well Fortified, as will afford him Work enough, without troubling Us.

'Tis pleaſantly ſaid here, That the *Emperors* of *Germany* will no more ſleep quietly; for, in loſing *Brizac*, they have loſt their Pillow on which they reſted; and, 'tis thought, *France* may one Day unite this Conqueſt to her Crown. The great God multiply the Years of thy Life, as the Sand of the Sea, and increaſe every Day thy Fortune, and continue thy Health.

Paris, 25th *of the laſt Moon, of the Year* 1638.

LETTER VIII.

To Melec Amet.

I Have heard here a confuſed Diſcourſe of the Diſgrace of *Stridya Bey*; but, thy Letters have ſatisfied me. Thou ſeeſt, Friend, how Things go. He had the Prince's Favour, and yet could not ſave himſelf. He had moreover great Riches, and yet was obliged to undergo ſuch great Ignominy. He will

will be more deformed than he was, having now left his Nose and Ears in the Hands of the Common Executioner. *Amurath*, in condemning him to this Punishment, has done an Act of Justice worthy of him: For, the honestest Men in the *Empire*, have ever wished ill to this proud and insolent *Greek*. This Man, who was but a pitiful Fisherman, and Seller of Oysters, got this intollerable Pride by the prodigious Riches he acquired in this mean Occupation. His great Wealth made him find the means of obtaining the Favour of the Ministers and Favourites of the Prince; and *his Highness* himself honoured him with his Friendship, gave him Offices, and heap'd up Riches on him. Thou shouldest know all, I say, but I am astonished thou shouldest write to me, That this Wretch, having been put out from the Government of *Walachia*, by reason of his insupportable Pride and extream Covetousness, should pretend to re-enter on this Office by means of Mony, trying in some sort to corrupt the Justice of *Amurath*. Observe how many ways, he draws on him the Prince's Indignation: The Emperor must have been more covetous than *Stridya*, had he favoured his Design; but, 'twas the Decree of Heaven that *Stridya* should be punished, and, that our Master should give a terrible Example of his Justice, to terrifie those who use their Riches to commit all sorts of Crimes, and to purchase all manner of infamous Pleasures.

The News of the fall of this Slave, had in some sort mitigated the great Melancholy I felt, when I received thy Letter: But, the Death of *Zagarabasci*, our common Friend, does not a little afflict me; as well as the Marriage of his Son *Caragurli*, made the same day, does astonish me: For, I cannot comprehend, how there could well be celebrated in the same day, and at the same House, two such different

rent Ceremonies, as is a Funeral and a Wedding.

I find this adventure very ſtrange; and though our Friend indeed was very old, yet I bewail him, as if he had died before his time. He was an honeſt Man, of great Piety, and moderately Rich: and this is what makes Mortals happy in this World and the other too. But, thou doſt not inform me, whether the exceſſive Joy he had to ſee his Son married to a *Greek*, rich with the Goods of Fortune, endued with great Vertue, and a *Mute*, has not cauſed his Death. I rather think thou wilt ſay, our Friend *Zagarabaſci* is dead by ſome Exceſs, than yield to what we conteſted about formerly. I always found in this Friend great Marks of Honeſty and Sobriety; and he alſo appeared to me to have great tenderneſs for his Son. I cannot without offending thee, accuſe this old Gentleman of want of Moderation, yet, he is dead with a tranſport of Joy. Thou ſeeſt, I affirmed no impoſſible thing, when I maintained in my Youth, that an extraordinary and unforeſeen Joy is more likely to kill, than ſudden Grief, though never ſo violent. Didſt thou think it a matter of ſmall Satisfaction to a Father, that is a wiſe and ſober Man, to obtain for his Son a Woman that is a *Mute*; for what greater pleaſure can a Husband have, than to have a Wife that is not talkative? The *Chriſtians* underſtand not the Wiſdom of the *Turks*, when they laugh at our *Sultans*, who find the greateſt part of their Pleaſures in the Converſation of *Mutes*. Is there any thing more delightful than to hear a Man, that does not *ſpeak*; and to ſee one reaſon on all things, that has no Tongue; Thou knoweſt how many things theſe *Mutes* of the *Seraglio*, do give one to underſtand; and what Eloquence there is in their Signs and Geſtures. Thou remembreſt, that when *Amurath* would give thanks to the Sovereign Moderator of all the World,

World, in that he had escaped Death, when the Lightning fell on his Bed, and burnt to his very Shirt; he seemed to offer him a great Sacrifice, in putting a *Mute* out of the *Seraglio*, which he dearly loved by reason of her Tricks and Gestures. The *Muses* were one day ready to fall together a Fighting, because they would not receive amongst them a Tenth Companion, sent them by a *Mandamus* from a King of *Italy:* But, when this Tenth *Muse* signified to them, *That she was Dumb*, all the Voices were for her. Dear *Melec*, 'tis not without Reason I write thee this. Thou art still young, and designest for Matrimony: Believe *Mahmut*; there are few Women that are Wise; and they say little that is Good: Think then what those say, who know nothing, and whose number is infinite. When they have talked a whole Day, believe me, they have said nothing. If thou Marriest, follow my Counsel. *Take not a* Mute, *for then thou wilt Marry a* Beast, *Neither chuse one that talketh; for thou wilt be linked with a* Monster. As to our Friend, he died by a particular Grace from Heaven: Yet I cannot but think still of his Death. How many more extraordinary Accidents wilt thou see, if thou livest to old Age; and especially, if thou livest at *Constantinople*; where are continually beheld strange Adventures, and extraordinary Effects, both of Life and Death, Cruelty and Clemency; as well as of good and bad Fortune. Being in Breath, I could continue still to write to thee; but I think it's time to end, lest I prove tiresome. And I end in praying Heaven to keep thee in Health, wherever thou art.

Paris, 25th. *of the last Moon,*
of the Year 1638.

LET-

LETTER IX.

To the ſame.

Paris, where I live, is a very healthful City, and ſo are all the Places thereabouts, free from Peſtilential Airs; and yet there oft happens ſudden Deaths, as well as at *Conſtantinople*; and, they die here likewiſe of Joy. I will relate to thee what I have partly ſeen, and not what I have heard, to happen in *London*, the moſt ancient, and chiefeſt City of the Kingdom of *England*: A rich Old Man falling Sick, and lying on his Death-Bed, ſent to his only Son, living at *Paris*, where he ſpent his time in Pleaſure, to come over, that he might with his Eſtate, give him his Bleſſing. Think what News this was to a Young Man, to whom the Life of a Father was troubleſome, as being an Obſtacle to his Liberty; and, who waited his Death, to take his ſwing of all the Pleaſures, which his corrupt Nature makes him reſpect as his Sovereign Good. This Young Man intending to get upon Horſeback, to run where he was called, found himſelf embarked for a Voyage, which he did not deſign to make; he fell dead on the Place, and I ſaw him in the ſame inſtant, wherein he was living, and healthful, to expire. Were I of the Sect of our Philoſopher *Muſlaadin Saadi*, I would tell thee, it matters not, whether one dies ſuddenly, or languiſh a long time; whether a Man dies in his Bed, or at the Gallows. But, I being none of *Zeno*'s Diſciples, and knowing no *Peripatetick*, or Philoſopher, amongſt ſo many *Sects* that were in *Greece*, who diſputed, Whether Life or Death is to be preferred: So, expect not from me any Arguings on the *Morals* of thoſe *Greeks*, nor yet of the *Perſians*.

ſians. But if Death be ſuch a terrible Thing, endeavour to live in ſuch a manner that it may never affright thee when it ſhall approach thee, or when thou ſhalt ſee it invade others; expecting it at all Times, and in all Places. Doſt thou know by what Herb, or by what ſecret Magick Charm I do not fear it? 'Tis by the leading of an innocent Life. Here is publiſhed, and that with great Reaſon, the laſt Words of a Man of great Birth; who died when he was very old, by a Wound he received. He had ſerved divers Kings in Places of the higheſt Truſt; and being mortally wounded in a Battel, mark what he ſaid to thoſe that exhorted him to die like a good Chriſtian, and with the ſame Courage he had ſhewed in Life: His Reply was, *That a Man who had lived well Fourſcore Years, cannot be to ſeek how to die well for a quarter of an hour.* This great Man, who was a famous Souldier, was alſo a true *Philoſopher*; and I might ſay, he was a *Saint*, had he been of *our Religion.* I believe he was a moſt edifying Spectacle, and the more conſiderable, in as much as the Example he gave of dying well, is more valuable, than that which he gave in ſo many Battels of couragious Fighting. He was call'd *Anne de Montmorancy*, Conſtable of *France*; whoſe Life I had the Curioſity of Reading; being to be found in the Hiſtory of the *Civil Wars* of that Kingdom.

But, before I end this Letter, let me denote to thee the difference there is between the Effects of Grief and Joy. The Meſſenger from *England*, of whom I already ſpake, finding at his Return, the old Man, whom he had left Dying, ſtill alive; he gave him ſuch a ſtrange Stroke by telling to him the Death of his Son, that Grief having vanquiſhed the Aſſault of Death, reſtored to this unhappy old Man, that Strength he had loſt in his Health; ſo that coming himſelf ſome days after

after, to *Paris*, I saw him bewail the Loss of his only Son.

He that said heretofore, *A Man should learn all his Life to die well*, uttered no strange Doctrine. Our Days will last long enough, if we be ready to say, at all times, *We have lived enough*: And, if we love as we ought, our great Emperor, who is Invincible, Holy, and the most Just among Men: And, if we observe what a *French* Peasant said to all those that passed before his Door, *Never fear your Assistance, nor never do any Body any Hurt.*

Let thou and I number our Days (as was preached heretofore in the *Seraglio*, to the *white Eunuch* by the *Persian*, whose Eyes were put out because he saw too clearly.) He always insisted on the *Slowness, Uncertainty, and Vanity of Human Life*. He said, *'Twas short, considering what we had to do in it; uncertain as to what we shall do in it; and always mix'd with what we have done, and what remains for us to do.* Teach not thy Son *Mehemet* yet, for whom thou hast so much Affection, these Precepts. Children have not that Ripeness of Judgment as is necessary, to hear Discourses of Death; they are too hard Bits for their Stomachs; and, which indeed Old Men can hardly digest; and which they swallow not without feeling all the Bitterness of them.

I pray *God* keep the *Imperial* City, with those that dwell in it, and shelter it from the Storms which fall on infamous Cities; and I beseech him, thou may'st live without Offence, that thou may never fear Death.

Paris, 25th. *of the last Moon,*
of the Year 1638.

LET-

LETTER X.

To Enguruli Emin Mehemet Cheik, *a Man of the Law.*

WHEN I parted from *Constantinople*, I gave thee a Stone of excellent Virtue against the Gravel, and thou presentedst me with a Paper, which was to secure me against all Bodily Evils. Time only can decide which of us Two made the best Present to his Friend. Thou hast pretended to teach me in few Words, how to live amongst the *Infidels*; And I thought in giving thee a Stone, to give thee a Remedy against the Distemper thou art troubled with. I never turn my self towards the Place where *Mecha* lies, but I remember where thy Amity began, and how far since it has been extended towards me. Absence has not lessened thy Kindness, nor hindred thee from sending me thy grave Counsels; but I am as yet too young, to set about the preparing my self for the *other World*; and too vigorous and healthful, to hearken to thy serious and melancholy Discourses.

I wish thou were but at *Paris*, where thou would'st see a great Number of People, who sell a most precious Thing, to purchase a vain and fantastick *Title*: How many with great Earnestness sue for *Placet's* from the King, that they may seek their Deaths? Perhaps thou never thoughtest there were any such kind of People. What dost thou think then of the Soldiery in General; are they any others than Martyrs of Ambition, to whom one would think Life is a Burthen? 'Tis a

ſad ſpectacle, to ſee how many Dead lie in the Streets; or carried on the Shoulders of their Friends or Kinſmen to their Graves: Yet this is ſo common a thing in *Paris*, that the People make no Wonder of it.

This way of Living obliges me to do as the reſt. I begin to conſider, That what happens to another may happen to me; there's no avoiding our *Deſtiny*. This Preface is only to bring in a Story of this King's Goodneſs, which ought to be an Example to all Princes. The *French* have need of freſh Soldiers to fill up ſo many Troops as they continually entertain: Not long ſince there came a Man full of Years, and overwhelm'd with Deſpair, who deſir'd to be liſted in this Prince's Service. To obtain what he deſired, he told the King, *That he was the Father of Twelve Children, Seven of which were Daughters, who were Marriageable; that he could no longer live, being not able to maintain ſuch a great Family; and that being ignorant, as yet how to die, he would learn it in the King's Service.* The Prince having appointed him to wait upon him one Day privately in his Cloſet, thus ſpake to him: *Thy deſpair makes thee deſirous to be liſted among my Soldiers; and Charity obliges me to retain thee among the Citizens. Thoſe that are Fools when they enter into Troops, commonly come out wiſer; becauſe they learn ſeveral things of which they were before ignorant: But as to thy part, what Time haſt thou to learn, who art ready to fall dead at the ſame moment thou entereſt into the School? Yet I truſt thee; take this Sword; go and combat thy Folly, and take this Purſe to ſuccour thy Family, and be cured; but if thou art baſe, ſay not from whom thou haſt received thy Cure.* I know not what Sum was in the Purſe, no more than I do of what Metal the Sword was. But I have this Story from

an Officer of the King's Closet, with whom I have that strict Converse, that he told me this Passage as soon as ever it happned.

I'll tell thee, if thou wilt, some of the principal passages of my Life; for I conceal nothing from the *Ministers*, and the most Venerable *Muftis*, who knows all that I do: I adore the Sovereign Master of the Universe; and have a great Veneration for his *Holy Prophet*: I never defiled my Hands in Blood, neither have I ever violated any Man's Bed; I easily forgive my enemies, and hate above all things the Crime of Slandering. If this be not sufficient to merit Salvation, I do not know what is. These are all my Vertues; as to other Qualifications, I have none. I have no Knack at Thieving; my Talents lie not that way; were I qualified, I might, as most do, devise means to put my Art in practice. But living according to these afore-mentioned Maxims, I doubt not, but I shall find entrance into that *Paradise*, where faithful Souls will enjoy a perfect Happiness, and set their Feet on the Necks of the Enemies of our *Holy Law*, where, they shall suffer neither Hunger, Thirst, nor Nakedness; free from the parching Heats of the Sun, and the pinching Sharpness of the Colds, caused by the Moon; where, under the agreeable Shade of Trees, they shall gather the preciousest Fruit, standing, sitting, or lying; and drink in Cups of Gold or Emerald, the most delicious Liquors, which spring from a clear Fountain; and be served with inconceivable Magnificence. In this Divine place, they shall be more beautiful and shining than the Stars in the Firmament, whose Brightness enlightens the Darkest Night; their Robes shall be of finest Silk, of a Colour more green and pleasing to the Eye, than the Herbs which spring up in May: And shall farther receive from the Hands of *God*, a portion,

more ſweet and delicious, than can be imagined, as a Recompence for the Good they have done during their Abode amongſt Men. Thou knoweſt, 'tis impoſſible for me to go on Pilgrimage to *Mecha*, ſeeing I am obliged to abide at *Paris*. Thou knoweſt alſo, I cannot give my ſelf to contemplation, being forced to lead an active Life; for I muſt not remain among the *Derviſes*, who paſs their Days in Solitude; ſerving in *France*, as I muſt do, our Puiſſant and Invincible Emperor. Thou ſeeſt here what my Condition will bear; accuſe me not therefore for neglecting the pious Advices thou giveſt me. I forget not ſo much Death, as I forget that I muſt die.

Be informed of this from me, There's not a Town in the World, where People do learn better to live ill, than at *Paris*; neither is there any Place where they are better taught to die: I need not tell thee, here are publick *Academies* (as were heretofore amongſt the *Egyptians*) wherein dead Bodies lie expoſed to publick View, to make Men remember the indiſpenſable Neceſſity of dying. But I may tell thee, there's no Day, wherein in this great Town, a great quantity of Fools do not teach wiſer than themſelves, Things they have been ever ignorant of; for the Gibbets and Scaffolds, ſet up for the Puniſhment of the Guilty, hinder the Deſtruction of a great many People, whoſe Innocency is preſerved by theſe kind of Spectacles. Here the Poor, who had heretofore plentiful Subſiſtences, teach good Husbandry; the Proud, Humility; the debauched with Women, Chaſtity.

I believe, there is no Part of the World, where there are more Thieves and Pick-Pockets, and who do their Work with greater Art and Subtilty; they exerciſe their Craft in all places; in the Churches, as well as the Streets, Markets, and Bridges; ſo that our People of the *Morea*, who are

are thought by us to be such great Masters in this Science, are mere Asses to them. Adieu.

Paris, 10th of the 1st. *Moon, of the Year* 1639.

LETTER XI.

To Cara Hall, *the Physician.*

I Know not whether what I thought I saw last Night in my Bed, be the effect of a Dream, or of a real Vision. I was awaked by a great Earthquake, which made me rise affrighted out of my Bed. But, informing my self by some People, I found 'twas but a Dream.

My Adventure has renewed the Remembrance of one, which proved of sad Consequence to one part of *Italy*. Physicians are at a loss to find out the Causes of these horrible Fires, which are vomited up at certain times by Mount *Gibel*, *Stromboli*, and *Vesuvius*, Mountains in *Sicily*, not far from *Naples*, whose Roots seem to spring from *Hell*; whence arise often filthy Exhalations, Smoaks and Sulphur, with Flames which cast up Stones and Ashes to the Clouds.

'Tis known, I believe at *Constantinople*, That towards the Beginning of the *Moon* of *February*, there was lost near *Naples* a little Island, that had Four Miles in Compass. It's related as a Thing certain, That after this Isle was suddenly swallowed down into the Sea, the Fire which it included not finding its usual Vent, there was opened some Days after, a new Way along the Coasts of *Calabria*, near *Messina*. There did it appear, having first caused an horrible Earthquake, which

overthrew a great Pile of Building, which the *Christians* call a *Steeple*, that belonged to a principal Church; which buried under its Ruins a vast Number of People, whose Devotion had at that Time brought thither. Some Towns of the Kingdom of *Naples* suffered by this Earthquake, with great Multitudes of People, and Herds of Cattle, which were miserably lost in the Fire, by the Smoak and Heaps of Ashes. And amongst those that have been smothered to death, are reckoned several *Lords* of those Countries, who are Masters but of few Subjects, and yet bear the Title of *Princes*.

My dear Friend, *Cara Hali*, these are dreadful Effects of Nature, whose Causes will not be found out by us. Certainly, these Countries of *Italy*, must be far from *Paradise*, seeing these Mouths of *Hell* (if it be true as many people say, they are in these Mountains) do frequently ruine by these Irruptions *Calabria* and *Sicily*. *Naturalists* affirm, That these Mountains nourish Sulphureous Matter in their Bowels, which is easily inflamed, and issues out with more or less Vehemency, and more or less Frequency, according as the Matter is more or less disposed, and the Subterranean Winds kindle and eject these Fires, and open the Mass of Earth, under which they are shut up. But the Opinion of certain *Philosophers*, who maintain, That meer Chance produces these extraordinary Events, appears to me very ridiculous; affirming, That one Stone striking another, produces a Spark, whence happen these great Inflammations; Nay, they proceed farther, and would perswade us, That a lighted Lamp, left by Chance, by those who searched into the Bowels of these Mountains, to discover the Secrets of Nature, might make these Flames; which lighting on a combustible Matter, and meeting with nothing

that

that is contrary to 'em to extinguish them, do cause these surprising Effects. They also say, That Lightning striking fiercely on some one of the Coasts of these Mountains, may do the same thing; as the Stones striking one against another, or the Lamp left lighted.

These Opinions would not appear so ridiculous, were it possible to make any Demonstration of 'em: But these Events being all extraordinary, and in a manner prodigious, I shall willingly suffer thee to believe, that 'tis a Work of Nature, or Hell, or Chance alone, which causes the perpetual Motions of these Fires, which are so terrible, and so greatly damnifie one of the finest Countries in the World, as *Greece* is, and this Island which is the Delight and Nurse of almost all the Provinces scituated on the Banks of the *Mediterranean-Sea*.

We find also in *Ireland* these Mountains of Fire, yet with this Difference, that their Flames do no Hurt, which make 'em no ways dreadful to the Inhabitants. I think too I have heard my Father say, That being in Company with certain *Arabians* in our *Lycia*, he saw these kinds of Fires come out of the Earth, but they broke out gently, and caused no Damage.

I am now perswaded of one Thing, which I would never believe before; which is, That Old *Pliny*, intending to relate to the Emperor *Titus*, and leave to Posterity a Relation of the Effects of *Vesuvius*, and a perfect Discovery of the Causes of so many prodigious Effects; he therefore went himself on the place, because that in his Time this famous Mountain had cast out an horrible Quantity of Fire, Stones and Ashes, with so great Violence, and such terrible Noise, that the Effects of it were felt in *Syria*, *Africk*, and especially in *Italy*. But the Curiosity of this wretched Philosopher

losopher having cost him his Life, the *Romans* expect still with his Return, the Discovery of the secret Causes of so many prodigious Effects. Take care of thine own Health, and let not any of thy Patients miscarry through thy Neglect or Rashness. Continue to love me, though I am at a great distance from thee. Write to me sometimes; and believe, that I am not able to conform my self to the way of living of Strangers amongst whom I reside. I shall be always a good *Mussulman*, and a Faithful Friend.

Paris, 10th *of the* 1st *Moon*,
of the Year 1639.

LETTER XII.

To the venerable Mufti, *Prince of the Religion of the* Turks.

THY Decree is very cruel, to separate me, without having committed any Crime, from the Communion of the *Faithful*.

I have read the Holy Answer thou hast made me, with great Veneration; but this has not been without many Tears. Thou hast not untied the Knot of the Difficulties which perplex me, but made it indissoluble. So that I only live in the Certainty of having no Certitude; and my Soul which is encompassed with Fear, will be in Dread till Death.

If I do what thou proposest, how shall I be sure of not failing, seeing I do not understand what I ought to do? I am so dull, that I cannot distinguish

guilty, Whether thou exhorteſt me to do what I have ever done, or whether thou forbiddeſt me what I aſked of thee.

I entreated thee to let me know, Whether I might live amongſt the *Chriſtians*, and do in Appearance, what they do effectually in the Obſervance of the Ceremonies of their Religion: And thou anſwereſt me, That the *Circumciſed*, or *Faithful*, ſhould have no doubt in his Law, and needs no other Precepts to obſerve it, than the Law it ſelf. Moreover, That the true *Muſſulman* muſt be willing to loſe his Eſtate, his Life and Honour in the *Sultan*'s Service; That the *Chriſtians* are Enemies to the *True God*, the Emperor and Religion; and that in fine, one ought to ſacrifice all Things not to betray this *God*, who is our chief Maſter. Tell me, I entreat thee on my bended Knees, Cannot a Man be a true *Mahometan*, without hating eternally the Followers of *Jeſus*? And in living amongſt them ſecretly a *True Muſſulman*, muſt one ſhew ones ſelf to be of another Religion, or pretend to be of theirs? Thou wilt tell me the *Alcoran* ſpeaks with great Clearneſs, yet how many obſcure Paſſages do we find in the Words of our *Holy Prophet*, wherein we need thy Expoſitions?

I have no Belief for *Tagot*, neither will I give Credit to the *Devil*; my *Law* expreſly forbids it: For, I believe in one only *True God*, who knew the Intention of our *Holy Lawgiver*, and ſees what we cannot diſcover. And the *Prophet* cries out, That he that has ſuch Principles, leans on the ſtrongeſt Prop he can ever meet with; there being nothing which is able to overthrow it.

Diſperſe, Reverend Sir, as much as thou canſt, the Darkneſs of my Spirit. I conjure thee by the Almighty Father, who can make live Fleſh come on the dry Bones of the Aſs, which died an hundred Years paſt.

I do not discontinue here my usual Prayers, which I make in the Manner they are prescribed me by the *Law*, with my Face always turn'd to the Side of *Mecha*. When I fast, I eat only at Night, and I continue my Repast till *Aurora* advancing the Day, gives me Light enough to distinguish Black Thread from White. And I passover the Day, without taking any Nourishment, till the Darkness be so great, that I cannot see the Eye of a Needle. 'Tis true, I give no Alms to the Poor, because I doubt, Whether it be lawful to do good to those, who continually move Heaven against us.

The *Bishops* here are in great Veneration. They have not an absolute Authority, because they depend on the *Roman* Prelate, and the Mufti. Yet their Jurisdiction is very large, the Kingdom being full of Churches, and these Churches frequented by Millions of People. They wear about their Necks a Golden Cross. They live in publick, good Lives; are obliged to know all the Points of their Law; they must be Doctors, are obliged to Celibacy, to be Sober, Hospitable, Prudent, Irreprehensible, without covetting other Goods; they must never be Drunk, or shed humane Blood. Their Habit is a long Vest reaching to the Ground, of Black Silk or Violet. They go little on Foot, but are carried in Coaches, to avoid the Wearisomeness which would oppress them, in a Town which seems the greatest in the World; which thou wouldest do too perhaps, were thou designed to be their *Souverain Prelate*.

The great Arbiter of the World, favour'd by his Mercy, or by an Effect of his Justice, the inconceivable Honour of suffering thee to sweep during thy Life, his most Holy and only Temple of *Mecha*, in the Company of *Ismael* and *Ami-*

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how, that thou maist keep it clean, without any Filth of what Kind soever.

Paris, 10th *of the* 11t *Moon, of the Year* 1639.

LETTER XIII.

To the Kaimakam.

THE *French* Armies are at present in *Winter-Quarters*, and the *Court* is busied in contriving what they shall do in the *Spring*. I do not believe I write thee any false News; for it is to be believed, that the sharpness of the Winter will hinder any thing from being undertaken before that Time.

The Eyes of all the *Court* are fixed on Three Objects, the King, the *Dauphin* his Son, and Cardinal *Richlieu*; but they more carefully observe the latter, than the former. This Man has made himself Creatures by his Benefits: the Thankfulness for which, and the hopes of new ones, has bound them to his Interests. Yet 'tis to be believed, he has more Enemies by means of the great Credit he is in with his Prince, and the Occasions he finds to increase it. His Anti-Chamber is always full of Attendants, who aspire to Employs, of such as are in Offices, and several other Persons who are desirous to be Witnesses of his Actions. Those who threaten him in secret, do but increase his Courage, and make him more carefully stand on his Guard; and those who have most Experience of the World affirm, this *Cardinal* knows too much to be surprized.

Their

Hear the Recital of one of the least of his Actions, whereby thou maist figure the greatest, and give them the due Price they deserve. For Three Years together, was observed in this *Cardinal's* Anti-chamber, a Man who was not far advanced in Years, and as assiduous to make his Court, as he was modest in his Discourse; very reserved and patient; and which is very rare at *Court*, was never heard to complain. The *Cardinal* who pretends to read the Souls of Men, and who is inferior to none perhaps in this Art, caused this Person who had so long attended, to be called to him, and thus spake to him: *I know who thou art, and how long time thou hast spent in observing me; although thou outwardly appearest a* French-man, *thy great Patience assures me thou art of another Climate; get thee to* Rome, *and wait but half the time in the Pope's Anti-chamber, as thou hast done in mine, and I doubt not but thou wilt penetrate into the most hidden Secrets. Part then immediately for* Italy, *and observe the Actions and Motions of the Wisest and most Dissimulative* Court *in the Universe; discover not thy self to any Body: Send me an Account every Week what thou canst discover; and in this manner thou wilt be useful to me, and avoid Idleness. My Secretary will give thee a Cypher, and my Treasurer has order to give thee what's necessary for thy Voyage, as well as to keep thee when thou art at* Rome.

The *Cardinal* studies to extend the Bounds of the Kingdom, and for that purpose consults those who can any ways advance his Projects: Especially, the King being now certain of a Successor, by the Birth of the *Dauphine*, who seems very likely to live long. All Hands are employed at *Thoulon* and *Marseilles* for the fitting out of Gallies and other Vessels; and 'tis thought, the chief Designs of this Minister, are on the Coasts of

Italy,

Italy. I am told he was heard to say, That the *Romans* could never have conquered all the World, as they did, had they not before been Masters of *Italy*; That *Hannibal* had the same Design, and after *Hannibal*, Pope *Alexander* VI. intended to see whether such a Design would take Effect; but, his Pride and Cruelty made all his Projects prove abortive, and that he could meet with greater Success than *Hannibal*, could he be so happy as to obtain one thing. And here he ended his Discourse.

He so greatly minds whatever passes in the *Royal* Family and Kingdom, that he can discover, as he pretends, all the Thoughts, yea, and the very Dreams of the Grandees, Governours of Provinces, and those that command in Places.

He says, he has learnt several useful Things in the Relation given us of the Government of the *Chineses*, having from them the Way of discovering the most difficult Matters, without its appearing he does any thing for this Purpose. And this is the Method of governing he observes in this Kingdom, wherein are so many restless Spirits.

He maintains near all People who are in any considerable Offices, Persons that depend only on him, and who are known to no body else; who in all Places wear mean Cloaths, and incessantly watch over the Actions of the Officers and give him notice of whatever passes. He makes use of these kind of People about his Master's Embassadors in foreign *Courts*. He always carries a Book about with him, which he calls *Richlieu*'s Soul; which Book contains the Designs, the Interests, the secret Practices, and Inclinations of all the Princes, who hold a Correspondence, and have any Tyes with *France*, and on whom *France* has any Pretensions. The most skilful *Astrologers* in *Europe*,

Pope, have also sent him the Horoscopes of all the Kings and great Men, with their Judgments touching the Term of their Lives, and what they may probably undertake in all times. The *Cardinal* said on another time, That he kept a great many Courtiers, yet he could well enough spare them; that he knew what passed in remote Places, as soon as what was done near him. He once affirmed, he knew in less than Two Hours, That the King of *England* had signed the Warrant for the Execution of ——— If this Particular be true, this *Minister* must be more than a Man. Those who are his most devoted Creatures affirm he has in a private place in his Closet, a certain Mathematical Figure, in the Circumference of which, are written all the Letters of the Alphabet, armed with a Dart, which marks the Letters, which are also marked by their Correspondents: And it appears, that this Dart moves by the Sympathy of a Stone, which those who give and receive his Advices, keep always at hand, which hath been separated from another, which the *Cardinal* has always by him; and is affirmed, that with such an Instrument, he gives and receives immediately Advices. This great Man, who knows all these Reports, only laughs at them; yet he says with a serious Air, That *God* has given him Two Angels, one White and another Black, to inform him of both good and bad Matters; and that with their Assistance he shall overthrow the Cabals of his Enemies. He sent some days past, a Man to the Gallies, that was accused for cutting in pieces the King's Picture; but having been better inform'd, and knowing this, he told those about him, That this Man should be pardoned, because he had done no hurt to the Original. Here are Theatres and Feasts preparing to entertain the People, in Honour of the King

and

and Cardinal, and his whisper'd, that the Queen is again with Child.

Heaven preserve thee ever from the *Sultan*'s Anger, and all other Misfortunes which may sower the Comforts of thy Life.

Paris, 25th of the 8th Moon, of the Year 1699.

LETTER. XIV.

To Egri Boynoq, *the White* Eunuch.

IF thou goest into *Prussia* in *Bithinia*, as thou writest, above all things remember to prepare thy self not to live long, and never to inform the young *Sultan Mustapha* of the Misfortune of the Grandson to *Solyman the Great*, and Son to poor *Bajazet*, whom his Grandfather caused to be strangled in his Infancy. This unhappy Place make me fearful of thy Life, as well as that of the Princess the Care of whose Education is committed to thee. I cannot forbear weeping every time I call to mind what passed between the Victim and the Executioner. Thou thy self toldest me, That this unhappy Child embraced and kissed several times him that was to give the fatal Stroak, even in the Moment when he was putting about his Neck the Silken String which was to strangle him. All *Asia* is informed of the rest of the History; and 'tis known, That this Child although strangled, yet triumphed at his Death over his Murderer: For, being softned by the Caresses of this Infant, whom he was about destroying, he drops down in a Swoon; and *Bajazet*'s Son had by this Occasion e-

scaped

escaped Death, had not the other Executioner, more cruel than the former, done the work.

Although thou doſt not certainly know who *Muſtapha*'s Father, yet thou maiſt well preſume he is the Emperor's Son. Thy Age and Prudence ſo long experienced, and the Office of *Chief* of all the *Eunuchs* of the *Empire*, which thou haſt ſo long enjoyed, leaves no place of doubting, but that thy Pupil is of *Royal* Blood. Arm thy ſelf then with Courage, and ſtudy to perform well thy Duty in this Solitary Place: Nothing is ſo troubleſome as the Inſtructing of Children, when they will be taught as Maſters by their Slaves, and will not ſubmit to Rules, like private Perſons.

Thou maiſt be ſure, I ſhall render thee all the Service I am able, ſeeing I conſider thee as a Friend that is extream dear to me: But why doſt thou ſeek amongſt the *Chriſtians*, an illuſtrious Subject, which may ſerve for a Model to form a Child born in the Religion of the *Muſſulmans*?

Did I not know thy Wiſdom, I ſhould think thou art very ſimple, in ſearching after Examples amongſt the Enemies of our *Holy Law*, to propoſe them to be followed by the *Ottoman* Children. Thou haſt choſen for this purpoſe *Henry* of *France*, termed *the Great*; and art thou ignorant that this ſo famous a King, was the moſt implacable Enemy of the *Empire*? Be it known to thee, That this Prince undertook the boldeſt and dangerouſeſt Deſign as was ever imagined, to deſtroy the Monarchy of the *Muſſulmans*; and might probably have ſucceeded, had not Heaven, by an unforeſeen Stroak, ſnatched him from the Earth, to appear before the Tribunal of the *True God*, who judges Kings as well as other Men. But leſt thou ſhouldſt imagine I make this Pretence to excuſe my ſelf from ſatisfying thee in what thou deſireſt, receive at leaſt one Part of what thou expecteſt.

Thou

Thou wouldſt have me ſend thee the Hiſtory of this Prince; conſent thy ſelf with a ſhort extract of it, otherwiſe I muſt be forced to ſend thee a large Volume. However, make not uſe of his Example in all Things; the Way of Living, the Laws and Cuſtoms of the *French*, do not ſuit with the *Turkiſh* Way of Regiment. If thou wilt make thy Pupil accompliſhed, form him on the Model of ſome one of thoſe *Hero's* which the *Eaſt* has given us. *Muſtapha* will read with greater Profit, the Hiſtory of *Alexander* and *Pyrrhus*, than that of *Charlemain* and *Henry*; and, ſhould one wonder at the Defaults of the King of *Macedonia's* Son, and at the ſmall Fortune of the other? Pray ſhew me what Men there ever were, who had at the ſame time the Frailties of human Nature, and the Perfections of the Divinity.

And if thou wilt ſearch into *Perſia* and *Egypt*, thou wilt find a *Cyrus*, and an *Artaxerxes*, *Ptolemy*, *Pſammeticus*, *Campſon* and *Tomombein*, all great Princes, whoſe Actions honour Antiquity. And how many *Hero's* wilt thou find in our *Greece*, if thou wilt take no Notice of thoſe whom *Rome* has ſent into the World? But not to go out of the *Ottoman* Family, thou knoweſt very well, that we *Turks* have for proverbial Speeches, *the Modeſty of* Solyman; *The good Mein of* Alis; *The Juſtice of* Nonquirevan; *The Majeſty of* Oſman; *The Gravity of* Humer; and *the Juſtice of* Abubekir; not to mention the Courage and Magnanimity of *Amurath*, who is, at this Day, more valorous than any of his common Soldiers; whether he be in his *Seraglio* of *Conſtantinople*, or in his Tents before *Babylon*.

Ten Days ago I received thy Letter, and I have employed a great deal of that Time, in collecting what thou haſt deſired of me; and to ſpeak truly, thy Commands have ſuppli'd me with matter where-

withal

withal to divert me. Thou wilt be wishing, I am surprized, that two Men who long served this King in meaner Employs, have discovered several particulars of his Life with which the *French* themselves, perhaps, are not acquainted. My Sentiments never been, That 'tis more necessary to know the Manners and Customs of Men, than to know the Number of Places they have besieged or taken; and to be informed of their Good Qualities and Vertues, than to learn the manner of their Enterprizes, and the Number of the Battels which they have won or lost. All Histories contain the Actions of Men, and the principal is, to know them, and to instruct others; for Histories do generally rather divert than instruct Men. These will teach thee better what thou art to learn, than the Histories themselves. *Christian* Authors are, at present, like the Elements, always in War, and ever contrary to one another, and never agreeing.

These two above-mentioned Friends, who are now very old Men, have served King *Henry* above Thirty Years, and ever held a strict Correspondency with one another; One was his Barber; and the others Business was to divert him with reading to him, when he was going to Rest.

That which is related of *Henry*'s coming into the World without weeping, is certainly a Fable; but it is certain, the Queen of *Navarre*, his Mother, sung a French Song, in the Time of her Labour, whereby this Princess seemed to shew other Women that 'tis possible to be brought to Bed without Crying out. The first Milk which this young Babe drank, was an *Ambrosia*, which the Wife of our Friend, the Poet *Ogier*, never failed of. His Father made him drink in a Golden Cup, of the strongest Wine that could be gotten, wherein he put and squeezed a Clove of Garlick, which he thought proper to strengthen his Temper.

and render him more vigorous. He was accordingly bred up like *Cyrus*, spending his first Days in woods, and conversing in the Company of Shepherds. He went always with his Head bare, whether exposed to the scorching Heats of the Summers Sun, or during Winter, to the Rain, and most vigorous Frosts, Snow and Hail. It seems as if he had begun his Life in Prison; being confined to the Fields, distant from all Converse, clad in course Hair-Cloath, to accustom his Body to Fatigues, and couple his Spirit to the Accidents of Fortune.

He was but Nine Years old, when he lost his Father *Anthony*, King of *Navar*. The Death of this Prince may serve for a Lesson to *Ambition*; for, having received his Death's Wound, at the Siege of a considerable Place, he made the Wall of the Chamber where he lay, to be broken down, that he might be carryed into his own Bed, dying as it were in Triumph, into the Town: Miserable Ambition of Great Men, who strip not themselves of it all Death strip them of their Lives. Seven Years after the Death of *Antony*, the Young *Henry* was declared Head, and Defender of the *Hugonot* Party; and when Eighteen Years old, he was in a considerable Fight; but 'tis not well known, whether he himself was engaged. Fortune was so contrary to him in the beginning, that having lost a Battle, he was obliged to fly for Six Months, together with the rest of his Army; and to traverse almost throughout all the Provinces of the Kingdom, without taking any rest, for fear of being surprized. I don't have never read, I believe, of any Captain that made a Flight of that durance, before him. The Queen his Mother, being a Woman of a Masculine Courage, and Firmness of Mind, died poison'd by a pair of Gloves. At Nineteen Years of Age, he married the King's Sister, who

then

then Reigned, named *Charles* IX. and ... Wedding was solemnized with such Bloody ... dies. 'Tis hard to believe what an infinite ... ber of *Huguenots* was then massacred; the ... was secretly laid, during the Celebration ... Wedding, and executed six Days after, ... Noon. 'Tis said, that in one Day, all *Fr...* died with the Blood of these poor people; ... being at least an Hundred Thousand of them ... amongst which were Twenty *Lords* of ... sideration, with the Great *Admiral* of the ... dom; and, at the fewest, Four Thousand ... massacred in *Paris*. *Henry* did not perish ... unhappy Day, but he was very near Dead; ... the King having called him, thus spake to ... with an angry Tone, and fierce Countenance: *Henry, thou art alive, because I would spare thee; but I will not spare thee if thou persist in thy Fly: Chuse one of these two things; either the Mass or Death.* If thou knowest not what the *Mass* is, I shew thee in another Letter. This Prince chose to go to *Mass*, rather than to lose his Life: And therefore publickly abjured the Religion he professed. These two old Men affirm, That *Nero* of *Caligula*'s Court, were never corrupted as that of *France* was then. No people were more in Fashion than Buffoons, and never did the worst sorts of Debaucheries so abound, Sorceries, Empoysonings, Assassinations, and all other sorts of Crimes were permitted in such a manner, that all the Laws of good Order seemed to be overthrown. 'Tis not known, whether the King of *Navarr* took up the former Religion through policy or some Conviction he saw amongst the *Catholicks*; however he returned some time after to *Calvinism*, whereunto he was so obstinately addicted, that having lived several Years in this *Sect*, he was forced to offer Violence to himself, to enjoy peaceably the

dom of *France*, and accommodate himself with the Pope of *Rome*, and to make again publick Profession of the *Roman* Religion.

Never any Prince more loved Women than he did. This Passion prevailed over him all the Days of his Life; and there were Two different Natures observable in his Person, *an invincible Courage in the Field; and such a Passion for Women, as made him be often seen to weep amongst them.* He has had greater Weaknesses than *Hercules*, and he gloried in them. He challenged the bravest Man in all *France*, the Duke of *Guise*, to a single Fight; but the King interposed his Authority to hinder the Combat.

This King performed an Action during his Youth, which our *Dervises* would have certainly set down in their *Registers* as greatly remarkable. On a certain Day wherein he was to fight a pitched Battel, being on Horseback in the midst of his Army, he made publick Reparation to a young Woman whom he had deflowred, and spake in these Terms: *I have forced this Woman you see here, and used Threats, when Entreaties would not bring her to my Lust. Let all that hear me, detest the bad Example I have given. And as for your part whom I have thus wronged, chuse an Husband, and receive from me such a Portion, as may seem in some sort to Amends for the Injury I have done you.*

It seems as if this so laudable an Action was approved of by Heaven: For having immediately hereupon given Battel, he overthrew a mighty Army with a few Troops.

The Ladies who bore *Henry* no ill will for his Tenderness to their Sex, greatly interessed themselves in the Affairs of War, wherein this Prince was always Head of the *Hugonot* Party: And they gave Occasion to a Proverb, which lasted a great while.

while. There being some who were for making a Peace, and others War; this War was called *The Ladies War*. This Prince had been in so many Fights, that I believe one may truly say in this particular, never any Prince came near him: For who ever in one Day was in Two Battels, and came off Victorious?

King *Charles* IX. dying during this time, the *Queen Mother* sent for her other Son in great diligence, who had been elected some *Months* before King of *Poland*, by the Death of *Sigismond Augustus*. 'Tis said, that *Charles*'s Successor, having been advertised of the Death of the King his Brother, fled in the Night from *Cracouia*, only with Two Persons who were his Confidents, and retired to *Venice*; and 'tis said, That the *Courtisans* of this famous City, assured the *Crown* to our *Henry*: For having been infected with this Distemper, which the *French* call the *Neapolitan Disease*, and others Nations the *French Pox*; he became incapable of having Children to perpetuate the *Crown* in the Branch of *Valois*.

After his Death, which was violent and perpetrated by a *Christian Peruise*, *Henry* III, dying without an Heir, and his Throne being sought by different Pretenders: *Henry*, to whom alone his Birth had given Right, became Master of it by his Patience: His Fatigues in War, and his Courage made him vanquish all Obstacles. He maintained his Right with an unparallell'd Valour, and carried himself with the greatest Prudence; yet his greatest Successes, are owing to the Greatness of his Heart. He met sometimes with Disadvantage, but often came out Conqueror from all Engagements; and 'tis observable, he was the greatest after the Battels won, because he had before appeared extraordinary familiar with the Soldiers who had helped him to win them. He was very

to be often in his Stables to see his Horses, and often slept amongst these Creatures whom he termed his most faithful Courtiers. How difficult soever the way was which was to lead him to the Throne, he would not be disheartned; these difficulties serving only to encrease his Courage. He saw the *Spaniards* confederated with his Enemies, yet he alone, without any other Assistance but of some few faithful Troops, sate down before *Paris*, which was the most famous Siege since that of *Jerusalem* by *Titus*. He reduced the Inhabitants of this Capital of the Kingdom, to live on the most abject Meats one can imagine, after they had consumed the Rats, Mice, Dogs and Cats; which were for some time the richest Delicacies the best People of the Town could meet with. But he was for all this (after he had given several Assaults) forced to raise the Siege, and accommodate himself with the *Prince*, who commands all the *Priests* amongst the *Catholicks*; and he again renounced *Calvinism* wherewith he was infected, and which served as a Pretence to his Enemies. He was crowned in the same manner his other Predecessors had been before him. He began to govern his Kingdom, ruined by so many Wars, Pillages and Concussions made by all sorts of People, and so repaired it by his good Government, that he was soon in a Condition to embellish it. He built several magnificent Bridges, raised stately Edifices, and forgot nothing which might re-establish those good Orders which the Licentiousness of the times had overthrown.

But what this King designed against us as soon as he was setled on the Throne, will appear at the same time so thee both dreadful and admirable. As soon as ever he had made a general Peace with his Enemies, he laid the Foundations of the most Heroick Design that ever Man invented, wherein he shewed himself not inferior to the first of the *Cæsars*, nor the Conqueror of *Asia*. He

He undertook to overthrow all the Monarchies of the World, to give a new Face to all the Affairs of it, and to destroy in a short time, the Empire of the *Ottomans*. But before he began such a great Enterprise, he was for paying all the Debts of the *Crown*, and his own in particular, which amounted all together, to near an Hundred Millions, and 'twas a prodigious thing to find so much Money without selling the Kingdom, or engaging the People; yet it is true that he got this Money, and paid those Debts with it.

He was for dividing *Christendom* into Fifteen great Dominations, five of which should obey Kings that were so by *Succession*, and Six to be subject to Kings that were *Elective*, and the Four remaining should be *Republicks*.

By this Division, he left the *Pope* the Countries belonging to the *Church*, and added thereunto the Kingdom of *Naples*, with the Homage of *Sicily*, and the greatest part of *Italy* modelled into a *Republick*, with Obligation to give the *Pope* every year a golden *Crucifix*, and Four Thousand *Sequins*. Only *Venice* was left in the Condition 'twas in, with its Laws and Customs. But there were allotted to this *Republick*, Kingdoms and Isles, which were to be taken from us in the *Archipelago*, with an Homage to the *Roman* Prelate, of an Embassy to kiss his Feet; and at the end of every Twenty Five Years, a small Statue of Gold, representing St. *Peter*, whom they term *God's Vicar on Earth*.

Flanders should make a *Republick* with the rest of the *Low-Countries*, which would be a loss for the *Spaniards*; and to this *Republick*, should be added some of the neighbouring *States*.

The *Franche County*, *Alsatia*, *Tirol* and *Trent* were added to the *Democratical* State of the *Swisses*, with the Homage every Fifteen Years, of an Hunting-Dog, with a golden Collar about his

his Neck fastned to a Chain of Gold, which this Republick should present to the Emperor of *Germany*.

The Emperor should be obliged to renounce the aggrandizing of his Family, and only dispose of vacant *Fiefs*, the Investiture of which he should not bestow on any of his Kindred; and there should be a Law inviolably observed in the Empire, That never two Princes of the same Race should enjoy successively the Imperial Crown.

The *Dutchy* of *Milan* should be added to the other Provinces belonging to the Duke of *Savoy*, together with the Title of *King of* Lombardy.

The Kingdom of *Hungary* should be inlarged with the Principalities of *Transylvania*, *Walachia*, and *Moldavia*: And the King who was to be *Elective*, should be chosen by the Suffrages of the *Pope*, the Emperor of *Germany*, the King of *France*, *England*, *Spain*, *Swedeland*, *Poland*, and *Denmark*; and, *Bohemia* should be submitted to the same Laws.

France, *England*, *Spain*, *Poland*, *Swedeland*, and *Denmark*, should not change their Form of Government; when for the general Affairs, these Kingdoms were to be subject to the Universal *Republick* of which the *Pope* was to be the *Head*.

Things thus established, *Henry* was to be the Umpire of all *Christendom*, to decide all Differences which might happen between the aforesaid Princes and States, with Fifteen Persons chosen from amongst the most Famous for Learning and Arms, which could be found among these Fifteen Dominations; and besides these, there was to be established a *Great Council*, consisting of Sixty other Persons, for all the Differences which might happen in all the *Kingdoms* and *Republicks*, between those who governed them; and this Great Assembly, should make their Residence in the Capital City, *Rome*.

Every State was to be obliged to furniſh a certain number of Troops, and Sum of Money to make War againſt the *Turks*: And, the Buſineſs of *Poland* and *Swedeland* ſhould be, to make War together againſt the *Muſcovites* and *Tartars*. There were afterwards Three *Generals* to be choſen by common Conſent for the conquering of *Aſia*, One for the Sea, and Two for the Land: And Three Hundred Thouſand Foot entertained, with One Hundred and Fifty Thouſand Horſe, and Four Hundred Pieces of Cannon; and the Naval Army was to conſiſt of an Hundred and Fifty Veſſels, and One Hundred Galleys; and a Fund was to be raiſed for this, of an Hundred Millions of Gold.

This Treaſure was to be put into the *Pope's* Hands; the Iſle of *Malta* was to be the Store-houſe of all things belonging to the Sea, the Port of *Meſſina* the Arſenal of the Galleys, and the City of *Metz* one of the Principal Magazines for the Land-Forces.

All the *Chriſtian* Princes, were to be obliged to leſſen their ordinary Expences, and to contribute to this great Deſign according to their Ability.

There were to have been ſeveral Spies in *Conſtantinople* in the Habit of *Greeks*, who were perfectly skilled in the *Eaſtern* Languages, to obſerve the Motions of our Empire: and beſides theſe, Forty reſolute Men, who were at a certain Time and Signal, to ſet Fire to the *Seraglio* and Arſenal, and ſeveral other Quarters of the Town.

There was found in this *Hero's* Cloſet after his Death, a *Memorial* written with his own Hand, wherein he had already mark'd Twelve Embaſſadors for ſeveral places in *Chriſtendom*, for the negotiating of ſo great an Affair; and, the *Pope*, *Republick* of *Venice*, and Duke of *Savoy*, had been already acquainted with it.

In the mean time, this King had an Army already

already of Forty Thousand Foot, with Eight Thousand Horse; and he was, under Pretence of visiting the Frontiers of *Flanders*, thence to begin the Execution of his Project, affirming, That as to his own Part, he had no other Pretension, but the Glory of delivering *Christianity* from the Tyranny of these *Barbarians*.

'Tis said, he applyed himself for Ten Years together, in searching the Means to make his Project take; he gave great Pensions to the *Cardinals* at *Rome*, and in *Germany* to several Officers; and, he had in *France*, besides the Troops I have already mentioned, Four Thousand Gentlemen, who were so devoted to him, that they were ready to mount on Horseback on the least Order from him.

He had already Fifteen Millions in the *Bastile*; and he that had the Superintendency of his Treasure, promised to add thereunto in less than three Years, Forty more Millions, without touching the ordinary Revenues.

I have no knowledge of the Manner how he would divide the Estates of the *Sultan*. But *Henry* was assassinated just as he was ready to leave *Paris*, to begin so great a Work, being killed in his Coach in the Arms of his most faithful Courtiers: And the fatal Stroke which carried him out of the World, delivered the Empire of the *true Believers*: This Empire whose Throne is so high, that it reaches up to the *First Heaven*, whence it scares the *Infidels*, and secures the good *Mussulmans* from the Insults of the *Christians*.

One of these old Men I mentioned, has assured me, he heard the King speak these following Words some Days before his Death: *I shall never get out of this Town*; *I know not what withholds me*; *I shall never accomplish what I design, never see the Destruction of* Constantinople; *for I am told*

ly Aſtrologers, I ſhall be kill'd in a Coach. I muſt then always go on Foot, and never ſtir out of Paris.

Such was the End of this Prince, ſo highly venerated by the *French*. He was really a Man of great Courage and great Penetration; and ſo much the greater, in that he regarded the Deſtruction of the *Ottoman* Empire, as one of the difficulteſt things in the World. And truly, no other Prince did that Honour to *Mahomet* nor his Succeſſors. But yet not finding his own Forces ſufficient to invade and deſtroy the *Turkiſh* Empire, he invented a Chymerical Project to find Poſſibility in a thing which ever appeared impoſſible.

In the very Moment I am Writing, I have received certain News of my Ruin. If I be not taken off this time at *Paris*, I ſhall be perhaps more fortunate than ever, and more ſucceſsfully and fully ſerve our great Emperor, whoſe Clemency is equal to his Grandeur, and who is above all the Powers on Earth. Cardinal *Richlieu* has ſent for me to come to him; I therefore finiſh this Letter in haſte, which perhaps will be the laſt I write, being greatly afraid I am diſcovered. If my Fear be vain, I ſhall learn thee in another Letter, the moſt remarkable Events of *Henry*'s Life. In the mean time I am reſolved and diſpoſed, to ſuffer the Martyrdom. If I dye, my dear *Egry*, we ſhall ſee one another in the *other World*; if it be true, That we ſhall have Eyes there, and remember what has paſt here below. Pray the great *God* for *Mahomet*, and take care of thy Health.

Paris, 25th *of the* 1ſt *Moon*,
of the Year 1639.

LETTER XV.

To the Invincible Vizir Azem, *at the Camp under* Babylon.

Cardinal *Richlieu* made me come in his Presence, and yet I am alive; he has not attempted any thing against either Life or Liberty; has has done me the same Honour, as to other foreign *Churchmen*; for he believes I am of *Moldavia* calling me *Titus*, not knowing any more of me, than what I told him. It seems on the contrary as if he intended me Kindnesses, supposing me a bitter Enemy to the *Turks*; and perhaps, I shall receive some Present from him: For, having served him already as an Interpreter, I shall tell thee, Invincible *Vizir*, what has past between him and me, without any fear of being tedious to thee. I serve thee faithfully, and write to thee as oft as my Duty requires.

As soon as I was in his Closet, he thus spoke to me; *Titus, What dost thou do in* Paris? *What Business hast thou in this Town? and what is really thy Country?* I answered him, *That I was a poor Clerk of* Moldavia, *and came to study Divinity and be a Priest; that I knew no better place to become Wise and Learned*, and that *I would willingly sacrifice all things to render him Service*, He afterwards ask'd me, *Whether I was acquainted with any of the* Eastern *Languages*; and, *Whether I had ever been at* Constantinople? *I have been*, replyed I, *in this great Town when I was a Child*, and *that my Father and Mother were then in Slavery. My Father is dead, and my Mother is married again to a* Christian Greek; *I understand* Arabick *and* Turkish; *and am perfectly skill'd in the School-*Greek. *What do*

You mean by School-Greek? replyed the *Cardinal*: *It is different from the Vulgar* Greek, answered I, *which is ſo corrupted, that learned People will not give themſelves the Trouble to underſtand it.* He afterwards bade me go into a little Cloſet, where I ſhould find one of his Secretaries, who would need my Help; where I had no ſooner entred, but the Secretary preſented me with a *Turkiſh* Manuſcript, to turn into *Latin* or *Italian*, if I could not do it into *French*. I immediately tranſlated it into *Latin*, and will now inform thee (wiſe Miniſter, and Governour of the Great Empire of the *true Faithful*) of the Contents of it.

The *Chriſtian Derviſes*, called in *France Cordeliers*, keep, as thou knoweſt, in *Jeruſalem*, the Sepulchre of their *Meſſias*, by a Priviledge which *Zelim* the Conqueror of *Paleſtine* granted them. Theſe *Religious*, have neither Peace nor Truce with the *Greek Chriſtians*, and they have ſuch Differences together, as are of ill Conſequence to all; they perſecute one another without ceaſing, and ſpread abroad moſt bitter *Satyrs* againſt each other. Each Party makes ill Reports to his *Superior* of that which is oppoſite, and mixes among ſome Truth, a great many Lyes and abſurd Stories. But it appears to me, That the *Greeks*, who naturally love Cabals, and have the Reputation of great Romancers, are more dexterous than their adverſe Party to do Miſchief.

The *Chriſtian Derviſes*, have repreſented a great many things to this Cardinal, to authorize their Pretenſions againſt the *Greeks* by means of the *French* Embaſſador. They not only reproach the *Greeks* with ſeveral Injuſtices and Violences, but accuſe the *Cadi*'s of Cruelty and Tyranny: and the Soldiers which guard *Jeruſalem*, of inſupportable Exactions. Thou ſhouldeſt be throughly informed, whether theſe Complaints be on juſt Grounds: For they

they affirm, their Patience is beyond the Cruelty of the Officers thou employeſt; yet, that they can no longer ſuffer the Inſolencies which are now put on them, and are on the point of hazarding all by a Stroak of Deſpair. It does not belong to me to be Advocate in the behalf of thoſe who are ſubmitted to thy Authority, and eſpecially of thoſe who ought to bear the Yoke of the *Mahometans*; but 'tis the Duty of *Mahomet*, thy Creature, to inform thee of the true Circumſtances of Affairs which come to his Knowledge. Yet, if the Oppreſſion of the *Derviſes* be ſo great as they make it, thou that art the true Light which enlightens the Empire of the *Faithful*, and ſcattereſt the Darkneſs of it, thou wilt not permit thoſe that live under the publick Faith to be oppreſt; and that four wretched *Greeks* ſhall be the Cauſe of ſuch Diſorders as may happen in *Paleſtine*, the Complaints of which have reached the Ears of the greateſt Princes in *Europe*, and to whom ſuch things may give falſe *Ideas* of the Government of thoſe who are choſen by *God* to command all the World. Invincible *Baſſa*, I have diſcovered the true Circumſtances of this Affair, in the *Turkiſh* Manuſcript which Cardinal *Richlieu*'s Secretary has put into my Hands. I have fully diſcovered the falſe Reaſonings of the *Armenians* and *Greeks*, who by common Conſent, have offered ſeveral things to the moſt Venerable *Mufti*, which I am ſure thou wilt not approve of; for they make moſt wretched Excuſes, to colour over their Perfidiouſneſs. They ſay the *Romaniſts* ought to be ill uſed, on purpoſe to get rid of them from *Paleſtine*, being like the *Jews*, bitter Enemies in their Hearts to the Welfare of the *Empire*: That the time of the Priviledges granted by *Zelim* and his Succeſſors is expired, and that moreover, 'tis a great Imprudence to ſuffer Pilgrims to come over from diſtant Countries, who

under Pretence of visiting the *Holy Sepulcher*, and other Places, which Superstition has consecrated in *Palestine*, come to espy the Actions of the *Turks*, examine the Form of their Government, visit their Places, and measure the Roads and Ports which they possess on the Seas, which may prove of dismal consequence to the Honour and Interest of the *Ottoman* Empire. I cannot inform thee how this *Memoir* came into *Richlieu*'s Hands, but it was either sold or intercepted at *Constantinople*, where it was addressed. However I must not forget to tell thee one Remark which this Minister made, whence thou may'st guess, whether he reasoned like a wise and prudent Man: *Were I*, says he, *the* Sultan's *chief Minister, I should have added Priviledge to Priviledge, to the* Monks Cordeliers, *not only because Justice requires it, but by reason of the Advantage which might redound thereby to the* Turks. *I would make the Ways to* Jerusalem *easie to all People; I would lessen the Tribute; the Pilgrims should be well used; the* Christians *in general as well as the* Cordeliers; *and I would severely punish the Officers and Soldiers who guard* Palestine, *and the Sacred* Places, *if they did otherwise.* And then turning himself towards me, *Does it not appear to thee*, says he, *that the best way to enlarge a Kingdom, is, to procure it an Advantage which encreases the Number of its Subjects? 'Tis not enough that the Prince shews the Ornaments of his Principality, he must shew also the Prince, otherwise he will be like the* Philosopher *who was brought into* Herod's *Presence*; *I do not see*, says the King, *any thing else but the Beard and Cloak of a* Philosopher. *If the* Turks *do as the* Scythians, *when they made themselves Masters of* Athens, *they will do better; for they would not burn the Books which were gathered together in this Famous Town; alledging, that those who applyed themselves to Study, were not wont to do any great hurt. If the* Christi-

ans

ans meditate on Death, in visiting and honouring the Sepulchers; the Mussulmans should consider, that if they make War against them, they have only to do with Contrite and penitent Persons, who will therefore be the more easily defeated.

And this is a Faithful and Exact Account of the Conversation I had with this Chief Minister of State. Suffer now that I add, as a Note of the Justice of the *Christians* Pretensions, what some Particulars of this Kingdom have given me to understand, touching the Justice and Antiquity of the Priviledges of the *Religious Christians* at *Jerusalem*. They make appear, that for above Three Hundred Years, these Places do belong to the *Roman Catholicks*; That, *Robert* d' *Angou* bought them of the *Soldan* of *Ægypt*, and made thereof a Present to the *Roman Church*, and put them in Possession, not only of the *Holy Sepulcher*, but of *Calvary*, of *Bethlehem*, and their Dependencies; which Settlements lasted till *Zelim*; who therein confirmed the *Religious Christians*, with an Augmentation of Priviledges, as soon as ever he had conquered *Ægypt* and *Palestine*.

Francis I. King of *France*, having made an Alliance with *Solyman* II. he inserted in his *Treaty* an Article, which confirmed the aforesaid Priviledges, which were since solemnly renewed, till *Amurath*'s Time, who is now on the Throne of the *Mussulmans* (an happy Emperor, and Master of the Universe, for whose sake alone the Sun enlightens the Earth) and confirms what his Predecessors had done in favour of the *Christian Roman Dervises*, whom he has maintained, without any regard to the vain Pretensions to the *Greeks* and *Armenians*, in their lawful Possessions of *Calvary*, the *Grotto of Bethlehem*, and the Two little Mountains thereunto belonging, and granted to them the keeping of the *Stone* on which their *Saviour Christ* was embalmed, as

well as that of the Two ſmall *Domes* covered with Lead, under which is the *Holy Sepulcher*.

Thy humble Slave *Mahmut*, has an unpleaſant Task impoſed on him by this *French* Miniſter. He deſired me to give him ſome *Memoir* in general of what I know, and bade me not wonder at his Curioſity; it being his Maxim, to make Friendſhip with all Strangers of Merit, whereby he has learnt ſeveral Important Matters, and diſcovered Secrets of great Importance; and that it lay in my Power, to oblige him greatly in giving him an exact Account of the Forces of the *Ottoman* Empire, and where they lay moſt open to be attack'd. I anſwer'd him very modeſtly, That my Buſineſs being only to ſay my *Breviary*, he could not expect any great Capacity from me in theſe Matters. He ſmilingly bade me try what I could do in that Matter; yet however, he would not lay any thing upon me which might make me uneaſie; adding, That tho' he were a Cardinal and a Prieſt, yet he knew ſomething more than Divinity, and that ſeveral *Roman* Prelates had made War with great Succeſs from St. *Peter*'s Chair. In fine, I could not but promiſe to gratifie him; and thou ſhalt know in due time, how I diſcharged my ſelf; for, I ſhall rather part with my Life, than act contrary to my Allegiance. However, I muſt avoid giving him cauſe to ſuſpect me, and acquaint thee alone with the Conferences I have had with him.

The *Holy Prophet* multiply thy *Line*, that the Empire may not want *Miniſters* of thy Lineage; and the *Great God* ſo aſſiſt thy Valour, that thou may'ſt ſee the Empire of *Amurath* without Bounds.

Paris, 25th *of the* 2d *Moon*,
of the Year 1639.

LET-

LETTER XVI.

To the ſame.

THE Winter is ſo far advanced, that the King's Armies lie quiet. It's no Fable, That the *Dauphin* was born with ſome Teeth, and that no Nurſe dare preſent him the Tear, for fear of being bit with them. 'Tis ſaid alſo that there being no Woman to be found about the Court which can endure the ſuckling of him, there is a certain Peaſant, a very healthful and hardy Woman, that has undertaken that Employment.

Here are four Poſts arrived at the ſame time; one comes from *Rome*, the reſt from the Armies; but what News they bring is not yet known: 'Tis thought that he which comes from *Germany*, brings News of *Alſatia* and *Briſac*. The King of *France* is very well; here are great Preparations at Court for the *Carnival*, in which time the *Chriſtians* play a Thouſand mad Pranks.

'Tis commonly ſaid the Queen is with Child again. Here are alſo many Reports of the *Grand Signior*'s Expedition, both in Prints and News-Letters; and ſeveral Prognoſticks are made on his Enterprize on *Babylon*.

I ſhall inform thee by the firſt Opportunity, what is ſaid here further of our Ever Victorious Emperor, and of thee alſo, who art his Chief Miniſter, and the Right Arm of his Empire: And at the ſame time tell thee what News come from the *Northern* Parts, of which I ſuppoſe the *Kaimakam* has given thee ſome Notice, as well as of the moſt conſiderable Events of the War of *Alſatia*. The *Immortal Being* award thee the taking of *Babylon* and all *Perſia*, as a Reward of thy Fidelity and Valour,

lour, and Pains thou haſt taken in ſerving faithfully thy Maſter; and give thee the Good Fortune, of leading triumphantly in Chains the Sovereign of this Empire, that he may be humbled to the kiſſing of the Stirrup of the Invincible *Amurath*'s Horſe.

Paris, 16th *of the* 2d *Moon,*
of the Year 1639.

LETTER XVII.

To Bekir Baſſa, *Chief Treaſurer to the* Grand Signior.

Eliachim the *Jew*, whom thou thoughteſt ſo wiſe and vertuous a Man, concealed his Qualities at *Conſtantinople*, to diſcover 'em more advantagiouſly at *Paris*. It was not his fault, that my Affairs were not intirely ruined. The Villain gave Marks of his Treachery, in the very Moment he ſaw me receive the Money from *Carcoa* of *Vienna*, upon thy Order. I wrote to thee, I thought this man would be faithful in inſtructing me in the Things which were neceſſary for me to know, and that I would be upon my Guard in thoſe Things wherein he might do me miſchief. Thou maiſt eaſily imagine, how I am vexed at preſent; for I can neither accuſe him, nor draw from him a juſt Revenge. He made me believe, That a Lawyer's Son at *Paris*, a young Man of great Hopes, having received ſome Diſpleaſure from his Relations, was reſolved to be Circumciſed, and embrace the *Mahometan* Religion; and that he would not loſe ſo happy an Occaſion of doing me Service; and therefore had contrived to hide this young Man, in a cloſe

cloſe Cellar, underneath the Houſe where I lodge, without diſcovering to him the place where he ſhould be. He added, he had promiſed him Money, and to procure him a conſiderable Employ in *Conſtantinople*; and that he had, in fine, fill'd him with all the Hopes which are wont to be given to thoſe that through Fickleneſs, or Temporal Advantages, forſake the Religion of their Fathers, to profeſs another. He alſo aſſured me, I ſhould have no trouble by this Buſineſs, having taken all neceſſary care, to tranſport his Convert immediately to *Tunis* or *Algeirs*, and from thence to *Conſtantinople*. I yielded to the Reaſons he alledged, and this young Man was brought in the Night to the Houſe where I lay, and hid without my ſeeing him. But, the next Day was not opened, without a ſtrange *Scene* in the Houſe. I was aſtoniſhed to ſee a Woman in a great Rage ſtand before me, demanding Satisfaction for violating her Daughter and taking away her Life; charging me with having forcibly carried her away, and then murthered her; and ſhe made me all theſe Reproaches, in the Company of a great many Officers of Juſtice.

Think then the Confuſion I was in; the more I denied the Crime, the more fiercely they charged it on me. I was threatned with Death, if I did not confeſs it, and give the Satisfaction required of me; and at the ſame time, this ſly *Jezabel* gave a Sign to one of the Rogues her Companions, to go down to ſuch a Place, and bring up her Daughter, who was found alive, in Man's Cloaths, and melted into Tears. It ſignified nothing, to alledge Reaſons, to prove my Innocency; ſo that I was forced at laſt to throw out to theſe hungry Wretches, all the Money I had; and they withdrew not, till they had abuſed and reviled me, in a moſt bitter manner. They got from me about an Hundred and Eighty Four Sequins of Gold, and

and about an hundred Piaſters of Silver. *Eliachim* has the Confidence to affirm, he knew nothing of the Cheat; and thinks to juſtifie himſelf in ſaying, That if he who is a *Jew* was deceived by this young Man, who pretended to become a *Turk*, there were a Thouſand *French* People who had been cheated in like manner. I ſhall not here mention what I alledged to him to make him own his Perfidiouſneſs, this being fruitleſs. On the other hand, reflecting on the Employ I had, and my preſent Circumſtances; it appeared to me neceſſary, to diſſemble this truth, and to wait for ſome favourable Occaſion, to ſend this Villain out of *Paris*, and to lay ſome Snare for him at *Conſtantinople*. I give thee notice of this Event, for Two Reaſons; that I may have more Money, and provide for my Safety; believing my ſelf in great danger, as long as I live where ſuch a Fellow comes. I ſhall not mention the Intereſts of *Mahmut*'s Life; for I ſhall ever think it well ſpent, ſhould it be loſt in the *Sultan*'s Service, who is the only prop of the Univerſe.

Thou wilt not want Opportunities, wherein thou maiſt draw out of *Eliachim*'s Purſe the Money he has robbed me of; neither wilt thou want Means, to remove from me ſo dangerous a Companion. Thou ſhould'ſt know, what the *Chriſtians*, who are always irreconcilable Enemies to the *Jews*, ſay of them. They affirm, That theſe infamous Wretches, are the Slaves of all Nations, excepting *Turkey*; and eſpecially in *Conſtantinople*, where they are Maſters, they are at the ſame time, careſſed and curſt in the midſt of Abundance, they appear always miſerable; and yet they lay Hands on all others Properties. They add, that they be Vagabonds like *Ulyſſes*, yet in whatever Place they are, they find a Country like *Homer*; That they are all Perfidious, and in Publick, affect to appear Religious,

Religious; but live in grievous Diſorder and Luxury in their own Houſes, ſticking at no ſort of Crimes; bragging, That tho' it be not permitted them to purchaſe Lands, yet they have found means to get into their Hands, a great part of the Gold in *Europe*. The *Chriſtians* alſo ſay, their Number muſt needs be great, ſeeing they never go to War; and there are none amongſt them that do not Marry. They are, ſay they, ever Cowards and Paltroons, where there's any Danger or Pains, but bold, when they foreſee any certain Gain in the Markets they make. They never ſpeak the Truth, but when 'tis to deceive; they are ever Lyars, and there's no Impiety or Sacrilege at which they will ſcruple; and theſe ſame *Chriſtians* affirm, they will commit one time or other, ſome horrid Crime in our great *Imperial* City; being the *Turks* concealed Enemies, tho' they put great Confidence in them: And that we are willing to be deceived by them. I have written to *Carcca*, to ſend me ſpeedily ſome Aſſiſtance; and I have been forced to borrow Money of this ſame *Eliachim*, that Traitor who has brought me into the Condition I am in. He could not deny me, though he pleads (like a Rogue as he is) extream Poverty.

This Trick which has been put upon me, will oblige me henceforward to keep a *Vallet*, but I will take one ſo little, that no Man ſhall reproach me with chooſing *much* of an *ill* Thing. Abandon not the poor *Mahmut*, who prays *God* that he would give thee all ſorts of Proſperities, and make thee live in perfect Health! and wiſhes, that all the Monarchs of the *Infidel* Nations, may become Slaves to the *Sultan*, who ſhall be ever Invincible! and that their Riches may increaſe the Treaſure thou guardeſt.

Paris, 15th. *of the* 2d. *Moon*,
of the Year 1639.

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LETTER XVIII.

To Carcoa *at* Vienna.

I Have received the Money thou didſt ſend me, and immediately loſt it; yet without my Fault. *Bekir* the Treaſurer, has been informed by my Letters, of the loſs I ſuſtained, and of another Affair which is not neceſſary for thee to know: I alſo writ to him, I expected a ſpeedy Supply from thee; for I ſhould demand it of thee. The *Grand Signior*'s Intereſt requires, that thou doſt not oblige me to give thee any other Reaſon, and that thou deferreſt not to ſend me, as ſoon as may be, a ſufficient Sum of Money. I can only inform thee, that in the Attempt which was made on me, I loſt only what I can recover. My Life is in Safety, and by a Miracle my Affairs are in the ſame Condition; for, no Body has, as yet, diſcovered who I am. If thou writeſt any thing to *Eliachim* the *Jew*, be ſure be careful, and do not truſt him more than need.

Send without loſs of Time to the *Port* the Packet I addreſs'd to thee, and let me not languiſh in *Paris* in the Expectation of Money. 'Tis true, Gold is a rare Commodity, becauſe every Body deſires it. In this great Town of *Paris*, *one may ſooner find an hundred Saints, than one Liberal Perſon.* The *French* ſay, it belongs only to Sots to be free of their Money; that a Man ſhould ſuccour his Friend with good Counſel, and there's no need of any thing elſe. Learn, *Carcoa*, to have no need of other Peoples Help, and have a care of being too free. Men that are accuſtomed to receive good Turns, are generally wont to reckon them as Debts.

The

The Vanity of that *Philoſopher*, who died with Miſery, is a great Example of Mens Inſolency. When *Pericles* would give him ſome Succour to prolong his Life, he had the Audaciouſneſs to ſay to him, *Thou carrieſt Oyl, O* Pericles, *becauſe thou haſt need of a Lamp.*

The Sovereign Moderator of all things, keep thee from falling into Neceſſity: This is the beſt Wiſh the poor *Mahmut* can make for thee, in the low Eſtate he finds himſelf.

Paris, 15th *of the* 1ſt *Moon,*
of the Year 1639.

LETTER XIX.

To Dgnet Oglou.

Birkabeb's Father was a Rich Man in *Arabia*, and his Vertue was equal to his Riches. He had Nineteen Children, who all died of the ſame Diſtemper, when they arrived to ſome Years. Never Family was more united and regular. *Birkabeb* was naturally of a quiet, ſoft Temper, but ſo holy a Man, and at laſt died ſo poor, that a Thief coming into his Chamber one Night to ſteal, and finding nothing, he called him to him, whilſt he was going away, and gave him his Bed, as not being willing he ſhould depart empty handed, and loſe his Labour. Being forced after this to lie on the Floor, he received Aſſiſtance from Heaven by the Hands of his Wife; and ſcarce were Twenty *Moons* paſt ſince this Adventure, but there happened another more ſtrange than the former; for he became on a ſuddain very Rich, *and at the*

ſame

ſame inſtant ceaſed to be Wife. He had a Wife of as haughty a Diſpoſition, and noiſy Humour, as his was quiet and humble. This Woman kept the Flocks, and with a florid Youthfulneſs, was endued with great Beauty; and 'tis not known by what Accident, a Prince of the Race of the *Sophy of Perſia*, who fled from his Sovereign's Diſpleaſure, met with her. 'Tis certain, that having recommended himſelf to her, and intreated her to ſave his Life, and not diſcover him, ſhe led him into a very thick Wood, which was never frequented; where the Prince lived for Fourteen Years concealed. But, growing at length tired with this ſort of Life, he perſwaded this Woman to go to *Iſpahan* diſguiſed in Man's Apparel, and find *Arſamus*, who had been his Governor, and was a faithful and wiſe Man; who would give her Money and Jewels, and a Water, which would ſo diſguiſe his Countenance, that his neareſt Friends could not know him; by which means he might hold on his way to *Rhodes*, as he had determined. This Woman ſoon arrived at *Iſpahan*, with the Prince's Tokens; which were ſome ſtrange Characters, and a Ring, which he uſually wore; which *Arſamus* knowing, he intruſted her with a conſiderable Sum, and ſeveral Diamonds, together with a little Golden Pot, wherein was this Water before-mentioned. This Meſſenger returning in leſs than Forty Days Time, found the Prince dead in the *Grotto*, where he withdrew, with a Paper in his Hand, wherein he intreated the firſt, which Chance ſhould bring thither, to bury his Body at the foot of a fair Oak near by; and alſo intreated the Party which had his Ring, to carry it to the *Sophy*, and beg Pardon for the Offence he had given him. *Birkabeh's* Wife then diſcovered to him all that had happened; led him into the Wood; ſhewed him the dead Prince, the Letter, the Ring, and the precious

Stones

Stones; and only reſerved to her ſelf the Secret of the Water, which ſhe would not intruſt him with. Having after this reſolved to go to the *Sophy*, they went together, by whom they were well received, and laden with Riches. *Birkabeb* took up his Abode at *Iſpahan*, tarrying there Four Years, and there led a voluptuous and diſhoneſt Life. Whilſt his Wife leaving him, ran away with a Young *Perſian*, and made ſeveral different Voyages into *Aſia*, under ſeveral Figures, and by means of the Water which ſhe had received of *Arſamus*, ſhe deceived her Husband, and as many Lovers as ſhe pleaſed.

The unhappy *Birkabeb* being by his Wife's Lewdneſs become again Poor, reſolved at laſt to return into his own Country, where he died in his Houſe full of Years, and in ſuch Repute for Holineſs, that the common Report is, he wrought divers Miracles. He left Four Sons, of which I knew only *Ababar*, who is he thou mentioneſt in thy Letter. And this is all I can tell thee of *Birkabeb*, of his Son, and Grandſon *Ababar*, whom I look upon as a very honeſt Man, and in whom I believe thou maiſt put Confidence; yet, with this Reflection, That he which is honeſt now, may ceaſe to be ſo. Salute this Perſon from me, and continue to love me. Anſwer my firſt Letter, if thou haſt not done it; and this laſt alſo, if it be not too troubleſome to thee. Farewel.

Paris, 15th. *of the* 2d. *Moon, of the Year* 1639.

LETTER

LETTER XX.

To Egri Boynou, *the White* Eunuch.

I Am ſtill alive, and in Health; my Fear has proved vain, and I have eſcaped the *Cardinal*'s Hands without any Danger; which will make me hope the ſame good Fortune, ſhould he ever ſend for me again. But thou ſhalt not know his Buſineſs with me, that being a Secret I am obliged to conceal.

Thou haſt, I hope, received the long Letter I wrote thee, containing ſeveral Particulars of *Henry* IV's Life. I ſend thee now ſeveral of his Sayings, which may be termed Sentences. Read them with Attention, they are as pleaſant as profitable for *Muſtapha*'s Uſe; who will find this great King, to have had an Invincible Courage in Adverſity, and great Clemency and Generoſity, when he was in his Proſperity; he was Valour it ſelf amongſt the Soldiers, Wiſe and Pleaſant amongſt his Courtiers, Terrible in Battels, Eaſie and Free amongſt the Ladies, full of Heat when any Action offered it ſelf, and Courteous and Affable to all ſorts of People.

Henry dyed in the ſame Manner as moſt of our *Sultans*, that is to ſay, a Violent Death. He had lived Fifty Seven Years and ſome Months, and reigned about Twenty Years. Several of his Courtiers named him, like the Firſt *Cæſar*, *All Women's Husband*; becauſe 'twas believed, he never ſaw any that he fancied, but he obtained her. He had Fourteen Children, Six by the Queen, and the others by Four of his Miſtreſſes. She who was called the *Beautiful Gabrielle*, of the Family of *Eſtree* ſeemed to have more Power on his Heart

than

than all others; he often carried her about with him in his Army, and to the Places he beſieged in Perſon. *Henry* was wont to ſay, 'Twas as difficult to know how to Love well, to prepare a Feaſt, and to dance at the ſame time agreeably, as to draw up an Army for Battel, conſiſting of ſeveral Nations.

And when he was more advanced in Years, he ſaid he loved Dancing, for it made him appear Young. He loved Play, for it ſhewed he could be angry; and Ladies, becauſe he ſaid he believed a Man ought to love all the Days of his Life.

He was ſo impatient at Play when he loſt, that he ſeemed to be as much concerned at the Loſs of an Hundred Crowns, as at the taking of a City from him.

He often diſguiſed himſelf like a Peaſant, to approach his Miſtreſſes, without being known; and he has often carried on this Humour to that Degree, as to drive Aſſes laden with Fruit, and ſometimes carry a Truſs of Hay on his Shoulders.

When he was peaceably ſettled in his Kingdom, he ſaid to thoſe who were his greateſt Intimates, That he that grew weary at Difficulties, did not deſerve thoſe things which might be acquired without Trouble. I ſaw my ſelf a King, ſaid he, without having a Kingdom, an Husband without a Wife, a Captain without Soldiers, and Liberal without having any thing to give. I have had in fine, a Kingdom, Children in lawful Marriage, my Troops are numerous, and I can diſpoſe of ſeveral Millions.

This Prince has been wounded ſeveral times, has received Three Wounds in the Wars, and Three others on his Throne, in the Calms of Peace. The Actions which have gained him moſt Glory, have been the winning of Four Battels whence he came out Conqueror, having very few Troops,

Troops, and his Enemy having very numerous Armies; the general Peace he gave to *Europe*; the Reconciliation of the *Venetians* with the *Latin* Church, which had Excommunicated them; and the great Project I ſpake to thee about in my fore-going Letter.

The *Pope*'s *Nuncio* having one Day asked him how long he had made War, his Anſwer was, All the Days of his Life; and my Armies have never had any other *General* but my ſelf. He was ſeen once for Forty Hours together on Horſeback, and he led at that time an unhappy Life, yet he bore up with Invincible Courage, which made his Soldiers call him the *King of Iron*. At the ſame time he held a Morſel of coarſe Bread in one Hand, he would with the other form on the Ground the Deſign of an Entrenchment; and when he would ſhew his Friends the fineſt Gallery of his Palace, he would at the ſame time, lead them down into his Stables to ſee his Horſes. He was wont to ſay, That *a King who would reign happily, muſt not do all things which he may*. He had ſuch a Greatneſs of Mind, and was ſo merciful, that he pardoned thoſe who conſpired againſt his Life. He ſhewed oft to thoſe that were about him, a Soldier that was a Stranger, and had wounded him in a Battel; whom he recompenced for doing his Duty, and made him one of his Guards.

Though he was not Learned, yet he read Books of his Religion, and took a ſingular Pleaſure in Hiſtory, and converſing with learned Men. Hearing one Night the *Annals* of *France*, and being almoſt half aſleep in his Bed; he bade his Reader continue his reading, for he would ſleep no more that Night.

Having laid Siege to a moſt important Place, in a moſt cold Seaſon, he ſlipt one Night, wrapt up in his Cloak to the Places where the Labourers were at

at work, and heard a Soldier there curſing both *God* and himſelf; yet without concerning himſelf any further, he whiſper'd in this Soldier's Ear, *God hears thee, and the King too, for all thou knoweſt; if thou canſt not Work, hold thy Peace and be gone.* The Night following, the King ſetting to work himſelf, to excite others; he cauſed this Soldier to be called to him, and thus ſpake to him, *Help me to remove this Earth, and do not ſwear, for now the King hears thee.*

To correct the Vices, the Injuſtices and Violences of others, he did not uſe Leſſons, but gave Examples. And one day, that he heard one of his Captains in a Rage, for that his Creditors had ſeized on all he had, to his Horſe and Sword; he thus ſpake to him: *I that am thy Sovereign have paid my Debts, and ſold all that I am worth for that End; and thou that art my Subject, ought to do the ſame thing, without murmuring:* And then taking him apart, he gave him ſome Jewels to help him out.

He often ſhewed the *Marſhal de Biron* to his Friends, and thus ſpake to them about this Captain; *This Man knows to Act, as well as Talk; and I have a great Love for him.* Yet he ſometime after cauſed him to be put to Death, having Three times pardoned his Diſloyalty: This Captain having continued his Plots againſt his Life, and againſt the State; yet remembring he had loved him, he would ſpare one part of the ſhame of his Puniſhment, and therefore ordered he ſhould be executed in Priſon.

A Scholar, Two *Monks*, and a Fool, attempted ſeveral Times to Kill him, and, as I have already told thee, he was ſeveral Times wounded, and at laſt received a Mortal Stroak. A Woman that had undertaken to Poiſon him, was burnt alive; and this fooliſh Creature ſaid at her Death, thinking

thinking to leſſen her Crime, *That having foreſeen the King was to have been Stabb'd to Death by the Hand of a Ruffian, ſhe would therefore procure him a more eaſie and honourable Death.*

Henry extreamly loved Hunting, and one Day being in purſuit of a Stag, and far diſtant from his Company, a great *Spectrum* appeared to him with a black and terrible Countenance, with all the Equipage of a Hunter, having a Leaſh of Dogs, and ſaid theſe Words to him in a diſmal Tone; *Expect me, and hear me, repent and amend thy Life; doſt thou underſtand me?* Thou maiſt eaſily believe, this *Viſion* did not a little diſturb him. Yet he was more troubled, at what a Peaſant one day told him, who ſpake to him with great Freedom; and his Diſcourſe gave him that Diſturbance, which he could never get rid of. This Man talk'd to the Prince often with great Familiarity, when he found him in the Field; and one day held this Diſcourſe to him: *We are here Two Men; thou art a Great King, and I a poor Peaſant; yet I am perhaps a better Man, becauſe I am more innocent; I have ſaid all the Good I can of thy Perſon to my Friends, being ſenſible of thy Juſtice, thy Bounty and Liberality. But all theſe Vertues are horribly ſoiled by a grievous Vice, which God will never forgive thee, unleſs thou leaveſt it off; thou committeſt, Great Prince, continual Adulteries.*

'Tis certain this Prince acknowledged to ſome of his Confidents, That he had that day heard a particular a Preacher, who without any skill in *Theology* and *Rhetorick*, had more moved him, than all the Doctors of the *Sorbonne* put together could do. This *Sorbonne* is a *College* at *Paris*, famous for *Learned Divines.*

This Prince put a pleaſant Trick on his *Confeſſor*, who often urged him to forſake his Miſtreſs, and content himſelf with the Embraces of his Wife:

Wife: He order'd a Cook, who was wont to dreſs this *Doctor's* Victuals, to give him nothing every Meal but Partridges; which ſo greatly tired him, that he could not forbear complaining to the King himſelf, that this Cook was ſo whimſical and humourſome, that he would let him have nothing but Partridges; ſo that he grew ſo weary with that kind of Food, as made him Sick at the Thoughts of it; the Prince only anſwered him; *Always the Queen, always Partridges.*

He loved Learned Men, and was a great Patron of them; yet he ſaid, That Neceſſity obliged him to follow Arms; but had he been left to his own Inclination, he ſhould have choſen to have been a Scholar.

He had no great Eſteem for *Phyſicians*, as believing theſe kind of People wiſh ill to Men; being of *Tiberius's* Mind, who thought that a Man of Thirty Years of Age, needed them not.

But on the contrary, he moſt eſteemed *Hiſtorians*, and gave Penſions to ſeveral of them in *Germany*, *Italy*, and other Places; ſaying oft, That if any one could find the Books of *Titus Livy*, which are wanting; and thoſe of *Tacitus*, that he would willingly beſtow on him the ſame Gift of Three Cities, which *Xerxes* made to a *Greek* Captain, the One for Bread, the Second for Wine, and the Third for Cloathing. And therefore there are above Fifty Authors who have written his Hiſtory. He envied *Auguſtus*, by reaſon of the Happineſs of having ſo many Learned Men in his Reign; and, that he more eſteemed *Mecænas*, living a peaceable Citizen at *Rome*, than *Alexander*, triumphing over all *Aſia*; and, That *Mecænas's* patronizing and recompenſing Illuſtrious Men that excelled in *Rome* in all Arts,

had rendred his Name Immortal, together with that of his Sovereign.

He bewailed the great Pains he had taken, to obtain the Command of others, and for his having learn'd nothing himself; affirming, It had been better for him to have learn'd to command himself. He was also wont to say, That a Wise Prince ought never to refuse a Peace, unless it be found more prejudicial than War.

Being one Day conversing with the *Spanish* Ambassador, he began to walk very fast; and perceiving the Astonishment of this Minister; *You see*, says he, *that I can still mount on Horseback, and march on Foot too, if it be necessary, and that the Gout has not deprived me of the use of my Legs.* His Valour was so admirable, that a Grandee of *Spain*, being at a Ceremony, wherein the Sword of this Prince was carried naked before him, he stopt openly him that carried it, and kiss'd it, saying, He did this Honour to the Sword of the First and Chiefest Captain of the World.

A *Chymist*, one Day, presented him with a Receipt to change Lead into Gold; to whom he answered, in making a great empty Coffer to be brought to him; *When thou hast filled the Coffer with the Metal thou talkest of, come to me, and I will give thee as much Lead as thou will have.*

Being at *Fountain-Bleau*, a Place famous since several Ages, and shewing all the Buildings there to a Foreign Prince, who told him, when he had shewed him the Chappel, *That he had lodged God in too narrow a compass:* He answered, *That God was better lodged in the Heart, than in great Edifices of Stone.*

When he drew the Designs against the *Ottoman*, which I mentioned in my other Letters,

he did an Action of Generosity very beneficial to the *Moors*, who were driven out of *Spain*; permitting above Fifty Thousand Men, who had past the *Pirenees*, to embark themselves in the Ports of *Provence*, and *Languedoc*, to retire into *Africk*. I cannot call to Mind that Time, without bewailing the Loss of a Million of Persons, who perished by divers Accidents and Miseries.

After a Battel, wherein *Henry* ran a great Hazard; he said, *He had often fought for Victory, but at this Time he fought for his Life.*

He had used more Boots than Shooes, and he vaunted he had been less Time in Bed, than the Duke of *Magenne* had been at Table; this latter commanding then the Army of the *League*.

This King desired to be thought a real Father to his Subjects; he therefore applyed himself in searching the Means of redressing the infamous Abuses of the Bar; but he advanced not much in the Business, whatever Care he used; it being impossible for him to bridle the Covetousness of the *Lawyers*, and to hinder the Length of Suits, or correct the Injustice of *Judges*, to leave nothing to be done by his Successors. He seemed to be much troubled many times, when he spake of these kind of Things, in that there were in *Paris* more Courts and Lawyers, than in all the vast Empire of the *Turks*; his Design being, after the Example of the *Mussulmans*, to make all Suits, which were everlasting, by the Knavery of the *Lawyers*, to be decided in Three Days. And he therefore designed also to burn the Books of all those, who had written infinite Commentaries on this Subject; which served only to ruin the People, and caused oftentimes amongst Relations, Friends, and Neighbours, such Broils, as may be said to do more Mischief

than a Civil War. He affirmed, That in imitating herein the *Turks*, he ſhould uſe his Subjects as his real Children, and hinder them from devouring one another; That he would cauſe ſharp Nails and Raſors to be faſtned to the Seats where the Judges ſate, that thoſe who ſuffered themſelves to be corrupted, might ſit thereon, and indeed, in this particular, I cannot but wonder at the *Chriſtians* Blindneſs.

We ſee oftentimes decided in one only Campaign, the Differences of Two great States; but a Suit in Law for Twenty Sequins ſhall often laſt a Mans whole Life, and perhaps be entailed on his Heirs.

But hear a remarkable Example of the Sincerity of this Sovereign. There were who would have perſwaded him to have apprehended the Duke of *Savoy*, who came to *Paris* to terminate ſome Differences he had with him. He anſwered, thoſe that adviſed him with this, *That* Francis I. *one of his Predeceſſors had learnt him, A Prince was more obliged to do what he had promiſed, than to obtain what he deſired; that 'twas in his power to have apprehended a Prince far more conſiderable, but would not do it, ſuffering the Emperor* Charles V. *to paſs out of his Kingdom, who had come thither on his Word; after this,* added he, *ſhall* Henry *give ſuch an Example to Princes? If the Duke of* Savoy *has often broke his Word with me, it does not therefore follow I muſt imitate him; Crimes can never be authoriſed by Examples.* The ſame Duke of *Savoy* having asked him, *What Revenue he drew from his Kingdom?* He anſwered him in theſe Terms, *I draw as much as I will, becauſe I make my ſelf beloved; whence it is, that my Subjects count all as Eſtates are common.*

He anſwered very pleaſantly, to a Prince's Ex-

voy, who came with a Complement of Condoleance for the Death of his Son, who had been dead near a Year; *That he was no longer grieved at that Loſs, ſeeing* God *hath given him Two more ſince.*

A Captain of great Reputation having ſaid, *That the Kings Liberalities, tho' ſeveral Times reiterated, could not oblige him to love him*; *Henry* ſent him Word, *He would heap ſo many Favours on him, that he would force him at laſt.*

He often uſed this Proverb, *That more Flies are taken with a drop of Honey, than a Tun of Vinegar.*

A *Monk* entertaining him one Day about Military Affairs; *Open your* Breviary, *Father*, ſaid he, *and ſhew me where you learn'd theſe fine Leſſons.*

One Day a Taylor preſenting him with a Book of *Politicks*, he ſaid to the *Chancellor*, who was there preſent: Monſieur Chancellor, *cut me out a Suit of Cloaths, here's a Taylor who underſtands your Trade, and tells me how I ſhall govern my Kingdom.*

One Day when the *Pope's Nuncio* was at a great Feaſt, where there were between Twenty and Thirty Ladies of great Beauty, he told this Prelate, *He had been in ſeveral Battels; but never found himſelf in ſo great danger before.*

Nothing ſeems more agreeable than the Anſwer he made to the *Provoſt* of the Merchants of *Paris*, who was urgent with him to conſent to an Impoſt, which was to be laid on the Fountains of the Town, to furniſh the Expences of Forty Deputies of the *Switzers*, who came into *France* to renew their ancient Alliance with this Kingdom; and his Anſwer was, That this Magiſtrate ſhould find ſome other Expedient, than to change Water into Wine; which was a Miracle that never any Body wrought but *Jeſus Chriſt*, who is, as thou knoweſt, the *Chriſtian's Saviour*; and for thy further Inſtruction, 'tis neceſſary for thee to know,

The *Switzers* love Wine above all things in the World, and that not without Reason.

This Prince went to the Wars at the Age of Fifteen, and at Seventeen killed an Enemy, and in the Year following, he saved the Life of one of his Captains, and had his Horse killed under him. He was in Five Battels, and in more than an Hundred Combats, and at the Siege of above Two Hundred Places. He sustained Seven different Wars, in which his Enemies acknowledged, That he had Fifty Five Armies upon him at several Times, and in different Places; and always obtained some considerable Advantage.

Those that have given him the Term of *Great*, have given him his true Name. He was highly esteemed by all Nations, and thou knowest very well, that our *Sultans*, though the mightiest Monarchs in the Universe, have admired this great Prince's Fortune and Valour.

Above Fifty *Historians* have written his Life; above Five Hundred *Poets* have published his Praises.

I will leave thee at present, the Liberty of comparing this King with those, whom thou wilt chuse from amongst the *Hero*'s.

If *Mahomet* XI. has not done more than him, he may be compared to him in Warlike Actions, with this Difference, That King *Henry* Conquered the *Gauls* who were of his Patrimony, and *Mahomet* Conquered Twelve Kingdoms and an Empire, because he was perswaded, that all the Earth belonged to him. *Henry* subdued the City of *Paris*, and *Mahomet* made himself Master of *Constantinople*.

The King of *France* left an infinite Number of Marks behind him of his *Grandeur*, on Marble, and in the Writings of Famous Authors; and *Mahomet* left only on his Tomb, those which shewed

ſhewed what he had deſigned to execute, but never could do it; which was, to take *Rhodes*, and ſubdue proud *Italy*.

We muſt alſo acknowledge, there was never found in any *Mahometan* Prince, the admirable Clemency of *Henry*; ſhewing himſelf herein greater, than in vanquiſhing his Enemies. Contrary to *Mahomet*, who ſhewed only great Kindneſs to an One, whom he cauſed to be carefully fed, becauſe he would never forſake the Tomb of his Maſter, whom this Prince had killed; abiding always by it, and expreſſing his Sorrow by horrible Bellowings. In all other Occaſions, he was very cruel; far from the Humour of this *French* King, who heap'd Benefits on thoſe who drew Blood on him. *Mahomet*, by a barbarous Cruelty, cauſed the Bellies of Twenty of his innocent Pages to be rip't open, to diſcover him that had eaten a Melon in his Garden.

Henry was a great Lover of Ladies, and an extreme Admirer of that Sex; and *Mahomet*, jealous of the too great Beauty of his Miſtreſs, cut off her Head himſelf in a full *Divan*. And farther, if *Mahomet* gave in the *Eaſt* a great Example of Juſtice, in putting his own Son to Death, for deflowring the Daughter of the *Baſſa Achmet* in a Bath; *Henry* gave a greater in his own Perſon, in repairing, at the Head of his Army, the Outrage offered to a young Girl, from whom he could not fear any vexatious Conſequences.

Be ſure, however, to be ſilent in theſe Judgments I make, and ſhew thy ſelf diſcreet, if thou intendeſt to hold any Correſpondence with me.

Imitate the Bees; gather from ſo many Flowers preſented thee, what appears to thee ſweeteſt, and moſt proper to form *Muſtapha*'s Mind, and ſupple his Spirit like Wax.

I could relate to thee more Things touching this *Henry*, but there's no Neceſſity of writing all; that thou may'ſt have ſpace to imagine what ſuch a Prince might have done, who had re-eſtabliſhed his Fortune by his Valour alone.

Let me know of thy Departure; and when thou ſhalt arrive at the Place of thy Retreat, forget not thy faithful Friend, *Mahmut*, who wiſhes thou may'ſt prove an happy Tutor to the Son of a Prince, and a faithful Miniſter of a wiſe Emperor.

Paris, 18th *of the* 2d *Moon, of the Year* 1639.

The End of the Second Book.

LETTERS

Writ by a

SPY at *PARIS.*

BOOK III.

LETTER I.

To Muſtu Reis Effendi, *Principal Secretary of the* Ottoman *Empire.*

SCARCE had I finiſhed my Letter to *Egri Boynou*, when News came from the Coaſts of *Provence*, of ſo extraordinary and ſcandalous an Event, that I cannot but inform thee, who art a wiſe and experienced Perſon, of it; and becauſe I would have thee ſet it down in the Sacred Regiſter-Books of the Empire, of which thou haſt the Charge.

Aſſam Baſſa, a Corſary of *Algiers*, dyed at the Age of 40 Years, the Relation of whoſe Death was

tended with ſuch horrid Circumſtances, that even the Enemies of the *Alcoran* do deteſt them.

'Tis ſaid, That being ſenſible he was near his End, he cauſed two young *Chriſtian* Slaves to be ſtrangled, who were nobly deſcended, and for whoſe Ranſom great Sums of Money might have been expected, without alledging any Reaſon for his Cruelty; nay, after he had confeſſed he had no cauſe of Complaint againſt them, having obſerved from certain Tokens in their Countenances, that they were of a ſweet Diſpoſition, and inclined by Nature to be Faithful. When he was laying out, there was found a kind of fine Scarf about him, with theſe words embroidered on it in Letters of Gold; *Aſſam Baſſa will have the handſomeſt of his Slaves to be buried alive with him, being deſirous of good Company in his Voyage into the other World.*

The Report of ſo terrible an Adventure, has encreaſed the hatred of the *French* againſt us, and that in ſo exceſſive a manner, that I am forced to keep my ſelf concealed, leſt I ſhould by my Zeal diſcover my ſelf, being not able to endure the Blaſphemies of our Enemies. There's no queſtion, but this cruel Monſter is kept by the *Black Angels* in the other World.

God grant that ſo horrid a Crime may not corrupt the reſt of *Africk*. However, may I be ſo free as to counſel you, let the Body of this Impious Wretch *Aſſam* be dug up, and burnt, and his Aſhes thrown into the Sea, to drown the Memory of him.

Mahmut ſalutes thee from the Town of the Univerſe, the fulleſt of Noiſe, and wiſhes thee at *Conſtantinople*, or wherever elſe thou art, a long ſequel of happy Years, and after Death the enjoyment of the *Bliſs of our hundred twenty four thouſand Prophets.*

Paris, 18th *of the* 3d *Moon, of the Year* 1639.

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LETTER II.

To the Invincible Vizir Azem, *at the Camp under* Babylon.

BEfore I give thee an Account, Great and Magnanimous *Vizir*, of whatever I have done to ſatisfie the Curioſity of Cardinal *Richlieu*, I am obliged to tell thee how I ſpent my leiſure Hours.

'Tis impoſſible I ſhould obſerve exactly the Motions of this Court, without following it, and holding a Correſpondence with People of all ſorts, as Tradeſmen, Soldiers, Scholars, Seamen, Politicians, and even Muſicians.

The Court conſiſts of all theſe Profeſſions, and there are ſome particular Perſons who are Maſters of all theſe Sciences, of which number is Cardinal *Richlieu*. He is not content with this his Knowledge, but ſeeks ſtill for further Light in the Commerce of all Perſons of Merit who arrive here; neglecting nothing which may enrich this Kingdom with new Diſcoveries in Arts and Sciences, out of love to his Country, and deſire to render his Miniſtry more Famous.

Thou ſeeſt by this, Invincible *Baſſa*, that to keep company with Courtiers, who have ſo many different Qualities, a Man muſt have ſome for his ſhare, that he may ſay ſomething in his Turn, and not be always a bare Hearer of other People's Diſcourſe.

For this purpoſe, the particular Study to which I applyed my ſelf, whilſt I was a Slave in *Sicily*, does much help me, though not ſufficiently. 'Twas Books I read in this Iſland, not Men. Now, knowing my Buſineſs required much Diſſimulation, and Awakened Mind, an eſpecial Prudence, Eloquence and Learning, to ſpeak properly in Occaſions; great

Reading

Reading to obtain the Knowledge of Ancient and Modern Things; a Refined Policy, to discover or conceal one's self, and to counterfeit sometimes a mighty honest Man; nothing, I say, appeared to me more conducing to this purpose, than the turning over Histories. And therefore I have earnestly applied my self to this Work. And because few Books are not sufficient, and a great many breed confusion, I have happily got Admission into the Acquaintance of an Ancient Learned Man, whose Study consists of none but choice Books, and has travelled over most Parts of the World; not like *Apollonius*, to learn the Language of Birds and Beasts; but to know the Customs, Laws, Vertues, and Defects of Nations. I was first for informing my self of all the Prodigies which the *God* of the *Jews* has done, in favour of that ungrateful People. I afterwards enquired into the Life and Doctrine of the *Messias* whom the Christians Worship. I also look'd into what had been done considerable at *Athens* and *Sparta*, *Thebes*, *Rome*, and *Carthage*, and carefully remark'd what Divinities were adored in those so famous Places, and found that the great Philosophers and Captains, who made such a noise about their Religions had at bottom none at all. Having run over what the Christians call the *Old* and *New Testament*, the Histories of *Josephus*, *Xenophon*, *Polybius*, *Thucydides*, *Livius*, and *Tacitus*; my greatest Application has been, and shall be for the future, to read and meditate on the Works of the Great *Plutarch*, especially his Lives of Illustrious *Greeks* and *Romans*, related by him with so great Exactness. And thus far I have arrived in this short space, and here I have stopt. I have learn'd, by the reading of *Plutarch*, to amuse the Cardinal *Richlieu*, to whom I offered my self two Days ago; and have put into his Hands the following Discourse, made after the manner of *Christians*,

ſtians, and have ſtript my ſelf, if a Man may ſo ſpeak, of the Manner and Style of the *Turks*, as I have done of their Habits, the better to diſguiſe *Titus*, the Faithful Slave of the Great *Amurath*.

Great Cardinal, and moſt Sage Miniſter of the Greateſt of *Chriſtian* Kings,

Titus *of* Moldavia *is come to wait on you according to your Commands, not to entertain you with the Riches of* Aſia, *nor in what manner, by the Wiſdom of your Counſels, and Forces of the King your Sovereign, you may deſtroy the mighty* Turkiſh *Empire, of whom you have no reaſon to complain; but, to tell you what ſeems moſt agreeable to the Greatneſs of your* Genius. *Know then, Sage Moderatar of the* French *Monarch, that I ſhall not offer any thing which may make you hate me, and repent of believing me, ſeeing, what I propoſe, is an eaſie Enterprize, and full of Glory. Thy King has a Son, who will one day inherit the Greatneſs and Authority of his Father; you know not the Temper and Diſpoſitions which this Heir may have, being as yet ſo much a Child, that a Man cannot gather any thing certain of this matter. But, a Prince that has been ſo long look'd for, requires extraordinary Deſigns to be laid for him, and great Preparations made betimes, to raiſe a Palace that may be worthy to entertain him.*

I would propoſe to you a Palace, I ſay, of miraculous Architecture, the like was never ſeen or imagined, and which you may with your own Hands rear up in Paris, *which muſt be of a ſquare Form, whoſe Corners ſhall regard* Europe, Aſia, Africa, *and* America, *and whoſe Richneſs ſhall draw all Nations to it. You will not need Stone, Sand, Wood nor Iron for this Work. The Architects which you ſhall employ, ſhall have the Secret, with their Pen, Ink, and Paper, to raiſe this Edifice, which ſhall be of a more laſting Durance than the* Pantheon *of* Agrippa, *and whereon, as on the Temple of* Solomon, *there ſhould be no noiſe of Hammers.*

Think not, Wiſe Miniſter, they are Chimera's *which* Titus *has in his Head. Hear then the Deſign of this Majeſtical Palace, whoſe Foundations are already laid by* Plutarch, *with Materials more precious than Gold or Rubies. Thou knoweſt the Happineſs this Philoſopher had, of rendring immortal the Actions of ſo many great Men, of whom, perhaps, there might have been no mention, had* Plutarch *lay ſilent. Men now read in the moſt remote Provinces of the* Indies, *written on Leaves and Barks of Trees, the Lives of* Alexander, Cæſar, Scipio, Pompey *and* Xerxes. *Amongſt the*

the Solitary's of the moſt deſart Parts of Arabia, and amongſt the Derviſes, who dwell at Medina, are found written in Arabian Characters, the Hiſtories of Numa, Ariſtides, Cato, Lycurgus, and Epaminondas. The Spaniards and Portugueſes, have rendred this Author ſo famous in China and Japan, that theſe Barbarians, not contented with having tranſlated into their Languages all the Lives of the Greeks and Romans, they have ordered (if I miſtake not) that every Five Years new Copies be made, to the end they may be eternally preſerved. I have ſeen my ſelf at Conſtantinople above an hundred Volumes in Silken Paper, wherein the Works of this famous Greek are read with Veneration by the greateſt Captains, Lawyers and Divines; and theſe Works are enriched with moſt Curious Notes in Arabick, in Perſian and the Turkiſh Language, by the expreſs Orders of the Sultans, who make them be preſerved as Illuſtrious Monuments of the Ancient Greek Eloquence. You are not ignorant of the Eſteem which Solyman the Great had of Pompey, Cæſar, Pyrrhus, and Alexander; and that he never undertook any Military Enterprize; till he had conſulted theſe great Maſters in the Art of War, being wont to ſay, he knew not whether Alexander

ander *or* Pyrrhus, *had ſhewed more Valour in Engagements, than* Plutarch *had ſhewed Wit and Judgment in deſcribing them. But in a Voyage I made into* Germany, *what did not an old* Rabin *tell me, in ſhewing me the Lives of Illuſtrious Men of this Incomparable Author, tranſlated into Hebrew, which he carried ever about with him? He aſſured me, that the Curious of his Religion ſet ſuch a value on them, that there are above Ten Thouſand Manuſcript Copies diſperſed in the Synagogues, both in the* Eaſtern *and* Weſtern *Parts.*

Men, Women, and Children know of what Account this Famous Author is, in all our Europe. *He now ſpeaks all Languages: The* Engliſh, *the* Spaniards, Italians, Germans, Polanders *and* Hollanders *have naturalized him among them. And you know very well, Sir, that in this Kingdom of* France, *the Learned not content with having him Tranſlated into their Idiom, they carefully adorn their Libraries with this Author in his own natural Tongue, and have collected the* Latin, Italian, *and* Spaniſh *Verſions of him.*

But 'tis now Sixteen Hundred Years ſince Plutarch *keeps ſilence; ſo many Men famous for their Knowledge, and ſo many great Captains who have lived ſince, are*

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unknown to the World, becauſe they have met with no Plutarch *to know them. And this is the ſtately Building which I offer you to finiſh, who are ſo great a Lover of Glory: for* God *has given you a Mind, with a neceſſary Power, to finiſh what* Plutarch *has ſo profitably begun. Raiſe up immediately, by your Authority, on the precious Foundation, which this Incomparable Philoſopher has laid, the Walls and Roof of this vaſt Building. Order Lodgings to be made ready for all the* Hero's, *who could not enter into this firſt Edifice; I mean, thoſe Illuſtrious Dead, whoſe Lives have not been carefully Collected; and who ſhould honour* Europe, Aſia, *and* Africa, *where they were born, and the New World will yield you wherewith to fill this Palace with* Atabalippa's *and* Montezuma's.

Hereby wilt thou be the Reſtorer of thoſe Ruines which Time has made; and in raiſing the Statutes of ſo many Excellent Perſons in Civil Adminiſtrations, in War and in good Letters, you will raiſe up an infinite Number throughout the World, as the firſt Emperor of the Romans *did. 'Tis to no purpoſe to ſay, there are a great many Authors that have written, ſince* Plutarch, *the Actions of ſeveral Great Commanders, Kings and Great Miniſters, whoſe Vertues were eminently*

eminently conſpicuous both in Peace and War. I hope I ſhall not give juſt Offence, in ſaying, That few of theſe Writers have obſerved Plutarch's *excellent Method; for, either they appear obſcure, by reaſon of their great Conciſeneſs, or the Facts are ordinarily confounded in General Hiſtories, or written by intereſſed or paſſionate Pens, who diſguiſe the Truth, and impoſe Fabulous Relations on the World. For a Proof of this, be pleaſed to examine particular Events related in the Lives of* Francis I. *King of* France, *and of the Emperor* Charles V. *and you will find there are thoſe who aſſure us, that* Charles *died a Saint, and that ſcarcely was he expired, when* Flower-de-Luces were ſeen to ſpring up in his Chamber, which yielded a moſt admirable Scent: *Whilſt others affirm, That this Hero died an Heretick, by the Aſſiſtance of his Confeſſor, who had embraced the* Lutheran *Doctrine. And, how many Romances are made of* Francis I.? *Has it not been ſaid, That he fought a Duel with this Emperor; and that this Prince paſſing through* France, *the King, by a Motive of Generoſity (beyond any Precedent) offered him his Kingdom? That* Charles *had one day ſat on* France's *Throne, and condemned a Malefactor, and afterwards reprieved him, as a Mark of his Authority? And has it not been*

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moreover ſaid, That Francis *took* Charles *in a Battel? How many falſe Relations have been made of* Andrew Doria, *and* Barbaroſſa, *Two Famous Sea-Captains, the one a* Chriſtian, *and the other a* Muſſulman, *and both of them Chief Admirals of Two mighty Emperors,* Charles V. *and* Solyman? *Has it not been confidently affirmed, That* Barbaroſſa *being in the* Archipelago, *gave a Viſit in the Diſguiſe of a Monk to* Doria? *That in an Iſland where this Interview was made, they had ſworn, one on the* Goſpel, *the other on the* Alcoran, *to help one another to conſerve their Authority which their Employs gave them at Sea; and, to make themſelves more neceſſary to their Sovereigns, they were always to avoid a deciſive Combat, that they might not ruin one another: That they had moreover both ſigned this Treaty with their own Blood: Has there not been added to this Fable, That the* Turkiſh *Admiral ſent to* Doria *a* Moor, *who pretended to be a Fugitive from the* Ottoman *Army, and wore two Pearls of an ineſtimable Price in his Ears, and that in Exchange,* Doria *had aſſured* Barbaroſſa *not to interrupt him, whenever he pleaſed to invade any of the Coaſts of* Italy.

It is time, that under thy Auſpicious Conduct, the Lives of great Perſonages be clear-

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ed from those false Relations which corrupt them, and be orderly inserted into the Books of the most excellent Plutarch, *with such a kind of* Title:

Here's the Rest of the Lives of Illustrious Men, from the Emperor Trajan, to Lewis the Just; of those that have excelled in Arms, Learning, Affairs of State, and of those who have held the first Rank in the Church in all Parts of the World; and these Histories have been Collected by a College of the Learnedest Men in Europe, consisting of Spaniards, French, Italians, and Germans, under the Auspicious Conduct of his Eminency, Cardinal Richlieu.

I would have three Persons of each Nation to attend this Work, and who should make their Abode in Paris, *as being the principal City in* France. *And, I propose* Spaniards, Italians, Germans, *and* French, *as the most polished Nations, and who have furnished the World with the most able Men. Now, every Nation having its particular Way of Speaking and Acting, the Edifice will be the more agreeable, and each Architect will have greater Room to shew his Skill. Those who shall read these Works, will find in the Softness of the* French *Style*

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wherewithal to mollifie the too ſevere Gravity of the Spaniſh *Eloquence. The Sincerity of the* Germans, *ever attended with ſome kind of Drineſs, will appear without Rudeneſs with the Flowers and good Senſe of the* Italian *Writers. And, as all the World will be intereſſed in this Magnificent Deſign; ſo we muſt not doubt but the wiſeſt of all theſe States will take care in the choice of the Subjects which they will propoſe. And, in fine, if thou wilt have the chief Men in the World, thou needeſt not want the Secret of raiſing up* Plutarch's. *Be not weary of giving Marks of thy Liberality; for, if thou wilt have* Titus Livy's, *become* Mecænas.

It doth not belong to me, to ſay in what manner 'tis neceſſary on this occaſion, to ſeparate them of ſeveral Nations, and to diſtribute theſe Employs: Thou art equitable and prudent, ſo that this Work being begun, the End will have a Succeſs anſwerable to its Beginning. I ſhall only put thee in Mind, that thou wilt not a little contribute to render thy Immortality more Glorious, if thou remembreſt the Turks *thy ſworn Enemies; being perſuaded thou may'ſt find amongſt the* Ottoman *Emperors,* Baſſa's *and* Vizir's *wherewithal to enrich the New* Plutarch. *Let not the Greatneſs of the Work diſcourage thee; how great ſoever it be, thy Wit and Cou-*

rage

rage are above it, and thou wilt not want Ancient and Modern Authors to assist thee. Suetonius *will furnish thee with the Lives of the* Cæsars, *which may be left entire as they are.* Diogenes Laertius *gives as good an account of many of the Philosophers. You'll receive Advantage from the Works of* Æmilius Probus, Paulus Jovius, *and several others, who have acquired immortal Reputation by the Books which they have given the Publick. You will find a Draught already made of the History of Two Hundred and Twenty Eight Emperors, from* Julius Cæsar *to* Ferdinand III. *and* Ibrahim I. *the one Emperor of* Germany, *and the other of* Turky; *which thou shalt cause to be carefully examined by the College, to clear up such things as are obscure, adding what is wanting, and retrenching Events of which there is no sufficient Proof, and which seem fabulous; and, in a Word, for drawing up particular Lives which are to be met with in general Histories, which have been the Method of most Writers of late Ages.*

I would have also Plutarch's *Manner followed, of comparing the Illustrious Men of one Nation with those of another; where the discreet* Writer *having weighed the Reasons which makes for the one and the other, pronounces a Sentence which does both delight and instruct the Reader.*

The

The moſt important Inſtruction then which can be given, being the Secret of knowing Men perfectly, who ſeek with ſo great Care to hide themſelves; the true means for this, is the choice of Matter, that the Reader may not loſe his Time, ſtudy in vain, but gather the Fruit which all Men of Senſe ſearch for, which is, to know what is Good, that they may follow it; and Evil, to avoid it. On this ground you will be eaſily perſwaded, there's greater Pleaſure to behold the Firmneſs of Scipio, *who paſſes with one only Galley to find out* Sifax, *than there is in conſidering him, when he gives Battel to* Hannibal *in the Plains of* Rama. *We are more edified in ſeeing this young General a Conqueror, and yet ſo continent, as to ſend the fineſt Woman in the World, who was his Priſoner, to* Lucius *the* Spaniſh *Prince, her Husband, without touching her; than in the Relation of an hundred Sieges of Places, where, the Effects which the Soldiers Fury produces, Hunger and Thirſt, and the Effuſion of Human Blood, yields Horror inſtead of Diverſion. In like manner, Sir, you will acknowledge, That a Prince, or Captain, will be more inſtructed by ſeeing* Francis, *who lived like a King, though in Priſon at* Madrid, *who careſſes and recompenſes Learned Men all the World over; and*

in

in seeing Fabricius, *who refuses and despises the greatest Honours which are offered him with immense Riches, and who snatches away the Poyson from the Mouth of the greatest Enemy of the* Roman *People; than all the Combats, and most bloody Battels fought by* Pyrrhus, Charles V. *and the Great* Tamerlane.

I have made you this long Discourse, as a Mark of my Obedience; and Titus *of* Moldavia, *at the Feet of your Eminency, supplicates you to consider, that when by your Negotiations, Councils and Armies which receive your Orders, you shall have added new Kingdoms to that which your Master holds; when for the benefit of Trade and Navigation, you shall have joined all the Seas together; and when, in a Word, you shall raise Bridges in* Paris, *Pyramides with more Palaces than were built by the* Cæsars, *and all the Kings of* Egypt: *These Pyles will not be Immortal, but subject to the Injuries of Time; whereas on the contrary, if you send for the Twelve Architects which I mentioned, to raise the stately Palace afore-cited, all the World will bless the Name of* Armand, *Cardinal de* Richlieu, *Restorer of the Republick of Learning almost ruined; and who, like another* Archimedes, *hath known by the Example*

of

of the Vertue of Illustrious Men, snatcht away by Death out of the World, to combat and destroy the Vices and Ignorances of the Living.

If thou approvest not, Magnanimous *Vizir*, what I offered to the King of *France*'s Minister, punish me not for a Fault which was not designed, having, on the contrary, imagin'd to do thee a very agreeable piece of Service. I thought I could not take a better course to conceal thy Slave *Mahmut*, and to divert this Cardinal from some Projects, which I am informed he designs against the *Turkish* Empire. Should he undertake the Great Work I set before him, thou seest the *Sultans* will have some Share in it; and he will, I say again, have by this means, not to mention any thing else, his Hands so full of Business, that he will not have the least Time or Ability to molest us.

I supplicate thee, prostrate at thy Feet, to call to mind, the general Dislike of what happened to *Athens*, when 'twas sackt and taken, such prodigious Numbers of Books being burnt, in all Arts and Sciences, which had been a collecting several Ages, and preserved with such great Care; and so much the more, inasmuch as one may be assured, there's nothing to be feared from those that make Learning their whole Business, who are always averse to War, as finding their reckoning only in the Tranquility of a well established Peace.

Thou shalt receive, by the first Opportunity, whatever I can discover of Importance for thee to know, either for the Good of the Empire in which thou holdest so great a Rank, or to satisfie thy Curiosity, provided the Frosts hinder not the passage of Couriers, as they will assuredly retard the Progress of the Armies, which are constrained to lie still during this rigorous Season.

God give thee an entire Victory over the Enemies of the Mighty *Amurath*, and make thee the Conqueror of all Nations.

Paris, 28th *of the* 3d *Moon, of the Year* 1639.

LETTER. III.

To Lubano Abufei-Saad, *an* Egyptian Knight.

THE King, some Days ago, was present at a Ball, where there was a great number of Persons of Quality of both Sexes. Cardinal *Richlieu*, who never loses the sight of this Prince, was there also. 'Twas observed, that at the end of this Divertisement, the *Cardinal* would have went out before every body, but dared not; and indeed, could not get through the Crowd; which made him so impatient, as was remark'd by all, even the King himself, who taking him a little apart, very seriously bid him pass on, seeing *he was Master*. Now, what did this Minister do in this astonishment, but answer nothing; and taking a *Flambeau* out of the Hands of one of the Pages, he carried it himself before the King, with a Countenance that shewed neither Despite nor Confusion. Those that took notice of the Name of *Master*, which the King had given him, interpreted it in his Favour; and there were them who thought, that in abasing himself so *low*, he plainly shewed the design he had of raising himself the *higher*; however, every one thereupon spake what he thought most proper.

I give

I give thee an Account of this Paſſage, remembring what thou didſt in the preſence of thy Maſter, throwing thy ſelf out at a Window, to take up a little Note which *Amurath* had by chance let fall; which Action of thine, being known in this Country, this of the *Cardinal* was compared with it; yet with this difference, That the *Cardinal* without riſing from the Ground, has made a greater leap than thou. *God* preſerve thee from falling into a *Precipice*, if thou beeſt Fool enough, to leap a ſecond time.

Paris, 28th. *of the* 3d *Moon, of the Year* 1639.

LETTER IV.

To Mehemet, *Page Eunuch.*

THou haſt recovered from a great Sickneſs, and I expect one. I have had for ſome Days, a Faintneſs, which does extreamly depreſs me, but by the Grace of God, I need not yet the Phyſician. The Letter which I received from thee this *Moon*, has given me ſome eaſe in my Indiſpoſitioneſs, which is no new Thing with me, being neceſſitated to live ſo far from my Friends, Country, yea, and Religion too. And though it may ſeem difficult to be a Saint, in paſſing ones Days in a Prophane Place, yet think not my Piety grows luke-warm, or my Friendſhip diminiſhed; ſeeing I have made a *Moſque* of my Heart, where Friends are ever preſent. Be then perſwaded, 'tis impoſſible for *Mahmut* to become Unfaithful, and loſe the Affection he has for his Friends; for he never ceaſes

ſes to love, where he has once begun. 'Tis true indeed, that I call my ſelf *Titus* at preſent, and am cloathed in an odd ſort of Dreſs; yet that is no Hindrance of my Affections to my Religion, my Country and my Friends.

The Ancient *Greeks* have written a great deal about Friendſhip, and the Duties of a Friend: but there remains ſtill behind, more than what they have ſaid, as there remains more to do than they have done. The Word *Friend* is a common Name, and appropriated by moſt People; but where wilt thou find a Man that gives Proofs of a true and unfeigned Friendſhip? I think I am no Hypocrite; be thou as true to me at *Conſtantinople*, and inform me what paſſes in the *Seraglio*, and how it goes with our Friends and Relations in all Parts.

I ſhall give thee no Account of the Tranſactions of the *Infidels*, amongſt which I live, being tired with writing them to the *Grand Vizir* and the *Kaimakam*. Imitate me not herein, for thou aboundeſt with Leaſure; let me then hear from thee every *Moon*.

I have had ſeveral Fits of Laughter, at the pleaſant Adventure of the Chamber-Maid to the Old Slave, with the Eunuch *Melec Aubi*. Bleſſings on the Heart of *Mahomet*, I believe the *Holy Prophet* will laugh himſelf in his *Paradiſe*, when the Angel his Meſſenger, who brings him News from this World, ſhall give him an account of what theſe Two Perſons have ridiculouſly done in Honour of him. Could there ever be a greater Simplicity, than to eat every Night a Verſicle of the *Alcoran*, written on a piece of *China* Satin? Whence did this Eunuch, thy Comrade, learn this ſtrange Superſtition; and by what Spirit did he authoriſe that of this Slave, in taking the Pains to write theſe Verſicles with his own Hand? And what could they imagine both of them, they ſhould make

an end of this Feaſt, ſeeing the whole *Alcoran* could not be eaten in leſs than Six Thouſand Forty Three Days, the Book containing ſo many Verſicles? Pray let me know what is done to them. They deſerve not, in my poor Judgment, an over rigorous Puniſhment, their Crime being only a ridiculous Devotion. The Great and Venerable *Mufti* will ſoon decide the Buſineſs; yet I would fain know the manner.

I ſhall now impart to thee an Account of a Viſit which I gave a Solitary in my Travels into *Germany*, who ſpent his Days far from the Commerce of the World, in a little Hermitage, about Fifteen Miles diſtance from *Vienna*. This Man, who is now very Old, has paſt Forty years of his Life in great Auſterity, doing every thing our Famous *Santons* are celebrated for; and thou ſhalt know what moved him to this ſevere Penance, and to retire after this manner. 'Tis ſaid, That in his Youth, having been threatned for ſome Miſdemeanour with Impriſonment, he hid himſelf in the Houſe of a Faithful Friend, lying in a Barrel covered over with Straw, where was brought him privately his Diet. Whilſt he thus lay concealed in the Veſſel, a certain Perſon went up into the Garret his Priſon, with his Hoſts Siſter; when theſe Two Perſons thinking themſelves alone, came to ſuch Familiarities as much ſcandaliz'd this new *Diogenes*, who ſaw all that paſt, through the Crevices of this Tub; and being not able to contain his Reſentments, he thus paſſionately brake out, *God ſees you, you Wretches, and Man too.* In a Word, his Indignation was ſo great, that the Tub or Barrel was overthrown; with the Noiſe of which, and his ſcrambling up, the Two Lovers were ſo affrighted, that the Gallant for haſt broke his Neck down Stairs, and the Nymph lay dead in a Swoon on the place. This ſtrange Surprize to all, eſpecially the Sight of ſo

Filthy and Tragical a Spectacle, ſo affected this young Man, as made him retire from the World into the Solitude, where he now remains. He lives only on Bread and Water; and the Averſion which he has conceived on this occaſion, to Women, is ſo great, that there is none dares appear before him. There were Two who had the Curioſity of ſeeing this *Hermit*, in Mens Cloaths, but they ſoon repented of their Viſit; for this *Solitary*, full of Rage and Indignation, thus welcomed them; *Get you gone, you Dæmons, fallen from Heaven for Mens Deſtruction; I know very well what you are, and cannot behold you without Horror.* He makes excellent Exhortations to young Men who viſit him, and having ſhewed them the Care they ought to take to live with Purity, and rule their Paſſions, to which corrupt Nature renders them ſubject; he alſo exhorts them to hold a Glaſs before their Faces when ſeized with Anger, or when carried forth to the Commiſſion of any Brutiſh or unſeemly Action.

My Letter is longer than I intended; receive, as a Mark of my Friendſhip, the long time I have entertained my ſelf with thee, when I thought at firſt to ſpeak all in two Words. Give this Letter, directed to thee, into *Zelim*'s own Hands; it contains things which concern his Life. As to what remains, Love ever thy faithful *Mahmut*, whilſt I ſhall pray the Sovereign of the Greateſt Monarchs, as well as other Men, that he would, after this Life, give us eternal Felicity, and the Grace to appear Innocent before its dreadful Tribunal, at which all Men ſhall be Judged.

Paris, 28th *of the* 3d *Moon,*
of the Year 1639.

LET

LETTER V.

To Zelim *of* Rhodes, *Captain of a Galley.*

MEhemet, Page of the *Seraglio*, will deliver, or cauſe to be delivered to thee, this Letter, which is written to thee by *Mahmut*, Slave and faithful Miniſter of the Great *Sultan*, the Invincible and Happy *Amuruth*, who commands me to ſerve him in theſe Parts. There is no neceſſity of my ſending the Picture of a Man, who ſets forth from *Legborn* for *Conſtantinople*, with a deſign to kill thee. Thou may'ſt eaſily know him, ſeeing he has been Six Years a Slave in thy Galley. *Adonai* the *Jew* ſent me this Advice from *Genoa*, ſo important for thy Life; adding, he ſet out with his Brother, being reſolved to periſh, or be revenged of a great Injury which thou haſt done him.

He has filled *Italy* with Diſcourſes of thy Cruelties. He affirms, That having tried all Ways to make him a *Turk*, ſeeing neither Preſents nor Promiſes could perſwade him, thou haſt made him ſuffer the moſt cruel Torments a Man can undergo; and, that being laid faſt aſleep, by a Potion which thou cauſed'ſt him to take, thou haſt made him be caſtrated. The Weapons he bears to rid himſelf of thee, will ſtrike thee without Noiſe, ſo that thou needeſt be much on thy Guard. He hides that which is to do thy Buſineſs, in a little Prayer-Book. Revenge, which does uſually make Men induſtrious, has put him upon concealing in this Manual, a little poiſoned Steel Dart, which is encloſed with ſuch great Art in the Leather that covers it, that 'tis ſhot thence as from a Bow, and ſtrikes with ſuch Violence and Swiftneſs, that the Stroke can't be avoided, nor ſcarcely felt by him that receives it,

It causing not one drop of Blood to follow, nor Wound to be seen; so delicately tempered is the Mortal Weapon, that the Man must unavoidably die, whom it hits.

I do not doubt but this revengeful Spirit will cunningly conceal himself, so that 'twill be hard to discover him. But having had this Advice, it belongs to thee to take care of thy self. And, in the mean time, correct this cruel and severe Temper of thine. Thou commandest a Galley mann'd with Slaves, who live at thy Charge; thou reckonest amongst thy Riches Three Hundred *Christians*, who dress thy Gardens, and serve thee at Sea; and thou hast never remembred, they are Men which may save, or take away thy Life; and that ranging the Seas as thou do'st, 'tis possible thou may'st meet with the same Fortune, and be made a Slave thy self. Thou hast never considered, that Death is more supportable than Slavery; and that those that despise their own Lives, are Masters of thine. *God* preserve thee, and encline thine Heart to use gently thy Slaves, who are so useful to thee. Follow my Advice; thou hast Three Hundred Enemies in thine House, do what in thee lies to gain their Love. Learn this of a Famous *Roman*, who made his Slaves born in his House, to be nurst with the same Milk his Children were. If thou art not for such an Indulgence, at least cease to be Cruel, otherwise thou wilt be more a Slave than those that serve thee. If thou wilt not spare these People in Love to them, pity their Condition, and spare them in Love to thy self; whereby thou wilt live in so great Tranquility, as cannot be imagined, The *Holy Prophet* guard thee from the Danger threatned thee, and destroy this rash *Christian* who would assassinate thee.

Paris, 28th *of the* 3d *Moon*,
of the Year 1639.

LET-

LETTER VI.

To the Invincible Vizir Azim *at the Camp before* Babylon.

THere are various Diſcourſes here of the *Grand Seignior*'s War-like Preparations. And 'tis common for People to confound here, the Ancient *Babylon*, with *Suſa* and *Bagdat*; but this is no great matter. 'Tis certain, all the *Infidels* Wiſhes are in thy Favour; for they deſire to ſee thee Conqueror, not only of *Babylon*, but all the *Eaſt*; that *Amurath* may be the longer in his Return to *Greece*, and chuſe a Place far diſtant from the Seat of his Empire. 'Tis diſcourſed in this *Court*, as if the Invincible *Sultan* carries along with him to this War, Four Hundred Thouſand Foot, an Hundred and Fifty Thouſand Horſe, and Two Hundred *Baſſa*'s, and moreover Twelve Princes Tributary to the *Port*. 'Tis alſo ſaid, *Bagdat* is a Place not to be won by Force; that a River, the ſwifteſt in the World, runs through the midſt of it; and, that the Place has an Hundred Gates of Braſs, and its Walls, which are very high, be defended by Three Hundred Pieces of Cannon; That the *Perſian* Forces are great enough to tire out the *Ottoman* Army, and that the Example of *Cha Abbas*, Father to the *Sophy*, who now reigns over the *Perſians*, will encreaſe their Valour and Obſtinacy, to ſuffer the greateſt Extremities, rather than to think of a Surrender. The raſh Reſolution of this King *Abbas*, in the laſt Siege of this great City, is ſo cried up and magnified here, that ſcarce is there any Room left for the Praiſes of *Amurath*. This Prince's paſſing and re-paſſing more than once, in a Bark, in the Sight of Two Hundred Thouſand *Turks*, to ad-

vertize, in Perſon, the beſieged of the Condition of Affairs, and to give them a freſh Courage, aſſuring them they ſhould be ſoon ſuccoured, and having at the ſame time about him wherewith to hinder him from falling alive or dead into the Hands of his Enemies; was an Action which they think is above all *Elogium*'s, and appears to them greater than Story could ever parallel. 'Tis ſaid, That this King carried in his Bark Two great Stones faſtned to one and the ſame Cord, to put them on his Neck to ſink himſelf into the River, which was of an unfathomable Depth, in caſe he was diſcovered. To which they add, That *Amurath*, who can never have his Fill of Blood, will recompence thy Services in the ſame manner he did thy Predeceſſors.

Theſe *Infidels* hold moreover other Diſcourſe, which are very impertinent, confounding ſuch things as are true, with falſe; as they do the Juſtice and Liberality of the Generous and ever Invincible *Sultan*, with the Cruelty and Avarice wherewith they reproach him. 'Tis ſaid likewiſe, That the Sequins which he diſtributed the Day whereon he was proclaimed Emperour, were not by one half of the Value which was ſet upon them; That he cauſed *Mehemet*, *Baſſa* of *Cairo*, to be ſtrangled, for no other Reaſon but to become Maſter of his Wealth. 'Tis further added, That this Prince having had advice that a Gally was taken, having Seventy Five conſiderable Officers belonging to the *Port* on Board, whilſt he was diverting himſelf in a Pleaſure-Houſe at the entrance into *Aſia*, he ſaid by way of Jeſt, *Let's drink the Health of theſe Stout Blades.* 'Tis moreover ſaid, That having given his Word, and promiſe a ſecure Paſſage to the brave *Facardin*, an *Arabian* Prince, he cauſed him to be ſtabb'd in a Thouſand places in his Sight. But what do we they ſay of his deſtroying the *Mufti*, and *Cyril*, the

Great

Greek Patriarch? In fine, they ſet forth *Amurath* as a Sacrilegious Wretch, that deſpiſes his own Religion, an Heretick and Enemy to our *Holy Prophet*. They relate the Particulars of *Cyril*'s Death, which makes me doubt there be Traytors at the *Port*, who advertiſe the *Infidels* of the moſt Secret Matters which paſs there. Some ſay, his *Eloquence* rendred him ſuſpected to *Amurath*, and that he ſaid theſe Words, when he was led to the Caſtle of Seven Towers, *Could I ſpeak but once to our Great Emperor, he will be forced to love me, or repent.* And 'tis ſaid, That having voyaged into *England*, he had learn'd Magick there. Many People believed he would introduce Novelties in Religion, and for this End held ſtrict Correſpondences with the Latiniſed *Monks*; and 'tis known here, that when his Sentence was pronounc'd, he ſaid, *He would riſe again, to torment the Emperor, and perplex his Affairs.* The *French* having blamed what I now mentioned, do extremely praiſe the Moderation of *Amurath*, when he took the *Perſian* Spy, who ſlid into his Camp in *Turkiſh* Habit, and crouded amongſt the *True Faithful*; for he careſſed him, and ſent him back with rich Preſents. They alſo admire the Patience of this Prince, in only condemning to the Gallies the Thirty *Indian* Pilgrims, who occaſioned his Fall from his Horſe in the Capital City of his Kingdom: For the Horſe was affrighted at the Apparel of theſe Men, and the ſtrange Figure they made, when they threw themſelves on the Ground to beg Money of him; but they at the ſame time charge this Emperor with Brutiſhneſs, for killing with his own Hand immediately the Horſe that threw him down. The Diſcourſes of this Nature, however injurious they are, be not of great importance. But if I be not miſtaken, there is ſomething carrying on againſt us with the *Republick of Venice*. I obſerve, its Embaſſador ſince

the

the Loss we have made of Fifteen Gallies at *Valentia*, has frequent and secret Conferences with the King, and Cardinal *de Richlieu*. As 'tis not doubted but that the *Ottoman* Empire will be revenged of so deep an Injury; so 'tis also judged, that the *Venetians* will use their utmost Endeavours to unite into a Confederacy the *Christian* Princes; and 'tis to be feared, lest they take the Time, when the Emperor is employed in the Siege of *Babylon*, to form some Enterprize, or put themselves into a Condition wherein they cannot be attacked. I shall carefully observe all the Motions of the *Venetian* Ambassador; and, if need requires, dispatch an express Messenger to the *Kaimakam*. I adore thy Grandure, buried in the Dust of thy Feet.

Paris 10th *of the* 4th *Moon*,
of the Year 1639.

LETTER VII.

To the same.

THE Courier not parting till the Morrow, I make use of this short Time to write again to thee. *Brizac*, as I have already given Advice, was taken by the Forces of *France* and *Swedeland*; and the Duke of *Wimar*, who commands the Army, brags, that being become Master of this Place, which has always been besieged in vain, he shall take several others, there being none which henceforward can resist him.

The Mareschal de *Bannier*, one of the Generals of the *Swedish* Armies, wearied out the *Imperialists* in *Pomerania* with continual Alarms. He took *Gratz*, a considerable Place, and has beaten *Galas*, one of the Empe-

Emperor of *Germany*'s Generals. But Fortune having chang'd her Countenance, has favoured the Emperor againſt the Troops of the *Palatine*, who is taken Priſoner, with Prince *Rupert* his Brother, having been like to be drowned in the River of *Weſer*, whereinto he was drawn in his Coach by his Horſes, who took Fright at the Noiſe of the Cannon: And theſe unfortunate Princes have loſt in this Occaſion, with their Liberty, whatever was moſt precious to them. The *Swedes* have, in the mean time, encreaſed their Strength, by the Conjunction of New Troops. They made frequent Incurſions on the *Imperialiſts*, and 'tis thought this War will laſt a conſiderable Time, by the great Preparations which are made on all Hands, and eſpecially by the *French*, to whom it ſeems important that it ſhould not end ſpeedily.

There is News from *Italy*, That a Diſcovery has been made in *Piemont*, of new Cabals of the Princes of the Houſe of *Savoy*, who deſigned to put by the Dutcheſs from her Regency, and make themſelves Maſters of the Government, during the Minority of the Young Duke. There is a Cardinal of this Name, an Ambitious Man, a great Lover of War, and given to Liberality. He would fain have the Chief Share in the Government, and be the Maſter of his Nephew's Fortune. This *Cardinal* lay concealed in the *State* of *Genoa*, being cloathed in an Habit little becoming his Character, and whence he ſent his Orders, for the Execution of whatever he had concerted with his Partiſans; but the Conſpiracy got Wind, and proved a Bloody Tragedy to his Accomplices. 'Tis ſaid, that this Prince having Twice diſguiſed himſelf in the Habit of a Peaſant, had entred with a Bag of Fruit on his Back, into one of the moſt conſiderable Towns of *Piemont*, to give by his Preſence more Heat to his Party; and that with a greater Boldneſs he had entred into

Turin,

Turin, in the Habit of a *Capuchin*, with a long thick Beard, and abode there Two Days; not with design of ridding himself of the Prince, or his Mother, but to become Master both of one and the other, to govern the *State* alone. But the Conspiracy having been discovered, and the Accomplices seized; Fourscore of them were put to Death by the Common Hangman, and he escaped by a new Stratagem. A Secretary of State of *Savoy* is to be reckoned amongst this Number. Another *Cardinal*, who commands the Army of *France*, sent to the Assistance of the Duke and Dutchess, had also put to Death the Governor of *Casal*, accused of Treason, though he was not fully convicted of it.

'Tis written from *Rome*, That Two Embassadors from the King of *Hungary*, who is lately Elected Emperor of *Germany*, had made a magnificent Entrance into that great City, clad after the *Hungarian* Manner with Vests, called here *a la barbaresque*; That they had above an hundred Horse, whose Harness were of Gold, and their Shoes of Silver; and 'twas especially observed, that all the Foreign Ministers in that Court, had sent their Retinue to accompany them in their Entrance, that it might appear more Magnificent; and that these Two Embassadors of the New Emperor, being arrived in the Presence of the *Infidels Mufti*, whom they call the *Pope*, they told him, their Prince would continue to render him the Obedience which his Father *Ferdinand*, now deceased, paid him; and that he recommended to his *Holiness* his Person, his House, and his State, as a New Emperor, elected by the Suffrages of the Princes Electors of the Empire.

Observe, Magnanimous *Vizir*, the Authority of this *Mufti*: Those who are so audacious, as to resist the *Musulmen*, will yet abase themselves at *his* Feet, which they really kiss before they open their Mouths to speak to him. The greatest *Christian* Princes

Princes are wont to chuſe from amongſt the moſt conſiderable Perſons of their State, the Embaſſadors which they ſend with great Expence to pay their Homage to this Supream *Head* of their Church. Moreover, theſe Embaſſadors of the New *Cæſar*, have aſſured the *Pope*, as from him, that he will never ceaſe to make War with the Enemies of the *Chriſtian* Faith; and 'tis ſaid, they received this Anſwer:

That, *He ever reſpected the King of* Hungary, *the late Elected Emperor, as his Son, to whom he would never be wanting in Counſel, and all other neceſſary Aſſiſtances*; and exhorted him, *to employ his Victorious Arms againſt the Enemies of the Croſs*; and that, *on his ſide, he would employ the Succours of his Prayers, that the* Church *ſhould open her Treaſures by granting Indulgences*; and that, *he would beſides this, give Supplies of Men and Money.*

People who are idle, amuſe themſelves with Diſcourſes on future Events, and thoſe that conſult the Stars to penetrate into what is to come, have made a Marriage between the *Dauphin* of *France*, a Prince born ſome Months ſince, and the *Infanta* of *Spain*, lately come into the World. 'Tis true, that at the Moment this Princeſs ſaw the Light the King of *Spain*, and the Grandees of the Kingdom, tried who ſhould out-do one another in Feaſtings, to ſolemnize this Birth: And the like was done in *France*, for that of the *Dauphin*; both being accompanied with extraordinary Magnificence, and prodigious Liberalities.

The *Catholick* King has given the Quality of Grandee to the Duke of *Modena*, who was Godfather to the *Infanta*, and has declared him *Generaliſſimo* of the four Seas, with a Penſion of Twenty Thouſand Sequins of Gold. He has moreover made magnificent Preſents to the Dutcheſs his Wife, eſteemed at an Hundred Thouſand Crowns; and beſides

beſides, made Knights of the Order of St. *James*, ſeveral Gentlemen of this Prince's *Court*.

The *Elector* of *Brandenburg*, has alſo given ſeveral ſplendid Entertainments in his Houſe and Sute, for the Marriage conſummated with the Duke of *Saxony*'s Son; and whilſt I am writing, I am told there is a Son born to this King of *Hungary*, now Emperor of *Germany*. But whilſt theſe Rejoycings are in ſeveral Parts of *Europe*, an unforeſeen Tempeſt has ruined whole Countries in *Germany*: the Damage done thereby in *Franconia*, and near *Francfort*, is incredible: And it lackt but little, but this ſame King of *Hungary*, now mentioned, being at the hunting of a Boar, had been ſlain through a Whirlwind; which having pulled up a great Oak by the Roots, of prodigious Greatneſs, fell ſo near this Prince, that he received ſome ſlight Hurt by a Branch of it.

I pray Heavens, that all the Wiſdom of our *Holy Prophet*, and the Bleſſing of the *Great God* be always upon thee, and in thee, and ever augment thy Strength and good Fortune, to the Ruine of theſe *Perſian* Hereticks, whoſe Country I hope will be ſubjected by thy Sword to our Dread Emperor.

Paris, 10th *of the* 4th *Moon*,
of the Year 1639.

LETTER VIII.

To Brereden, *Superiour of the* Derviſes, *in the Convent of* Cogni *in* Natolia.

THou art happy in living *long* and *holily* too; I cannot chuſe but reflect with regret on thy great Age, conſidering how infirm I am. After Fifteen

Fifteen Days Illneſs, my Strength quite failed me, ſo that neceſſitated I was to look out for a Phyſician; for I cannot eaſily commit my ſelf to the Hands of thoſe of this Countrey, who kill ſuch as truſt them, in the ſame manner as if they were their Enemies. When I diſcourſe theſe Doctors about the State of my Health, they tell me I am in imminent Danger, and that my Cure is hazardous. In writing thus, think not I rave, for I ſpeak the pure Truth. They will certainly kill me, ſhould I diſcover to them under what Climat I was born; whereas if I tell them I am of *Moldavia*, they may chance to do me good; though that Countrey Air is very different from that of *Arabia*, where I firſt drew my Breath. To how many Miſeries is the Life of Man ſubject, eſpecially mine, when I cannot ſpeak the Truth, though it be to ſave my Life? Pray for me, Holy *Dervis*; and if you hear no more from me, believe *Mahmut* is dead. Pardon likewiſe the Offences I have given thee, which yet have been againſt my Will. *Adieu*; we ſhall ſee one another *in* God, *with* God, and in the Boſom *of* God.

Paris, 12th *of the* 5th *Moon*,
of the Year 1639.

LETTER IX.

To Ocumiche, *his Mother, at* Scios.

PArdon me, my dear Mother, if I write laſt to thee: Pardon me, moreover, if I have not written to thee, to pay thee the Marks of my Duty, whilſt I was in my Health; and let me ſeek after thee, when perhaps in ſeeking for me, thou wilt no longer find me. I am ready to die; afflict not.

not thy ſelf, if *God* calls me to him; though I am amongſt *Infidels*, yet Death holds his Empire here, as in other places. The worſt News I can tell thee is, That commonly thoſe who deſire to live longeſt, are ſooneſt taken away; and I am not aſhamed to tell thee, I am one of that Number. I cannot willingly, as yet, leave this Lower World. O unhappy Life! O unwelcome Death! What Apprehenſion have I not? And with what Terrors am I not ſtruck, ſince I have lived among the *Chriſtians*? They preach againſt our *Alcoran*, and we declaim againſt their *Goſpel*. They affirm that *Mahomet* was a great Impoſtor; and we worſhip him. They believe they only know the Truth, that they be the only *Saints*, the *Elect* and *Choſen* of God; what then will become of us, if we be wedded to Errors, and our *Alcoran* be only a parcel of Lyes?

I have neither good nor bad News of thee, no more than of thy new Spouſe: *God* grant the merry *Greek*, thou art married to, have the Vices of thy firſt Husband, my Father. Thou knoweſt my meaning. He called himſelf Vicious, becauſe he hated the Vertues of the Vulgar.

I thank thee not for my Life; for that is what thou leaſt thought of, when thou becameſt big with me. But if thou expecteſt ſome Recompence for ſuckling me at thy own Breaſts, expect only Words of Thanks from a poor Slave who poſſeſſes nothing. *Love and Hate*, all the Time of thy Life; this is the greateſt Inheritance can be expected from a Son who is juſt a dying. Engrave theſe Words in thy Heart; *Love ever what is honeſt, and hate always what is contrary to it.* Thus will theſe different Paſſions be ſetled on their Proper Objects.

If my Brother *Peſteli* be ſtill alive, give him my Love with an innocent Kiſs, and a Touch in the Hand. Our Great *Prophet* protect and ſuſtain thy Age with the Staff of Mount *Liban*, and obtain for

for thee from the Mercy of the most High, That thou may'st enjoy thy Senses to the last Hour of thy Life. *Adieu.*

Paris, 12th *of the* 5th *Moon,*
of the Year 1639.

LETTER X.

To Pestelihali, *his Brother.*

BElieving my Life is near its End, I therefore, with all imaginable Eagerness write to thee, in the *third* place, although indeed thou holdest the *first* in my Heart. We shall see one another, dear *Pesteli*, in that World, where every one receives according to his Deserts. When I arrived in this great Town, I was astonished at the Confusion I met there, but I received no other Hurt. Although the Weather be very inconstant, yet the Air is good, and Provisions are wholsome, and agreeable to the Taste; the Water of the *Seine* is sweet and clear; the Men are good Company, and the Women have done me no harm; the King has not ill used me: Cardinal *Richlieu*, his Chief *Minister*, does not hinder me from living after my own Fashion; our Great Emperor is not displeased with me, yet my Distemper is impetuous; a sad Faintness has seized my Heart, and I begin to fall into such a languishing Condition, as makes me despair of Health. If thou still conservest any Affection for me, read this Letter with Compassion. Forget the ill Offices I may have done thee; and if I parted without discovering to thee the Occasion, give *God* Thanks for the Ability he has given me, of sacrificing the tenderness which I have for so good a Brother, to the

Obe-

Obedience which I owe to the Emperor's Commands.

Our Mother will salute thee as from me, in giving thee a Kiss; receive it as coming from me. Keep thy Gravity, and be honest in *Asia* as well in *Europe*; and if thou goest to *Africa*, suffer not thy self to be corrupted by ill Examples. 'Tis not without Tears I write thee this Letter: but lament not if I die, neither rejoice if I escape; for I shall be thereby no less Mortal; and that Tribute which I do not pay to day, we both shall pay, with all other Men, on a certain time. Prepare to part willingly; study more how thou shalt *die*, than how thou shalt *live*; and if thou would'st live till thou art *Old*, live as if thou wert to die when thou art *Young*.

The Great *God* preserve thee in the perfect Use of thy Understanding, and guide thee into all Truth; and if thou desirest to be the best Captain and Commander in the World, learn to conquer thy self. *Adieu.*

Paris, 12th *of the* 5th *Moon*;
of the Year 1639.

LETTER XI.

To Dgnet Oglou.

SHould I tell thee *I* am in Health, I shall write an Untruth; for I am really out of Order, and expect a Fit of Sickness, which I wish 'twere in my Power to avoid, though it may prove short and Mortal. An Hectick Fever puts me oft in mind, how frail and brittle a thing is Man; and that he ought in Multiplicity of Business, in Times of Prosperity

as well as Adverſity, to think of diſlodging hence. The Bread I eat has no reliſh; Solitude appears diſmal to me, and Company wearies me; for I cannot attend to what's diſcourſed, and yet I do not like they ſhould ſay nothing; there's nothing pleaſes me but Drink, yet all the Sea will not quench my Thirſt. I am reſtleſs in Bed, and find my ſelf more tired thereby, than if I ſat up; and that which I loved Yeſterday, I hate to day. Thou knoweſt how I loved Books, this Humour is quite changed. If the Sun ſhines into my Chamber, I ſoon ſhut my Windows, being not able to endure it; and having remained a Minute in Obſcurity, I am impatient for the Light. *Paris*, where one may ſay Strangers come from all Parts, to ſee the Varieties and Diverſions there to be met with, appears to me now an Hoſpital of Fools: I long for nothing more than *Conſtantinople*, and to be with my Friends, imagining I ſhall find eaſe in their Company. And this is the unhappy Condition of thy Friend, without hope of ſeeing any more *Turbans* and *Muſſulmen*. I loath as much the ſight of an ignorant Phyſician, as the Emperor *Severus* did a corrupt Judge, and I look on a little Valet that ſerves me, as a neceſſary Evil: Yet I'd a little divert thee, maugre the Illneſs which has ſeized me. 'Tis not above Six Months ſince I entertained this Enemy in my Houſe, which is a *French* Valet, who makes himſelf a Fool; of a Pigmies Stature, yet a Giant in Roguery; he is clad like the *Graces*, being half naked, and wears Buſkins like the Poetical Divinities; his ordinary Function is to ſweep every day my Chamber, which yet is as naſty as *Augis* his Stable; when I am awake he is aſleep, and he's always awake when I am aſleep; for this Thirteen Years that he has ſeen the Light, he cannot remember he has been Two Hours without eating: When he eats not openly

and

and before Folks, leſt he ſhould ſhame me, he will yet be ſure to keep his Chaps a going, on ſome thing in Corners. When I went abroad, I was forced to follow him; and now that I keep my Bed, 'tis hard to judge which of us two is the Maſter, for he never parts with his Hat from his Head. He's more ready to pull of my Cloaths, than to put them on; which makes me chiefly careful of him at ſuch times, that he leaves me not ſtark naked. He's moreover a Politician, as much as any *Florentin*: When he's to do any good Office, he falls into the *Spaniſh* Pace, but to perfect a bad one, he's as nimble at *Cæſar* was in the quickeſt of his Expeditions; whence it is that I am a Debtor to my own Arm and Hand for the Service I draw from him, being like certain Drugs which never yield an Odor till well beaten: as to his Religion, a Man would imagine he held the *Metempſychoſis*, ſo carefully does he preſerve the Lice that eat him, leſt in killing them, he act contrary to the Precepts of *Pythagoras*. He is moreover beſides, an irreconcileable Enemy to all Neatneſs, to Water and to Truth; and he is more ſtinking than a Synagogue, drunker than a *Swiſs*, and a greater Lyer than any Oracle. In the mean time my Illneſs encreaſes, and my Domeſtick Enemy is ſo well, that he aſſuredly waits my Death, to live more honourably on my Spoils. I differ much this Day from what I was Yeſterday, and I know not whether I ſhall not to morrow go to my long Home. Pray the Immortal for me, and remember we were once in Slavery together. Should I eſcape, I ſhall have the Joy of never ſeeing thee in the ſad Condition I am; and if I cannot eſcape Death at this time, I ſhall have the ſatisfaction of ſuffering it before thee. However, believe I do not deſpair, though I much complain. I ceaſe writing to thee, but I'll never ceaſe loving thee. *Muhmut* embraces thee in this Country of *Infidels*, having

having thee always in his Heart, and praying for thee continually.

Paris, 12th *of the* 4th *Moon, of the Year* 1639.

LETTER XII.

To the Kaimakam.

THE King of *France* has a Dwarf called *Osmin* born in a Village of the *Morea*, and carried away in his Infancy into *Italy* by Pyrates. He was bought by a *Spaniſh* Lord, who afterwards made a Preſent of him to this King, with ſuch a *boon Grace*, as entitles Magnificence to the ſmalleſt things, after the manner of that Nation. The *Spaniard* having preſented his Dwarf, ſaid no more, the Dwarf making this following Diſcourſe.

Sir, I am a Chriſtian, *although my Parents be* Turks, *If thou willingly receiveſt me for thy Slave, I receive thee yet more willingly for my Maſter, being a Juſt and Merciful Prince: But I am obliged to tell thee, Thou wilt behave thy ſelf like a Maſter, whoſe Liberality is guided by Prudence, thou wilt never do me any Hurt, or ever do me any great Good. Should'ſt thou give me Opportunities of acquiring Riches, and throw open the Gate of Honours to me; I ſhall thereby, perhaps, become vicious and inſolent. Beſtow only one thing on me, which will not be afterwards in thy Power to take away: Give me good Education, and let a Man of Learning take the Charge of me; by which means I ſhall be revenged of* Nature, *in making me but an Atom of a Man; and perhaps make thy Courtiers, one day, repent of their preſent Laughter at me.*

Oſmin

Osmin has behaved himself so well, and gained such Credit by the Subtilty of his Wit, and Readiness of his Answers, that he is, at present, one of the *Courts* choicest Entertainments, and the Scourge of debauched People. Coming one day to divert and comfort me in my Illness, he told me, That being in private Discourse with one of the Women belonging to a Lady of the first Rank; he was forced to conceal himself speedily behind the Hangings, to prevent being surprized in the Chamber, where this Lady unexpectedly entred with the *Venetian* Ambassador, who ordinarily resides in this Court, and where he heard the following Discourse from this Minister's own Mouth:

Madam, I shall willingly discover to you, now that we are alone, the Intentions of the Republick *I serve, touching the* Turkish *Affairs, provided you promise me to do me Two different good Turns. 'Tis absolutely necessary, we make War with these* Barbarians, *before they declare it against us. The* Ottoman *Family is like the Mathematical Compass, which enlarges it self the more 'tis pressed. You are not to be informed of the famous Victory gained by our General,* Capello, *who has led in Triumph all the Gallies of* Africk; *but though* Amurath *be employ'd on the Frontiers of* Persia, *in the Siege of a most important Place, yet does he already threaten to be revenged for the Defeat of these* Barbarians. *The Ministers of the* Port *do earnestly press him to shew his Resentment; and we certainly know by secret Relations from the* Turkish *Camp, lying before* Babylon, *that the* Grand Signior *has said in full Council, That he will himself throw the first Fire-ball into our* Arsenal. *That, Madam, which lies in your Power, is, to perswade the King to engage in the Common Cause; and for this end, make up a Peace with his Enemies, that he may joyn his Naval Forces with ours. On the other Hand, we could wish you would offer the contrary to the Cardinal* Richlieu; *because*

cause this Minister usually slighting Womens Counsels, will come to our purpose, through his obstinate Humour of contradicting you: And I do not doubt but this Artifice will succeed, if you persuade him, the King is resolved not to give us any Assistance. There runs a Report, as if our Bailio has been laid hold on at Constantinople, and retained Prisoner in the Castle of Seven Towers, by the Order of the Kaimakan. And 'tis added, That the Grand Signior offers a Peace to the Persians, to return speedily into Europe; that having no Diversion on that side, he may turn all his Forces against the Republick.

The Pope promises much, and we need not fear but he will keep his Word, being the Person most interessed in our Affairs. He will furnish Money, join his Gallys to those of the Republick, and moreover, send us several stout Men. The King of Spain promises us Forty Galleys, with all Necessaries, together with Fifty Vessels of War. The Great Duke of Tuscany will assist us with Eight Vessels well set out, and Six Galleys well armed. The King of Poland promises to send into the Infidels Country, an Army of Fifty Thousand Cossacks; and other shall cruise about the Levantine Seas with their Brigantines, and especially the Archipelago. As to what respects the Republick, the chief Families in Venice have already proffered to set out, and entertain at their own Charge, a Vessel, till the War be ended; and all the great Castles and Towns on the firm Land, freely offer to furnish the Republick with Fifty Thousand Duckats a Month. This Kingdom (which is so full of Men, amongst which there are so many good Officers, which are rich in Money, and at present so considerable at Sea) must not only not trouble so noble and necessary a Project, in continuing a War with Spain; but also gives its Assistance, by Supplies of Men, Money and Vessels. If you can, Madam, oblige the King to enter into this League, you will merit an Everlasting Remembrance, and have an Hundred

Thousand Crowns, which lye ready for you at Venice, to be paid when and where you please.

This is God's *Cause, the Occasion is favourable, and all things seem in a readiness. You may immortalize your Name, and with your Beauty, your Credit and Eloquence give good Grounds of Hope to* Christendom *of Success, by obtaining the Assistance of the most potent of the* Christian *Monarchs.*

This is what the *Dwarf* heard, and what he entrusted me with since; were I in a Condition, the serious *Kaimakam*, to relate particularly the Life of *Osmin*, I am perswaded thou would'st give intire Credit to the Discourse he made me.

Osmin is born a *Turk*, he loves me dearly, and has a certain Sympathy with me; which obliges him to seek me often, and entrust me with all the Adventures of his Life, treating me not only as a Friend, but living with me, as if I were his Brother.

There being some days, since I languished in Bed, tormented with a Distemper, which at its Beginning threatned me with vexatious Consequences, and which causes me to droop and languish; thou wilt pardon me, if I reason not much on an Adventure so extraordinary. Should *God* restore me to my Health, I shall double my Care and Diligence in observing the Measures of this *Court*. Order thy Prudence and Valour, that the Preparations of these *Infidels* against the formidable Monarchy of the *true Believers*, may vanish into Smoak: And the great Sovereign of the Lower and Upper World grant thee perfect Health; which is sought for by his Highnesses Slave, and thy Servant, *Mahomet*.

Paris, 12th. *of the* 4th. *Moon*, *of the Year* 1639.

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LETTER XIII.

To Iouf his Kinſman.

NOtwithſtanding my Weakneſs, I force my ſelf to write thee this Letter, to thee with whom I am engaged by Intereſt, as well as by Blood. My Diſtemper lies ſo heavy upon me, that there remains only the time to ſpeak Two Words of Devotion to thee. *Iouf*, thou oughteſt towards the End of the *Moon* in *May*, to go to *Mecha*; carry me along with thee, though I am at this diſtance. I entreat thee, when thou ſhalt arrive with the *Caravan* of *Pilgrims*, at the Mount of *Arafat*, to offer there a Sacrifice in my Name; immolate a Sheep in commemoration of *Abraham*: And, if thou arriveſt in Health at the *Holy Moſque*, and in full ſtrength, offer devoutly my Prayers to our *Great Prophet*. I ask not Honours of *Mahomet*, no more than Riches; I only beg, that Heaven would reſtore me what I have loſt; 'tis Health I deſire, whereby I may ſerve our Great Emperor, and live more Holy than I have done. But before thy Departure, diſtribute a good Dole to the Poor, and if thou wanteſt Money, go and find *Dgnet Oglou*; borrow of him in my Name Seven hundred and fifty Aſpers, which thou ſhalt immediately deal out to thoſe that have moſt need.

Thou knoweſt how greatly the Works of Charity are recommended to us; they multiply the Benedictions of Heaven, and encreaſe our Wealth. I neither do, nor can do this in the *Infidels* Country; thou knoweſt my Inability, ſpeedily ſuccour me in the Neceſſity I am of doing Good, and let nothing hinder thee, no Argument of good Husbandry nor Superſtition. If thou neglect my

Prayer, the ſhame of the Fault will lie at thy Door; and thou alone ſhalt bear the Iniquity, if thou executeſt not the Will of a dying Man, eſpecially having the Power. I forgot what I had of greateſt Importance to tell thee, and which is the moſt Holy, and aimed at to obtain with the greateſt Earneſtneſs. Endeavour to get for me a little Piece of the Cloth, wherewith the Temple of *Mecha* every Year hung, and which the *Pilgrims* tear in pieces to have each of them a part; and ſend, as ſoon as thou canſt, this Holy *Relick*, in a little Silver Box, to *Carcoa* at *Vienna*, who will take care I receive it. If thou beeſt a good *Muſſulman*, give ſpeedy Help to a Diſciple of the ſame *Law*; and if thou beeſt a real Kinſman, aſſiſt me, love me, and take on thee my Defence when neceſſary. I embrace thee with all my Heart, and Strength; and though I believe my ſelf very near Death, yet I wiſh thee a long and happy Life.

Paris, 12th *of the* 4th *Moon*,
of the Year 1639.

LETTER XIV.

To the Invincible Vizir Azem, *at* Conſtantinople.

IF thou beeſt the ſame that commanded the Army of the *true Believers* before *Babylon*, I write to thee without congratulating thy Reſurrection. The People at *Paris*, have kill'd thee by their Diſcourſe, becauſe they wiſh'd thy Death, and 'tis generally ſaid thou waſt ſtrangled by Four *Mutes*. But if I write to another, raiſed to the chief Dignity of the Empire, I pray the Great *God*, who will one day judge

judge all Men, that he will long continue thee in *Amurath*'s Service, ever happy, and alway attended with Victory; and give thee better Fortune than all the other *Vizirs*, who have governed in the vast Empire of the *Muſſulmen*.

I have been ſick during the ſpace of Eighteen *Moons*, and my health is not yet fully reſtored: I have lived all that time, in continual Expectation of Death, and ſo many odd things have happned in my Sickneſs, that I ſhould fall into it again, ſhouldſt thou oblige me to make the Recital of them.

The Charity of the *Chriſtian Derviſes* has been very great towards me, having neglected nothing which might be any ways ſerviceable to my happy Departure. The graveſt of them have often attended me with Diſcourſes of the Immortality of the Soul, of Hell, their Purgatory, Paradiſe, and the Merits and Indulgences of the Church. Several Phyſicians have come to ſee me, and uſed their utmoſt Skill to keep me alive, and imagine I owe my Life to them; but if it be ſo, they have paid themſelves for their Care, by drawing ſo much Blood out of me, having, I think, quite emptied my Veins, to reſiſt, ſaid they, the ſeveral Diſtempers which aſſaulted me, and to take from me the *Turkiſh* Fever which I nouriſhed; for I aſſuredly brought it from *Conſtantinople*.

The greateſt Sin I committed during the Courſe of ſo long a Sickneſs, was the pretending to confeſs my ſelf to a *Captain Dervis*, as the *Chriſtians* do in the Principal Feaſts, and when they are ready to die. I uſed this Ceremony but once, and I do not think I have committed Sacrilege, for I have told no Truth; and if I may ſpeak freely to thee, Invincible *Vizir*, hear what a pleaſant Penance was enjoyned me, for an imaginary Crime of which I accuſed my ſelf. I confeſſed I hindred, by an Apology I had made, a *Mehometan* from embracing

the *Law* of *Jesus*; and the *Dervis* said to me his Passion, *You are not then a* Catholick: *I am*, answered I, *and only dissuaded this* Barbarian *on Account, I had observed it seldom happened, That a* Turk, *who changed his Law, came to a good End; and that those who ceased to be* Mussulmen, *seldom prove any others but bad* Christians. *Your Reasoning is also as false*, replyed sharply the *Monk*, *as the Design you have had is bad; for you never ought to hinder any thing which is good, for the fear you may have that in the End it may cease to be so. And I enjoyn you for Penance, to scrape out with such Exactness, all the Characters of your Apology, that there remain no Mark of it, so that the Paper become as clean, and fair, as if there had been nothing written on it, that so black and detestable a Discourse be entirely defaced by the Pains which you shall take to hinder the remaining of any Trace or Mark: After which, you shall pray to* God *as long as you live, that he would destroy the Temple at* Mecha, *so famous by the Impieties committed there, and enlighten the Eyes of the blind* Mahometans. But I am constrained to stop here, being so feeble, and indisposed, that I have not the Strength to write that I am now recovering.

The *Mars* which has made *Germany* Tremble, I mean the Duke of *Wimar*, is in fine dead at 36 Years of Age, and buried in the same Field wherein he gathered his last Lawrels, that is to say, at *Brizac*. I shall distinctly inform the *Kaimakam* of whatever has hapned during my Sickness, that I may not give thee the Trouble to read the Relation of several Adventures, which have been already published in the World, whilst thou art employed in the great Affairs of the Empire. As soon as I am able, I shall, if possible, do with greater Diligence the Offices of my Place, and henceforward punctually advertise thee of the Cabals, Intrigues and Designs of the *Nazarenes*, that thou mayst not

be

be unprovided against all the Attempts of the *Infidels*.

I entreat the *Being* of *Beings* to accompany thy Life with all the Happiness thou can'st desire on Earth; and that thou may'st never undertake any thing for the Good of the Empire, and its Religion, without Success.

Paris, 15th *of the* 10th *Moon*,
of the Year 1640.

LETTER XV.

To the Kaimakam.

THOU wer't but little mistaken, when thou thoughtest I was dead. I have been so near the Grave, that I may have received four of thy Letters, without being able to read them; so far was I from the power of Answering them. I have been sick a whole Year and six Months, out of the Commerce of the Living, and without receiving any Consolation from any one; abandoned to Physick, and become the Prey of the Physicians; and in short, out of hope of ever recovering; but the Day wherein I am to be judged, is not yet come: I am in fine, still alive, and shall soon, I hope, be well again, if thou, to o'erwhelm me, chargest not my long Malady, as a Crime upon me, and suspectest me not guilty of Infidelity.

I have informed my self, within these few Days, of several Events which have hapned during the Course of several *Moons*, which I shall relate to thee, if I can, in this Letter, to make amends for the time I have lost. But in so few Words, as will occasion thee to think I am still sick; for which

thou muſt not blame me, ſeeing thou loveſt Brevity.

France, during the time I have not writ to thee, has given me Marks of its Power and Policy. Four places have been beſieged in the Year 1639. whoſe Succeſs have not been equal. The *French* have met with Diſadvantage before *Thionville*, by the Valour and Conduct of *Picolomini*, one of the Emperor's *Generals*, who was born in *Italy*, and brought up from a Child in the Trade of Arms. 'Tis ſaid, he has attack'd and vanquiſh'd his Maſter's Enemies, with ſuch ſpeed, that one may compare his Action with that of *Claudius Nero*, when he defeated *Aſdrubal* who had enter'd *Italy*: He has broken the Enemies Army, routed the Horſe, took the Cannon, kill'd the *French* General, and immediately rais'd the Siege; but in revenge, the ſame *French*, who were beaten before *Thionville*, have made themſelves Maſters of *Hedin*, *Salins*, and *Salſe*; which laſt was taken by the Young Prince of *Conde*, who gives the Marks of an extraordinary Valour; but the *Spaniards* have re-taken theſe Places, which have coſt them dear. 'Tis ſaid that the Governour left by the Prince of *Conde* there, being preſs'd by the *Spaniards* to ſurrender the Place, threw out to 'em an hot White-Loaf, ſaying, *That thoſe who eat of this Bread, would not ſurrender themſelves, before the Enemies came to the time wherein they might eat Ice.*

Yet the Place was ſurrender'd, before the *Spring-time* was come to change the Face of the Earth; ſo far were they from holding out till it was cover'd with Snow or Ice.

This King immediately appeaſed the Inſurrections which were made in *Normandy*. But what wilt thou ſay of *Caſimir*, the King of *Poland*'s Brother, who being return'd a Second Time into *France* alone and diſguiſ'd, was diſcovered and carried Priſoner

to

to the Caſtle in the Wood of *Vincennes* near *Paris*, where he is carefully guarded.

The War has been very cruel in *Italy* between the Three Parties, who are extreamly animated againſt one another. Prince *Thomas* of the *Houſe* of *Savoy*, drove out by ſurprize the *French* from *Turin*; but thou wilt ſoon underſtand that our Capital Enemies the *Spaniards*, have been beaten and entirely defeated under *Cazal*, by the Count *Harcourt*, of the Houſe of *Lorrain*.

The *Spaniards* and *Dutch* have made a great Noiſe in the Ocean with their Fleets; the former came with Fourſcore Veſſels of *War*, to land Fifteen Thouſand Men in *Flanders*; but having been met by *Van Tromp*, a Commander of great Courage and Experience, there was a bloody Battel fought, which laſted long, but at length ended in the Defeat of the *Spaniards*.

The *Dutch* have taken Thirteen Ships, and about Twenty of them have been driven by the Weather on the Coaſts of *England*, where they are loſt, and Eight others have had the good Fortune to get into *Dunkirk*.

The Victory of the *Dutch* is compleat, having loſt but one Ship in the whole Engagement, againſt ſo puiſſant an Enemy, and whoſe Subjects they were formerly.

Bear with me, Illuſtrious and Happy *Kaimakan*, wanting Strength to continue on writing, though it were the Victories of *Amurath* which I were to relate.

I ſhall make known to thee, on the firſt Opportunity, whatever ſhall come to my Knowledge In the mean time, the Creator of all things, direct thee in all thy Ways, and proſper all thy Undertakings.

Paris, 15th. *of the* 10th. *Moon*, *of the Year* 1649.

LETTER XVI.

To Dgnet Ogiou.

I Am in a manner raiſed from the Dead, by reading thy Letter, there is not a Line or Syllable, but ſhews the Marks of a true Heart, and a tender and real Sympathy with my Condition: I pray Heaven, we may do nothing either of us to leſſen this Affection.

Thou informeſt me in thy Letter of the Departure of *Iſouf* for *Mecha:* I give thee a Thouſand Thanks for the Money thou haſt given him, for the offering of a Sacrifice in my Name on the *Sacred Mountain*, and to diſtribute here below the Alms which I enjoyned him. I admire thy Bounty, and the Charitable Care thou haſt had of the Salvation of thy Friend *Mahmut*, in ſending one of our *Devotes* to *Medina*, to go the Pilgrimage, and ſay the Prayers for me. In a Word, I ſee thy Kindneſs makes thee foreſee and provide againſt all my Wants; there is no Place or Time, wherein I receive not Marks of thy Favour.

Seeing I am ſo dear to thee, and loving thee ſo greatly as I do, let not diſtance of Place, Poverty, Diſgrace, Impriſonment, or any other Misfortune, extinguiſh, or ſo much as damp our mutual Affection.

I have, in a manner, ſtole the time I write to thee: for I have nothing which is truly mine, and I make thee a Preſent of a thing which I owed the *Kaimakam*, for whom I ought to employ more time in writing. But let us lay aſide all theſe troubleſome Affairs, and entertain one another with an entire Confidence and Familiarity. Thou wanteſt not Wit, employ it in the Study of Hiſtory, after ſufficient

ficient Inſtruction in the Matters which concern Religion. If thou wilt be a Prince among other Men, ſeparate thy ſelf from the Crowd, by thy Application to good Authors; read much, and yet read little; read ever good Books, there being few of them, and thus thou wilt read much. If thou can'ſt attain to the knowledge of whatever is known of Men, thou wilt be a kind of *God* amongſt them; whereas thou wilt be of the Number of Beaſts, if thou faileſt of acquiring the Notices thou oughteſt to have. I wiſh thou would'ſt mind more for thy Friends ſake, what paſſes in the *Seraglio*, in the *Divan*, and in the Prince's moſt ſecret Councils, to know what is ſaid there againſt me, and for me: Good and ſeaſonable Advice does oftentimes hinder much Miſchief, and does a great deal of good. Friendſhip makes thoſe things which are otherwiſe hard, very eaſie: 'He that is not ready (ſays an 'Holy Man amongſt the *Chriſtians*) to ſuffer all 'things, and to loſe all, and his very Will too, 'for the ſake of him that he loves, deſerves not 'the Name of a Friend.'

Let us ever forget the words *Mine* and *Thine*; Thy Good Fortune is mine, even as thy Diſgraces are: If we thus eſtabliſh our Friendſhip, why may we not, though Modern *Turks*, compare our ſelves to thoſe Ancient *Greeks*, who have given ſuch glorious Marks to the World of their Friendſhip; Why may we not be the Imitators of *Pelopidas* and *Epaminondas*, who contracted ſo ſtrict an Union, that nothing could change it? Although we were not born the ſame Day, in the ſame Climate, and in the ſame Town as *Poliſtratus* and *Hypoclides*, who were born in the ſame Houſe, at the ſame Hour, and lived always together, and fell ſick at the ſame Time, and loved equally; yet let us ſurpaſs them in Affection. Love we one another more than *Theſeus* and *Pirithous*; more than *Damon* and *Pithias*;

Pithias; the former of which contracted in Arms, and the other in Studies, that ſtrict Amity that has rendred them ſo recommendable to Poſterity. If thou knoweſt any Secret whereby to reſtore my Appetite which I have loſt, ſend it me. I am here Spectator of a Million of Mouths, who eat four times a Day, and conſume 15000 Oxen every Week, and 15000 other Pieces of Animals, beſides Mutton, Veal, Hogs, not to reckon all ſorts of Fowl, and Fruits produced by the Earth, and the Fiſhes from the Seas and Rivers.

I am forced to die with Hunger with my Meat in my Hands; and in a Town where there is an Abundance of all ſorts of things, I want all things. Bread, which is ſo pleaſant to the Eye, and ſo ſavoury in the Taſte, to all other People, is nauſeated by me. Wine only, becauſe 'tis forbidden by our Law, rejoices the ſight of me, and ſtirs up a deſire of drinking. Let me hear oft from thee; let thy Letters be inſtructive, and be levelled againſt my melancholy Temper. The God of *Mahmut* keep thee ever in Health, and make thee love me, as thou do'ſt, continually.

Paris, 15th *of the* 10th. *Moon*, *of the Year*, 1640.

LETTER XVII.

To Adonai *the* Jew *at* Genoa.

THou art as Lazy in Writing, as Inconſiderable in thy Judgment of Things. Thou haſt written to the *Grand Vizir*, That this *Republick* is diſpoſed to join its Forces to that of *Venice*, for its Aſſiſtance in the War againſt the *Port*; but what

Ground

Ground haſt thou for this Advice? And if the *Grand Vizir* ſhould oblige thee to give a Reaſon for this, how can'ſt thou ſatisfie his Curioſity, and hinder him from accuſing thee of great Lightneſs?

I now received a Copy of the Letter thou didſt write to *Conſtantinople*, for which I thank thee: 'Twould have been better I had received the Original; for I would not have ſent it. There's no likelihood that a *Republick*, ſo deſirous of eſtabliſhing a Peace in her Dominions, will diſturb her own Quiet, for the Service of a State, with which ſhe is always at War.

Had the *Genoeſes* any Cauſe of Complaint againſt *Amurath*, they would want neither Soldiers, nor Arms, nor Veſſels, nor Money, to raiſe Enemies againſt him. But at preſent, whilſt their Affairs are in a full Calm, both abroad and at home, they make (with greater Prudence that the *Venetians*) War in the *Spaniſh Indies* with their Regiſters, and Arithmetick; and they have always the Advantage in this kind of Combat, wherein there is no Example they ever loſt: Let this Nation alone in Peace: Write rather to the *Port*, That the *Genoeſes*, condemned by Nature to dwell in the Rocks and Deſart Mountains, have found the means of making theſe the moſt delicious Abodes in *Europe*.

Tell the *Grand Vizir*, That ſo many extravagant Philoſophers, who continually ſearch for what they will never find, have at length ſhewed, That there is no other Place where are more perfect Chymiſts to be found, having coverted into Gold almoſt all the Stones of the Country, changed the Horror of their Diſarts into moſt pleaſant Gardens; and the Cottages of the ancient *Ligurians* are transformed into Palaces, enriched with Marble and Porphyry, with ſo great Magnificence and Propriety, that no Houſes are comparable to theirs. To which thou mayſt add, That the Inheritance of the pooreſt

Genoeſe,

Genoese, does at this time much surpass those of their Predecessors. Shew him, they have begun to give considerable Succours to great and puissant Monarchs, by immense Sums; and that, in fine, in the Registers of particular Traders, one may see the Names of the greatest Monarchs on Earth, to whom they are become Creditors.

Be more careful of what thou writest for the future; and when thou givest Advice, set down what thou knowest without Exaggeratings, and be reserv'd in what's doubtful: Never write Falsehoods in thy Dispatches. Be also never the Author of vulgar Rumours, and Stories made by People at leisure, who abound with Extravagancies. *God* help thy Understanding, and heal thy Distempers, if thou hast any.

Paris, 10th *of the* 11th *Moon, of the Year* 1640.

LETTER XVIII.

To the Kaimakam.

THE *Christians* are become Magicians; or, to speak better, the *Spaniards* who make War in *Piemont*, have fill'd the World with Astonishment by an extraordinary and new Enchantment. I wrote to thee, there were two great Armies before *Turin*, one to take it, and the other to succour it; but I have not yet made known to thee, that the Cannon of the *Spaniards* are become Couriers, who carry their Dispatches in the Air, into the besieged Cities; and moreover, Ammunition, Powder, Salt-Petre, and Money, a marvellous Invention, which fills me with Admiration in writing it.

it. There is a Man in the Camp of General *Legannez*, who makes Brass Bullets so artificially, that having shot them into the Ditch of the Place, they have for a long time succoured the Besieged. 'Tis said, that being made in a Vice, and hollowed within, they have served for Two Uses, to convey into *Turin* what was wanting, and to bring back into the *Spaniards* Camp the things they most needed. But this Industry proved in the end useless; for after several Conflicts, *Turin* has fain again into the Hands of King *Lewis*, who has therein re-established the Dutchess of *Savoy*, to the great Satisfaction of her People, who have thereupon shewed the Signs of the greatest Joy. This Re-establishment is owing to the Valour and Conduct of Count *Harcourt*, who has sustained and repelled the Assaults of Two Armies, stronger in Number than his own. This Captain has made his Name as famous in *Italy*, as were heretofore those of the *Heroes* of *Rome* and *Athens*. The Marquis of *Leganez* undertook the Siege of *Cazal*, an important Place belonging to the Duke of *Mantoa*, situated on the famous River of *Po* in *Italy*. Count *Harcourt* not being able with all his Army to put Succours into the Place, he took the Party of forcing himself the Besieged, entring on Horseback into the Lines with his Sword in his Hand, where he was followed by some of his Gentlemen. The *Spaniards* being surpriz'd and astonish'd, found no Safety but in Retreat, which they made disorderly; and the *French*, under such a Captain, bore away that day, the greatest and most glorious Victory they ever won in *Italy*.

If thou requirest an Account of me of what has past in *Germany*, I can tell thee, that the War has been carried on there this Year with equal Success and Losses to both Parties, to whom Fortune has been sometimes favourable, and otherwhiles contrary.

But

But I am informed, there's a design of making a great Assembly at *Cologne*, to re-establish a Peace between all the *Christian* Princes; and that the King of *France* has named for his *Plenipotentiary* there, the Cardinal *Julius Mazarin*, an *Italian* by Nation, a Man of great Parts and Experience in Busines.

Prince *Casimir* is set at Liberty, at the Intreaty of the King of *Poland* his Brother, and has been since well received by the King, who made him dine at his Table, and presented him with a rich Diamond. The Town of *Arras* which the *French* have taken in the *Spanish Netherlands*, is of great Importance, and is a considerable Loss to the *Catholick* King, who will give great Reputation to his Enemies, that have taken the place in the sight of a great Army, commanded by the *Cardinal Infant*, Governour of the *Low-Countries*; which Conquest has mightily raised the *French* Courage, and encreased the Glory of their Prince.

The Queen is brought to Bed of a Second Son, who was born the 21*st* of *September*, and he is named the Duke of *Anjou*.

The *Spaniards* are as unfortunate on the Sea, as at Land. Their Fleet which returned from the *West Indies*, richly laden with Commodities of all sorts, have been most of them dispersed by the *French* Naval Army, commanded by the Duke of *Breze*. The *Spaniards* truly fought with much Valour, but Fifteen Thousand of their Men were slain, and Two Hundred taken Prisoners, together with Five great Vessels richly laden. One of their great Gallions was burnt, and it is said, the other Ships were saved, having first thrown the best part of their Lading overboard, which they had brought with such great Care and Pains from the *other World*.

That which has past on the Ocean, has not hindred the Archbishop of *Bourdeaux* from shewing

the Strength of the King his Master on the *Mediterranean*; where he has sought an Occasion of fighting the *Spaniards* with a lighter Army, consisting for the most part of Galleys. He had sent a Defiance to the Duke *de Ferrandine*, General of the *Spanish* Galleys; who being unwilling to accept of the Challenge, this Prelate advanced towards the Coast of *Naples*, where he did some Mischief.

One may say, that the Misfortunes of *Philip* King of *Spain*, are as great this Year, as is Power is. But it is said, these Losses are not comparable to what he is threatned with, if *Portugal* and *Catalonia* shake off the Yoke of his Domination, as the common report runs.

I have heard much talk in general, on these considerable Affairs, without being however informed of any certain Particulars. But henceforward, when I shall be able to leave my Chamber, to go into the Churches, Walks, and Gardens about the City and the *Court*, I shall let nothing pass without a strict Enquiry, and give a faithful Account of whatever deserves thy Notice; and should'st thou desire any particular thing of thy Slave *Mahmut*, 'tis but mentioning it, and thou shalt not want an exact and humble Answer.

It makes me tremble in telling thee, that a Report runs here, of the Death of the Invincible Prop of the World, the Mighty of Mighties; in fine, of the Glorious *Amurath*. 'Tis false News, I hope, yet however asserted with great Confidence. The Arbiter of Heaven and Earth confound all our Enemies, and give the *Grand Signior*, and thy self, a Life which knows no end, and attended with a Happiness which cannot be encreased.

Paris, 7th of the last Moon, of the Year 1620.

LET

LETTER XIX.

To Dgnet Oglou.

THE Lovely *Greek*, after whom thou enquirest so earnestly, is long since retired into *France*, and has been married Eighty *Moons* to a great *French* Merchant, with whom I am not acquainted, but am informed is very Rich, and Fortunate in his Dealings: but infinitely more Fortunate, in being the Husband of *Daria Lena Maani*, by whom he has several fine Children.

This charming *Greek* does now profess the *Roman* Religion, which is the only Fault I find in her: I never knew Woman, whose whole Carriage is so graceful, who does all things with such a careless Exactness, and whose Vertue is less morose. Mere Chance brought me acquainted with her; whom I no sooner saw, but was struck with Admiration. She came to *Paris* the last Year, to solicit a Law-Suit against a Stranger about an Estate. It was at *Court*, and in the Presence of the King himself, that I first saw *Daria*: She spake to him so sweetly, that she soon obtained what she desired; and at the same instant, I felt such inexpressible Passions and Longings after her Acquaintance —— Suffice me, my dear *Dgnet*, to tell thee, That never any Creature made such deep Impressions in the Heart of a Man, as this charming *Greek* did in mine.

I drew near to her as soon as I could; I spake to her in her own Language, telling her, I was an *Arabian*; and she answered me with as great Modesty as Benignity. I went the day following to give her Visit in her own Lodgings; where this adorable Person received me with the greatest Civility, not forbidding me a Return; being pleased

ſed perhaps to meet with one that could ſpeak her own Language, which is very rare in theſe Parts.

Since then, I could not for my Life forget her; I have ſerved her with the greateſt Diligence, and ſo doted on her, that I forgot my ſelf and thee, and if I may dare to ſay ſo, the *Grand Signior* too. Pardon this Infidelity on the account of a Paſſion, which knows no Moderation, being not able to withſtand the Force of ſo invincible an Enemy.

Daria is young, of a generous Temper, and in whoſe whole Deportment, there's no Grace wanting. Her Vertue is far above *Lucretia*'s, for this *Roman* Lady killed her ſelf, having firſt endured the Violences of a Tyrant; whereas ſhe would die before ſhe would come to ſuch a Tryal. If you have ſeen her at *Conſtantinople*, you muſt have known her Perfections: I, for my part, who only knew her at *Paris*, have remark'd four Beauties in her Perſon, which I believe is not to be found in any of thoſe Ladies kept in the *Seraglio*. Her Eyes, her Mouth, her Teeth, and her Hands, ſeem to have been made only to furniſh the *God of Love* with Darts. She is ſure to ſtrike where ſhe will with her fine black Eyes full of Fire: and ſhe has alſo the Secret of healing the Wounds ſhe makes, when ſhe pleaſes. As ſoon as ever ſhe opens her Mouth, the three *Graces* are ſeen to ſit ſporting in her Countenance; and her Body is moreover ſo proportion'd in all its Parts, that had ſhe lived in the time of *Phidias*, he had certainly taken her for the Model of his *Venus*, which was the Admiration of all the World.

I have plyed this fair *Greek* with Viſits, loved her even to Idolatry; my Reſpect has been ever equal to her Vertue; and the greateſt Favour I obtained from her, was to ſuffer me thus to ſpeak to her, *I love you, Daria; Daria, I adore you*; but ſhe would

would never ſuffer the leaſt Expreſſion which might make her underſtand any thing elſe.

This Incomparable Beauty often ſaid to me, Mahmut, *I have a great Reſpect for thee, becauſe thou art Diſcreet and Vertuous, and ſhould alſo love thee were thou not a Man. Live on ſtill as thou haſt done, and thou wilt thereby oblige me to reſpect thee yet more; but think not to obtain from* Daria *any more than an innocent Affection; I owe all to my Husband, and I will never be unfaithful to him.* If I ever attempted to ſnatch any ſmall Favour, it was always in vain, having ever repelled me in ſuch a manner, as made me loſe all Hope, and at the ſame time feel a new increaſe of Paſſion. Conſider, dear *Oglou*, what paſt then in my Heart, and what a War I was to ſuſtain.

In my great Inquietudes, and ſharpeſt and cruelleſt Pains, *Philoſophy* ſupplied me with no other Remedies but Patience; ſhe ſet before me the Examples of the Eſteem which the Ancients had for Pudicity; but ſhe hindred me not from alſo remembring that we find in Hiſtory almoſt all the *Philoſophers* more tranſported with Venereal Pleaſures, than retained by the Precepts of Wiſdom: *Diogenes* and *Ariſtotle*, became they not Fools hereby; And *Seneca*, whoſe Morals are the Rules of the Wiſeſt, was not he driven out of *Rome* for his Adulteries? I tell thee plainly, the Precepts of *Philoſophy* have influenced me not a whit; I derided them, and was reſolved to love on, and that more exceſſively than all the *Philoſophers* together. *Daria*'s ſoft Severity has laid on me ſtronger Laws than all the Dogms of the *Stoicks*; ſo that nothing can make me change my Reſolution of loving her eternally. If it be true that Love is a Weakneſs, only Men, who are noble Creatures, are thereunto ſubject; it being certain, that mean Souls cannot love, becauſe they have no Heart: *Natures Original*

and is far higher than Reasons; One is the Work of *God*, whereas the other comes from Man. Be not then astonisht, if *Reason* does so oft yield to *Nature*.

Daria had a mind to learn *Italian*, which she thought a better Language than others. I taught her a great deal of it in a little time; but business quickly deprived an unhappy Master of the most perfect of Scholars. She said once to me. 'Mahmut, 'let us have a perpetual Amity for one another, but 'let us love and esteem *Vertue* far before *Friendship*, 'Teach me *History* and *Geography*, to the end that 'knowing Kingdoms, Towns, and Provinces, and 'those that govern them, I may know into how 'many Parts, this Earth which appears so admirable, is divided; I may now learn the Forces, Methods of Government, Manners, Religions of Nations, the Difference of Seas and of Mountains, of 'Lakes and Rivers, of inhabited Places, Islands and 'Desarts, that I may not confound the Barbarous 'with the civilized Nations, and *Republicks* with '*Monarchies*.

My worthy Friend, so noble an Inclination joined with a singular Grace, and attended with so many rare Qualities, as well Spiritual as Corporal, have reduced the poor *Mahmut* to a Slavery, more rigorous than that which he suffered with thee in *Sicily*. How many nights have I past in horrible Restlesness; and how many times have I vainly believed I was with *Daria*, whom I sought in my Chamber; when Sleep succeeding long Watchings, represented her to me in a Dream more complaisant than ordinary? In a Word, *Daria* so filled my Thoughts, that I forgot my Books, and avoiding also the Company of my Friends; she alone was my daily Study, and I renounced all other Divertisements; the finest Ladies were nauseous to me; the finest Gardens seemed horrible Forests which

serve

ſerve for a Retreat to Savage Beaſts. In fine, my Paſſion (Friend *Oglou*) comes to that Exceſs, that I can find no Remedy. My Tears were of none effect to ſoften *Daria*, and I have caſt my ſelf a Thouſand times in vain at her Feet; all my Cares and Reſpects have ſerved only to give me Proofs of her Virtue. Receive as thou oughteſt the Confidence I put in thee, and if thou haſt not an Heart that can love ſo ardently, at leaſt have ſome Complacency towards a Man whoſe Paſſion has no bounds, and reproach me not with having had too much Weakneſs for having been vanquiſht by a Woman. 'Tis Women that have always won the greateſt Victories; it is their Trade to conquer, and even thoſe too who ſubdue all things. It is impoſſible for me to comprehend, how I could love ſo ſtrongly without dying; neither can I imagine how I ſhall live, if I be long deprived of the Sight of her I love. *Daria* has left *Paris*, and is diſtant thence above Three hundred Miles; conſider then the condition I am in, I reckon my ſelf in a ſolitary Place, although there be above a Million of Inhabitants in the Town where I dwell. I ſtir not out of my Chamber; and as to my Books, they will yield me no Comfort. My only Care is to nouriſh my Diſtemper; whereby I ſtudy to make my ſelf more miſerable, becauſe it is not in my Power, ſo much as to ſeek the way to the only Happineſs I wiſh for. *Mahmut* may be ſaid to be the Son of Sorrow; my Beard is naſty and overgrown; I am out of love with my ſelf, comfortleſs, avoiding all Society, and am become inviſible to all People. I have no hope amongſt ſo many Cauſes of Deſpair, but the Aſſurance which *Daria* has given me, that I poſſeſs a place in her Heart; and I believe it, becauſe ſhe ſays ſo. Heaven has given her a frank and generous Soul, and promiſes her great things in the courſe of her Life. I have ſecretly drawn her

Horoſcope;

Horoſcope; as far as I could find, all the Planets are favourable to her; ſhe is to live a great while; Fortune will ſecond her Intentions; ſhe will enjoy an uninterrupted Health; and this lovely Perſon will ever gain the Advantage on all that ſhall oppoſe her. Happy is he that ſhall be of the number of her Friends, but more happy is he that ſhall be beloved of her, for he may aſſure himſelf of being beloved of the handſomeſt and moſt deſerving Lady in the World.

Read my Follies with ſome Indulgence, and be not angry with me when thou knoweſt I was ready to renounce my Religion for that of *Daria*'s; ſhe began to convince me, and I began to believe, that the Religion of the moſt perfect and moſt vertuous of Women was the beſt. If thou haſt Intereſt enough in the *Grand Vizir*, or the *Kaimakam*, obtain for me the Permiſſion of leaving *Paris* for Six Hours only, but by no means let them know the Occaſion. I love much, abſent from *Daria*; but it ſeems to me I do not yet love enough: I would have more violent Tranſports, during her abſence, than thoſe I ſuffer whilſt I ſee her; to the end I may ſay, that all times, and in all places, never any body loved ſo much. I have diſcovered to thee my whole Heart; excuſe my Paſſion, if thou wilt not excuſe thy Friend ſo horridly tormented with it; and remember what the beautiful *Roxalana* ſaid to the Great *Solyman*: *That the Pleaſure of Commanding, and making one's ſelf Obeyed, is to reckoned but in the Second Rank of Pleaſures; whereas that of loving, and being beloved, is the firſt.*

Henry IV. was one of the greateſt Kings of *France*, than whom no Man ever more greatly loved. When he reproached the Duke *de Biron* with the love he had for a Lady, mark what this Caviſier told him; *Great King, how is it poſſible thou ſhouldeſt not be indulgent to Lovers, who haſt ſo often*

ſaid

ſaid when thou waſt in love, thou forgetteſt thy ſelf, thy Kingdom and Subjects? And this, dear *Oglu*, is what has hapned to me at *Paris*, with this admirable Perſon whom thou could'ſt no longer find at *Conſtantinople*. But alas, I ſhould be an unhappy Friend, if with ſuch a Love as mine I ſhould prove thy Rival. I will not imagine it; yet I muſt tell thee, that rather than yield thee *Daria*, I will ſacrifice to thee all the time I have to live. I have given my Picture to this Charming *Greek*, who has received it very courteouſly, yet rather as the Work of an excellent Painter, than the Picture of a Lover.

But being full of Goodneſs, and perfectly Diſcreet, ſhe ſaid thus to me, when I gave it her: Mahmut, *thank Heaven thou art not Handſome; ſuch ſort of Men have not ordinarily all the Succeſs they pretend to in their Amours. Wiſe Ladies think theſe kind of People doat too much on themſelves; and thoſe that are diſdainful, find them not ſubmiſſive enough and reſpectful; and ſuch as fear evil Tongues, dare not look on them; and alſo theſe Gentlemen imagine Ladies Favours are granted them, becauſe they cannot withſtand them, and they expect oftentimes to be intreated to receive them: Whereas thoſe to whom Nature has not been ſo liberal of her Favours do more than have love; they adore their Miſtreſſes, they are always humble, and know how to gain the cyeſt Beauty by their Reſpectfulneſs. As to thy part, who art none of the faireſt, thou wilt be happy, if thou changeſt not thy manner of living with me.*

It is impoſſible for me to ſay, whether *Daria* has any conſiderable Imperfections, being too greatly prepoſſeſſed by my Paſſion, to diſcover Defects in a Perſon whom I regard as an Angel. Time and her Promiſes, will one day ſhew me, whether ſhe has the Vices uſual to thoſe of her Nation, which are commonly an Infidelity, cover-

red

red over with the moſt ſpecious Pretences, and a continued Diſſimulation.

However, ſend me a Cask of the white Balm of *Mecha*, and of the beſt Sort for Scent thou can'ſt get; and at the ſame time, ſend me alſo ſome of that precious *Eaſtern* Wood, whoſe Scent is admirable to perfume the Body. I have promiſed the fair *Daria* this Preſent, let me ſoon have it, to the end I may accuſtom *Daria* to the Neatneſs and Delicacies of the *Mahometans*. Preſerve alſo thy Health; and if thou enviеſt me, love as much as I do; but love with Continency, if thou wilt love long, and be long beloved.

The Great *God* preſerve thee from loving however ſo exceſſively as thy Friend *Mahmut* does; the Dolors being therein always certain, and the Fruition uncertain.

Paris, 10th *of the* 1ſt *Moon*,
of the Year 1621.

LETTER XX.

To the Invincible Vizir Azem.

THE *Chiaus* arrived here this ſame *Moon* in which I write to thee, and is in perfect Health, with all his Attendants.

I do not tell thee in what manner he was received by the People at *Paris*, it being of ſmall importance; ſeeing they have no other part in the Government of the Kingdom, than that of Obeying.

The Populacy curiouſly obſerved his Habit, his Beard, and his Gate, all as extraordinary. 'Tis certain (Invincible Leader of his Armies, in whom

God has placed his Authority of governing the Earth,) our Envoys are not esteemed where-ever they come, unless amongst the most Rational and Honest part of Mankind; which are always the least Number.

Not only the Common Sort run to see our Ambassadors, for the Vestments they wear, to which their Eyes are not accustomed; but, even considerable Persons have the same Curiosity. Some silently approve, others lift up their Hands, to note their Astonishment; and others, by an insolent Murmur, discover their Contempt, not understanding the Justice due to Strangers, whose Manners and Fashions ought never to be blamed; it being impossible, but whole Nations must have good Reasons for their Customs and Practices since so many Ages.

But he was not thus received at *Court*, where the *King* and his *Ministers* do all things with great Prudence: being respected as a Man that brought good News, and sent by the Greatest and most Puissant Emperor in the World. As to the Subject of his coming, every body speaks diversly. The *Ministers* of Foreign Princes are fearful, lest the New *Sultan* should attempt the entire Ruine of *Christendom*, and prove more terrible than *Amurath*. In the mean time, this Heathenish People shew Incredible Joy at the burning of the Imperial City of *Constantinople*. But, the King has no part in the Sentiments of his Subjects.

Many say, That the King of *Red Heads* will renew the War with the Empire, and is perswaded to this by the *Great Mogol*; and there are some who affirm he has already laid Siege to *Babylon*. But those who speak with more Sense, and less Hatred, affirm, That all the *Port*'s Enemies are like Reeds exposed to the Wind, which will be easily overthrown, if the *French* take not part with them;

and

and it is the Folly of this Nation, (who believes her self superiour to all others, and the Arbiter of the World) to think too well of it self, *because she is respected as a Friend to the faithful* Mussulmans.

The *Jews* (Invincible *Vizir*, Principal *Minister* of the Empire, favoured of *God*) are the curs'd'st Race of all Nations; the *Christians* accused them of having set *Constantinople* on Fire; and greatly praise the *Greeks* for quenching it, to which, say they, they have no less contributed by their Hands, than by the Fervency of their Prayers; and that Heaven has preserved it from a total Ruin, because of the Sacred Relicks of so many *Christians*, whose Bodies lie buried in our *Mosques*.

The News which come from Foreign Countries, does every day denote the Disorder there is in all Parts; there being nothing heard from the side of *Spain*, but Secret Conspiracies, and Publick Revolts.

The People of *Catalonia* are in a continual Commotion, and so irritated, that they give no farther Quarter to the *Spaniards*. And, from *Portugal*, there comes more surprizing News.

London is as full of Disquiet, new Parties every day forming themselves against their Sovereign *Charles*, Master of those Three so famous Islands; whence it appears, that the *God* of the *Nazarenes*, is angry with these *unbelieving People*.

I shall not fail to inform thee in due time, of such Events as deserve thy Knowledge. For if things do not soon change their Posture, these Countries, forsaken of Heaven, (seeing the *true Law*, established by our *Prophet*, is not received here,) will soon change their Masters, their Manners, and Religion.

I adore with the profoundest Humility, and with my Head lying at thy invincible Feet, the Authority which the *Sultan* has intrusted thee with;

and which thou deserveſt, as well for thy Faithfulneſs, as the greatneſs of thy Actions.

Paris, 20th *of the* 1ſt *Moon, of the Year* 1641.

LETTER XXI.

To Cara Haly *the Phyſician at* Conſtantinople.

SInce I received thy Letter, and the Marks of thy Remembrance, I imagine my ſelf much better. I make Two Meals a Day, I walk about in the Morning, my Appetite increaſes, I have no more of thoſe nauſeous Belches, I can read longer, and I ſleep a-nights more ſoundly: Yet I cannot ſay I am in perfect Health; ſo long an Illneſs has deprived me of that which I do not find return. There's wanting to my Intellectual Faculties a certain kind of Vivacity, and Readineſs, in their Operations, which is extreamly abated; but I know not whether this be an Effect of the Pain I ſuffered, or whether it comes not from Nature weakned; as ſoon as our Life advances to throw it ſelf, as it were, into the Arms of Death, which is what is moſt certain for me. I would willingly entertain thee on the Condition wherein I find my ſelf, could I overcome the Weakneſs of my Diſpoſition, and the Coldneſs of the Seaſon, which pierces me, in ſpite of all my care to prevent it in this Icy Climate. The Ink I write with freezes on my Pen, and a Body may ſay the Fire freezes too, wanting, as it does, its uſual activity, the Cold being ſo ſharp, that it extinguiſhes the Natural Heat. The City where I dwell, appears on a ſudden transformed into Chryſtal: the Northern

Wind

Wind has in one night frozen the River; and all the Fountains, which were wont to quench the Thirst of a Million of People, are dried up. All Trade seems to have ceased; the Rich are retired to their Fires, and the Poor are creeping about the Streets; where, notwithstanding the Exercises they use to oppose the Cold, they seem already starved. The Bread is become like Marble, or an hard Stone; all things are frozen, and ancient People affirm, never the like has happened in their Days, or in the Times of their Fathers. There has been found some few Miles from *Paris*, in the great Road, Two Men clad in very course Stuff, without Shirts, their Legs naked, Heads shaved, and Cords about their middle, dead with Cold. They were found embracing one another, thinking thereby to communicate mutual Heat, to keep off, or at least retard their Deaths. These People are *Dervises* of the *Latin* Church, which are called *Capucins*; whose Life is a continual Penance. They rise in the Night to their Devotions, and spend their time in Contemplation. They live upon Alms which they receive of the *Christians*, which consist of Bread, Roots, and Herbs; and if the Charity of these *Nazarenes* extends to the giving any thing more, they use it with Sobriety. They sleep on Straw, and are obliged to wear the Habit Night and Day, which is dreadful to look on, and in which they are buried when they die. When their Occasions require them to travel, they are not permitted to go on Horseback, in a Coach or Chair, but only in Vessels when they go by Sea, or on Rivers; so that they have only that granted them, which *Cato* was so afraid of, and every body else, but Fools; which is, To Travel by Water.

In fine, their Life is accounted a continual Hell; and they will be finely chousèd, if they find not a Heaven, when stripp'd of their Mortality.

These *Religious* are under the direction of one *General*; observe a long Silence, which is a great Vertue among them; and with this are so exactly obedient to their *Head*, that they have no Will left.

They have very obscure Prisons under Ground, wherein they thrust those who scandalize their *Order* by their Crimes: For, notwithstanding the Holiness of their Rule, and the Vigilancy of their Superiours, to make it observed; there's never wanting some who wander from the right way, and often make use of the Esteem which Men have of their Piety, to commit such Enormities as would be soundly punished by the Men of the World. These kind of *Dervises*, cannot handle Money without being guilty of a mortal Sin. Notwithstanding this Profession of Poverty, I have seen these *Dervises* dress'd up with greater Magnificence than our *Mufti*, in the time when they celebrate their *Masses*, ascending up to the *Great Altar*, covered with the finest Linnen, and thereon Vests embroidered with Gold, the most delicately wrought as can be imagined, and oft enriched with Pearls and precious Stones. In their Sacrifice they eat the *consecrated Bread*, which they call the *Messias his Body*; which they are wont to place on a Plate of fine Gold; and they also put into Cups of the same Metal a Liquor, which they say is changed into the *Blood of their God*, as the Bread into the *Body*, as soon as they have pronounced certain Words, which they secretly mutter.

The Sacrifice is offered every day, and not only the People are present at it, but the greatest of the Kingdom, with their Monarch on his Knees, and in a supplicating posture. There stand about the Altar several stately Candlesticks, wherein burn white Wax Candles, which renders the Sacrifice still more solemn.

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I relate to thee what I have often seen; for I chuse to be frequently in these *Infidels* Churches, and at their solemn Festivals, the better to conceal who I am.

Yet happy is he that lives satisfied with himself, assured he serves *God* in the manner he will be served. Thou hast this good Fortune, and that of being in thine House at thine Ease; when thou goest out, thou weares a long Vest down to thy Heels, lined with soft and warm Furrs, whil'st I am obliged to cover my self barely with a black short Cloak, which scarcely reaches below my Knees, and is too thin to resist the piercing Northern Blasts; and is, in truth, a very ridiculous Habit; yet which I am obliged to wear, for the service of him whose Slave I am, which cannot cover my Bandy-Legs, and Ill-shap'd Body. I expect, with great impatience, the Season which o'erspreads the Gardens with Flowers, the Fields with Grass, and crowns the Trees with Blossoms, and brings back the pretty Birds, who publish the joyful News of the *Spring*'s approach; that being the Time wherein I may expect my Health.

As to what remains, thou wilt oblige me in making Trial of my Friendship, that thou may'st know, there's not in all the Empire of the *true Believers*, a more faithful Friend, and one that loves thee more cordially. *Adieu.*

Paris, 10th *of the* 2d *Moon, of the Year* 1641.

LETTER XXII.

To the Kaimakam.

THE Court of *France* is an Aſſembly of Politicians, who diſcover or hide themſelves according to their Intereſts; and are more wont to hold their peace, than to talk. They explain themſelves in more than one manner, on the things which they cannot conceal; and, I draw from them what is neceſſary for my Inſtruction, and thy Information. There have happened ſuch ſudden and ſurprizing Motions in *Spain*, as cauſe conſiderable Advantages to be hoped for by *France*, which ſeems to have had a great hand in them, on which thou may'ſt make what Reflections thou thinkeſt convenient.

The Mountains which divide *France* from *Spain*, are called the *Pirenees*. *Catalonia* is a Province watered on one hand by the *Mediterranean* Sea, and bounded by *Navarr*; it lies ſituated at the Foot of theſe Mountains: The People have taken up Arms, and vigorouſly oppoſed the *Catholick* King's *Miniſters*; and the *Portugueſes* have done the ſame thing, but with different Succeſs. This Kingdom is compriſed within the States of *Spain*, and the richeſt under her Dominion. Her Situation is advantageous, lying between *Galicia* and *Caſtile*, and watered with the Ocean, which brings her immenſe Riches.

The Principal Town of *Catalonia*, is *Barcellona*; and *Lisbon* is the Chief Town of *Portugal*. The firſt has taken for the pretence of its Inſurrection, The Inſolencies committed by the *Proteſtant* Troops, which ſerved the *Catholick* King, and were quartered in this Province. And the other, having long concealed

cealed its Design, has at length shaken off the *Spanish* Yoke; and set up a King of their own Royal Race.

'Tis said, That Count *Olivarez*, the King of *Spain's* Chief *Minister* and Favourite, designing to mortifie the *Catalonians*, horribly charged that Country with Soldiers, and sent thither the most licentious Troops to Quarter; imagining to chastise the Pride of this People in this manner, without any Form of Process.

This *Minister's* Design has had so far its End, the Province being full of Divisions and Slaughters, there wanting nothing to compleat their Miseries. The Soldiers exercise unheard of Cruelties, they shed indifferently the Blood of Infants, Old Men, and Women; overthrowing Altars, and ruining Temples. The most courageous Peasants gather together to repel Force with Force, and revenge themselves most cruelly on as many of the *Castilians* as they can light of, without sparing the King's *Ministers*; killing all they meet, seeking those who are hid, to punish them with the greatest rigour, running after those who seek their Safety by flight, not pardoning the very Priests, if never so little suspected.

The Count of St. *Colomme*, commanded not long since in *Catalonia*, with the Title of *Vice-Roy*; which poor Man is now before *God*, where he receives the Recompences or Chastisements he has deserved, being the first Victim sacrificed to the Peasants Fury. His Blood was the Prologue of a dismal Tragedy, which will not end without more dismal Events to the *Spanish* Monarchy, and the *Catalonians* themselves.

The *Vice-Roy* withdrew himself into the Arsenal of *Barcellona* at the first Insurrection of the Peasants, where he was besieged by a great Multitude of these Seditious People; and seeing he could not

remain there in Safety, he went out to go on board the Gallies; but the Groſsneſs of his Body hindring him from haſtning as faſt as thoſe who accompanied him in his Flight, he remained alone; and being tired fell into a Swoon, and lay dead for ſome time on the Sand between the Rocks which lie upon the Sea. His Servant, the only one that remained with him, brought him again to himſelf by caſting the Sea-Water on his Face; but he opened his eyes only to ſee his own departure more nearly. He was ſet upon in this Condition, wherein he could not ſtir himſelf, by a crew of Blood hounds, who firſt ſhot at him, and then hack'd him in pieces, having firſt ſtabb'd him in a Thouſand places. His Servant defended him as well as he could, in covering him with his Body, but his Zeal was fruitleſs; and all the Wounds he received, ſaved not one from his Maſter. He was an *African*, and had been his Slave. The Courage and Fidelity of a Man of ſo mean a Birth, deſerves, at leaſt, that it ſhould be ſaid of him, That he died in imitating the Vertues of thoſe Ancient *Romans*, which are this day praiſed and admired by all the World.

The *Vice-Roy*'s Death ſtopt not the Peaſants; they proceeded to exceſſes ſcarcely imaginable; and their Barbarity made them commit ſuch horrible, together with ſuch ridiculous Actions, as can hardly be expreſs'd.

Theſe Wretches went to the Palace of the Marquis *de Ville Franche*, General of the Gallies; where having cut the Throats of as many as they met with, they burnt and battered all the Houſhold-Stuff, and carried in Proceſſion on the top of a Pike, a little Braſs-Figure, which they thought a black Angel; which Figure was only that of a Man, wherein a Clock was included, whoſe ingenious Springs made him move his Eyes; which Sight ſo ſurprized theſe Peaſants, who had never

ſeen

seen or heard of such a Machine, that they remained in such a Stupidity, as retarded for some time the Effects of their Fury. But there was one more bold than the rest, who approaching to the Piece, cried out, 'Twas the Familiar Spirit of the Marquiss *de Ville Franche*, and ought to be seized on, and thrown into Prison, to take away its Power. Which he had no sooner said, but laid Hands on it, and tied and bound it fast on the top of a Spear, and with great Shouts, walked it about the Town. The ignorant People, capable of any ridiculous Impressions, as well as the Women, who are not hard to be deluded, followed them, convinced that the Marquiss's Devil was carried triumphantly along the Streets. Having run through all the Town of *Barcellona*, this Rabble gave the Clock into the Hands of the Bishop and Inquisitors to exorcise it, and drive out the Devil, whom they thought capable of destroying their whole Province.

Affairs are carried on more seriously in *Portugal*, and at a more moderate rate; the Inhabitants of *Lisbon*, as well as the Nobility, have treated the *Castilians* with more Humanity: They immediately elected a King, who reigns peaceably, as Heir of the Crown, and thereby ascertain'd of being maintained by the Affection and Fidelity of the People. There is already News of his Coronation; the Ceremony of which was performed with great Pomp and Magnificence. The *People*, as a Mark of their Affection, have presented a Million of Gold to their new Lord; the *Clergy* Sixty Thousand Crowns, and the *Nobility* Four Hundred; and the new King has taken on him the Name of *John* IV. King of *Portugal*, instead of that of *Don John*, Duke *de Braganza*.

Never any Plot better succeeded: The *Portugueses* have driven out from them a puissant and politick

politick Nation without Blood-ſhed, ſaving that of a Villain; but of that thou ſhalt hear more the next opportunity; for I ſhall carefully inform my ſelf of the Particulars of ſo extraordinary an Event, to give an exact Account to the *Vizir*. 'Tis ſaid, King *Philip* is the moſt unfortunate Prince that ever aſcended the Throne, committing his Affairs to the Management of another; ſo that it may be ſaid, the Duke who reigns as Sovereign in *Madrid*, has choſen *Philip* IV. for his Favourite. The Miniſter Commands, and the King Obeys; the Maſter's Weakneſs authorizes the Servant's Power; the Confuſion of that Nation being ſo great, that thoſe made by Heaven to receive Orders, are the only Perſons who give them.

I kiſs the Hem of thy Garment, with all the Submiſſion poſſible to a poor and humble Slave.

Paris, 10th. *of the* 2d. *Moon*,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER XXIII.

To Dgnet Oglou.

TO what purpoſe do'ſt thou bewail the Ruines which the Fire has cauſed in *Conſtantinople*, if there be no Remedy for the Loſſes thou haſt ſuffered? Not all the *Vizirs* together, nor the Prince himſelf, whoſe Authority knows no bounds, could reſiſt the Fury of this Element. What then can we do, Wretches as we are, liable to all Injuries and Diſgraces? Art thou the firſt honeſt Man that has been ruined? 'Tis true, Heaven had enriched thee; thy Chambers were hung with the

fineſt

fineſt *Perſian* Tapeſtry; thou haſt a great number of Slaves, fine Gardens, and Bathing-places, beſet with delicate Fountains; muſt thou deſpair for the Loſs of the greateſt part of theſe? Comfort thy ſelf, ſeeing thou art not in a Fault, nor haſt contributed to thine own Misfortune.

Thou telleſt me, that the burning of the Chief City of the Univerſe, has deprived thee in one day of all the Commodities and Conveniencies thou haſt laboured for many Years: And, I anſwer thee, That he which gave thee theſe Goods, expects Thanks from thee, in that having enriched thee with what thou had'ſt not, he did not take from thee thy Life at the ſame time.

Haſt thou ſo ſoon forgotten *Seneca*'s *Demetrius*? Haſt thou loſt any thing, which thou did'ſt not receive from the Liberality of Fortune? And, if whatever thou had'ſt was given thee, wherefore do'ſt thou afflict thy ſelf, as if thou could'ſt not obtain again as much? Stretch out thy Hand towards Heaven; pray and beſeech: He that has given thee once, is not impoveriſhed by the Liberalities he has ſhewed; but, rather ask of him Spiritual, than theſe Temporal Gifts, which do all wither and die.

If thou liveſt, thou wilt ſee thy ſelf in the ſame Condition again; I cannot give thee a better Conſolation, I will not lament with thee, it ſeeming to me a fruitleſs thing. If thou beeſt deſirous to forget the Loſſes thou haſt ſuffered, conſider the great Damages the ſame Fire has cauſed to ſo many *Believers*, in the ſame City where thou bewaileſt thy Misfortunes. How many People that had leſs than thee, have loſt more? And, how many better People than thy ſelf, as more ſubmitting to the Will of Heaven, have ſuffered Miſeries infinitely greater than thine?

So

So great a Conflagration, wherein the Chief City of the World ſaw it ſelf near reduced to Aſhes, muſt needs have been a very diſmal Spectacle. When I read the Relation which thou haſt made me, I tremble with Horror to ſee ſo many magnificent Houſes, and ſtately *Moſques*, devoured by the Flames, and reduced to nothing; with ſuch Riches, Goods, Houſhold-ſtuff, and ineſtimable Merchandizes, publick Regiſters, and choice Manuſcripts, whoſe Loſs can never be repaired, being become the Prey of this Element which devours all things. But thou and I are not the firſt, neither ſhall be the laſt, who bewail the Ruins of our Country. How many Towns in *Aſia*, how many in *Greece*, have been ſwallowed up in an inſtant by dreadful Earthquakes? And how many Ruines are to be found in the famous Cities of *Syria* and *Macedonia?* And, how many times have the Iſles of *Cyprus* and *Paphos* been entirely depopulated? We ſee not only the moſt ſolid Edifices periſh, which are the Works of Men, but even Mountains annihilated. There are whole Countries which have (as it were) vaniſhed; the Sea has covered ſuch ſpaces of Land as might have made whole Provinces, and which were extreme Populous. How many Promontories do we ſee, which were heretofore certain Guides to Pilots, but are now buried in the Sands, and cauſe often times Ship-Wrecks? And, if the Works of Nature be expoſed to ſuch great Ruines, what may not Mortal Men expect to ſuffer? But I ſpend time in relating ordinary Accidents, when I might remember thee of greater Ruines, which the Fire made in the ſame Imperial City, after it had been built by the *Great Conſtantine*, to whom ſhe owed all her Splendor, before the Mighty and Succeſsful Emperors of the *Muſſulmans* had therein eſtabliſhed the Seat of their Empire.

Under

Under the Reign of the Emperor *Leo*, if I be not miſtaken, the whole *Continent* lying along the *Boſphorus*, between both the Seas, was entirely ruined by Fire. And Twelve Years after, under the Reign of *Baſil*, the famous Library, ſo carefully collected, and with that extream Charge and Trouble, and which conſiſted of above Two hundred thouſand Manuſcripts: with the Skin of a Serpent 220 Foot long, whereon were written the entire Works of *Homer*, was conſumed. The Fire which happened in the time of *Juſtinian*, might make one forget others; the famous Temple of St. *Sophia*, which is, at this day, our chief *Moſue*, could not be preſerved from the fury of the Flames, being almoſt wholly conſumed by it. I ſhall not mention the Ruines which have happened by Earthquakes, under the Reign of the Emperor *Zeno Izoria*. There was a far greater under *Bajazet* II. for, in *Pruzia*, an entire City, with its Houſes, Walls, and Three thouſand Inhabitants, were buried in the Entrails of the Earth: Which muſt convince us, there have been in all Ages ſuch Events, as may inſtruct us to bear our Misfortunes with Patience, and to believe a Providence, and ſubmit our ſelves wholly to it.

Let us (my dear Friend) for once rejoyce, in an Occaſion wherein all others mourn; in that we are able to perſuade our ſelves, *There's nothing here below deſerves our Care*. I do not ſay, we ſhould laugh like *Nero*, when he ſaw *Rome* burning, which he himſelf had fired, and ſang the Paſſages of *Homer*, wherein the Conflagration of *Troy* is diſcribed: Rather do as *Æneas*, who having ſaved from the Flames, which devoured his Country and Eſtate, his *Tutelar Gods*, his Father *Anchiſes*, his Family and himſelf, became an *Hero* that ſerved for an Example to Poſterity. He did not ſpend his time in bewailing the Goods he had loſt, but always kept an undaunted Courage in the midſt of the

the Tempeſt which threatned to overwhelm him, as ſoon as he was on the Sea, and which forced him to wander from Port to Port, void of all Help, perſecuted by a *Goddeſs*, and other *Gods* who were of her Party; and having gallantly endured ſo many Diſgraces, he became the Founder of the braveſt and famouſeſt Nation of the Univerſe. *Æneas*, in ſaving his *Gods* and his Father, who were the Companions of his Fortune, drew down the Graces of Heaven, which put an end to his Miſeries, in ſetling him in a Country, where he laid the firſt Foundations of an Empire; which ſince has given Laws to all the World.

Our ſins have kindled the Fire at *Conſtantinople*; the Debaucheries, Impieties, Hypocriſies, and continual Rapines which remain unpuniſhed, are the Cauſes of the Deſtruction of the famous City of the Univerſe.

Can we imagine, when *God* ſends his Judgments down upon us, that we can be able to reſiſt them? Amend thy Life, if thou deſireſt to be revenged of Fortune, and be Proof againſt all her Darts. Encreaſe in Vertue, if thou wouldeſt be invulnerable; be as good in Proſperity as in Adverſity. Nothing but good Works can make thee happy in this World, and live when this World ſhall be no more.

If Reaſon cannot ſtop our Tears, Fortune I am ſure will never do it. We ſeem herein very unreaſonable; for when we firſt ſee the Light, we weep; and when we leave it, we groan.

Live ever with me more nearly than an intimate Friend, and imitate (if a Man may ſo expreſs himſelf) the Fire, which (according to what appears to us) conſumes all things, and converts them into its own proper Subſtance; but which yet, according to the Rules preſcribed by its Creator, burns not the Air, nor the other Elements; but keeps them

them united, warms and conſerves them. *God* has endued them with an Inſtinct which ought to do the ſame thing; he has faſtned them one to another, with ſuch Bonds as nothing can break, I mean, the Intereſt and mutual Needs which they have of one another. There being no body that can be happy, and become rich of himſelf; there muſt be Dependencies and Commerce, without which 'tis impoſſible to have what is moſt neceſſary. There is alſo a more refined Commerce, to wit, the Marks of Eſteem which Men give one another; Succors in caſes of Need, whether of Money or good Counſel; the latter of which, is all that can be expected from thy faithful *Mahmut*.

Paris, 10th *of the* 2d *Moon*,
of the Year 1641.

LETTER XXIV.

To the Baſſa *of the Sea.*

THE Veſſels of *Africk* have again been worſted by the *Infidels*, the Particulars of which muſt needs be known to thee, before they could come here; where there is much Diſcourſe of the Accident at *Goulette*, and the Battel of *Caraoge*, to the great Diſadvantage and Prejudice of the *Mahometan* Name. Theſe Heathenish People make Publick Rejoycings for the Victories obtained by another Nation. 'Tis ſaid, that of Five Gallies, and Three other great Veſſels, only One Ship ſaved it ſelf by Flight; ſeveral being ſunk to the Bottom, together with the Admiral of *Caraoge*, the reſt having been brought into *Malta*; and that there were Six Hundred *Muſſulmen* kill'd; in whoſe Death

Death, our only Conſolation is, that they died Martyrs, and their Blood will cry for Vengeance againſt the *Infidels* that have ſhed it.

'Tis hard to find the Iſle of *Malta* in the Chart, and yet harder in the Sea; it being a meer Atom of inviſible Earth: But 'tis not ſo with the *Knights*, who are the Maſters of it, they being a Hundred, often ſeen and felt by us.

Malta is a Seminary wherein are brought up the braveſt Sparks in *Chriſtendom*, picked out from amongſt the moſt Illuſtrious Families. Theſe Perſons know not what Fear is; they have impoſed on themſelves the neceſſity of Vanquiſhing, or Dying; and therefore they get the Maſtery of whatever they attempt; and with thoſe few Veſſels they have, they make the *Ottoman* Fleets tremble. They wear a Golden Croſs on their Stomachs, which is always dip'd in the Blood of the faithful *Muſſulmen*. Eclipſe this Impious *Order*, by oppoſing the Sacred Silver of the *Ottoman* Moon againſt the Force of ſo ſmall a Number of *Knights*. My Zeal obliges me to ſay ſuch things as may be troubleſome to thee; and which, perhaps, thou knoweſt as well as I; which is, That I am perſuaded thou wilt be the Conqueror of theſe Pirates, provided thou once reſolveſt to draw out in good earneſt thy Cymiter, *and caſt its Sheath away.*

The King here is very well; he ſaid publickly, when he heard the Victory of the *Malteſes*, That if he were not a King, he ſhould chuſe to be one of the *Knights* of that Place. Thou wilt gain greater Honour, and more Trophies will be raiſed to thee, than was to *Ariademus* and *Cigala*, if thou undertakeſt effectually the Deſtruction of this People. Thou haſt my Prayers, That our *Holy Prophet* would ſtrengthen thy Arm; and, That *God* would give thee ſtill Favour in the Sight of our

moſt

most puissant Emperor, chosen to be the chief Commander of the World.

Paris, 15th *of the* 3d *Moon,*
of the Year 1641.

LETTER XXV.

To the Invincible Vizir Azem.

AN Illustrious Woman of the House of *Savoy*, governed not long since in *Portugal*, in the Name of *Philip* IV. King of *Spain*. Her Name is *Margarita*, and commonly resides at *Lisbon*; but this Princess, with the Title of *Vice-Queen*, had not the Credit or Authority necessary to sustain the Dignity; though she had otherwise all the Prudence, and Courage requisite thereunto.

Michael Vasconcelli, her chief Secretary, having usurped all the Authority, carried all things with a high hand; to which he added a most griping Covetousness, which was no less disadvantagious to his Mistress's Reputation. And, the Marquis *de la Puebla*, a *Castilian* Minister, an Accomplice of *Vasconcelli*, had established himself in this Court, as a rigid Censurer of all the *Vice-Queen*'s Actions.

The *Christians* call these two Men two Pedants, set over the Princess, as if she had been still in her Minority, to correct and regulate her Actions.

The too great Authority of these two Ministers, became at length a kind of Tyranny. The *Nobility* complained for the loss of their Privileges, and the *People* at their being oppress'd with Taxes; which made the Ministry of *Vasconcelli* seem insupportable,

portable, in which 'twas ſeen the *Vice-Queen* had no part. This Princeſs not having the Power to ſtop the Courſe of the Miſchiefs, which began to ſpring up, gave Advice of it to the *Court* of *Spain*, and expected thence the remedy: But, whether the King was not in a Condition to give any, or his *Miniſters* concealed from him the ſtate of things; the Miſchiefs encreaſed, and *Vaſconcelli*'s Friends, by excuſing him, made it almoſt impoſſible to avoid them.

When *Margarita* repreſented the Danger wherein *Portugal* lay, ſhe was heard as a weak and credulous Woman, and was often accuſed of being over-timorous; which cauſed a general Revolt in this Kingdom, which was few Days in contriving, and as few Hours in executing.

If thou wilt hear thy humble Slave, I'll relate to thee all the Circumſtances of ſo great an Event; which will ſeem a Fable, ſhould we refer our ſelves to only Reaſon; but which however is a real Hiſtory, as is now well known throughout all *Europe*.

Never was there a greater Hatred between Two Nations, than that which was between the *Spaniards*, and the *Portugueſes*: And, though they had one and the ſame Religion, and almoſt the ſame Humour, yet 'tis not to be imagined, how far their mutual Averſions carried them.

The *Portugueſes* have a Common Proverb, which ſays, That a Man is obliged to treat and love another Man as his Brother, whether he be a *Turk*, a *Jew*, a *Pagan*, or a *Moor*, without excepting the moſt Barbarous of Mankind; *yea, though he were a* Spaniard.

They have lived with great Patience, under the Domination of *Philip* II. and his Succeſſors, (ſince the Death of their King *D. Sebaſtian*, who was kill'd in *Africa* in a Battel againſt the *Moors*,) whilſt they

they were ſuffered to enjoy the Priviledges which were granted them. Moreover they ſtill expected the Return of their Sovereign; who was ſaid not to have dyed in the Field, but having long wandred about in ſtrange Countries, was in fine about to return. But the Example of the *Catalonians*, made them at length reſolve upon what they now executed. The *Nobility* were the firſt that began the Revolt, and paſt over thoſe Bounds, which Reſpect does ordinarily place between the Sovereign and his Subjects. They alledged ſeveral Pretences for their Rebellion; but the moſt ſpecious was their unwillingneſs to be ſacrificed in unjuſt Wars: wherein the moſt dangerous Poſts were committed to them, as they ſeveral times reproached the Duke, Favourite and Miniſter of King *Philip* IV.

They immediately carried on their Intelligences with great Secrecy; and when they came to declare themſelves, the greateſt Perſons conſented to the Conſpiracy, and the boldeſt amongſt them have executed it with great Valour.

Dom Juan, Duke of *Braganza*, is the greateſt Nobleman in this Kingdom, and perhaps in all *Spain*, and already of the Age wherein Men are wont to have Wiſdom, together with Strength of Body. He wants not for Ingenuity and Sweetneſs of Temper. He received the Crown, after long Preſſings and Refuſals; and indeed is the more worthy of it, as being the lawful Heir to it.

The Favourite Duke was well enough informed of the Reputation and Authority of the Duke of *Braganza*; and conſidering him as a Prince who might lawfully pretend to the Crown, he made uſe of ſeveral Artifices to drive him out of *Portugal*, or ſeize him Priſoner. But having always tryed this in vain, whether by reaſon of the extraordinary Watchfulneſs of *Dom Juan*, or that the Heavens, on which depend the Things here below, and o-

therwiſe

therwise ordered it, 'twas impossible for this Minister to get so good a Prey into his Hands.

This crafty Minister has tryed all Ways, and sometimes made use of the Fox's Skin, and otherwhiles of the Lyon's Voice, to bring about his Ends. Sometimes he tryed to draw him to Court, offering him the most honourable Employs there, perswading him to accompany the *Catholick* King in his Voyage into *Catalonia*. But, the Duke knew how to defend himself against the Snare, and timely withdrew to *Villa Viciosa*, the ordinary place of his Abode: and whence he excused himself from going to *Madrid* sometimes; for that he had not sufficient to bear his Charges according to his Quality in such a Journey; and otherwhiles, on other Pretences, with which the Favourite Duke was obliged to seem contented. Though he was not, yet he feigned himself to be satisfied, to put in practice the most exquisite piece of Policy he ever made use of.

He sent him Forty Thousand Pistols, to buy Necessaries, and at the same time sent him also the General Command of the Troops in *Portugal*; with Order to come to *Lisbon*, and as *High Constable* of the Kingdom, to observe the Motions of the *United Provinces*, which threatned *Spain* and *Portugal* with a powerful Fleet. But he had sent the following Order, to *D. Lopes d' Ossio*: *Thou hast the Command of the Naval Army, get immediately before* Lisbon. Dom Juan de Braganza *has Orders to visit the Vessels; as soon as he shall enter the first Gally, clap him in Irons, and immediately depart with the Prisoner to* Cadiz, *where I have appointed People to convey him to* Madrid.

Don Lopes could not execute his Commission; his Army was lost in the *English* Seas, and 'twas written in Heaven, That *Don Juan* should live, and be a King. This Artifice having fail'd, the Duke had recourse to another; which was to send an

Order

Order to the Duke of *Braganza*, to visit all the Forts on the Frontiers, where there were strict Injunctions to detain him. But he perceiving the Project of this *Spanish* Minister, knew so well to excuse himself from undertaking this Business, that he made the design of his Enemy to vanish this time also, and got leave to retire to *Villa Viciosa*. Those who penetrated not the Artifices of the Court of *Spain*, were astonish'd at the Accumulation of so many Favours and Honours on the Person of the Duke; affirming, the Court had Intentions of raising him to the Throne, or bringing him to the Scaffold; in which last they were not mistaken.

Olivarez, who let slip no Occasion of laying Snares for *Braganza*, grew the more obstinate by the Difficulties he met with. He sent him a new Order to raise Troops, and to lead them himself into *Catalonia*, for the Chastisement of the Rebels; this being of absolute Necessity, said he in his Letters, for the upholding of the *Spanish* Monarchy, to which the Revolt of this Province caused great Mischiefs.

The Duke obeyed in part; he raised a considerable number of Troops at his own Charge; but he took care of his own Person. He wrote to the Court, to excuse him from that Voyage, and added to his Excuses most earnest Prayers; representing, That being sick of the World, he had retired to his own Estate, to lead there a quiet Life, free from the Vexations of Business; which obliged him to entreat his *Catholick* Majesty, to grant him that Rest, which was the only thing he desired. The Duke *de Briganza*'s Letter drew no Answer from the *Spanish* Minister; but his Designs were discovered; and the *Nobility* foreseeing how likely they were to be brought under a more strict Subjection, began to murmur, saying, 'Twas their Duty to rid themselves of those Oppressors, who had

had so long peeled them, and set up a new Form of Government. The *Poor*, who suffered most by the Taxes, were the boldest, and encourage the rest. Some were for setting up an *Elective* King; Others proposed the raising to this Honour, the Family of *Braganza*, who alone seem'd worthy of it. Some there were who were for putting themselves under the Domination of *France*; and other Persons of credit among the People, were for a *Democratical* Government; and others again, were for turning the Kingdom into a *Republick*.

The *Nobility* were in great Perplexity in the Choice they should make, for 'twas not known whether the Duke of *Braganza* would receive the *Crown*, in case 'twas offered him again; for the most qualified Persons of the Kingdom had proposed it to him.

There was none but D. *Gaston Cattique*, a Gentleman as eloquent as stout, whom Heaven design'd for the perswading of this Prince, that could accomplish it. He pretended to fight a Duel with a Nephew he had; whom having slightly wounded, he left *Lisbon*, as a Man that had brought himself into Danger; and wandring about from thence, uncertain, as it were, of the place of Retreat he would chuse, he went at length to *Villa Viciosa*; where having found *Braganza* in his Solitude, he thus spake to him:

I bring this day a Crown, *which the* Nobility *of* Portugal *presents thee; and if thou hast the Courage to receive it, we are ready to put it on thine Head. This* Kingdom *belongs to thee, as the undoubted Heir of our Natural and Lawful Princes. If thou accepest of the* Crown, *the* Kingdom *justly belongs to thee; and if thou darest not receive it, we will chuse another Sovereign of greater Resolution, and who is willing to command us. The Scepter shakes in King* Philip's *Hand, by reason of the Wars made against him from all Parts. Consider, if thou receivest not at present*

what

what Fortune presents thee, thou wilt be obliged against thy Will to obey another: Neither the Nobility, *the* Clergy, *nor the* People, *will any longer suffer the Arrogance of the* Castilians. *It belongs to thee, at present, to declare, whether thou wilt reign, and be a happy Prince. All the faithful* Portugueses *breath after thee, and desire thee for their Sovereign. Resolve to accept of what is so advantageous, and let us alone for the executing of our parts.*

Don Juan answered coldly to such a bold Proposition; more affrighted at the Peril there was in such an Enterprize, than flattered with the Hopes of possessing a Kingdom.

But in another Conference, wherein the Duke was told, the Conspirators were resolved to raise on the Throne another King, if he came not to a speedy Resolution; the Dutchess his Wife, who has a Man's Heart, and is more courageous than her Husband, coming into the Conversation, thus spoke to him with great Assurance:

My Lord, the Catholick *King has sent for thee again to Court; at* Madrid *thou wilt certainly meet with thy Death, and in receiving the Crown which is offered thee, thou art still in danger of it: but if thou must perish, which way soever thou turnest thy self, is it not more honourable to die a King in thine own Country, than to die with Chains in a Prison by the hands of thine Enemy.*

So couragious a Discourse brought *Don Juan* to a Resolution; wherefore he sent word to the Nobility, of his readiness to comply with them.

The Conspirators were ready at the hour appointed for the Execution of their Design. Being well armed, and each of them accompanied with a good number of young Men, who were to follow them, although they knew not the Design. As soon as ever the Signal was given, they all set forth from the Places where they were assembled;

and those that were fartheſt diſtant, joyned the neareſt, and altogether ſoon poſſeſſed themſelves of the Palace of the *Vice-Queen*; they immediately made themſelves Maſters of the Guard, finding no reſiſtance from them, and this without ſpilling a Drop of Blood, or doing any Violence. They afterwards cried out altogether, *Long live the New King*, D. Juan de Braganza, *and let them die that govern ill.* They ſeized on the *Vice-Queen*, and entreated her to retire into an Apartment, where ſhe ſhould be treated with the Reſpect due to a Princeſs, but not obeyed as having Authority to command them.

Vaſconcelli, who knew himſelf faulty, and to whom his Conſcience reproached his Crimes, in this moment hid himſelf in a great Preſs, under an heap of Papers; where, having been diſcovered by an old Woman, he had immediately his Throat cut, and his Body thrown out at a Window; where he ſerved for ſome time a *May-game* to the People, who left not one part of his Body free from ſome Mark of their Indignation.

One of this Miniſter's Domeſticks threw himſelf out at the ſame Window his Maſter was thrown; not in a deſign of following his Fate, but of ſaving himſelf; and he died without its being known whether 'twas by his Fall, or the Muſquet-ſhot which he received.

The Confederates with as little trouble ſeized on the Galleys and other Veſſels in the Ports, whence they drove the *Spaniards*; they afterwards commanded the *Vice-Queen* to retire. This Princeſs thought ſhe ought in this Occaſion to inſiſt on the greatneſs of her Birth; ſhe threatned the Conſpirators, and afterwards flattered them, aſſuring them of the Clemency of King *Philip*: She ſet before them the greatneſs of his Power, and forgat not to ſpeak of the Authority of his Favourite, who muſt needs be much

much offended in this Occasion; exaggerating the Offence committed against her, both as a Princess, and Depository of the *Catholick* King's Power. But as well her Promises as her Threats were in vain; and she her self was at length glad to accept Conditions from them, who a while before, by Connivance from the Prince, might have executed an absolute Power.

In Eight Days time, all the *Castilians* were subdued, or driven out of the Kingdom. All the Forts were rendred, without any trouble to the new King, except the Castle of St. *John*; which having made some slight Resistance, was sold for Forty Thousand Crowns by the Governour.

The Duke of *Braganza* appeared immediately afterwards in the City of *Lisbon*, where the People, soon shewed the Affection they had for him; the Prison Doors were set open, and all poor Debtors freed, and a great part of the Taxes taken off. Such an astonishing Success, was attended with whatever might set forth the Joy of the People, who solemnized the Festival with the Sound of Trumpets, and the Noise of the Cannon, and by Shouts and Acclamations, which reached up to Heaven, whom the *Portugueses* thanked for the Liberty which they believed they had recovered. This event was accompanied with so many miraculous things, that the Wisest as well as the Vulgar, were perswaded, 'twas mark'd in Heaven from all Eternity by the Finger of God. The *Clergy*, the *Nobility*, the *Citizens* and *Peasants*, were profuse in their Liberalities on this Occasion, to give their new Soveraign ample Marks of their Affection, and even the *Poor* hid their Misery, that they might not lessen the Publick Joy.

The *Spanish* Vessels which returned from the *New World*, which then entered into the Ports of *Portugal*, remained at the Disposal of the new

King, the Pilots not knowing what had hapned: So that the Coffers of the Prince were filled thereby (as 'tis said) with some Millions.

This King was exalted to the Throne in the last Moon of the last Year; and wise People do hope he will reign very happily, all the Planets being too well disposed, not to make him finish his Reign with the same Fortune as he began it.

The vigilant *Portugueses* have ordered out several Vessels, fill'd with good Soldiers, and necessary Provisions, to seize of Places and Forts, which this Nation possesses in the *New World*, and in the *East Indies*; and 'tis to be supposed, they will meet with good Success, if Fortune prove as favourable to them in *America* and the *Indies*, as she was to them in *Europe*.

As soon as the Duke of *Braganza* was proclaimed King, he sent *Manifesto*'s into all Parts, and dispatched Couriers and Ambassadors, to give Advice of his Promotion, in the Courts of *France*, *England*, *Holland*, *Swedeland*, and *Denmark*. 'Tis not to be imagined the Joy which this Adventure gave to the *Catalonians*. The King imparting to them what had happened, offered them also his Assistance; and these People answered him with the same Offer. And this is the end of Sixty Three Years of the *Despotick* Authority, which the *Spaniards* have exercised on the *Portugueses*.

The News of so strange a Revolution having been carried unto *Madrid*, hear, and consider well the unhappy Condition of the *Catholick* King, to whom his Favourite declared this News.

Sir (said he) *I come to rejoyce with your Majesty at the good News I bring. Your Majesty is now become Master of a considerable Dutchy.* Dom Juan de Braganza, *has had the boldness to make himself be proclaimed King of* Portugal; *has thereby fain into the*

Crime

Crime of Læsæ Majestatis; *All his Estate belongs to you, and is devolv'd to the Crown, and his Person will soon be in your Power.*

Dom Juan was Son to *Theodosius* Duke of *Braganza*; Grandchild to *Donna Catharina*, who was the Daughter of *Dom Duarte*, Brother to *Henry* King of *Portugal*; and *Philip* II. King of *Spain* took away the Crown from this *Katharine*, to whom it is said it did rightly belong.

The Titles he assumes, are, King of *Portugal*, of *Algraves*, *Africk* on both sides of the Sea, Lord of *Guinea*, of the Navigation and Commerce of *Æthiopia*, *Arabia*, *Persia*, and the *Indies*.

This new King is not above 37 Years Old; of a middle Stature, but well proportioned; his Face marked with the Small Pox, his Hair inclining to Yellow, an Aquiline Nose, high Forehead, lively Eyes, his Mouth indifferent great, and a Masculine Voice. His Carriage is grave, affects great Modesty in his Cloaths, is temperate in his Dyet, affable to all sorts of People, unless Slaves, and such as he believes are Hypocrites; and his common Word is, *That mean Cloaths will keep out the Cold, and ordinary Meats satisfie Hunger.*

This Prince is not much versed in Books, is of an healthful Constitution, loves laborious Exercises, especially hunting, wherein he is never tired. He's also musically given, and so light of Heel, that there are few People can out-walk him. He is wont to go to Bed late, and rise early, as knowing that Sleep does take off much from Man's Life; and to compleat his Happiness, he has Children of both Sexes. His Wife is a *Spanish* Lady, of extraordinary Merit, to whose marvellous Courage and good Qualities he owes his Crown.

The Kingdom of *Portugal* contains 120 Leagues in length, 40 in breadth, and has several Millions of Subjects, comprehending those in the Two

Indies. It has Three *Archbiſhopricks*, and Eight *Biſhopricks*, keeping ordinarily Forty Veſſels, which find Ports in Eight places of the Country. They can maintain Thirty Thouſand Foot, and ſeveral Regiments of Horſe. The Revenue of this Kingdom may amount to Twenty Millions of Gold, reckoning in the Riches which come from the *Indies*, *Braſil*, *Angola*, and ſeveral other Iſlands.

The *French* Monarch will hold a good Intelligence with the Houſe of *Braganza*. *England* will enter into an Alliance with her; the *Pope* will concern himſelf on neither ſide; the Emperor, united by Blood and Intereſt to the *Spaniards*, will be an irreconcilable Enemy, but unable to do them any Hurt; and the *States* of *Holland* will find greater Advantage than all others in this ſtrange Revolution. Theſe are the Sentiments of thoſe that pretend to penetrate into the Future, and to know more than others. And if it be true, that this new Sovereign has had, as all Men in his Place would have had, a ſecret deſire of being King; he has ſo well concealed his Ambition, that 'tis to be ſuppoſed he will prove a moſt Judicious Prince, that will uphold his Authority more by his Wiſdom and Prudence, than by Force. The Juſt *God* cut ſhort the Courſe of his ill Deſigns, ſhould he have the courage and deſire of revenging one Day the death of his Predeceſſor, *Dom Sebaſtian*, on the Faithful *Muſſulmen* of *Africk*.

Thou wilt find, invincible *Vizir*, the faithful and reſpectful *Mahmut* always ready to execute the Orders which thou ſhalt ſend him for the Emperor's Service; and ready to obey the leaſt Signs of thy Victorious Hand, to Death, whether Natural or Violent.

LET-

LETTER XXVI.

To Enguril Emir Mehemet Cheik, *a Man of the Law.*

TEll me this once, whether thou beeſt alive, and at Liberty; and whether thou doſt really love me, or only pretend it. My Friends return no Anſwers to my Letters, which makes me ſtrangely ignorant of all things; I know only by Conjecture, that which is never ſo little doubtful; and that which is certain, cannot be known here truly as it falls out, as being related according to Peoples Paſſions and Intereſts. There's no body dares write to me freely what he thinks; and there are few that will inform me of what is come to their knowledge, leſt their Letters ſhould be intercepted.

I know very well we have a new Maſter, but I know not whether he be thought a more able Prince than *Amurath*, and has the ſame Courage and Fancy for War. The *Chiaus* that lately arrived in this Court of *France*, is very reſerved to me, and makes a Myſtery of every thing.

Amurath is dead: thoſe who ſay he was Cruel, yet declare him to be the moſt Dextrous, Valiant, and Compleateſt Man in his Empire. The Chriſtians are Fools, who will not hence gather, That our Monarchs moſt certain Maxim, to reign with Authority and perfect Security, is, *To make themſelves be feared, and not to be ſhie of ſpilling the Blood of thoſe who ſerve them ill; who are ſuſpected by them, or may prove troubleſome to them.* Thoſe Troops of *Mutes*, which abide always in the *Seraglio*, ready to obey the leaſt Sign of thoſe who give them Orders; maintain, encreaſe, and render Farmida-

ble the *Ottoman* Power: For, the Empire would never be at Peace, but in continual Trouble, ſhould all the Sons and Nephews of our *Sultans* be ſuffered to live: and we ſhould have a whole Nation of Princes, who would be always a biting, and tearing, and ruining one another by Civil Wars, as is often ſeen to happen among the *Chriſtians*. Whence this certain Maxim is practiſed, *That it is better it ſhould coſt innocent Perſons their Lives, than not to deſtroy thoſe who may be Faulty.*

Indeed, I muſt confeſs I knew not, that *Amurath* himſelf kill'd, with his own Hands, his own Siſter. Thou that knoweſt the ſecret of this Tragedy, can'ſt tell whether he was tranſported to that Exceſs, becauſe ſhe anſwered with great Haughtineſs to the *Sultaneſs* her Mother, who reprehended her on ſome Secret Love ſhe entertained: If this be the caſe, ſhe died not innocent, and I have a great Curioſity to know the Particulars of it.

But do not relate to me the unhappy End of his Two Brothers, *Bajazet* and *Orcan*, leſt thou make an Old Wound bleed afreſh. Poor Princes, what Crime have they committed, if their Brother reigns? Cruel King! how great was thy Inhumanity, ſeeing they obeyed without murmuring?

But *Amurath* was a dreadful Lover, who tamed his Paſſions with a Poignard; he ſtabb'd the moſt beautiful of his *Sultaneſſes*; and for what Reaſon? The *Chriſtians* pardon him the Blood of his Brethren, which he ſpilt of his Siſter, and of the brave *Fracardin*, ſeveral *Vizirs* of his Friends, and ſo many brave Commanders, and illuſtrious Perſons; but they will not pardon him the Death of a Miſtreſs: for, they cannot conceive how a Prince, a *Muſſulman*, can play the Hangman, in ſuch a delicious place, where he has nothing to do, but to think of giving his Love agreeable Marks of his Paſſion. But you will tell me, perhaps, ſhe was ſo

bold

bold as to wear in his Sight, Flowers and Perfumes which came from his Brother: It is certainly a great Crime, not to obey thoſe who have all Power to command us; but 'tis a greater Crime to lay on Commands, to have an occaſion for Cruelty. They ſay, a man which does ſuch an Action, is a Monſter, but I do not ſay ſo.

Inform me what the new *Sultan Ibrahim* does, of his Humour and Inclination. It appears he is ſtill infirm, and ſtupified with his long Impriſonment. What Alterations has his Entrance into the Empire produced? Will he be Sanguinary as his Brother was, or gracious and merciful?

Speak to me once, my dear Friend, with all Freedom, void of Diſguiſe; Is he amorouſly enclin'd? I much value ſuch Princes, for they are generally mild; and this Paſſion ſoftens them, how cruel ſoever they may be; makes them liberal, and Strangers to Covetouſneſs, that cruel Monſter, which clouds and ſullies the brighteſt Vertues. How many Perſons are employed to chooſe fine Women for the *Seraglio*, to contribute to *Ibrahim*'s Pleaſure? Happy will the handſomeſt Woman of *Aſia* be. But the Eyes of this Monarch will be made like other mens, which are not always allured with the greateſt Beauties. Hence it is, That we have ſeen in our Emperor's *Seraglio*, Ladies which ſurpaſſed in Charms all others, and yet died Virgins, and neglected by them to whoſe Pleaſures they were conſecrated.

The *Chiaus* has only inform'd me, that *Ibrahim* appears often on Horſeback in the City, and ſeems a juſt and merciful Prince, and deſigns to make the Shepherd *Haſſein*, Prime *Vizir*; he that was ſo long the Companion of his Priſon. 'Tis ſaid, he often made it his Employment to divert *Ibrahim* in his Confinement, by playing on his Pipe, and making him Diſcourſes without Art and extream

innocent, of what he did when he kept Sheep. He told me alſo, that he often went for his Diverſion on the *Black Sea*, to take the Air, and enjoy that Liberty of which he was ſo long deprived; That he's alſo much delighted with the reading of *Greek* Books, eſpecially *Xenophon* and *Plutarch*; That he's very devout, though not ſuperſtitious, according to the Humour of the *Devotees* of our Law, who will have our Soveraigns be implacable Enemies to the *Chriſtians*. If this be neceſſary to Salvation, to perſecute a Religion contrary to Ours, what will become of all thoſe who are dead and never did it? I am of Opinion, *That true Holineſs conſiſts in doing Good, and living in Charity with all Men.*

The *Infidels*, with whom I live at preſent, for the Emperor's Service, whoſe Subject I am, do glory in their ſtrict Obſervance of this Precept which is in their Religion, and they are happy if they keep it. But tell me, Doſt thou think our Emperor is like to have Children, as is already reported, and that he cannot live long? They are not only the idle People that talk at this rate, but thoſe whoſe Intereſt obliges them to know, who is to be the Succeſſor; and many of the ſolideſt think, it will be the King of the *Tartars*, and that thoſe of the Race of *Mula Honkiar* will be excluded.

This Race is really Illuſtrious, but every body knows not the Riſe of it. The Head of this Family, deſcends from *Tamerlane*; thou knoweſt the reſt, and I will not diſpute with thee about Genealogies.

Whatever paſſes here below is ſo uncertain, that thou may'ſt accuſe me of Imprudence in diſcourſing of things at this diſtance; for, in Effect, *Ibrahim* may be a Father by this time. Pray to *God*, who diſpoſes of Thrones, makes Races endure, or decay; merit from him, by Faſtings and Prayers, and beg of him, that he would give me the Grace

to

to live blameleſs, and die innocent; that I may enter with thee into Heaven, and there enjoy thoſe unſpeakable good things which are reſerved for the Faithful.

Love me, though diſtant from thee; and let me have Tokens of thy Friendſhip, by ſtealing ſome Moments of Leiſure from thy ordinary Buſineſs to write to me.

Paris, 25th *of the* 4th *Moon, of the Year* 1641.

The End of the Third Book.

LETTERS

Writ by a

SPY at *PARIS.*

BOOK IV.

LETTER I.

To the Venerable Mufti, *Prince of the Religion of the* Muſſulmans.

THERE is now found in one Man alone, whatever ſeveral Perſons of great Ingenuity could acquire by long Experience; and, this Man is Cardinal *de Richlieu*, to whoſe Reputation thou art no Stranger. He was deſigned, like thee, for the Affairs of his *Church*, and dedicated to Religion; but he is not ſo much employed about them, but that he applies himſelf with as great Care to the Affairs of the World; and 'tis he, who under the Authority of the King his Maſter, governs the Affairs

fairs of the *French*. I obey thee, Venerable *Mufti*; thou haſt enjoyned me to inform thee of the particular Actions of this famous Prelate; but I ſhall not ſay much of him, it being impoſſible to fathom him. He is the moſt dexterous and ſubtle Politician that lives in all the Countries of the *Unbelievers*. The famous *Greek*, *Lyſander*, was never ſo cunning; neither did *Tiberius* ſhew half ſo much Diſſimulation at *Rome*, nor Judgment in Affairs, as he; no not in the time when he ſet himſelf to remove his Rivals, and take away all Obſtacles, which might hinder his obtaining the Empire. He interprets all the Doubts which ariſe in his Religion; he's the Arbiter of Rewards and Puniſhments, and the King, who knows his Zeal and Ability, leaves to him the Direction of his Kingdom and People; which he governs and leads as *Jacob* led the Flocks of *Laban*. This *Cardinal* wants only the Art, which this Great *Patriarch* had, to make *Men* be born as he pleaſed, as this holy *Iſraelite* made the *Sheep*.

There came, ſome days ſince, a Perſon from *Germany*, who went immediately to the Palace of this Miniſter, and ſent him word by his Captain of the Guards, that the Letter *B* was come. The Officer was unwilling to deliver this kind of Meſſage to his Maſter, and therefore deſired the *German* to explain this Riddle; but he only told him, laughing, That the *Cardinal*'s Alphabet was like the famous Knife of *Delph*, which ſerved to all purpoſes; ſo that he needed only to mention the Arrival of the Letter *B*, and he would be underſtood; which was no ſooner done, but the *German* was privately introduced into this Miniſter's Cloſet, where he had a long Conference; but I could never hear the Subject of it.

He that by his Word Created all things, encreaſe

thy

thy Health; and make thy Authority ever adored, and feared even in *Rome* it self.

Paris, 25th *of the* 4th *Moon, of the Year* 1641.

LETTER II.

To the Reis Eſtendi, *Principal Secretary of the* Ottoman *Empire.*

I Come but now from learning an Adventure, which yet happened ſome days ſince; but all things are carried on with ſuch Secrecy in *France*, that it is almoſt impoſſible to know any thing before 'tis made publick.

There were apprehended here, in the laſt Moon of *January*, certain Ruffians, in the Habit of Hermits, who were to aſſaſſinate Cardinal *Richlieu*.

Theſe Wretches confeſſed before the Judges, as ſoon as they were put on the Rack, their Intention of killing the King's Favourite, becauſe he was no Friend to the Duke *de Vandome*, who is Natural Son to the deceaſed King, *Henry the Great*. This Adventure has greatly ſurpriz'd the *Court*; each Man ſpeaking of it according as his Intereſt or Affection inclines him. The Duke of *Vandome*'s Friends have declared themſelves againſt the *Cardinal*: And this Miniſter's Creatures have much aggravated this Attempt, to render this Prince's Family more odious, and heighten the *Cardinal*'s Reputation: But, the Duke *de Mercœur*, the Duke of *Vandome*'s Son, rode immediately to *Paris*, with the Duke *de Beaufort* his Brother: the firſt, *incognito*, to conſult his Friends, and the other, to preſent himſelf to the *Cardinal*, to obtain that their Father

Father might juſtifie himſelf before the King, from the Accuſation laid againſt him.

The Grand-child of *Henry the Great*, has ſince deſired to be confronted with the Hermits, and has obtained it; but his Departure at the ſame time into *England*, has wrought much amazement.

Some ſay, he has taken an unwiſe Courſe; and others ſay no; becauſe he could not prudently expoſe himſelf to the Teſtimony of ſuch Wretches, who would not matter what they ſaid.

However, theſe Hermits were publickly executed, and their Accomplices are not yet diſcovered; neither is it yet known, whether any perſons of Quality have had a part in the Conſpiracy; which is not the firſt that has been carried on againſt this Favourite, and it's believed will not be the laſt. He has a great many Enemies; and the abſolute Authority with which he governs, by the favour of his Prince, will always raiſe him ſuch Adverſaries, as will either ruine his Fortune, or take away his Life.

If I write not oftner to thee, thou oughteſt not to think my Affection ever the leſs. Set down in thy Regiſter what I inform thee. Let me have thy Friendſhip, and Protection in things which are juſt, and change not thy Opinion of me, till I am changed my ſelf.

Paris, 15th *of the* 5th *Moon, of the Year* 1641.

LET-

LETTER III.

To the Kaimakam.

JUlius *Mazarine*, a Man about Forty five Years of Age, of a ſolid Judgment, and incredible Perſpicacity; of whoſe Family I know no more, but that he is originally from *Sicily*, and born in *Italy*, in the chief City of it, *Rome*; is lately introduced into this *Court*. He has, by his ingenious Carriage, gained the Favour and Confidence of Cardinal *Richlieu*; and he begins already to be employed, in the moſt important Buſineſs. Thoſe who make Reflections on the Affairs of the World, and carefully examine the extraordinary Talents of this *Italian*, are perſwaded one may expect great things from him; yet however, the beſt way is not to be haſty in judging of the good or bad Qualities of a Man. He has already been employed in Quality of Plenipotentiary for the King of *France* in *Piemont*, to negotiate an Accommodation between all the Princes of the Houſe of *Savoy*. And he has laboured ſo fortunately, that every body is aſtoniſh'd that his firſt Undertaking ſhould meet with ſuch happy Succeſs; eſpecially conſidering the Hatreds and Pretenſions between the Dutcheſs of *Savoy* and her Brothers in-Law. Thou may'ſt remember that I wrote to thee, that the Differences of this *Family* were like to laſt, and unlikely to be determined without great Blood-ſhed, both of the *French* and *Spaniards*. But *Mazarine*, who is a moſt expert *Courtier*, and dexterous *Agitant*, has ended this Affair, much to his Maſter's Honour, to the Satisfaction of the Parties intereſſed, and the *Cardinal* who procured him this Commiſſion. He eſtabliſhed the Peace in *Piemont*, and an Union betwixt the Parties,

Parties by bringing over to the *French* Intereſt Two Men who were Enemies to it; who were, Prince *Thomas*, a Captain of great Reputation; and the Cardinal of *Savoy* his Brother, a Perſon of a conſummate Policy, and an excellent Soldier, though a Church-man.

It is mentioned in the Treaty, That theſe Two Princes ſhall be received into the King of *France*'s Protection: That if the Young Duke dies without Children, and the Cardinal Marries, his Children ſhall be the Heirs of the Eſtates of *Savoy*; and in defect of thoſe, Prince *Thomas*'s.

'Tis moreover declared in the ſame Treaty, That the King of *Spain* ſhall be ſought to, touching the Liberty of the Wife and Children of Prince *Thomas*, who are detained Priſoners at *Madrid*: And he ſhall be alſo ſollicited, to ſurrender the places he holds belonging to the Duke of *Savoy*. And in caſe the *Catholick* King ſhall not reſtore them, and ſet at Liberty the Wife and Children of this Prince, he ſhall be obliged to ſerve againſt the ſaid King in the Army of *France*. 'Tis moreover inſerted among theſe Articles, That the Moſt *Chriſtian* King ſhall procure a Marriage to be made between one of the Children of the ſaid Prince, with the Duke of *Longueville*'s Daughter, who is a rich Heireſs; and that *France* ſhall never make any Treaty with *Spain*, without comprehending the Liberty of the *Princeſs*, and the foreſaid *Princes*.

King *Thomas* is now expected here; and it is ſaid, he will command the Army of *France* in *Italy*, againſt the *Spaniards*, it being certain, they will never reſtore what they have once taken, neither will they ſet their Priſoners at liberty.

The Prince entertaining himſelf, ſome Days paſt, with the Ambaſſador of a Foreign Prince, ſaid to him theſe words: *When the* Spaniards *ſhall reſtore to the Duke of* Savoy, *the Places they keep from him,*

him, I ſhall willingly diſcharge my ſelf of the Burthen of the Government of thoſe I keep. And the *Cardinal* has publickly expreſs'd himſelf to this purpoſe: *That his Maſter's Deſign was only to humble the Pride of the* House *of* Auſtria, *and reduce it to ſuch a Condition, as that its Neighbours might have no ſuch great cauſe of fear from them; ſeeing the leaſt Motion of theirs, raiſed Alarms among them, That his Endeavours were not laid out in aggrandizing the Dominion of* France, *ſeeing the Bounds of it were large enough already; his Intentions being only to give his Sovereign the laſt Proof of his Zeal and Affection, by leaving the Kingdom in a profound Peace, which might make his Majeſty beloved of his Neighbours, and feared by thoſe who are jealous of his Greatneſs and Power; he being hereby the Arbiter of* Europe, *and reigning more abſolutely by this means, than if all the Eſtates belonged unto him.* What I have written to thee, happened ſome time ſince; but what I am now to inform thee of, is quite new.

We have an Account, That the Princes of *Savoy* have not kept their Word with the King, Cardinal *Richlieu*, and *Mazarine*; and Deſigns are now taking in hand, to puniſh ſo great an Affront; and theſe are buſied, in thoughts of revenging a Widow-Princeſs, who has been ſo long forced to behold bloody Tragedies in her Houſe, by the Wars which the Princes of the Blood make continually; wherein Strangers do intereſt themſelves, who ruine the Eſtates, and keep them up in perpetual Diſcord.

This Buſineſs will cauſe new Troubles in *Italy*, and thou ſhalt therefore not fail of Intelligence of the Particulars. However, the Princes of *Savoy* are blamed by all the World, and charged with want of Sincerity. But, this being almoſt a Rule amongſt the *Chriſtians, To obſerve their Word no longer than they find their Advantage in it*; thou needeſt

no

not therefore much wonder at what theſe *Princes* have done: Whereby thou wilt know, That a mean Intereſt being the Motive that ſets them at work, and which is all their Reaſon of State; he that will one day equally judge all the World, and can overturn all the Univerſe in leſs time than he created it, will deſtroy the little Powers of theſe weak Politicians, who acknowledge the Law of the *Nazarite*, to the immortal Glory of the Venerable and Holy Name of the faithful *Muſſulmans*.

Paris, 15th. *of the* 5th. *Moon, of the Year*, 1641.

LETTER IV.

To Dgnet Oglou.

I Muſt forget my ſelf, if I forget thee; but thinking often on my ſelf, I cannot forget thee; becauſe thou art my ſecond ſelf. Be perſuaded I ſpeak my Heart, and that I have no other deſign, but that of loving thee, that thou may'ſt anſwer me with the ſame Affection: for, I deſire thy Happineſs as I do my own.

I am endeavouring to procure thee the Confidence of the Invincible *Vizir Azem*, without his perceiving my Deſign; and this is the beſt manner I could deviſe of doing it. Thou ſhalt pretend to receive from ſome Friend which thou ſhalt leave at *Palermo*, the Memoirs which I ſend thee with this Letter; and it will not be difficult to make it be believed, thou holdeſt a Correſpondency in this Town of *Sicily*, conſidering the time we have lived there together, during our Slavery.

The

The Auguſt *Vizir*, who rules and governs the Empire, under the Orders of the Moſt Mighty and Dreadful Potentates of the Earth, will receive by this Ordinary, an ample Information of extraordinary Evenes which have happened in *Portugal*: And I have alſo inform'd him of the ſtrange Revolutions of *Catalonia*, which do much weaken the Strength of *Spain*, and notably mortifie the Pride of this haughty Nation. I have made known to him, that *Portugal* has already made choice of a King, and that *Catalonia* is departing from her Allegiance. But, I have given him no Account of the choice Memoirs, which I ſend thee; with which thou may'ſt make Advantage, if thereby thou canſt find the way of introducing thy ſelf to the *Grand Vizir*.

Thou may'ſt then ſay to this great Miniſter, That thou haſt received the Memoirs thou preſenteſt him with, and aſſure him, thou haſt tranſlated them out of the *Italian* into *Arabick*; and thou muſt tranſcribe them with thine own Hand, that they may not appear to come from me.

The King of *Spain*, *Philip* II. died of a ſhameful Diſeaſe, which happens only to baſe People, which appeared a Chaſtiſement from Heaven, for having like *David*, numbred the People which dwell in the Countries ſubject to him, to make known to all Nations the Greatneſs of his Power.

'Tis certain, this Monarch reckoned as far as 750 Cities, erected into Biſhopricks; therein comprehending 60 Archbiſhopricks: that he had Abbies 11400, Chapters 9230, as many Collegiate Cathedrals; Pariſh-Churches 127000, Hoſpitals 4000. Confraternities 23000, Congregations of *Seculars* 2300, Houſes of Entertainment for Pilgrims 3000, 46000 Convents of Religious People; and of Virgins 13500 with 15200 Chapels, wherein *Maſs* is ſaid, as well as in publick Churches, as particular Houſes and Priſons.

And

And after an exact search, this King found, that to serve so great a number of *Churches*, *Monasteries*, *Convents*, *Hospitals* and *Chapels*, there were 12900 *Religious Monks*, *Priests* or *Clerks*; amongst whom there might be found 12400 *Priests*, which celebrate what the *Christians* call the *Mass*. And, to maintain so many People, 'twas computed that the Revenue for this amounted to 3000000 of *Roman* Crowns, without reckoning the Alms which were distributed every day, which amount to the Summ of 4000000 of Gold.

The curiosity of this Prince went farther; he would know the Number of all his Royal Officers, Governours of Provinces, Towns, Castles, and Citadels; and, in fine, of all Officers as well of Sea as Land, Judges, Justiciaries of all kinds, and of all those who had Patents from him or his Viceroys. And he found they were 83000 who were employed under Letters sealed with his Hand, and 360000 who had them signed under his principal Ministers.

He would not know the Number of Persons that lived in his States, lest he should become too proud; and to prevent his fall, said he, into the Sin of *David*. Which he yet could not avoid in his own Person, as I have already said; *God* having spared his Subjects, who had otherwise sufficiently suffered.

One may now say, that this puissant Monarchy begins to be dismembred by the loss of so many Provinces, Kingdoms, and Places; and that *Philip* II. knew not the full Extent of his Power: *Philip* III. knew not the Greatness of his Forces, nor the Riches which he possesses, because his Ministers governed him: and *Philip* IV. not seeing when he might see, could not see at last when he would.

I think I have said enough to thee to be understood. Do now what thou can'st, to make thy self understood by Persons to whom these Advices may

may be agreeable or profitable: And if thou believeſt, the Knowledge of theſe things may be acceptable to the Invincible *Vizir*, who is one of the Lights of the World. Endeavour to procure the Favour of this Great Man, who governs all the *Faithful*, and to whom the *Divine Alcoran* ſerves for a Law. I embrace thee, and cordially kiſs thee with the Lips of my Soul, if a Man may ſo expreſs himſelf. *Adieu.*

Paris, 4th *of the* 7th *Moon,*
of the Year 1641.

LETTER V.

To the Invincible Vizir Azem.

THE Poſts which came ſome few Days paſt here, have brought ill News. One of the King's Armies has been defeated by an Army compoſed of Foreigners; at the Head of whom was a Prince of *France*, and ſeveral *Malecontent* Lords, who followed him. This Loſs has much afflicted the *Court*, and *Paris* ſeems to be Thunder-ſtruck. The People diſcourſe and argue hereupon according to their different Humours, moſt making the Loſs greater than 'twas. But thoſe who have loſt their Kinſfolks, threaten Revenge; and only thoſe that have heard of the Death of their Friends, are ſilent, becauſe their Grief is above Expreſſion. But all in general appear in ſuch a Conſternation, as would make a Man imagine this Stroak is irreparable; ſo true is it, That Loſſes are inſufferable to thoſe that are not accuſtomed to loſe.

One would think, to hear the *French* talk, that the *Spaniards* are already at the Walls of *Paris*, and that theſe rebellious Princes are ready to give an Aſſault to this great Town. They have retired into

into a place which they say is impregnable, and which belongs to a *French* Lord; which Place is called *Sedan*, and 'tis not far hence where this bloody Battel was fought, wherein the King's Party were worsted; but the *Malecontents* are much afflicted at the loss of their General, who was kill'd in the heat of the Fight. Some say, he died by Treachery; Others, by the Enemy: and there are who affirm, That Cardinal *Richlieu* got rid of him by means of an Assassin, whom he entertained in his Troops: Others also say, he killed himself, by lifting up the Vizor of his Helmet with his Pistol, which discharged it self; however, there is dead in the Person of this Prince, a Prince of great Valour.

I shall make thee a Recital of this Adventure; I shall learn thee the Motives of this War; inform thee who were the *Malecontents*, and their Qualities; and, in fine, by what Cabals this Tempest is raised; that thou mayest know, Great and Principal Prop of the *Ottoman* Empire, that Ambition and Jealousie cause Disorders in *France*, as well as in other Countries.

Lewis de Bourbon, Count *de Soissons*, was a Prince of the Blood; he had such a fierceness in his Youth, as drove away all from him, who once came near him; but having got over this Humour, which disobliged every body, he became popular, and so Courteous, that he was now followed as much as he was shunn'd before. He used the *Nobility* as became their Quality; had acquired the Friendship of other Princes, and those of inferiour Rank could not enough admire him. He was adored by the Soldiery, beloved and esteemed by the People; and he had, in a word, so behaved himself, that he had gotten the general Applause.

Cardinal *Richlieu* has a Niece named *Madam de Combalet*, who having been married to a Gentle-

man,

man, aſpired to an higher Match, ſeeing all things to give place, and humble themſelves before her Uncle.

The Cardinal deſigned by the Marriage of this Niece, to procure himſelf ſuch a puiſſant Prop that nothing ſhould be able to overthrow his Fortune, or oppoſe his Authority: He pretended alſo his Life would be more in ſafety; and that ſuch an Alliance, with thoſe he already had, would put him out of a Capacity of being ever attack'd by any Enemies, ſecret or declared, whoſe number encreaſed as faſt as his Authority.

Several affirm, this Prieſt had Ambition enough to give an Heir, who might one Day aſcend the Throne; when it appeared by the Queen's Barrenneſs, the King could have no Child to ſucceed him.

But the State of Affairs being changed, he took other Meaſures; and thinking of having the Count in his Alliance, he cauſed the Propoſals of this Marriage of his Niece to be offered the Prince, by one of his moſt intimate Confidents; who offered him at the ſame time conſiderable Sums of Money, and Dignities, to make him Heir of all his vaſt Eſtates, and to procure him the greateſt Office in the Kingdom, which is that of Conſtable.

The Count of *Soiſſons* Anſwer to him that made the Propoſal, was a Box on the Ear; being in an extreme Paſſion, at any one's daring to offer him a Match ſo greatly beneath him, when *Madam de Combalet* was the Widow of a Gentleman of a mean Condition, and Niece to a Cardinal whom he hated, and himſelf a Prince of the Blood.

The Cardinal's Meſſenger, deſirous his Negotiation ſhould ſucceed, was not repelled by this Affront. He inſiſted on the Vertue of the Cardinal's Niece, ſaying ſhe would be courted by the Greateſt of *France*: and added farther in Commenda-

tion of this Lady, that she was a Virgin, although married; because her Husband, out of respect, dared not approach her; and that Heaven had so ordered it, that this Adventure should be found written in the Anagram of her Name.

This *Minister* could not dissemble his Vexation at the Refusal; his Choler became excessive, and he resolved to practise his usual Maxim, *of violently persecuting those, whose Friendship he had sought with most eagerness.* He therefore wholly set himself against this Prince, spake all the Ill he could of him, publickly threatned his Enemy; but he valued him not, looking on the Cardinal as beneath his Notice.

In the mean time, the Cardinal plotted to put his Threats into Execution, and brought the King in to Countenance him by his Authority; which obliged the Count to absent himself, and make a Voyage into *Italy*, to avoid the Storm he was threatned with. Yet his Voyage lasted not long, and at his Return the *Cardinal* did all he could now to win him; he procured him suitable Employs in the Armies, and made him at length be declared General of that which the King sent on the Frontiers of *Picardy*. Yet this haughty Prince received all with Indifferency, saying only, That a Captain was given to the Army, and not an Army to a Captain.

The Grandees of the Court, who observed afar off what past in this Intrigue, instead of mollifying the Count's Humour, did all they could to sharpen it. The Duke of *Orleance*, the King's Brother, who was always this Minister's Enemy, link'd himself with *Soissons*, exhorting him not to yield to the Cardinals Pursuits; and it is said, he drew a Promise from him under his Hand, that he would never accept of the Marriage proposed, and they afterwards swore Fidelity to one another; and that

they

they would join together for the Deſtruction of the common Enemy; and for this effect they took meaſures with Prince *Thomas*, of the *Houſe* of *Savoy*, who is at preſent *General* of the *Spaniſh* Army in *Flanders*: They alſo brought the Duke *de Valette*, and ſeveral Lords of the Kingdom, into their Party. Almoſt all the Conſpirators were for killing the *Cardinal*, and the time of the Stroak ſhould be, when he viſited the Quarters of the Army which beſieged *Corbie*; but the Count alone would not conſent to dip his Hands in the Blood of a Prieſt.

But the Duke *de Valette*, who ſaw the Danger wherein he was, when the Conſpiracy came to be diſcovered, reſolved to ſhelter himſelf by the blackeſt Treachery that could be imagined; he diſcovered to the Cardinal all the Accomplices, of which the Count *de Soiſſons* having Notice, he ſpeedily withdrew to *Sedan*. I ſhall not make thee (Invincible Leader) a Deſcription of this Place, which regards on one ſide *Luxemburgh*, and on the other *France*; it not lying in my way to make Draughts of Fortifications like an Engineer, but to give thee a full Account of what the *Infidels* do, and diſcover their Deſigns, whereby thou may'ſt gather what may make for the Advantage of our Great *Monarch*, whoſe Power cannot be ſhaken, but by the entire overthrow of the Univerſe.

Sedan is a Dominion which formerly belonged to the Dukes of *Cleves*, who were Sovereigns of it, and at the ſame time Dukes *de Bouillon*. When the Count was in this place he thought himſelf ſafe; the Mareſchal *de Bouillon*, who was the Maſter of it, by the Teſtament of the laſt of this Family, declared himſelf of his Party, either to make War together againſt the Cardinal by open force, or drive him out of this Kingdom, or to get rid of

him by Death. Here it was they made their ſecret Treaties with thoſe who commanded for the *Spaniards* in the *Low-Countries*; and a Prince of the Houſe of *Lorrain* entred into their Cabal. He bears the *Cardinal* as much ill will, and appears as reſolute as the reſt for his Deſtruction: he is called the Duke of *Guiſe*.

There wanted only to this Party the Duke of *Orleans*, the King's only Brother, and therefore the Duke of *Guiſe* diſpatched a Meſſenger to him, who ſold in one day both his Maſter, and all the reſt that were of the Conſpiracy. He diſcovered all the Secrets of the Cabal; and the better to carry on his Deceit, he cauſed himſelf to be apprehended and thrown into Priſon, having given his Diſpatches to the King's Brother, which he had before ſhewed the Cardinal. This Traytor was not contented with revealing theſe Gentlemens Secrets, who had ſent him, but alſo made it appear, That the Prince, the King's Brother, was guilty as an Accomplice of the others Rebellion. Thus theſe great Men, grown deſperate at the Diſcovery of their Projects, which were indeed contrary to their Sovereign's Intereſts and the Kingdoms, were forced to throw themſelves into the Arms of the *Spaniards*, and to joyn with them.

They have raiſed Troops amongſt their Vaſſals and Friends, and openly declared themſelves; and fought with great Valour, as I have already mentioned in the beginning of my Letter. The King's Army has been very ill handled, and it appears that the Advantage was wholly on the Confederates ſide; but it has coſt the Count of *Soiſſons* his Life, who was General, and Chief of the Party, and it is at preſent diſputed, to whom is due the Honour of the Victory.

I proſtrate my ſelf continually at thy Feet to kiſs, with all Humility, the Duſt of them; aſſuring

ring thee, thou haſt in me a moſt faithful Slave, that will never change.

Paris 15th *of the* 8th *Moon,*
of the Year 1641.

LETTER VI.

To Solyman *his Couſin at* Conſtantinople.

Pontius Pilate was an honeſter Man than thou. He, although a *Pagan*, excuſed himſelf of the falſe Sentences he ſhould pronounce on the *Chriſtian's Meſſias*, by waſhing his Hands before the *Jews*, who ſought his Death: And, thou that art a *Mahometan* as I am, and waſheſt thy whole Body in the Baths at *Conſtantinople*, in the Preſence of our Friends, accuſeſt and condemneſt me raſhly without any Scruple. Thou uſeſt me like a Rogue; ſo maliciouſly art thou ſet againſt me, who am of the ſame Religion which thou profeſſeſt. How canſt thou juſtifie the Hatred thou beareſt me, in endeavouring to make the *Kaimakam* believe, I have been corrupted by the *Cardinal*, who is the King of *France's* Chief *Miniſter?* Adding that he ought no more to heed my Letters, and Relations ſent to the *Sublime Port* (where lie proſtrate all the Powers of the World,) as not written by an *Arabian*, but by a Sacrilegious *Heretick*; That I deceive the *Muſti*, ſo venerable for the Authority which he has in ſuch an *Holy Religion*, of which he is the *worthy Head*; and that I amuſe him by my Letters, the better to conceal my Change, ſeeing I adore in my Heart, and publickly profeſs an entire Submiſſion to the Decrees of the *Roman* Prelate.

The Quality of thy Couſin, which I have whether I will or no, is ſo far from with-holding thee, that 'tis made uſe of to carry on thy pernicious Deſigns. O unworthy Kinſman! Infamous Hypocrite! Thou wilt diſcredit me, and break off the courſe of my Employment, becauſe I ſerve effectually the greateſt Prince of the Univerſe. Thou approveſt not only my Conduct when I began my Endeavours, under the Orders of the Miniſters of the *Divan*; but thou applaudeſt me, gave me Praiſes: And now, when all the Miniſters are ſatisfied with me, and approved of my Behaviour, and gave me their Commendations; thou art the only Man who thinks it fitting to traverſe me to obſcure my Reputation, and blacken my Actions. Is this the Fruit of thy Studies with *Hippo* at *Athens*, to whom thou oweſt thy Knowledge of *Greek* Authors, which thou ſo greatly braggeſt of? Anſwer me, unjuſt Couſin, What is thy deſign of having me called away by thy baſe Defamation? When did I offend thee, and wherein I pray? But thy Artifices, how great and malicious ſoever they be, will not prevail over the ſincerity of my Heart; and, as I ſhall always exactly perform my Duty, ſo I fear not the Loſs of my Prince's Favour; he will approve of what I do, and thou wilt die with Envy and Deſpite.

I needed not have been miſtaken: I might have ſeen the Falſeneſs of thine Heart by thy Countenance. Thou art an *Heraclitus*, always Melancholy, and out of Humour, that cannot rejoice, ſhould Heaven favour our Invincible Monarch's Projects. Thou art a falſe *Zeno*, who under the affected Appearances of a *Stoick*, concealeſt a Cynical Heart, whoſe Critical Humour is always biting on the Actions of others. Nature has covered thy Face with ſadneſs, mixt with a deadly Paleneſs, becauſe thou art always buſied about ſome doleful matter.

In like manner it appears, That *Pythagoras* has inſtructed thee to ſpeak little, as knowing thou art not fit to ſay or do any thing but what is hurtful. I know not what is become of *Iſouf*, having no Account of him. I am afraid thou haſt corrupted this my Kinſman, that I might have no Ally, or faithful Friend. Thou haſt not failed to inſtruct him well, having given him ſo good an Example; and he has, without doubt, been ſo ungrateful, as to imitate thee. He is returned from *Mecha*, and makes me no Anſwer, giving me no Account whether he has made the Offering for me on the Mountain, whether he has ſacrificed the Sheep, whether he has diſtributed the Alms I enjoined him, and whether he will ſend me, as I entreated him, a ſmall Piece of the old Hangings of the ſacred *Moſque*. But I will not concern my ſelf as much at what others do, my Intention being to complain only of thee, becauſe others Offences are not comparable to thine, thou having left no Stone unturn'd to ruine me.

Continue then in thine ill Nature: I write only to acquaint thee, that I am not ignorant of whatever thou has done againſt me. There's no body but old *Baba* thine Uncle, who can work a Change in thee: go to him; be not aſhamed to ſee a Man who is employed in the meaneſt Works, to have more Judgment than thee: Shew him the Infirmities of thy Soul; or, to ſpeak better, confeſs to him all the Ill Things thou haſt done, if thou haſt any Intention of becoming an honeſt Man. Although he be but a Carpenter, he knows better than thee, to form the mind; he can teach thee how to poliſh and ſquare thy Soul, as he poliſhes a piece of Oak, though never ſo hard and knotty.

He is perfectly inſtructed in the Law; he is brought up in the Principles of Religion; he will guide thee, if thou wilt ſuffer him, in the way

which leads to Perfection; he will not permit thee to lye; he will put thee on making Reſtitutions to thoſe whoſe Good Name thou haſt unjuſtly taken; and he will comfort thee, if thou beeſt really ſorrowful for the ill thou haſt done, and if thou ſheweſt any Regret at thy former Purpoſes, of deſtroying a Kinſman that loved thee, and ſtill wiſhes thee all kinds of Happineſs; if thou repenteſt of thy unjuſt Perſecutions, and if of a bad Couſin, which thou haſt been, thou wilt become a ſincere and hearty Friend.

Paris, 25th. *of the* 10th. *Moon, of the Year* 1641.

LETTER VII.

To Dgnet Oglou.

I Say not that thoſe are Fools that are in Love, but I muſt needs think, that thoſe who believe lightly, are not overladen with Diſcretion. 'Tis hard for a Man always to keep himſelf from falling into a Paſſion; but 'tis not ſo hard for a Man to keep himſelf from believing things with too great Facility, and from being caught with Falſhoods, which are the moſt conſtant Attendants of Women.

Thou haſt ſpoke the Truth to me, in ſending me the Balm and Aloes I wrote for; and I ſhall not anſwer thee with Lies, in ſpeaking of *Daria*, who is the Subject of the Letter which I received from thee. Let me thank thee, without ſaying any thing of the Preſent thou madeſt me, which is very magnificent and acceptable; and ſuffer me to complain to thee freely of the Hurt which another has done me. I need not conſult my Regiſter, to remember

member whatever I wrote to thee about this *Greek*, my Heart which is yet full of it, reproaches me every Moment for having ſaid too much to thee on that Subject.

Never any thing appeared to me ſo deſirable, as that Herb which *Homer* call'd *Nepente*, to cure me of the cruel Diſtemper, with which I am tormented. This Prince of Poets makes a Queen of our *Ægypt*, to preſent this admirable *Simple* to *Helena*, which has the Virtue of appeaſing immediately all Dolours, and makes us forget the Vexations and Offences offered us. But thou wilt not underſtand me, unleſs I tell thee clearly, That *Daria* has forgotten all the Promiſes ſhe made me, as ſoon as ever ſhe was from me; not remembring in any ſort my Love. 'Tis true, ſhe wrote twice to me ſince her Departure, but in ſo cold a Style, that it is plainly ſeen, her Heart is as cold as Ice to me. As ſoon as ever ſhe ſaw her ſelf in the Arms of her Husband, ſhe made him a ſacrifice of my Paſſion; and, the better to make her Court to him, and perſuade him of her Fidelity, ſhe delivered to him my Letters. The Husband laughed in reading them, and ſaid to her, in a Jear to me: *A Man then, ſo deſperately in love, has only ſighed and wrote? He has done ſomething more* (replyed this diſſembling Woman) *having promiſed to ſend me a Box of white Balm of* Mecha, *and Aloes-Wood, to perfume me, which yet I do not expect to receive ſo ſoon, and perhaps never: For, if* Mahmut *be not become a Fool, he will as ſoon forget me, as I ſhall certainly forget him. And what haſt thou promiſed this* Barbarian? replyed immediately the Husband. *I promiſed*, replyed *Daria*, *to ſend with my Picture, that of the moſt chaſte of all Women; which yet I do not pretend to do, without your Conſent; nay, and Command.*

What I now inform thee, comes from a Place which makes me not at all doubt the certainty

of it. But having learnt by what I related, the Virtue of this Woman, now hear what the Husband's was; who having ſeen my Picture, and commended the Painter that drew it, embraced tenderly his Wife, whom he reſpected as a moſt ſingular Example of Conjugal Fidelity. Thou wilt wonder at *Daria*'s Weakneſs, in ſhewing him my Picture; ſhe did do it, and her Confidence has turned to Account, ſhe having received a Thouſand chaſte Embraces for a Recompence. Thou ſeeſt here the Happineſs of the *Chriſtian* Women, who have Husbands who take ſo favourably the Offences done them during their Abſence.

In the mean time, *Daria*'s Picture does not come; ſhe returns no more Anſwers to my Letters, which has diſcouraged me to write to her for ſome time. My Paſſion begins not to be ſo violent; and, this great Fire which conſumed me, will ſoon turn into Aſhes. I have been mightily miſtaken; for it is only amongſt Perſons of an equal Condition, where true and laſting Friendſhips are to be found. Let us love, my dear *Dgnet*; let the Bonds of our Friendſhip be ſuch, as will never break nor be diſſolved. *Daria* is really a great Example of Fidelity to her Husband; but, ſhe is alſo an Example of Inconſtancy and Treachery to a Lover, who had ſacrificed all to her.

I am reſolved henceforward, to love no Woman; and I am certain, my dear Friend, that my Reſolutions ſhall hold. Rejoice with me at my Cure, and believe, that if a fine and charming Woman diſordered my Brains, the good humour and Patience of her Husband, has brought me again to my Senſes. My Adventure ſhould make thee careful, to avoid the like Inconveniences; but, thou canſt not run that Riſque, being happy with the other *Muſſulmen* of *Conſtantinple*, who have Laws which retain and hinder them from falling into the like Irregularities.

I hope

I hope alſo thou wilt give over being my Rival if thou haſt ever had any Kindneſs for this Ungrateful *Greek*. If Men muſt love, once in their Lives, let them have a care of falling into thoſe Exceſſes which deprive them of their Reaſon, and make them repent of their Love all the Days of their Lives. My Repentance is great; and though my Paſſion be not wholly extinct, yet I feel a Joy which makes me know, that I ſhall by degrees loſe my Paſſion for her.

Thou mayeſt be well tired with this long Diſcourſe; but I ſhall end it, in ſending thee a Deſcription which one of the greateſt Wits in *Spain* has made of Women.

He ſays, *They be the Sources of Life and Death; that they are to be conſidered as Fire, becauſe they uſe all that come near them as that Element does, yet they give Men a certain neceſſary Heat: They are fine things; bring Joy to Families, and whole Towns; but are dangerous to keep, enflaming all that comes near them, and reducing them commonly into Aſhes. They uſually give a great Luſtre, but this Luſtre is never without ſuch a Smoak, as darkens the Underſtanding, and makes them often ſhed Tears, who only behold them. He that has no Commerce with Women, ſpends his Life in Melancholy, and yet they are ſeldom ſeen without Danger. The way to manage them, is not to do exceſſive things for them, no more than wholly to neglect them. A Man oft obtains them eaſily, and commonly loſes them more eaſily. Fire and a Woman, are exactly the ſame; and he that ſaid, Women are Fires which burn all things, has ſaid likewiſe, That Fire is like Women, which conſumeth all things.*

But our Religious *Arabians* have ſpoken yet more Elegantly, when they wrote, *That* God *made a particular* Paradiſe *for them; becauſe,* ſay they, *ſhould they enter into that of Men, they would ſoon change it into Hell.*

Eve plaid her part ſo well, when ſhe was ſuduced by the Serpent in the Terreſtrial Paradiſe, that ſhe deceived her Spouſe alſo, that he might lye under the like Condemnation. But however, this Sex having, among ſo many Defects, ſomething that is amiable; let us love them, at leaſt, becauſe of their Uſefulneſs for continuing the *Species*, but not for their Beauty; whoſe Enchantments corrupt the Mind, and hinder all the excellent Operations of it: For *Men perhaps would be Angels, were there no Women*; I mean *bad* ones; for *good* Women, as well as *good* Men, can do no Hurt. *Adieu.*

Paris, 20th *of the* 10th *Moon*,
of the Year 1641.

LETTER VIII.

To Carcoa *at* Vienna.

THE Courier which is now arriv'd, has brought me Letters and Money from thee. I ſhall receive the Money upon the *Bill* of *Exchange*, when it is due, under the Name of *Titus*. I am extremely obliged to thee, for the Care thou haſt taken, in procuring it me, being in a Countrey where good Words are of no Credit. I have received alſo the Box, wherein is the Balm and Aloes ſent me by my Friend *Oglou*, all in good Condition, and come in good time. I want only to know, how it is with *Iſouf*; for he writes no more to me. I am informed he is returned from his Pilgrimage, and yet has not ſent to thee what I deſired him to bring from *Mecha*.

I will not complain of any body; if I do, it ſhall be of my ſelf. Take care of the Letters I ſend thee,

thee, and let me know, whether we may hope well from the *Grand Signior*, and what is reported at the Court where thou art, and if there be any likelihood of making War afresh against the *Infidels*.

My Health is indifferent. I live here without Suspicion; and though Cardinal *Richlieu* be an *Argus*, he is blind as to what concerns me; for he knows nothing of my Business, or feigns so at least; neither do I do or say any thing which may make me suspected for an Enemy.

I assure thee I love *God*, have a great Respect for his Law, and follow my Business with great Fidelity. If thou wilt have me do more, advertise thy Friend of it, whom thou knowest; shew me the Example, and live happily.

Paris, 22d *of the* 10th *Moon*,
of the Year 1641.

LETTER IX.

To Berber Mustapha, Aga *at* Constantinople.

WE are arrived to the End of the Year which the *Infidels* solemnize by *Bonfires*, and which I mark by an extraordinary Sadness. I complain not, in that Time making it self the Master of my Heart, will soon begin to weaken it. I understand the Follies of those Vows, which are made to Heaven, for the obtaining of a long Life. Those that desire it, are wont to make contrary ones, when they become overwhelmed with the Infirmities which attend for the most part old Age. The Occasion of my Complaints, is of another Nature; I

am

am troubled at the being so far from my Friends and Country, and at my being banish'd into an Enemy's Country, where I must live like a Man that is in continual Fear, among People who seem to matter nothing.

Thou art now above 50 Years of Age, and I not above 32; and yet I know thou reflectest not much hereupon, thinking thou hast still a long time to live. Thou art of a strong Constitution, art a lover of Pleasures, searching them every where, without any thoughts of Death, who will spare thee no more than others, whose Health is decayed; for *he comes taking great strides towards us all.* Thou art very fortunate, I must needs say, in conserving in a Body so near Old Age, a Young Man's Spirit; which is far from my Disposition: For when thou art in pursuit of Divertisements, I am continually thinking of Death; because I believe I have lived too long.

Should the King, or *Cardinal*, near whom I live, know this Night, that *Mahmut*, who writes to thee, is one of the *Grand Signior's Spies*, I should lose my Life, perhaps, before the next Light: Yet the fear of such an Adventure gives me no Disquiet; having entirely sacrificed my self to the Master I serve, who commands all Men on the Earth. Should these *Barbarians* put me to Death, I shall only finish, a little sooner, that Course which I must certainly one day put an end to; and if I live, I shall have neither Recompence to expect, nor Pain to apprehend.

Here is much talk about the Duke of *Lorrain*; yet there has been more done against him, than said. The *French* affirm, that in stripping this Prince of his Countries, he has been very mercifully dealt with; for Justice required more. There are, on the contrary, other People, who do not believe

lieve it is poſſible to do a greater piece of Injuſtice. In fine, every Man ſpeaks after his manner.

'Tis ſaid moreover, that this Sovereign being come again into the King's Favour, who had given him a Thouſand Teſtimonies of good Will, after what had paſſed in 1634, when this *Court* had great reaſons to complain of his Conduct; he drew down again afreſh the Indignation of *France* upon him, by a Fault which cannot be excuſed. I think this Duke had concluded Two Treaties that Year, promiſing a Submiſſion and Eternal Obedience. He had the Honour to Dine with the King; and having rendred him Homage for the *Dutchy* of *Bar*, he again threw himſelf into the Arms of the *Auſtrians*; although he had ſworn on the *Goſpels*, (a Book as much reſpected amongſt the *Chriſtians*, as the *Alcoran* is among the *True Faithful*) That he would never forſake the Intereſts of *France*, what Wars ſoever ſhe might find; that he would be perpetually fix'd to the Intereſts of that *Crown*, and never hold any Correſpondence with the *Houſe* of *Auſtria*. In conſideration of which, *Lewis* ſhould re-eſtabliſh this Prince in his Eſtates, which he was to ſurrender entirely, bating ſome Places, and the Capital, called *Nanci*, which he would retain during the War, as a Pledge for the Performance of what he had ſworn to; and, which yet was to be given up, after the Concluſion of the Peace. 'Tis added, That this Sovereign having occaſion to complain of the *Spaniſh* Miniſters, and the Grandees of this Nation, who carry on the War in *Flanders*; he had written to the *Cardinal Infant*, Governour of the *Low-Countries*, a Letter to this purpoſe, and very near in theſe Words.

The King of France *having required me to joyn my ſelf with my Troops to his Army near* Sedan; *I would not obey this puiſſant King, much leſs your Highneſs; ſeeing the Towns ſubject to the* Spaniards, *treat me as if I were an Enemy.*

Th:

The Ladies have had a great part in this Accommodation of the Duke of *Lorrain*; which has had like all the Works of Women, a direful Event. This Prince being become amorous of a *French* Lady, was for repudiating his lawful Princeſs, to whom he owes all his Eſtate; beginning to ſeparate from her, that he might give himſelf entirely to the Counteſs of *Cantecroix*, whom he uſed as his real Wife.

Good People are ſorry for this Prince's Diſgrace, as believing his Condition to be paſt Remedy. The devout party ſay, That having been unjuſtly deprived of his Eſtates, *God* will work Miracles in his Favour; conſidering, no leſs than Three Hundred *Saints*, as they ſay, have been of his Family, which muſt needs reconcile him to the Favour of Heaven; amongſt which, is the famous *Godfrey* of *Bullen*, who won *Jeruſalem*, and all *Paleſtine* from the *Saracens*; whom we muſt own to have been a great Man, whether we conſider his Courage or Zeal for his Religion, which ought to make his Memory famous to all Ages.

I can tell thee nothing more certain on this Subject, having endeavoured to be informed of what I write to thee to ſatisfie thy Curioſity: and whatever I now recite, has paſt in *France* with little Noiſe, or rather with great Silence, as to me; for indeed, I muſt with ſhame confeſs, that I have ſcarce heard in *Paris* this Event, ſo famous throughout all *Europe*.

Man has nothing but what comes from Heaven; and commonly the ſtrongeſt, when he has Right on his ſide, ſubdues the weak, and enriches himſelf with his ſpoils.

By the Law of Nature, every one has Right of judging his own Neceſſities, and the Greatneſs of the Danger wherein he finds himſelf; and, if it be contrary to Reaſon, I ſhould be Judge of my own Danger,

Danger, 'tis reasonable another should be so. But the same Reason which establishes another Judge of what concerns me, has made me his Judge; and consequently, gives me Authority to judge of the Sentence which he shall give against me; and to decide, whether it be just, when 'tis favourable to me, or unjust, if it be contrary to my Interests.

Nature has given all to Men, and thou and I, and all Men have an equal Right to all things, and hence we have Power to do whatever we will, to possess and enjoy what we think is fitting; and yet such an extensive Right, is just as if we had Right to nothing: For, at the same time, I have Right to a thing which pleases me, another stronger than my self, by virtue of the same Right, takes it from me, and enjoys it in spight of me. Hence it is that one Man invades another with the same Right with which he defends himself; whence do, and will spring up always, the occasions of Jealousies and Discords which are among Men; which make them at continual Defiance with one another, and keeps them in a continual Watchfulness over their Neighbours.

'Tis this Liberty founded in Nature, which makes it lawful, in time of War, to resist and invade, not only by open Force, but with all the secret Arts and Stratagems that can be devised; and, when a Man would avoid the Danger he is in, in fighting, and has his Enemy in his hands, he has right to use all means to avoid him, and secure himself from him.

Thou wilt approve of these Reflections, which shew thee the Natural Right thou hast of commanding me, as being thy Inferiour; and, I hope, by what I have written, to have satisfied thy Curiosity; and by my Submission and Obedience, to have given thee a Proof of my profound Respects to thee.

Paris, 24th *of the last Moon, of the Year* 1641.

LETTER X.

To Bereredin, *Superiour of the* Derviſes *of* Cogni *in* Natolia.

LET me, moſt holy and patient *Derviſe*, proſtrate thee with my Head bowed down to the ground, with the greateſt Humility I am able. I now come to thee with my Feet naked, without either Hoſe or Shoes, as a Mark of my Reſpect and Veneration which I have for thy Old Age, and the Admiration I have at thy incorruptible Innocency.

The Kindneſs thou ſhewed'ſt me by the long Letter I have received, has given me ſuch Joy as I cannot expreſs; as makes me forget my paſt Pains, and hinders me from thinking of thoſe which are happened to me; for I can now willingly leave this World, having had ſuch Teſtimonies of thy Affection. Thy great Age does not aſtoniſh me, ſeeing thy Father, who is yet alive, is 107 Years old, and thou art above 82; which makes me hope to ſee a great while yet, both one and the other, draw down, by their Prayers, and Merit of their good Actions, the Bleſſings of Heaven on the glorious Empire of the *Ottoman* Court, to whom all the Empires and Monarchies of the World ought to ſubmit. The Thirty Brethren who preſented themſelves to *Selim*, to be enrolled in the Troops which were to ſerve againſt the *Perſians*, made the Father, who had them all by one Woman, to paſs for the happieſt of all the *Muſſulmans*, in having the good Fortune to beget ſuch a Number of the moſt Noble Sons in Nature. But thou and thy Father muſt needs be more happy than this fertile Parent. Thy Father has fought, and come out Victorious from the Perverſity of the Age, full of Scars and Suffering, through

through the Force of his Courage, the Innocency of his Manners, and his great Sobriety: And, as to thy Part, what haſt not thou done to make thy ſelf the worthy Son of ſo glorious a Father? Thou haſt not only done, what thy Father did before thee; thou haſt acquired the ſame Virtues, and haſt ſo far out-done them, that one may ſay, thou haſt ſurpaſſed Virtue it ſelf. Thy Strength is admirable in the midſt of Abſtinencies, and other Auſterities which thou undergoeſt; in which, 'tis certain thou canſt not be imitated. But Heaven, to whom only thou liveſt, will recompence in this World thy pure Faith, which the Enemy of Mankind can never weaken.

The *Chriſtians* ſay, When *God* gave them the Commandments, he promiſed only *long Life* to ſuch who perfectly honoured thoſe, who, under *God*, brought them into the Light. If this be true, as 'tis very likely; 'tis not to be doubted, but that a *long Life*, is the Recompence which *God* gives thoſe who live well: And the *Nazarenes* who are Criticks, affirm, That Sin alone is the cauſe that Men do not live ſo long as they did before the *Deluge*, for then they remained ſuch a while in Life, as would tempt one to think, they were to have been Immortal. They ſay that after the *Deluge*, *God* changed the Nature of Men; and inſtead of that great Number of Years, which made up the Courſe of ſo long a Life, they cannot live at furtheſt above 120 Years, and that there are few which arrive at 80; and whatever is beyond this, is Miſery and Torment, or a kind of Senſleſneſs, which makes Men like Beaſts.

I know few People but what are agreed, One may cure or mitigate the Inconveniences which happen to us; but, few are of Opinion, That Life can be lengthned; yet, if this be poſſible, we may then believe a Story which is believed here, and which happened the Year paſt in *Paris*.

An

An Ancient Man went to a *Dervis* of this great Town, and thus accosted him: *I am come, Reverend Father, to know of you, whether I may in good Conscience determine to live no longer, being quite weary of living. I have already arrived to the 120th. year of my Age, by means of a Liquor which* Chymistry *has taught me, whereby I did scarce perceive from any thing I felt, that I was going down; yet however this long Life appears at present to me irksome and intolerable. My Blood is so putrified in my Veins, that I have remained without any of those Passions wherewith Mankind is generally Subject. My Taste serves me no longer to discover the Delicacy of Meats. My Ears, although they be not deaf, yet will not let me distinguish true* Harmony *from what is only a Confusion of Sounds. Mine Eyes are open to see, but are not cleared with any Object. My Faculty of Smelling, is struck with Scents, yet they make no Impression on it. I touch, but I feel not what I touch; and I touch all things indifferently. Mine Heart is no longer sensible, nor affected with Tenderness, and Passion for my Friends. Bile in me has no longer its usual Heat. Joy and Sorrow, Anger, Desire of Having, Hope and Hatred, are extinguished in me; whereby I am become insensible in conserving, if I may so say, all my Senses. I am resolved therefore to let my self die, provided you can assure me I may do it without Sin; for should I remain two days without taking this precious* Elixir, *I am certain I shall soon expire, and so be delivered from the Vexation which overwhelms me.* 'Tis said, that the *Dervis* answered this *Philosopher; That he might not desire Death, but on the contrary, preserve his Life; and supposing he made use of no Secret of* Magick *to prolong his Days, he should believe that the marvellous Potion, of which he had found the Secret by his Study and Travel, was a Present from Heaven: That 'tis true he would be rid of a troublesome Life, but he could not procure the End of it without a* Crime; *and that he was obliged*

to preserve it, to suffer with greater submission the Pains he complained of, which could not be comparable to the Pleasures he had received, by enjoying the Gift which God had bestowed on him.

The Great *God* preserve thy Days beyond those of this *Philosopher*; and accompany them with whatever may give thee Satisfaction: But I beseech him above all things, that he never let slip out of thy Memory the Promise thou hast made me, of having always a particular Respect to thy Servant *Mahmut*, who reverences *thy Holiness*.

Paris, 15th. *of the* 1st. *Moon*,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER XI.

To the Redoubtable Vizir Azem.

I Make thee an Answer, invincible Warriour, by whose Counsels the formidable Empire of the *Ottomans* is governed, under the Orders of the most mighty of the Princes of the Earth, and, whose Arm is terrible to all the Potentates of the World. I have read thy Letter, with which thou honourest the most submissive of thy Slaves, with all the Humility which is due to thy sublime Grandeur, whereunto thy Merit has raised thee. And, having cast my self at thy Feet in Spirit, seeing I cannot really kiss them, I obey the Orders thou sendest me, which are to me inviolable Laws.

Banniere, the *Swedish* General, is dead; when *Picolomini*, one of the Generals of the *Emperor*'s Army, lay just by him. In half an hours time, he saved himself, the Army, all the Baggage and Cannon, and retired with incredible Swiftness over Mountains and Forests, where the Beasts alone could

could make Paſſages, having continually the Emperor's Army at his Back. He was a Man of great Valour, had been highly ſerviceable to the Growth of *Swedeland*, and acquired the Reputation of an excellent Commander. The *Emperor* had offered him ſome time before great Recompences, and the Dignity of Prince of the *Empire*, if he would change his Maſter, and forſake the *Confederates* Party. He had alſo offered, thinking this might more move him, to make him *General* of his Army againſt the *Grand Signior*: but he refuſed all theſe Offers, his Fidelity being unmovable.

This great Captain was born in *Swedeland*, and when a Child, he fell down from an high Window, without receiving any Hurt; which made the King imagine, Heaven deſign'd him for ſomething extraordinary. He travelled much in his Youth, and he was ſeen never tired in running to all Places, where there was any War; ſometimes in *Poland*, and other whiles in *Muſcovia*: And being become *General* of his King's Army, he ſoon acquired the Reputation of one of the greateſt Captains of the *Northern* Parts. He was perfectly skilled in the Art of Encamping, and no body could ever better draw up an Army for Battel. His way of Retreat from before an Army ſtronger than his, muſt needs be admired by all the World. He ever choſe good poſts; and when once he was poſſeſs'd of them, he knew well how to keep them; ſo that he was never defeated, whatever Forces his Enemy might bring againſt him. He has deſtroyed Fourſcore Thouſand Men, in different Rencounters, and *Swedeland* glories in having above Six hundred Standards. He was ſo like King *Guſtavus*, that they have been often taken for one another. He was never covetous; but was obſerved to be a good Husband. Among ſo many Occaſions wherein he ſignaliz'd himſelf, what he did when the *Swediſh* Army was worſted at *Norlinge*, is moſt remarkable

markable; he preſerved the Reſt, though wholly forſaken by the Allies; and ſo ordered the Matter, that he raiſed freſh Troops almoſt in an inſtant, and gave his Party Time and Courage to riſe up: And, this is all I could learn of this Great Captain, whoſe Reputation has given thee Curioſity.

Although *Don Duarte de Braganza*, the new King of *Portugal*'s Brother ſerved with great Reputation in the Emperor's Army; yet 'tis ſaid, the *Spaniards* had been very urgent with this Monarch, to make him be apprehended, as ſoon as ever they heard the King his Brother was raiſed to the Throne. But 'tis ſaid, the *Emperor* was ſcandaliz'd with ſuch a Propoſition, alledging this would be againſt the Rules of Hoſpitality: But the *Empreſs*'s *Confeſſor* found ſuch Reaſons in his Divinity, as brought over the *Emperor* to yield, he ſhould be delivered into the *Spaniſh Miniſter*'s Hands, who conducted him with a very ſtrong Party to the Caſtle of *Milan*; whence he is not like to ſtir out, till his Brother ſhall reſtore the Crown of *Portugal* to *Philip* IV. of *Spain*.

I ſhall write what remains behind, to the *Kaimakan*, who has the Honour of being thy Lieutenant; that I may not tire thee, who art to be reverenced as the Inſtrument of the Wills of the Maſter of Lights, and all whoſe Hours are deſtin'd to the Government of the World.

May it pleaſe him, who of Nothing has created All Things, that thou may'ſt lay, one day, at the Feet of the *Grand Signior*, the Crowns of all the Monarchs who command in the *Infidels* Countries, and become thereby the Arbiter of the Univerſe.

Paris, 18th. *of the* 1ſt. *Moon*, *of the Year* 1642.

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LETTER XII.

To the Kaimakam *at* Conſtantinople.

THis King here has mortified his *Parliament*, by the Advice of Cardinal *Richlieu*. The *Parliaments* are Bodies of Learned Men, who decide all Affairs in the Kingdom, as well Civil, as Criminal; and the *Parliament* of *Paris* has a larger Juriſdiction than all others, and as conſiderable Prerogatives. What I have to ſay on this Subject, has happened from the beginning of the laſt Year; and I now relate it, becauſe I forgat to do it when the thing happened: And I will inform thee, before I enter on the Matter, what obliged heretofore the Kings of *France* to ſet up this great Seat of Juſtice.

The ancient Kings of *France* gave it Authority of approving and verifying the Edicts and Declarations which they ſhould make, which was a Bar which theſe wiſe Princes would fix between the People and the Sovereign Authority. Whence it appeared, that *Monarchy* was mix'd with *Ariſtocracy*; without which, the Wiſe have thought, that *States* could not long ſubſiſt. And the Princes of this Age have ſubmitted to a Tribunal re-eſtabliſhed by themſelves the Reſolutions they take; to the end they may diſcharge themſelves toward *God*, to whom they are accountable, as well as other Men; and, to obtain Confidence from their Subjects, in taking from amongſt them Arbiters to regulate them. Yet they have ever reſerved the Liberty of making uſe of their abſolute Power, as is ſeen in their Letters Patents, where they forget not to inſert theſe Words, [*For ſuch is Our Will and Pleaſure.*]

Theſe

These *Monarchs* also thought hereby to have found out a way to defend themselves from the Importunities of the Grandees, who often demanded such things which could not be granted without Prejudice to the whole Kingdom.

The Authority of the now reigning King being out of danger of being shaken or destroyed, this *Monarch* having his Exchequer well stored, has valiant and experienced Captains, stout Soldiers, and numerous Armies, and good Fleets of Ships at Sea; whereby he would make known to this puissant Tribunal, That if it had been set up to assist the Kings by its Counsels when required, yet it must not pretend, that its Decrees should become Laws to their Sovereigns. He went to the *Parliament* with all the Marks of Grandeur with which he is usually attended on these Days of Ceremony, and with such a great Company of Lords, as made the Power of this Monarch easily discerned. He gave these Gentlemen to understand, he would have them ratifie, without more ado, the Orders he would send them, which they term *Edicts*, requiring them to be immediately enregistred. He afterwards gave them an express Charge not to concern themselves henceforwards in Affairs of State; and to humble them the more, he declared to them, That he would be henceforward the Disposer of Graces and Offices, and bestow Recompences to such as deserved them. He added hereunto an Order of giving an Account every Year to his Chancellor of their Deportments, and to come and receive every Year His Majesty's Approbation to continue them in their Offices. And, as a Mark of his Indignation and Authority, he put by the President, and some Counsellors from their Places.

This bold and politick Action was done (as I may say) in the midst of Dancings and Divertise-

ments the more to denote the Monarch's Authority; and in the time of ſuch Magnificent Feaſtings, as became the Pomp of the greateſt Emperors in the Palace of the *Cardinal* for the Marriage of his Niece, *Madamoiſelle de Breze*, with the Prince of *Conde*'s Eldeſt Son, called the Duke *D' Anguien*; a Prince from whom the World expects great things, and whom all *France* believes will prove one of the Famouſeſt Princes in *Chriſtendom*.

The *Catalonians* are obſtinate in their Revolt; their Deputies have been already ſeen in this *Court*, to entreat a good Supply from this King; and, it is not to be doubted, but they will earneſtly ſue for his Protection: And, *France* has already ſent Troops near thoſe Parts, and its Fleet appears on the Coaſts, to encourage this Nation, and mortifie the *Spaniards*. There are a great many Troops raiſed here; and this *Monarch* will have in the *Spring*, Eight Armies, commanded by Generals of great Valour and Experience, beſides theſe Two Fleets; ſo that *Germany*, *Lorrain*, the *Low-Countries*, *Catalonia*, and *Italy*, are like to be expoſed to the Miſeries of an impoveriſhing War. Only *Germany* ſeems to me able to defend it ſelf.

The vaſt *Genius* of the *French Miniſter* aſtoniſhes all the Princes of *Europe*; he breaks all their Meaſures, and makes a ſecret War againſt them in their own *Courts*. Nothing can eſcape his vigilant Care; he keeps his own Secrets ſo ſtrictly, that his neareſt Friends cannot diſcover them. His Power and Authority are ſo great, that the *Princes* of the *Blood* are nothing in compariſon of him; and his Fame makes him as much reſpected Abroad as at Home.

His Friends affirm, He is ignorant of nothing which is projected in *Europe*. *England* is the Place which he has laſt attack'd, its Civil Wars owing their Original to his Deſigns.

I pray

I pray Heavens favour thy Juſt Pretenſions, and every day Increaſe thy Heroick Vertues.

Paris, 15th *of the* 1ſt *Moon, of the Year* 1642.

LETTER XIII.

To the moſt Excellent and moſt Venerable Mufti, *Sovereign Prelate of the Holy Religion of the Faithful* Muſſulmen.

HE of whom I wrote ſo many particulars, ſome *Moons* ago, to obey, as I ought, the expreſs Command thou laidſt upon me; not only is ſtill living, but is more abſolute than ever, in what concerns his *Miniſtry*. Yet is it falſe that this *Cardinal* finding nothing more (as thou writeſt to me, 'tis talked of in *Conſtantinople*) to ſatisfie his Ambition, (which puts him ſtill upon deſiring ſomething farther; being become the abſolute Maſter of what depends on the Kingdom of *Lewis* XIII.) had deſigns of making himſelf abſolute Maſter of what concerns Religion. But, he was too knowing a Man, to deſign the being the *Superiour General* of all the *French Derviſes*; a Thing which neither the King of *France*, nor the *Pope* would permit. I rather think, this *Miniſter*'s Deſign has been, to ſubject all the *Chriſtian* Princes to his Maſter's Intereſts.

The *Ottoman* Empire would have ſome reaſon to be afraid, were all the *Roman* Prelates wiſe enough to chuſe this Man for their *Pope*. We ſhould ſee, in a ſhort time, all *Aſia* agitated by his Intrigues, againſt the Followers of the Great *Mahomet*; and

thoſe that follow *Ali*, would not enjoy a much greater ſecurity! Thou knoweſt that the greateſt Marks which the Popes can give of their Piety during their *Pontificat*, is to ſtir up Wars and make Leagues againſt us to overthrow our Empire. Think then what this great Man would do, were he the *Head* of the *Chriſtians*, with thoſe Abilities, and great Intelligences which he every where keeps; ſeeing, that being only a Subject, and Miniſter of one Prince, he ſo governs himſelf, that there's no Nation, how far ſoever diſtant, but holds its Eyes open on his Conduct: And a *Pope* being always choſen from amongſt the *Cardinals*, and the *Pope* now reigning being very old, it may happen that this dangerous Man ſhall be choſen.

Thou then, whoſe pure Life makes us believe thou art a *Saint*, pray the great *God* to hinder ſuch an Event, which will without queſtion diſturb the Empire of him whom he has choſen to humble all other Potentates, and ſhew on Earth the Greatneſs of his Power; and, rather than ſuch a Misfortune ſhould befall us, pray him that has created all things, that this Man's Eyes be opened to know and embrace the *true Faith*: For, it were better, (if I may ſay ſo without diſpleaſing thee) that the *Cardinal* ſhould be a bad *Mufti* at *Conſtantinople*, than a good *Pope* at *Rome*, at the Head of all the *Nazarenes*.

'Tis ſaid, that a Foreign King conſulted this Oracle, (for he is held in as great Veneration as if he was one,) what Conduct he ſhould hold to live ſecurely: And it is ſaid, the *Cardinal* made this Anſwer: *That Kings ſhould live in Fear, and then they would live in Safety; it being certain they would receive no Poyſon from the Hands of thoſe who do not preſent them their Drink, no more than they can receive Wounds from thoſe, whom they keep at a great Diſtance from them. Thoſe who will not flatter them, will not*

deceive

deceive them; and where they shall think themselves in greatest Safety, that will always be the Place of greatest Danger.

I am perswaded, Grave and Wise Prelate, thou wilt approve of the Answer of this *Minister*. *Julius Cæsar* lived in the midst of Combats, but dyed in the midst of the *Senate*.

Next after *God*, it is before thee, Great *Minister* of Heaven, that I humble my self, entreating thee to receive graciously the profound Respects of thy Slave *Mahmut*.

Paris, 25th *of the* 2d. *Moon, of the Year*, 1642.

LETTER XIV.

To his Mother Ocoumiche, *at* Constantinople.

IT may be said, I have escaped from a mortal Sickness, and remain in Life, only to hear the Complaints of my Friends, who recite to me their Misfortunes; and of my Kindred, who entertain me with the losses they have sustain'd. Thou addest, my Dear Mother, a new Torment to the Pains I already suffer, by shedding so many fruitless Tears. O! how cruel is my Country, that gives so many Occasions of Affliction to those to whom she has given their Birth! Thou hast lost the greatest part of thine Estate in the Fire of *Constantinople*, and Death has deprived thee of thy second Husband. I was but a Child when my Father dyed, so that I could not judge then of thy Grief; neither was I sensible of my own Loss. Now that I am a Man, I enter into thy Sentiments, I share in thy Grief, and shall do all I can to comfort thee.

Thou haſt loſt thy Firſt and Second Husband, and thou haſt reaſon to afflict thy ſelf. If the firſt was an honeſt Man, 'tis certain the other loved thee extreamly: And the Charms of thy Countenance have not a little ſerved thee to acquire the Affection of theſe two Husbands, which thou kneweſt how to keep by thy Complacencies and blind Obedience to their Wills; and by ſuch a prudent Carriage, as one may ſay, thou wouldſt force them to love thee, hadſt thou not done it by the Charms of thy Beauty.

But, what ſhall we do in this thy Extream Affliction, and in the troubleſome Condition I am for the Grief thou endureſt, which mingles my Ink with my Tears? Yet we muſt endeavour to be comforted with a firm Reſolution, not to afflict our ſelves but at the loſs of ſuch things which will never be in our Power to recover. Thou, at the loſs of the Reputation which thou haſt acquired of a Vertuous Woman; and I, at that of an Honeſt Man.

When my Father dyed, 'twas not all the Philoſophy nor Eloquence of the *Greeks* which could comfort thee, thy Affliction was ſtronger than all their Reaſons; and, when thoſe officious Comforters had forſaken thee, thou ſoughteſt Eaſe to thy Trouble in a new Spouſe. Him now thou haſt loſt, but now thou art ſtill in a Condition of hindring this Loſs from being irreparable. Thy Virtue has never been queſtioned, and thou art not as yet ſo old, but thou mayſt think of another Husband. Seek a Third, which may make thee forget thy Sorrow for the Second. And if thou findeſt him not immediately, or if thou hadſt ſome trouble in ſeeking a like Comfort to thy Affliction; receive in this Letter the Tears of another Mother, which will ſhew thee there is a Woman of a far higher Condition, that is more afflicted than thou art.

Pair

Paris is ſtill full of Cries and Sighs which come from a Princeſs of the Firſt Rank. She has now loſt a great Prince, her Son, who is ſlain in a Battel which he had won by a ſtrong Army, of which he was *General*. Read in my Letter, the lively and tender Expreſſions of the Grief of this Illuſtrious Mother, which draw Compaſſion from his Enemies, who are forced, by the Rules of Civility to make her Viſits. Thus does ſhe ſpeak every Day and Hour, to Perſons who come to viſit her; and when there's no body, ſhe thus ſpeaks to her ſelf.

This unfortunate Woman is not a Moment without ſighing; and one would think, by her Language, ſhe intended to recall the Soul which has quitted the Body of her Son, the unhappy Count of *Soiſſons*: *Poor* Count, *a Son ſo tenderly loved, and ſo greatly deſerved it, where is thy Body now to be found, dyed in Blood, and in that of thy Enemies? What Victory? Where are thoſe glorious Marks, that ſhould give me ſo great Joy, and which give me ſuch cauſe of Deſpair? Why did I bring thee forth into the World, unfortunate Son, if I muſt ſo ſoon loſe thee? Miſerable Mother, Unhappy Son! How art thou a Conqueror, when I ſee no other Trophy of thy Victory, than thy Death? I hear from all Parts, that the* Count *is Victorious, and yet I hear every where that his Enemies Rejoyce. I ſee, dear Son, all thy Domeſticks that followed thee, return without Wounds, and yet I do not ſee their Maſter. None of them can tell me where he is, and in what Place their* General *lies, who fought with ſo great Valour, and Succeſs to his Party. But, they are all agreed, the Battel was won, that my Son is a Conqueror, and that he has loſt his Life. Unfortunate Fight, which has made equally bewailed, the Death of the Victorious* General *by his Mother, and the Defeat by the Vanquiſhed! Would to* God *thou hadſt been vanquiſhed, thou mighteſt have lived, I ſhould not have been in this*

Condition of following thee. 'Twould have been no Shame to have been defeated, it would have been only a Misfortune, which would have been common to thee with Pompey *and* Hannibal, *to whom Antiquity had nothing to impute, but their ill* Fortune. *A sincere Reconciliation, a Pardon, or a Peace, might make all that is past forgotten. A voluntary Exile might have appeased the King's Anger, and perhaps disarm'd the* Cardinal; *my Son might have liv'd,* France *would not have been troubled, a Mother would not have been at this day comfortless, and the* Count's *Enemies would not have rejoyced at his Loss. But to my Grief, nothing of this has happen'd. Alas! the Stay of an Illustrious Family is dead: Unhappy Mother, how are all thy Hopes vanished? But, good* God, *how was this my dear Son taken out of the World? I know but too well, that his Enemies laid continually Snares for him. Methinks I see my Son's Murtherers give him the deadly stroke in the Heat of the Fight, and in the instant he was going to enjoy his Victory. Ah! my dear Son, Ah! unfortunate Mother! why did not I breath out my last on the dead Body of this Son, so worthy the Esteem of all the World, and whom I so dearly loved? Why did'st not thou, too powerful Minister, give me the Mortal Blow, rather than let me see so sad a Tragedy: Do you kill me that hear me; or thou, my Son, give me thy Hand, to descend into the Grave where thou art to be buried.*

But my Reason fails me; I must for my Son's Honour, stifle these Motions of Weakness: 'Tis true, he lives no longer; but he died in the Bed of Honour, with his Sword in his Hand; he died full of Glory; he died Victorious; and even in dying, vanquished his Enemies.

Let us cease from shedding Tears: But what do I say? he died assassinated, a Victim sacrificed to the Vengeance of his Enemies, by the blackest Treason, 'tis clear. And yet I would live: No, I must die; let us imitate the Greatness and Courage of those illustrious Women,

who

who threw themselves on the Pile wherein their Husbands were burnt: My Son is more dear to me; let us then die, and weep no more; These Tears are fruitless; but let us live, seeing Heaven ordains it, and let us live to die every day: I shall have ever present before mine Eyes, the Death of my Son; I shall see every day his bloody Body; I shall continually remember his respects, his Tenderness for me; and I shall never forget the tender and violent Passion which I had for this Son, for whom alone I lived: but at least, cruel Cardinal, *restore me his dead Body: thou hast thy Revenge, he is no longer alive; give this sad Consolation to a desolate Mother; perhaps this Sight will work the Effect thou desirest, cruel Wretch as thou art; it will unite my Soul to that of my Son.*

Dear Mother, if thou canst not comfort thy self by so great an Example of Misfortune to this Princess, it will be hard for thy Son to say any thing which can diminish thy Grief. Imitate this Illustrious Woman, who having suffered whatever Sorrow and Despair can do to a Mother who loves vehemently, and with Reason suffers her self to be persuaded, not to give an entire Victory to her Enemies, who triumph still over her Son, by the Grief which they see his Death has caused. She has been ruled by the Advice of her Friends, and received great Comfort from a Letter sent her by the King, written with his own Hands:

Cousin, The Grief which you shew at your late Loss obliges me to testifie the Share which I have in it, and the Displeasure I conceive at the fault of him which has caused it. And though I ought not to be sorry by reason of the Conjuncture wherein it has happed, yet I must heartily condole with you, and contribute what I am able to your Consolation.

I can say nothing more to thee, my most honoured Mother, unless it be, that thou shalt always have

in me a moſt Obedient Son; and if thou takeſt a Third Husband, thou wilt be perhaps leſs unfortunate; but pleaſe thy ſelf.

The great *God*, who has Created all Things, and provides for their Neceſſities by his Infinite Goodneſs, comfort and fill thee with his Bleſſings.

Paris, 25th. *of the* 2d *Moon, of the Year* 1642.

LETTER XV.

To the Grand Signior's *Treaſurer.*

THe *Prieſt* which plaid the *Tarpaulin*, whom the *French* call the *Archbiſhop* of *Bordeaux*, of whom I believe I have given thee ſome Account the 10th. *Moon* of the year, 1637. has loſt the Credit which he had with the King, and is at preſent diſgraced. The Opinion of his Valour at *Court* is much leſſened, by his not hindring, with the Fleet he commanded, the *Spaniards* from putting Succours into *Tarragone*, a famous Sea-Port near *Barcellona*. They loſt the laſt Year, Twelve Gallies in Fight againſt the *French* Naval Forces; but having fitted a mightier Fleet, they have put into this Place the Succours they intended. The *Archbiſhop* could not, or would not hinder them, which will be the Cauſe that this Place will not come ſo ſoon under the Power of the *French*.

'Tis ſaid, that this Prelate was baniſh'd *France*, and was retired into a City ſituated on the *Rhoſne*, named *Avignon*, and belongs to the *Roman Prelate*.

It being a thing very uſual to run down the Unfortunate, all the World blames this Prelate, having not always met with equal Succeſs on the Sea in the

the Employs he ſought, and that it did not at all agree with his Function of *Archbiſhop*; which he might have performed with Applauſe, in imitating his Predeceſſor who was his Brother, the Cardinal *de Sourdis*; and who had left him a Dioceſs well regulated, rich, furniſhed with great ſtore of Churches well ſerved, Paſtors of great Piety and Learning, whom this Man had procured and ſetled in his Dioceſs with great Care, which made his Death extremely lamented.

The *Catalonians* are at length become this King's Subjects; they maintain their Revolt with the *French* Forces, and ſtrengthen themſelves after the Example of the *Portugueſes*. They fight with ſuch Courage, that they come off continually Conquerors; but I ſhall make no Relation of their Fights, nor of the Blood which is ſpilt on either Side, which are Matters I do not care to treat of.

God give thee a continual Tranquility of Mind, make thee in love with Peace, and preſerve in thee that vigilant Spirit, ſo neceſſary for the keeping the Treaſure entruſted to thee.

Paris, 25th *of the* 2d *Moon, of the Year* 1642.

LETTER XVI.

To the Kaimakam.

THE *Cardinal* Favourite of *France*, has ſuch long Hands, that he makes Seizures in thoſe Places which are not ſubject to his Juriſdiction; and when he has made them, he keeps them without any thoughts of reſtoring them. There's no Probability at preſent, That this bold *Politician* will lay Hands on what belongs to the *Grand Signior*: However, I have ſome Reaſon to write this.

There

There has been carried, ſome Days ſince, an illuſtrious Priſoner into the Caſtle of the Wood of *Vincennes*; and thou ſhalt hear this new way of apprehending a Great Man in another's Houſe, and in the *Court* of a Foreign Sovereign, who is Abſolute in his own Eſtates. This Priſoner was apprehended in the midſt of the fineſt Ladies in the *Court* of *Turin*, at a magnificent Ball which the Dutcheſs Regent of this Eſtate gave in her Palace. It was this Princeſs whom I mentioned to thee, who was Widow to *Victor Amadæus*, Duke of *Savoy*; and Siſter to the King which now ſo happily reigns over the *French*.

The Dutcheſs, who had a particular Conſideration for this Priſoner, could not behold this Exploit of the *Cardinal*'s without extreme Vexation. His Name is, if I be not miſtaken, Count *Philip d' Aglie*, a Perſon of great Quality; and, whoſe excellent Parts and Courage do yet render him more illuſtrious than his Birth.

'Tis not yet known, why the *Cardinal* undertook ſuch a bold Stoke; though 'tis ſaid, the Council of *France* has had great Reaſons to ſecure the Perſon of this Favourite. The chief Motive, they ſay, was, That he was carrying on ſome Deſigns againſt the Intereſts of this Crown with the *Cardinal* of *Savoy*; whom, 'tis thought, he would have married to the Widow of *Amadæus* his Brother.

Richlieu attempted not to carry off Count *Philip*, till having made ſeveral Tryals to remove him from the Court of *Turin*, under the pretence of ſome Embaſſie, to which he would never conſent; ſo that his Obſtinacy coſt him his Liberty.

The *Dutcheſs* greatly complains, and reproaches the King her Brother, with the Violation of the Right of Nations and Sovereignty; but only her own Court are ſenſible to theſe Complaints, they being not heard in that of *France*; and her Embaſſador

baſſador had been ſeen there, in a ſuppliant Poſture, humbly ſuing for the *Count*'s Liberty; or that he might be ſent on an Embaſſie to *Rome*; or at leaſtwiſe, That in leaving the Caſtle of *Vincennes*, he might be impriſon'd ſomewhere in *Paris*.

The Cardinal anſwered the Supplications of the Ambaſſador of *Savoy*, That the King, his Maſter, did not apprehend *Philip*, and bring him into *France*, but out of regard to the Intereſts of his Siſter of *Savoy*; and that ſhe might be aſſured, that for her ſake he ſhould be well uſed.

Thou may'ſt ſee by this Anſwer a great Haughtineſs, and frivolous Reaſonings, which ſufficiently denote, that this great Miniſter does not love to be contradicted, or oppoſed in the Reſolutions he takes: And if an Account of what's done in the World, muſt be given to any one Man alone, he would take it very ill, if it were to any body but himſelf.

I ſhall not fail to ſend thee the Books thou requir'ſt, and inform thee the beſt I can of the falſe or true *D. Sebaſtian*, King of *Portugal*, whom his Subjects do believe to be ſtill alive, when I have made ſufficient Enquiries into the Truth of the Matter. I kiſs, with a profound Humility, the Hem of thy rich Veſt, on which I faſten the Lips of a Reſpectful and Obedient Slave.

Paris, 21ſt. *of the* 3d. *Moon*,
of the Year 1642.

LET-

LETTER XVII.

To the Reis Effendi, *Secretary of the Empire.*

THere was found last Night, a Man dead in the Streets of *Paris*, who seems not to be above 30 Years old; he is a *Spaniard*, and had about him a Letter, or *Memoir*, which it seems he had written to some Confident at *Madrid*, in these Terms.

" *Cardinal Richlieu* told me, he did not know the " Hand nor Signature of Count *Olivarez*'s Secretary; " and that when he should fill up his signed Blank, " which I presented him, and let fall the pretended " Letter of the Secretary into the King of *Spain*'s " Hands, he saw not what Advantage could result " hence to the King of *France*, his Master. I am ve- " ry willing, added he, that the King of *Spain* " should suspect the Count, or Secretary, of Infide- " lity, and of having some Commerce with me; " but, it would not be advantageous to us, he should " be plainly convinced of it, seeing the greatest hap- " piness *France* could have, is, that Count *Olivarez* " his Ministry should be perpetual: For being the " most unhappy of all the Favourites that have " ever been in the Place he possesses, all good *French-* " *men* are obliged to pray to *God* to give him a long " Life, and to continue him ever in the King his " Master's Favour, to perpetuate, by his Counsels, " the Disgraces of *Spain*.

He pursued his point of Raillery in this manner:

" Of a Duke of *Braganza*, *Olivarez* has made a King " of *Portugal*; Of a King of *France*, a *Count* of *Bar-* " *cellona*; Of a Sovereign Duke of *Lorrain*, a Vassal; " Of a *Prince Cardinal*, a *Knight Errant*; Of a Lord " of *Monacho*, a Duke and Peer of *France*: and, in " fine, of *Philip* IV. King of *Spain*, he has made a " Count: Duke *d'Olivarez*. This

This is all I could get from ſo great and illuſtrious a *Genius*.

The juſt *God*, who has ſent us his *Prophet*, ever direct thy Actions, that thou mayeſt enjoy an happy Eternity, and give thee Opportunities of doing good.

Paris, 24th *of the* 4th *Moon*,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER XVIII.

To William Voſpel, *a* Chriſtian *of* Auſtria.

GOD be praiſed, thy *Patriarch Elias*, and his Companion; foraſmuch, as I ſee thou art a *Saint*, and content in the Religion of the *Bare footed Friars* which thou haſt embraced. Thou ſtirreſt me up to do Good, and encourageſt me to ſuffer, and become ſerious enough to renounce the Pleaſures of the World, ſeeing thou traceſt me a Way ſo neceſſary to walk in, in order to arrive at Heaven. I did not believe, indeed, I confeſs it, thou wert endued with that Conſtancy, and was afraid thou would'ſt change, but, ſeeing thou haſt the Courage of keeping thy Reſolution, and enduring all the Incommodiouſneſs which is to be met with in that kind of Life which thou haſt embraced: I am ſorry for my Suſpicions, and profeſs I have all due Eſteem for thee. I love thee as much as one honeſt Man ought to love another, who, having found out the *True Good*, has ran impetuouſly after it; and who has paſt immediately from a ſoft and voluptuous Life, to the Severities of an auſtere Religion, in ſearch of an aſſured Port, which is more uſually found in Sufferings and Macerations, than in Delights and Pleaſures. There is one thing amongſt others, which extreamly pleaſes me,

me, in the *Order* thou haſt entred; All things are in Common amongſt you; one Key opens an Hundred Doors; you have no *Meum & Tuum*; all clad in the ſame Faſhion, and all go bare-footed; you eat at the ſame Table, and no body has better or worſe Fare than another. In fine, your Prayers are the ſame, and ſo are your Vows of Poverty.

But, prithee tell me, what would a Thief have found in thy Cell, whom I ſaw yeſterday hang'd with a Key about his Neck? He had the Dexterity of opening with his Key all ſorts of Locks, and has done a Thouſand Roguiſh Exploits, which have at length brought him to the Gallows. He told the People, he dyed a moſt happy Man, as having practiſed with great Succeſs an Art inferiour to none; That the only Crime he thought he had been guilty of for this 30 Years, was his committing but ſmall Thefts; That had he found the Doors always open, he had never entred into any Houſe; and he exhorted Magiſtrates to chaſtiſe only thoſe, who ſuffered themſelves to be robbed.

Spaniſh Authors have written, There's no Law which allots Penalties to thoſe that rob with Prudence and Ingenuity: thus they call thoſe who ſteal wherewithal to appeaſe the Envious who would accuſe them, the Witneſſes which might ſerve to convict them, and the Magiſtrates by whom they are to be judged: So that the Thief that ſhall have ſtolen for himſelf, and for all others I now mention'd, ſhall be ever ſent away abſolved. Which makes me think, that Theft is of that Nature of Women's, for both one, and the other ſeem at this day to be neceſſary Evils, juſt as Keys ſeem only good now a-days to preſerve what may be ſtoln, and not to hinder it from being ſo.

How many things has the Injuſtice of ſome People authorized for the Safeguard of a Town? 'Tis not enough to have a ſtrong Garriſon of Soldiers;

Three

Three Elements are not ſufficient to defend it againſt a greater Power, that would oppreſs it. The Earth is raiſed, to make thereof Trenches; the deepeſt Ditches are dried up, whatever quantity of Water may be in them; and, Fire is encloſed in Cannons; the Effects of which are terrible. If thou ſurveyeſt *Italy*, thou wilt find in ſeveral Towns, Palaces which have more Gates than *Thebes* had heretofore: And, if thou counteſt the Keys which ſerve to open them, thou wilt find the Iron they are made of, to coſt more than the Doors themſelves.

Men are contented to uſe theſe Keys, according to the common Uſe they ſeem to be deſigned for; their Ambition makes them ſerve for Marks of Honour in ſeveral Princes Courts, where they be Recompences for Services, for Vertue and Valour. The Golden Key in *Spain*, which the great *Lords* wear, denotes, That they know how to open the Gate of Favour. And 'tis the ſame in *Germany*, and eſpecially in the *Emperor*'s Court.

Happy was *Ancient Rome*; whoſe Citizens were ſo wiſe, that being adviſed to turn the Front of their Houſes on that ſide where they could not be obſerved by their Neighbours, they anſwered the Architect, *We rather deſire our Houſes may be overlook'd into, becauſe we do nothing wherein we fear a Surprize.* Whereas *Modern Rome*, on the contrary, may be termed Unhappy, wherein there are not enough Gates, and Porters of them, to conceal what is done in the moſt retired places of their Palaces.

It is in this City, where Luxury grew to that height under the firſt Emperors; that all Mens Studies were, to find out new Pleaſures.

But I muſt end this Diſcourſe of Keys, of Doors, and Door-Keepers; I muſt not expect to reform the World, nor would I weary thy Patience. Pardon me my paſſing from the Cell, to the Story of the Thief whom I ſaw executed; and from the Thief,

Thief, to a Diſcourſe of Keys, and other things with which I have entertained thee. I was ſo full of it, that I could not forbear the Diſcourſe, no more than I can now to ſpeak of the Subtilty of the *Spaniards*, who have vaunted of the Worth of their *Eſcurial*, by the great Number of the Keys which belong to it; like that fooliſh Emperor, who valued the Greatneſs of *Rome*, by the great weight of *Spiders Webs* which were there. The *Spaniards* affirm, there are ſo many Doors to this ſtately Edifice, that the Keys which ſerve to open them, weigh above Ten Thouſand Weight.

But 'tis time to end this tireſome Letter. Let me then counſel thee, to watch over thy Conſcience, as the *Pariſians* do over their Shops, to prevent Violences. Here are ſo many great and ſmall Thieves, that ſhould they be puniſhed, as they were chaſtiſed in *Syria*, where the ſame Puniſhment is impoſed on him that is robbed, as he that robs; this great Town would be ſoon unpeopled, or become a Priſon to an infinite Number of People, who would be found faulty.

May it pleaſe the Great *God*, who ſhould be adored by all Creatures, to incline the Great *Prelate* (after thou art delivered from the Burthen of the Fleſh,) to place thee among the number of thoſe, for whom the Church has a pious Veneration; and, reſpect thy Aſhes in ſuch a manner, as I hope, thy Holy and Exemplary Life will deſerve.

Paris, 24th *of the* 4th *Moon*,
of the Year 1642.

I. E.T.

LETTER XIX.

To the Venerable Mufti.

THou wilt not think me troubleſome, if thou remembreſt the Order thou haſt given me; and ſought rather to hazard the tiring thee by frequent Letters, than be accuſed of neglect for not obeying thee. Obedience moſt needs be agreeable, where the Command is made with Wiſdom. When I write to the *Grand Vizir*, 'tis in trembling; and if I write to the *Kaimakam*, I am not without Hope; and I ſend no Letter to the other Baſſa's without Inquietude, and great Trouble. As to what concerns my Friends, I divert my ſelf in writing to them. But, when it is to thee that I write, I may ſay, 'tis, that I may hope, live, and obtain in the *other World*, that happy ſtate ſpoken of by our *Holy Prophet*; that Life which is to be the Recompence of all thoſe who ſhall perform good Actions, whilſt they dwell among Men.

Cardinal *Richlieu* would willingly be abſolute in Matters of Religion as thou art; he would alſo be thought a *Saint*, but he knows not how to be one: And, indeed, he would be every thing. However he does abundance of things which thou doſt not, and pretends to be above thee, becauſe he does not live as thou doſt. This Man, whoſe Head is full of the Affairs of the World, concerns himſelf in whatever paſſes in *Europe*; one only Employ cannot ſatisfie him; he is not contented with being the Favourite of a great King, under whoſe Authority he governs all things: Some time ago, 'twas reported he would make himſelf a *Patriarch*. He aſpires extream high, undertakes the moſt difficult Matters, and takes a ſingular Pleaſure

in

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in

in making use of extraordinary Means for the Execution of his Projects, that Posterity, and Historians may write, That being come into the World with a small Fortune, he died Rich; and being born in the Condition of a private Man, he lived in the State of a great Prince: Observe (*Venerable Prince* of that *Religion*, which can alone be approved of by him who drew the World out of Nothing) two remarkable Stroaks of this *French Tiberius*, which I have learn'd but lately.

This *Cardinal* sent to *Madrid incognito*, a *General* of certain *Dervises*; a Man of a fit *Genius* to second his own, of a piercing and subtle Wit, and very understanding in *Secular* Affairs, after having given him express Order, that as soon as ever he should be in *Spain*, he should do such and such a thing, and, that at his return into *France*, he should remit into his Hands, alone, the *Memoirs* of what he had transacted. This *Monk* succeeded very well in the Employ he undertook; but, in his Return, the *Cardinal* sent an express Command to him, to deliver, before he entred into *France*, all his Papers, into the Hands of a Gentleman who brought him his Letter. This *Dervis* obey'd; but he was disgraced, and the *Cardinal* maintained, 'Twas a Crime to obey in this Occasion; for, having once received an Order to entrust no body with these Papers, but himself, he could not be excused for delivering them to others; and, for this Reason, he forbad him to set foot within the Kingdom. This poor *Religious* died some time after, desperate at his Usage; and perhaps, this is the first time a Man has been punished, for too punctual Obedience.

'Tis not many Moons, since there came Post a Person of Quality from *Italy*, who brought considerable News to the *Cardinal*. 'Tis impossible for me, to express the Caresses this Favourite made him.

And,

And, to denote his Joy, he immediately presented him with a rich Diamond, and made him hope for still greater Recompences; yet, this same Person that had brought this so good News, was carried to the *Bastile*, as soon as he came out of the *Cardinal*'s Closet, where he remained for some Moons without seeing any body; so that he imagined himself all that while in a Dream; but, at length, his Prison-Doors were set open, and the *Cardinal* would see him, and made him be given as many Hundred Crowns as he had past over Days in his Solitude. He accompanied this Present he made him, with all the Civilities imaginable, and said these Words to him: *Thou art not to blame, and yet I could not but punish thee for my Fault, when I made thee enter into my Closet assoon as thou cameſt from* Italy, *to bring me so advantageous News. The great Desire I had to know the Particulars of the Busines, made me forget to take off from my Table a Writing of great Importance, which thou mightest have read entire; which contained the Result of* Catalonia, *and the Demands of this* Province, *and the Intrigues of* France, *which caused this Insurrection: And the Knowledge of so important a Mystery, might make my Prince lose the Acquisition of so Rich a* Province; *so that I could not imagine a more safe and speedy Remedy, than to shut thee up in a place, where it was impossible for thee to make any use of the Notices thou didst get, by my Imprudence. But, things being at present in such a Condition, wherein 'tis impossible* France *should receive any prejudice; I restore thee thy Liberty, and entreat thee to forget the Severity which Reasons of State have put me upon. Receive from my Hands, the Present which the King my Master makes thee; and be pleased to reckon me, amongst the Number of thy particular Friends.*

I prostrate my self again at thy Feet, Holy Prelate, intreating thy Benediction, and that thou wilt look

look on me as one of thy most obedient Children; having such a respect to thy Holiness, as is due to the greatest Minister of Heaven, that ever interpreted the *Holy Alcoran* in the Empire of the *Faithful*.

I also intreat thy Prayers, that *God* having regard to the Supplications which thou shalt offer him, would give me the grace to live honestly, and serve the *Sultan* faithfully, and that I may die in the Religion of my Fathers.

Paris, 24th *of the* 4th *Moon, of the Year* 1642.

LETTER. XX.

To the Kaimakam.

THE Books of the *Arabian Geber*, are not to be found in that Language which thou desirest them in; I have sought for them, I believe, in above two hundred Booksellers Shops, and there's not one of them knows, they were ever translated into the Tongue in which thou wouldst have them.

'Tis now some time since these Books have been common in *France*; and there are several Persons who apply themselves to Dr. *Geber*'s Science; but there's no Translation of them into any of the Common Languages of *Europe*. When I enquired for this Book, the Booksellers asked me several different Questions; and especially, Whether I sought for Receipts to prolong Life? Some there were, who asked me grinning, Whether my Design was to fix some Volatile Deity; and others answered the Question I made them on the Book of the learned *Geber*, only by a Silence, accompanied with some

ſome Smiles; and at the ſame time putting into my Hands a Book, and ſaying to me, *Here's what you look for; This is what you want*, Monſieur Abbot: And this Book treated of Impoſſible Things; Of the *Quadrature of the Circle* in *Geometry*; of the *Philoſophers Stone* in *Chymiſtry*; of the *Perfection of the Orator* in *Rhetorick*; of a *Republick*, ſuch a one as *Plato* would have in his *Politicks*; and, of the *Perpetual Motion* in the *Mathematicks*.

I did not ſeem to be much moved at theſe Merchants Dealings with me; but I found a very honeſt *Capucin*, who put me in hopes of recovering the *Geber* thou ſeekeſt; for he aſſured me he ſaw it in *Chaldee*, or in the *Egyptian* Language, in a Learned Man's Library, without giving me any Encouragement to think it may be purchaſed, becauſe he that poſſeſſes it, is not needy of Money.

Thou wilt not, perhaps, be diſpleaſed, to know what this Religious told me concerning *Chymyſtry*; and he appeared to me, not only to have Learning, but Experience. He aſſured me there were in *Paris* alone, ſeveral Thouſands of Men that applied themſelves to this Exerciſe; and, that there are above Four Thouſand Authors who treat of this Science: That King *Geber* was the moſt knowing and cleareſt in his Expreſſions; and yet there are none but ſuch as are real Philoſophers and wholly bent to the Study of *Nature*, that can eaſily underſtand him. Whereunto he added, there were ſeveral People who laboured with great Patience, but few with thoſe Qualifications which are neceſſary to find Succeſs: He affirm'd, that *ſpeculative* Knowledge is fruitleſs; that one muſt have a long Practice, and continual Exerciſe: that moſt People labour to no purpoſe, becauſe they do not take *Nature* for their guide, no more than the Operations ſhe makes in *Minerals*; becauſe, according to *Geber*, the Principles of the Art, ſhould be thoſe of *Nature*

ture it self; and that it is only in Metals we can find Metals; and that it is, in fine, by Metals one can succeed in the making of perfect Metals.

This good *Dervis* maintained, that the true way to proceed to the Perfection of this great Work, consists in the Union of the Mineral Spirits purified by Art, with the perfect Metallick Bodies, having first volatilized them, and then fixed them, in conserving all the Radical Humidity, and in augmenting the Natural Heat, by a discreet Concoction of the Composition; which comes by this marvellous Ferment, which makes all this Mass boyl, and puts it into a Fermentation: So that this marvellous Composition, insinuating it self by Penetration into the most subtle Parts of the melted Metal, by the external Fire, and radically dissolving it, it ripens it, and purges it from whatever is not of the Essence of Gold, and of *Mercury*, till the whole be driven out to an entire Perfection: Which made the Master of Masters, the Learned *Geber* say, That this perfect *Elixir* being the pure Substance of Metals, it seeks in the melted Metals, that which is of the same Nature with it self, and perfects it.

Now, as it is impossible for the Artist to produce any thing that is new according to his Fancy, but only to join or separate what Nature has produced; *Raymund Lully* would have us understand, that the Body in this Art is the Metallick Being, in which lies the Mineral Spirit, because the Metals are nothing else but this Spirit, of which consists the *Philosophers Stone*; and this Spirit is properly the Vertue of Minerals, in which is contained the Spring of Metals. But the famous *Geber* has plainly shewed that this Stone is wholly created and formed by Nature; to which the Artist neither adds or diminishes any thing, but only makes it change its place by his Preparation, which in every other respect is useless.

This

This *Fryar* affirms, This Mineral Body, entirely Spirituous as it is, has yet four sorts of Superfluities, of which it must be purged by the Hand of the Artist, *viz.* a great Humidity, the Earth which is found therein; the ordinary Sulphur which burns, and the Salt which is corrosive; and it must be purified by Calcination, Dissolution, Sublimation, and Fixation, that there may alone remain the Radical Humidity fix'd and permanent; which being afterwards united in an indissoluble manner to the perfect Body, composes this incomparable Body, which is so much sought, and so seldom found, and which is an hot *Elixir*, powerful to ripen and purifie all Imperfect Metals, and convert them into Gold or Silver.

There is afterwards given an Activity to the Gold, in refining it by new degrees of Fire, added to that which it already had.

Thus far went our Conversation, when an old Woman came unhappily upon us, and bereaved me of the Satisfaction of learning of this *Religious*, some important Secret which he seemed inclinable to entrust me with. This indiscreet and impertinent Woman, using the Liberty ordinary with the People of this Countrey, cruelly interrupted our Conversation; and I remained struck, as it were, with a Flash of Lightning, when this Knowing *Fryar* told me, That the Arrival of this Woman forced him to take his leave of me; and he prepared to be gone, like a Man that was expected for some weighty Affair; when casting his Eyes on my Countenance, he perceived the Perplexity and Confusion which this Separation caused in me; and to comfort me, he said thus in my Ear: *I know very well, Friend, thou hast an inquisitive Soul, and designest Great Things; meet me at my Cell, and in the mean time, I'll tell thee, for thy Consolation, in plain Terms, That it has always been, and ever shall*

be my Opinion, that to labour profitably, one muſt follow Raymond Lully's *Rules. This great* Philoſopher *affirms, and I am of his Mind, That to make Gold, one muſt have Gold and Mercury; and Mercury and Silver to make Silver: But, I underſtand by Mercury, that Mineral Spirit ſo refined and purified, that it purifies the very Seed of Gold, and argentifies that of Silver.* Theſe are the very Words he ſpake to me.

But, in leaving me, I entreated him to tell me, Whether it was eaſie to attain to the Accompliſhment of this Great Work, and what was neceſſary for that Great End.

He anſwer'd me, 'Twas very hard, which made almoſt all People deſpair of compaſſing it; there being very few People, on whom Heaven beſtowed the neceſſary Qualifications to acquire this precious Art; that theſe Qualifications conſiſted in being a true *Philoſopher*, and in being perfectly ſkilled in *Nature*, in having a Patience Proof againſt all Diſappointments; and, that a Man ſhould be in the Flower of his Age, ſtrong and vigorous, to endure Labour, well furniſhed with Wealth, and indefatigable. Whereunto he added, That if any of theſe Qualities were wanting, one might be certain, that the other would be ſo alſo; That a Man who is unacquainted with *Nature*, works like a blind Man. And, that ſhould one fail of Succeſs, the Firſt, Second, Third, Fourth, nay, Fifth, or Sixth time in the Operation, he is a Fool that then grows weary, and does not again begin to ſet to work, with the ſame Earneſtneſs; and Hopes of Succeſs; and that ſhould a Man want a vigorous Health, Labour would weaken, and make him faint; and that, in fine, if one be without ſufficient Eſtate, 'tis impoſſible the Work ſhould ſucceed; which demands an entire Man, and ſuch a one as minds nothing elſe.

This

This *Dervis* moreover told me, as a thing certain, That ſeveral Perſons had attained to the Perfection of this Undertaking; which emplys ſo great a Number of *Vertuoſo's*, in all Parts of the World: For, were it not ſo, there would not be that Quantity of Gold, there is; for, all that of the *Indies* was not ſufficient to ſatisfie ſo many People, who mind nothing elſe but gaining of it; and that, in fine, ſuch great Treaſures which are heap'd up, and the Gold that runs in Traffick, never came out of the Mines which are in the Mountains, but that a great part has been made by Artiſts. He moreover aſſured me, That the Overſeers of the *Mint* in *France* affirmed, as a thing beyond all Queſtion, That there was more Gold brought to them, than ever came from Foreign Parts; which made him conclude, that the Art is true, and that no Man need doubt that there is ſuch a Thing as the *Philoſopher's Stone*.

This Converſation, although interrupted, made me ceaſe being incredulous; and if I were an *Heretick* in this Matter yeſterday, I begin now to have Faith and believe, only 'tis a Work extream difficult; and I do no longer wonder, there are ſo many People who deceive others, without any Deſign of doing it; and am not ſurprized, they ſhould apply themſelves to all ſorts of Perſons, not excepting Princes: For they believe ſtill, they ſhall meet with Succeſs; and not being able to furniſh the Charges they muſt be at, they uſe all ſorts of Tricks to move thoſe whom Covetouſneſs renders, in this Occaſion, very eaſie to be perſwaded; and all in general meet in their Operations, with great Hunger, Cold, Labour and Smoak.

It ſeems, as if that which hindred thoſe who have been fortunate enough to attain the Perfection of this Work, from communicating their Knowledge in this Matter, was the dread of their Prince's

Power; as having oft experienced, that they are jealous at the Riches of a private Perſon. Soveraigns cannot endure, that a mean Wretch, born amongſt the dregs of the People, ſhould have in his Power wherewithal to make himſelf happy and ſeveral others; which obliges them to deprive theſe *Philoſophers* of the means of working, and makes them labour in ſecret, and conceal themſelves with more care, when they have finiſhed their Work. Great Men cannot eaſily ſuffer private People to become Maſters, by virtue of this Art, and to do all thoſe Wonders which by this marvellous Metal may be wrought in their Cloſets, without going to *Peru*, and ranſacking there the Bowels of the Earth: They know very well, that this long'd for Gold, produces every thing; gives Reputation; makes them follow one, who fled from a Man before; corrupts thoſe who appear the moſt incorruptible, opens the ſtrongeſt Doors, overthrows whole Armies, cauſes a Man to change his mind in a moment, makes him that was a poor Man, preſently talk *Sentences*. Nay, many *Chriſtians* affirm this Metal to be ſo efficacious, that it draws the Souls out of a doleful Abode, call'd *Purgatory*, ſo that it ſeems, as if it appeaſed *God's* Wrath, and brings Men to Heaven.

Theſe fore-mentioned Reaſons, obliged the cruel *Diocletian*, to put to Death as many *Chymiſts* as could be found in *Egypt*; and, at the ſame time to cauſe their Books to be burnt, leſt the People who were naturally ingenious, being become too powerful by the Art of making Gold, ſhould undertake a War againſt the *Roman* Empire. But we find, in the antient Writings of the *Arabians*, that *Moſes* having learn'd of *God* himſelf the Art of perfectly knowing *Nature*, and that of the Converſion of Metals, and making Gold, to write in Letters form'd of this Metal, the Law he preſcribed the *Iſraelites*: He taught

taught it to *Carun*, a poor Man, but his intimate Friend, and near Kinſman; who being become very rich by means of this *Science*, had heap'd up immenſe Treaſures, and built himſelf Forty Houſes, which were filled with Gold, but were all ſwallowed up, and buried in the Earth, by the vertue of *Moſes*'s Rod, with the Maſter of them, whom ſo great Riches had rendred proud, and made him think of withdrawing himſelf from obeying this Great Servant of *God*, having falſly accuſed him before the People of divers Crimes, and eſpecially of having abuſed a Virgin.

The laſt thing which was diſcovered in the *Venetian* Territories was a great Urn, found in an hollow Cave. In this Urn, which was conſiderably large, there was another leſs, and in it Two Pots, one full of Gold reduced into Liquor, and the other of Silver, of the ſame Faſhion, and a Lamp which ſeem'd to have burnt for many Ages. 'Twas known by the Characters on this Urn, that they were conſecrated to the *God Pluto*; and there were on them *Latin* Verſes, which ſhewed, That *Maximus Olibeus* had been the Author of them. Thoſe then who ſay this Art is falſe, that the beginning of it is a Lye, the middle of the Work meer Fatigue, and the End Beggary, have not ſaid true themſelves, and yet one cannot accuſe them, as having not, in ſome ſort, ſpoke the Truth.

I beſeech the Sovereign Creator of all things, from whom alone we hold what we know, as being the Great and Wiſe Architect of *Nature*, that he would beſtow on thee the Science of the learned *Geber*; that thou may'ſt be as rich as *Solomon*: but above all, that he would grant thee the Spirit of *Adam*, who was ever ſeen to live content.

Paris, 20th. of the 5th. Moon, of the Year 1642.

LETTER XXI.

To Mehemet, *an* Eunuch Page *to the* Sultaness.

THE Adventure which thou relatedst happened in the *Seraglio*, shews, that Women are exposed to great Accidents. Their Condition is unhappy when they are handsome, but more when they are homely and deformed. The Fathers, Brethren, and Husbands guard the former, as *Cerberus* guarded the Gates of Hell; and the others guard themselves, and look on all things with Eyes of Envy and Discontent, which makes them empoyson every thing. But that which happens amongst us, is very different from what's in *France*, where Women enjoy almost a Liberty equal to that of Men. Not but that we see notable Adventures happen there; witness the Queen, who is Mother to a great King now Reigning, and yet lives in Exile, and as a Fugitive, amongst Strangers, through the Credit of Cardinal *Richlieu*, for whom she has not all the Deference she expected. And an ancient Lady, (I may call her so, now she does not hear me,) told me such things some Days past, on this occasion, which I can scarce believe my self, did I not know them to be true from else-where.

I am farther told, that this *Cardinal*, not having succeeded in the Design he had of marrying his Niece with a *Prince* of the *Blood*, intended (if he could) to marry her to the King's Brother: But there's no great likelihood, but so able a *Minister* must see into the mischievous Consequences into which this Promotion would bring him; for, it would undoubtedly draw on him the Hatred of all the Great People in the Kingdom. And, I would not

not be mentioned at *Constantinople*, for the Author of all the News talk'd of at *Paris*.

But 'tis certain, this *Priest* sent the *Chancellor*, a Venerable Person, and by his Office a Man of great Authority, to seize on this Princess's Papers, in hopes he might meet with some Letter which might favour that Design. The *Chancellor* executed the Order he had received, but found nothing of what the *Cardinal* pretended; so that this Persecution served only to manifest this Prince's Virtue, who lives in such a manner, as may not only serve as an Example to all Queens, but all the Women in the World.

Some time after, this same *Chancellor* being come to compliment the Queen on the Birth of the *Dauphin*, she told him in a composed manner, but very pleasantly, That this Visit was very different from that she had received from him about a Year past.

If Persons that are seated in the Highest Degrees, be not secure from the bold Attempts of those who are infinitely below them, and who are born to serve them; the beautiful *Circassian* should comfort her self in the misfortune she had of being accused. If her Innocency be well proved, she will be the more pleasing to *Ibrahim*, and the false Accusation laid against her, will be a new Charm to him: whereas should she be found Guilty, we must grant she deserves the most dreadful Punishments; for having violated, if I may so express my self, the Sacred Nights of the *Seraglio*.

However, the young *Persian* was found disguised in Woman's Apparel in some of the neighbouring Stables: And though he, in the mid'st of the Torments he suffered, died without confessing any Thing; yet it cannot be said, he died Innocent, after such an Attempt.

I hope thou wilt inform me what has happened since thy last Letter, and in what manner the Ad-

venture of this beautiful Slave ſhall be ended. I ſhall be much troubled for her, if ſhe be Innocent; and cannot be wholly free from Compaſſion for her, if ſhe prove Guilty.

Leave not off writing to me; and if it be poſſible, be not weary of loving me. I ſpeak in the preſence of our *holy Prophet*, I love thee with the ſame Affection as ever, and I dare not utter an Untruth before him.

Paris, 20th. *of the* 5th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER XXII.

To the Kaimakam.

'TIS about 60 Years, ſince *D. Sebaſtian*, King of *Portugal*, died in *Africk*, by the Hands of the *Moors*; and yet his Subjects will believe him ſtill living.

He parted from *Lisbon* in the Year 1578. in the Deſign of re-eſtabliſhing on his Throne *Muley Mehemet*, *Cheriff* of *Africk*, whom his Unkle *Muly Abdelemelech* would bereave of his Kingdom; but in effect, to endeavour at the making himſelf *Maſter* of *Barbary*.

His Army conſiſted of a Thouſand Sail, well furniſh'd with Proviſions, few Soldiers, but a great many *Nobility*. This Prince was not above 25 Years of Age, when he formed this Enterprize; he was a ſtrong bodied Man, of a moderate Stature, but well ſet; his Hair was yellow, his Eyes great, and full of Fire; his Courage was not inferiour to his Strength; and he had no violent Inclination to Pleaſures, which generally take Mens Minds off

from

from gallant Actions; he was temperate in all things; yet very forward in Undertakings, and always firm and unmoveable in greatest Dangers. He was a great Husband of his Revenues, employing them in his Subjects Defence, or to the Increase of his own Power. He was agreeable to all those that waited on him; and in the freest Conversations, he took care not to disoblige any one by sharp Raillery or distastful Sayings; and so merciful was he, that he avoided all Occasions of condemning his Subjects to Death. He passionately loved War; but 'tis thought the Expedition into *Africk*, wherein he perished, came from *Spanish* Counsels.

D. Sebastian was kill'd in fighting with an Invincible Courage. The *Moors* say, That his Enemies were so charmed with his Courage, that his Death drew Tears from their Eyes.

He was forsaken by his own; mortally wounded near the right Eye-brow; and pierced with Darts in several Parts of his Body. He had no Wound in his Head, because he was armed; but he had a great one in his Arm, which seemed to come from a Musket-Bullet. 'Tis said, he was buried in the Field, near a *Moor*, without any Ceremony, Prayers, or Company of his Relations, or Subjects. And this was the end of this Great King, who made all *Africk* at first to tremble.

Although the *Moors* rejoyced at the Death of so puissant an Enemy; yet his Friends bewailed his Misfortune: The Kingdom of *Portugal* celebrated his Funeral in a Magnificent Manner; and, the King of *Spain* proffered several Thousand Crowns for his Body, to bury him in a manner answerable to the Dignity of his Birth and Merit; and that Four Kings have since supplied his *Throne*; yet was there found a Man bold enough to maintain in the Face of all *Italy*, that he was really *D. Sebastian* King of *Portugal*. He presented himself at *Venice* in an As-

ſembly of the wiſeſt Magiſtrates in *Europe*; he recited to them the Accidents of his Life; the Hiſtory of his Predeceſſors; the Misfortunes he met with in *Africk*, whence he retired into *Calabria*. He did more; for he ſtripp'd himſelf before this Illuſtrious Aſſembly; he ſhewed them Seventeen Marks on his Body, which were acknowledged with Aſtoniſhment by the *Portugueſes* themſelves, to be at leaſt very like thoſe which they knew their Sovereign had on his Body; and he alſo ſhewed that he had one Hand greater than the other, and a Lip diſproportionable in the ſame manner, which were the well known Marks in the Perſon of *D. Sebaſtian*. He talks of Ambaſſadors, which he ſent to the *Republick*; he cites the Anſwers he had received; and all he ſays is found conformable to the Truth: He anſwers without Heſitation, to all that is objected; which makes ſeveral of the *Senate* believe him to be really the King, and others take him for a Witch.

But, in fine, this Prince right or wrong, is led away to Priſon at the Solicitation of the *Spaniſh* Ambaſſador; where having long lain, he is ſet at Liberty under an obligation to leave the *Venetian* Countries in three days time.

Some *Portugueſes*, moved with Compaſſion, diſguiſed him in a *Dervis*'s Habit, and conducted him ſecretly to *Florence*, to tranſport him afterwards to *Rome*; but the great Duke of *Tuſcany* cauſed him to be apprehended, and ſent him to the *Vice-Roy* of *Naples*. He preſented himſelf before him with his uſual Confidence, and ſurprized all that ſaw him, and heard him ſpeak; and ſeeing the *Vice-Roy* uncovered, he ſaid unto him with great Aſſurance, and Gravity, *Be covered*, Count de Lemnos; which obliged this Miniſter to ask him, *By what Authority he took on him this Boldneſs?* To which he anſwered, *That his Authority was born with him; and that he feigned*

not

not to know him; and yet he ought to remember that King Philip, *his Uncle, had sent him twice to him, and that the Sword which he then wore by his Side, was that which he then gave him.*

The Sentence which the *Vice-Roy* gave of him, was, That he was an *Impostor*, who deserved to be sent to the Galleys, and should not long be from them; and wherein, 'tis said, he died some time after.

Yet the *Portugueses* have been perswaded, he was their real King; and do still continue of that Opinion, there being nothing which is able to make them change it. Some Persons in the World will have him to be a *Magician*; others, an *Impostor*; and the most Ignorant will have him to be a *Devil*, or really the King himself.

This is not the first Example of the Boldness of an Impostor; *Rome* saw heretofore a Man that had the Audaciousness to publish he was the real *Pompey*, who was kill'd in *Egypt*, by the Cruelty of the young *Ptolomy*. The Queen *Artemisa* found one *Artemius*, who had so great a Resemblance with *Antiochus* her Husband, whom she had caused to be murthered, that he was not known, when he put himself into the Bed of the dead King, pretending to be this Prince sick; he recommended *Artemisa* to his Subjects, and did several things in favour of this Princess. Under the Reign of *Tiberius*, was there not occasion to be surprized at the bold Answer which a Slave made to this Emperor, who questioning him, *How he made himself* Agrippa? answered without Hesitation, *In the same manner thou hast made thy self* Cæsar.

The D. *Sebastian* I mentioned, has not been the only one in the World; there have been Two others; one of which departing out of the Isle of *Terceres*, who had great Resemblance with this Prince, went into *Portugal*, where he said he had

miracu

miraculously escaped from the Battel he lost in *Africk*; that he saved himself in Woods, and returned into his Kingdom, to give Peace to his People, and deliver them from the Tyranny of Strangers; but having been convicted of an Imposture, he was put to death.

'Tis said, that another being come disguised in the Habit of a Pilgrim, to *Madrid* it self, and having had a long and secret Conference with King *Philip* II. (by whom it is suspected he was known for this unhappy Prince,) was, by this King's Order, said to be poisoned in a Banquet given him by *Antonio Peres*.

I shall write several things to the Invincible *Vizir*, of which I deferred to give him Notice, because I would be certain of them, they being of Importance; and it would have been great Lightness in me, to have written them on the first Reports spread amongst the People.

Receive always with the same Goodness, the Marks I give thee of my Obedience; send me thy Orders and Counsels, which I pray him that has created all things, may be good and profitable to the Empire of those precious Ones, which he has enlightned with his Truth; to the end they may arrive at the Eternal Glory and Pleasures promised as from his part, by his *Holy Prophet*; and I also pray him to preserve thy Life and Authority.

Paris, 24th *of the* 6th *Moon*, *of the Year* 1642.

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LETTER XXIII.

To the venerable Muſti, *Prince of the Religion of the* Turks.

'TIS not known whether it be the Recompence of a good or bad Action, which *Cardinal Richlieu* has ſent with ſo great Secrecy. Thoſe that give an ill Interpretation of the beſt Things, ſay, it is not to be ſuppoſed, there could be ſent in a dark Night, a Mule laden with Gold, to an unknown Perſon; but this muſt denote ſomething very extraordinary; and thoſe who pretend to know more than others, are ſometimes more ignorant than thoſe who pretend to know nothing. For, who can penetrate into what ſo crafty a *Miniſter* does, in the moſt retired Places of his Cloſet? His Actions are ſo myſterious, that when he looks towards the *Eaſt*, his Deſigns lye a direct contrary way. He deceives thoſe who watch him moſt narrowly. I cannot inform thee then of any thing certain: The Matter is variouſly related; But thus I think it was: The *Cardinal* cauſed, ſome Days paſt, to be loaded on a Mule a great Sum of Money; he ordered him to whom he entruſted the Conduct of him, to go into a Wood, at ſuch an Hour; telling him, he ſhould find a Man of ſuch a Stature, ſuch a coloured Hair, and in ſuch a Habit, who was to ſay certain Words to him; whereupon he was to deliver the Mule with his Lading into his Cuſtody. It is ſaid, this Perſon found the Party deſcribed, who would not receive the Preſent, it being not the full Sum agreed upon; That this being related to the *Cardinal*, he ſent the ſame Perſon with the Supplement of what was wanting to the Sum promiſed,

mised the Night following, where the unknown Person received the full Payment. If this Story be true, as it is affirm'd here to be, this is an odd kind of way of making Presents, or paying Debts.

But thou must be assured, this is not the first time the Cardinal has paid his Creditors in this sort.

I have been told for certain, that there being arriv'd at *Paris* a Stranger, ill clad, of small Stature, and without any Attendance; he made him be paid down immediately upon his Arrival, Six Hundred Thousand Crowns, without any body's knowing what became of so happy a Creditor, nor from what Merit proceeded so high a Recompence; tho' some People affirm, that so great a Sum is fallen into the Coffers of the *Suedish* General.

Receive charitably the Marks I give thee of my Obedience and Desire which I have of giving thee Satisfaction; and, entreat our *Great Prophet*, that I may be worthy in the other World, to kiss thy Feet, and be acknowledged to be of the Number of those for whom he has written his Holy *Alcoran*.

Paris, 25th *of the* 6th *Moon*, *of the Year* 1642.

LETTER XXIV.

To Berber Mustapha, *Agavat at* Constantinople.

I Cannot tell whether thou hast Knowledge of the Use of Defiances, which are made amongst the *Christians*, when they be dissatisfied or offended with

one

one another's, which they term Acts of Honour, or the Marks of a gallant Spirit.

This Custom of Duels, is become so common in *Italy*, and especially in the Kingdom of *Naples*, that the greatest Affairs, as well as the smallest, are therein decided by the Sword; and the Gentry affirm this to be the best way of terminating their Disputes and Quarrels; which belonging only to them, cannot be referred, nor so well determined by the grave and cool proceedings of *Courts of Justice*.

This invention of deciding these Differences by Arms, either with the Sword or Pistol alone, in a close or open Field, naked in their Shirts, so that one has no Treachery to fear, is a Way of drawing Satisfaction for the Injuries received, found out by Men of great Courage, who more esteem their Honour than their Lives. The offended Person sends a Challenge to him from whom he has received the Injury; this note of Defiance, is express'd in choice and elegant Words, which invite and press the Offender to fight, in such a Place, on Horseback or on Foot, cloathed or in their Shirts, single or attended by an equal Number of Friends, which they call Seconds, with Sword and Dagger, or Sword alone, or Pistol. If the Challenge be received, he is civilly treated who brings it, and, it may be, has rich Presents given him. But before they fight, the Enemies embrace, as if they were reconciled; and then in an Instant, following the Inclinations of their Hatred and Revenge, they wound one another, they spill each others Blood, and oftentimes their Souls go out furious, through the Wounds they have made.

Those that have the Honour of dying in these Combats, do oft refuse their Lives, which a generous Enemy would give them, believing they cannot live without Shame, should they receive them from an Enemy.

But

But, the *Roman* Church, as a note of the Horror she conceives at these Combats, shuts Heaven's Doors against the Souls of those who leave this Life without doing Penance, denying Burial to those who die in the Field of Battle; or, yield them only that, which is granted in some Parts of the *East-Indies* to certain Women, who prostitute themselves, whose Corps are thrown as a Prey to the Birds of the Field; and other Animals, who live on Carrion.

It is not only in *Italy* People kill one another in single Combats; 'tis the same in *France*, amongst the *Nobility*, who manage these Combats in a different Sort. The best Friends tear one another on the smallest Occasion, and they prepare for a Duel in such a manner, as will appear to thee without doubt ridiculous.

These Enemies Sup together the Night before the Combat, and often lie together in the same Bed. The Friends, which serve as Seconds, do the same; and when they are come to the Place where they be to fight, a Friend is forced by the Maxims of Honour, to cut his own Throat with the Man's he perhaps most loves. Nothing happens more frequently in *Paris*, than these kind of Combats, and they produce several Adventures, of which I would give thee an Account, had I not a particular Story to tell thee on this Subject. It is of a Challenge of a *Spanish* Prince, sent to a King, whose Crown could not exempt him from a Letter of Defiance.

Thou hast, without doubt, heard of what has hapned in *Lisbon*, where D. *John de Braganza* has been elected and proclaimed King of *Portugal*, as the true Heir of the *Royal* Race. Thou knowest also, he drove the *Spaniards* out of his Kingdom. The Duke of *Medina Sidonia*, a Grandee of *Spain*, and this new King's Brother in-law could not hinder,

der himself from being suspected, of having underhand assisted this Prince to ascend the Throne; whether it be true, or an Artifice of his Enemies, *God* only knows. But however, it's certain, that the Count Duke *d'Olivarez*, the King of *Spain's* chief *Minister*, sent an Order to him, to appear at Court, to justifie himself from this Suspicion; he thought to clear himself perfectly from the Jealousies of the *Catholick* King, by sending a Challenge to *D. John* of *Braganza*, to oblige him to fight with him; which Letter of Defiance was conceived in these Terms.

D. Gaspar Alonzo Peres Guſman the Good, *Duke of the Town of* Medina Sidonia, *Marquis, Count, and Lord of the Town of St.* Lucar of Barameda, *Captain-General of the Ocean, and Gentleman of his Catholick Majesty's Chamber. I say, that* John *of* Braganza, *who was never but a Duke, calls himself King of* Portugal; *that his Treason, known to all the World, is detestable, and in Abomination, for having thrown a Stain on the Faithful House of* Guſman, *which has never failed in any Duty to her Sovereign; and for this reason I desie and challenge to a single Combat, Body to Body, with Seconds or without Seconds, this* Don John, *heretofore Duke of* Braganza, *leaving all this to his Choice, as also the Arms or Weapons, and Place of Combat. Written near* Valencia d'Alcantara, *where I shall expect Fourscore Days News of him; and the last Twenty Days, I shall transport my self into the Place he shall appoint, accompanied, or alone, with such Arms as he shall prescribe.*

Not only the Tyrant of Portugal *shall be advertised of my Challenge, but all* Europe, *and the whole World. I pretend to make known in this Combat, the infamous Action of* D. John, *and in Case he does not accept of this Defiance, and faults in the Duty of one who is born a Gentleman, I desire this King, who is only a Phantasm, may perish in some sort or other; I promise to*

give

give my Town of St. Lucar, the Principal Seat of the Duke of Medina, *to him that shall kill him.*

In the mean time, I entreat my Lord, the King of Spain, *to give me no Command in his Armies; but to grant, I may only serve him as a Volunteer, with a Thousand Horse, which I will maintain at my own Charge, till that serving him in this manner, I may help to recover the Kingdom of* Portugal, *and may bring along with me, and cast at His Majesty's Feet, the Duke of* Braganza, *if he will not fight with me in the Manner I proposed.*

If thou shewest this Letter of Defiance to the *Janizaries*, that *Militia* which is terrible to all Nations, whom nothing can resist, when they execute the *Grand Signior*'s Orders, they will tell thee what such a Challenge requires from Men of Courage, and explain to thee the Laws which People of Valour prescribe to themselves: For my part, who am Ignorant of the Art of War, and the Maxims of such as make Profession of Arms, I shall not make any Judgment hereupon; only take the Liberty to ask of thee, if the King of *Portugal* accepted the Combat, and killed the Duke of *Medina*, which of the Two would have been declared Infamous? Whether there be any Certainty in the Decisions made by Arms; I am willing to think, Justice is on the Side of the Conqueror: But if, on the contrary, the Event of the Duel be uncertain, I take it to be a foolish thing for the Duke to expose himself, and thus Affront the King his Brother-in-Law. In theory the Duke's Prudence is not to be admired in this Occasion, and *Braganza* has had the Advantage on his Side, seeing he has shewed by his Conduct, that he is effectually King of *Portugal*.

I cannot but call these *Christians Fools*, who suffer such Customs among them, and yet adore a *Messias*, who is a *God of Peace*; and who call us *Barbarians*, when they are the only People that teach

teach us, and all other Nations, the Arts of single Combats, which is the most pernicious Custom that can be introduced amongst Men, who cut one anothers Throats oftentimes on slight Occasions, and become Prodigals of that Treasure with which the *Immortal* has intrusted them. Neither can I any more approve of Kings and Princes of the same Beliefs, making War with one another, as we see every Day amongst those who profess the *Christian* Religion; which yet, as far as I can find, scarcely permits any Wars, but such as are Defensive.

Pardon this tedious Letter, excuse my Conjectures in it, and honour me with thy Commands, which will be respected by me as so many Obligations.

Paris, 25th *of the* 6th *Moon, of the Year* 1642.

LETTER XXV.

To the Invincible Vizir Azem *at* Constantinople.

WE hear of nothing now-a-days but Wars and Conspiracies, Seditions, Treasons, Infidelities, and Revolutions of State, and it is in the Kingdoms of *Vice*, wherein these Plagues of Heaven make these Disorders, I mean, in the *Christian* Countries. *Infidelity* reigns among the People of *Catalonia*, *England*, and *Portugal*; the Revolutions which have happed in *Barcellona* have no Example; the Defiance or the Challenge of a Subject to a King, as is that of the Duke of *Sidonia* to the King of *Portugal*, as his Brother-in-law, and his Enemy, does equally surprize all the World. We have reason to think, that *God* is angry with the

Christians,

Christians, when we consider *Flanders*, *Germany*, *Italy*, and the Frontiers of *Spain* pestered with Wars, which they make one against another. The Animosity of most of the Great People of *France* against the *Cardinal* Favourite, induces them to lay Plots against his Life; whence we may see, that Great Places are good for nothing, but to expose Men to Great Dangers. The last Conspiracy discovered against the Life of *D. John* IV. of *Portugal*, raised to the Throne by the *Nobility*, and betrayed by the same *Nobility*; not by the whole Body of them, but by a small Number of those who had taken an Oath of Fidelity to him as well as the rest, does plainly shew us, That there is nothing in this World whereon a Man may rely with any Certainty, and that here are many People who undertake just Actions, by the motions of an unjust and turbulent Spirit, which cannot suffer things to remain long in a quiet State, and aspire continually after Change, and to whom every Thing is good that is new. I shall relate to thee in few Words, this last Event. Thou hast been informed of the others, by the Letters I have written to thee, (Invincible *General* of the *Ottoman* Armies, and Seeward of the Emperor's Laws, who is the Sovereign of Sovereigns) and by those which the *Kaimakym* and the *Bassa's* have received from me, who are obliged to give thee an Account of what ever comes to their Knowledge.

Several of the Great Ones in *Portugal*, and amongst them, some of the new King's Kindred, hatched a Conspiracy against him, and resolved to put the Kingdom again into the *Spaniard's* Hands, and entirely ruin the Family of *Braganza*. The principal Author of this Conspiracy, was *D. Sebastian de Matros*, Archbishop of *Bragne*, the Count Duke *d'Olivarez's* Creature, to whom he owed his Fortune. The chief who conspired with this Seditious

ous Priest, where the Marquis *de Ville Reale*, and the Count *d' Armamar*, these Two Men of great Birth and Credit, soon drew several others into their Party, some by the Hope of Recompences, and others through Weariness of obeying their new Sovereign, or weary with the new Form of State, which they thought might change to their Advantage. They long held a secret Intelligence with the *Catholick* King's Council, who promised them all possible Assistance for the Execution of their Design, and after that infinite Recompences.

This Conspiracy was to produce a dreadful Tragedy, wherein all the Blood of the *Royal House* and Family of *Braganza*, was to be spilt. The King was to be the first Victim, with his Children and the Queen his Wife. *D. Duart* also was to be put to Death, who was kept close Prisoner in the Castle of *Milain*. A Domestick, affectioned to his Master, and who was attentive to what past, delivered the King and Family of *Braganza* out of this Danger. He was ordinarily employed in secret Intrigues, and made frequent Courses into *Spain* to discover the Designs of the *Court* of *Madrid*. He met by chance in an Inn, a Man who seemed of a mean Condition born in the Kingdom of *Bohemia*, with whom having entered into a strict Friendship, as it happens usually amongst Travellers, he came to discover he was often dispatched by the *Catholick* King's Principal *Minister*, on Affairs of great Weight; and that he expected in a short Time to raise his Fortune to a considerable Pitch, being entrusted with Packets of Letters containing Things of the highest Importance to the State. The crafty *Portuguese* soon discerning he might get out Secrets of great Concernment from this imprudent Man, for the good of his Master, resolved to kill him in a desart Place, where they were to pass; which he did, having first made him drunk with strong Wine. As soon as he had done

done his Work, he ſtript him, and found Letters and Inſtructions to the Conſpirators, which he ſpeedily carried to *D. John*, who thereby diſcovered the whole Conſpiracy.

Others ſay, that D. *Alphonſo* of *Portugal*, Count *de Vermiſſa* (having been ſolicited by the Archbiſhop of *Brague*, who though he could eaſily bring him into the Conſpiracy, being diſcontented at the King, for taking away from him a great Office) went to his Sovereign, and freely diſcovered to him the Conſpiracy which had been made, to deprive him both of his Crown and Life: And, 'tis added, That this *Count* appeared ſince one of the hotteſt of the Accomplices, till the very inſtant wherein they were to execute their Project; at which time they were apprehended, and puniſhed as they deſerved.

Others ſay, the Duke of *Medina Sidonia*, the King's Brother-in-law, who appeared to the Accomplices to be of the Plot, gave notice of it to the King his Brother. In fine, the Conſpirators were executed in ſeveral Places after different Manners, where the People aſſembled, deteſting their Crime, ſhewing great ſatisfaction in their Deaths, and bleſſ Heaven for preſerving their Sovereign.

They were apprehended one Day, wherein the King declared he would appear in Publick; and all the *Nobility* being met, he cauſed the Guilty to be call'd one after another, who were all made Priſoners without any Diſturbance. In the mean time, as many Troops as were near *Lisbon* were in Arms; and the People alſo took Arms to defend their Prince, if need required. The *Inquiſitor General* was treated as Guilty, for knowing of the Conſpiracy, and not diſcovering it. The *Great Treaſurer Lawrence Pides*, who kept the Keys of the firſt Court of the Palace, was to enter in the Night with an hundred men well Armed, and begin the Tragedy. The Naval Army which rode at Anchor in the Port

of

of *Belem*, was to be burnt; and there were Men in each Veſſel, who were to ſet them on fire. The Four Corners of the City were alſo to be fired; to the end, that the People, the Soldiers, and Guards of the Palace being buſied in putting it out, nothing might hinder the Execution of their Deſign; and the good *Arch-Biſhop* was in the mean time to appear in Publick, bearing about in his Hand what they call the *Holy Sacrament*; crying with a loud Voice, *Let the Law of* Jeſus *flouriſh, and that of* Moſes *die, and come to an end.*

The Marquis *de Ville Reale*, and the Duke *de Camine* his Son, near of Kin to the King, have loſt their Heads on a Scaffold, with the Count *d'Armamar*, and D. *Auguſtin Manuel*; and the People beheld their Death without any Compaſſion, only ſhewed ſome Regret at the Loſs of the young Duke of *Camine*, who paſſing before the Body of his Father all bloody, threw himſelf on the Ground to kiſs his Feet; asking him a Thouſand Times Pardon, tho' he was the Author of this Misfortune. There were Others, who ſuffered a more Ignominious Death; who were not only Hang'd, but Quartered, and thoſe Parts of their Bodies ſet up in ſeveral Places for an Example, and to put the People in Mind, that ſuch Attempts ſeldom eſcape unpuniſhed.

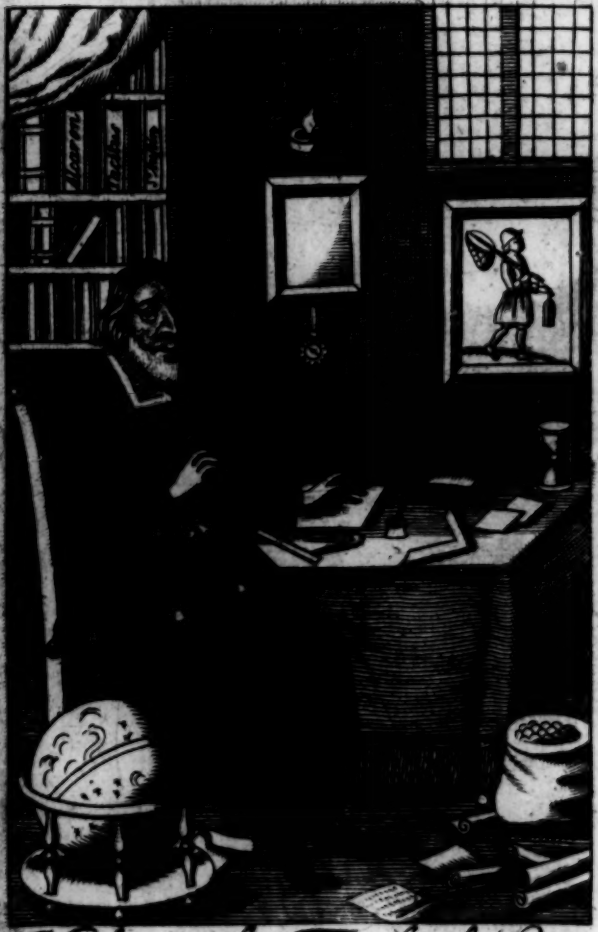
As to the *Arch-Biſhop* of *Brague*, and other *Eccleſiaſticks* his Accomplices, they are kept with great Care in Priſons, in Expectation of Commiſſioners from *Rome*, without which *Prelate's* Conſent, they can do nothing farther to them. The King wore *Mourning* Four Hours for the Marquiſs *de Ville Reale*, and the Duke *de Camine* his Son; according to the Cuſtom of the *Chriſtians*, who are wont to Apparel themſelves in Black for the Death of their Kindred, to denote the Sorrow they conceive at their Loſs; and this Ceremony is term'd *Mourning*, which

which sometimes lasts a whole Year. I will write to thee the Particulars of what may happen in the War which is now carrying on between the *Spaniards* and *Portugueses*, who perceive already on the Frontiers *Castilian* Troops; and I shall not be wanting in any thing which may mark my Zeal and Exactness.

An happy Slave will *Mahmut* think himself, if he can acceptably serve the *Invincible Vizir*, by whom the Great *Emperor of the Faithful* discovers his Will to all the People of the Universe, whom *God* has created to obey him.

Paris, 25th *of the* 6th *Moon*, *of the Year* 1642.

The End of the First Volume.



Mahmut the Turkish Spy

Ætatis suæ 72.

THE

Second Volume

OF

LETTERS

Writ by a

Turkish Spy,

Who lived Five and Forty Years, Undiscover'd, at

PARIS:

Giving an Impartial Account to the *Divan* at *Constantinople*, of the most Remarkable Transactions of *Europe*; And discovering several *Intrigues* and *Secrets* of the *Christian* Courts (especially of that of *France*) continued from the Year 1642, to the Year 1682.

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LONDON, Printed by *E. Holt*, for **Joseph Hindmarsh** at the Sign of the *Golden Ball* in *Cornhill*, over against the *Royal Exchange*, and **Richard Sare** at *Gray's-Inn-Gate* in *Holbourn*, 1694

To the READER.

THree Years are now elaps'd, since the First Volume of Letters, written by a Spy at Paris, was publish'd in English. And, it was expected, that a Second should have come out long before this. The favourable Reception which that found amongst all Sorts of Readers, would have encouraged a speedy Translation of the Rest, had there been extant any French Edition, of more than the First Part. But, after the strictest Enquiry, none could be heard of: And, as for the Italian, our Booksellers have not that Correspondence in those Parts, as they have in the more Neighbouring Countries, of France and Holland. So, that it was a Work despaired of, to recover any more of this Arabian's Memoirs. We little dreamt, that the Florentines had been so busie in Printing, and so successful in Selling the continued Translation of these Arabian Epistles; till it was the Fortune of an English Gentleman to

travel in those Parts last Summer, *and discover the happy News. I will not foreſtal his* Letter, *which is annexed to this* Preface, *for the Satisfaction of the World: but only acquaint you, that upon the Receipt of it, the Perſon to whom it was directed, was ſo well pleaſed with the Propoſal, That he made it his immediate Buſineſs, to find out the* Engliſh *Tranſlator of the Firſt Volume, as judging him to be the fitteſt Perſon; which being done, he immediately gave an Account of his Proceedings to Mr.* Saltmarſh *at* Amſterdam, *who ſent him over Two* Tomes *of the* Turkiſh Spy *in* Italian, *with promiſe of the Reſt when theſe were made* Engliſh.

One *of theſe I here preſent you with, and the* Other *will ere long be ready for the Preſs.*

I need not ſay any Thing of the Original Arabic, *or of the* Author, *the* Place *of his* Abode, *and how his* Writings *came to Light. Sufficient has been ſpoken on that Subject, in the* Preface *to the* Firſt Part. *I ſhall only add,*

add, That if his Style may ſeem in this *Part, to vary ſometimes from the* Firſt Volume, *it muſt be attributed to the Difference of the* Languages *from whence they are* Tranſlated; *it being impoſſible to obſerve an equal* Idiom, *in following Two ſuch different* Languages, *as* French *and* Italian: *The* One *dancing in ſoft Meaſures, delicate Cadencies and ſmooth Periods; the* Other, *advancing in lofty Strains, keeping a* Roman *Pace, full of Maſculine and Sententious Gravity.*

Neither can the Arabian *himſelf, be ſuppoſed always in the ſame Temper; or, that his Style ſhould be all of a Piece. In ſome Places, where he treats of Sieges and Battels, he ſeems to foot the* Pyrrick *Meaſures in* Proſe; *there breathes a certain* Martial *Ardor in his Words. In other Places, on the ſame Subject, he goes on like an Impartial* Hiſtorian, *barely relating Matter of Fact, without any Flowers or Gloſſes. He ſeems not to trifle with* Philoſophy, *or* Religion; *but, handles the* One *in the peculiar*

Dialect *of the* East, *and treats of the* Other, *in the caſtigate* Language *of the* Weſtern Schools, *to ſhew, he had been converſant in the* Academies; *as he himſelf profeſſes,* Letter XX. Book I. Vol. I. *In a Word, throughout all his* Letters, *there is a Queintneſs of Expreſſion, peculiar to the* Arabians: *And, however he may vary in his Style, yet his Sence retains the ſame Edge; he is lively to the very laſt. Nay, as far as I can perceive, both his Language, Sence, and Judgment grow more correct, as he advances in Years. And, you'll find ſome Difference between his* Letters *of* 1637. *and* 1660.

Expect the whole Series *of them, as faſt as they can conveniently be publiſhed, the* Third Volume *being almoſt ready for the Preſs: In which, the Reader will find the ſtrangeſt Revolutions and moſt amazing Accidents, that ever happ'ned in the World ſince the* Creation; *with many* French *Intrigues and* Court-*Policies, which would never have come to Light, had it not been for this ſubtle* Arabian. Farewel.

A LETTER

From Mr. *Daniel Saltmarſh*, to his Friend in *London*, concerning the *Italian* Copy of the *Turkiſh Spy*.

SIR,

TRavelling through *Italy* this *Summer*, and coming to *Ferrara* about the Middle of *June*, I made ſome ſtay in that City, in Compliance with the Importunity of my Siſter, the Wife of *Signior Nicolao Valentini*, formerly *Merchant* in *London*. During my Abode at her Houſe, I was brought acquainted with that Eminent and Learned *Phyſician*, *Julio de Medicis*, of the *Houſe* of *Florence*, and late *Student* at *Padua*. This accompliſh'd Perſon, receiv'd me with ſingular Humanity and Friendſhip: In all his Deportment, giving Proofs of a Diſpoſition worthy of his Character, and the Blood which runs in his Veins. He is univerſally Learned; and, by his prodigious Reading, (which cannot be hid from thoſe who converſe with him,) he ſeem'd to me a *Walking Library*. You cannot name an *Author* of Note, with whom he is not acquainted; being a careful Col-

lector, or rather an Engrosser of all remarkable Books. He gave me familiar Access to his *Library*, which, according to the best Computation I could make, consisted of no less than Six Thousand choice *Treatises*. You know my Inclination, and will easily believe, that I took no small Delight, in the Liberty I had not only to survey, but also to make use of this Treasure, so long as I stay'd in *Ferrara*. I was there daily, and thought that Time misspent, which my other Obligations took from my Study. Among other Books, I chanc'd to open the *Italian Translation* of the *Turkish Spy*, which was so celebrated all over *Europe*, and which I had read both in *French* and *English*. I had the Curiosity to peruse it over, and found it exactly to agree with those *Translations* I had seen: which made me ask this *Gentleman*, Whether there were no more *Volumes* of it printed? He presently shewed me *Six* more, and told me, the *Eighth* was in the Press Over-joy'd at this News, I asked him, Where I might furnish my self with those *Seven Volumes* already Printed? He assured me, the First Impressions were all Sold off, but that they would be reprinted again. I expressed some Sorrow and Concern, that I could

not

not procure those Books; when, with an unparallell'd Generosity, he frankly bestowed those *Seven Volumes* upon me.' Tis true, at our first Acquaintance, I had obliged him with a *Present*, on which, I believe, he set a greater Price, than on these Books; it being a *Watch* of most curious Workmanship, made by One of the greatest Artists in *Italy*. However, I fansy'd my Gift returned Seven-fold in these Books. I brought them along with me through *Germany* into *Holland*, where I keep them as a Secret Treasure; being desirous, if possible, that the *Six Volumes* which are not yet *Translated* out of *Italian*, might first speak my Native Tongue, that so we may not always be obliged to the *French*, for the most acceptable Products of the Press. Knowing therefore, the singular Delight you take in Enterprizes of this Nature, and how much it may lie in your Way to procure a *Translation* of these *Volumes*, by reason of your great Acquaintance with Learned and Ingenious Men, I offer you the Refusal of this Undertaking; both for the Friendship that is between us, and because I know none so fit to manage this Design, as your self. I will willingly venture a Share in the Cost, but I would have no more than a Third

Person.

Perſon concern'd in it. If you accept of this Propoſal, I will ſend you the *Italian Volumes*, and leave the Succeſs to your Conduct. I can aſſure you, that none but the *Firſt Part* is as yet tranſlated into *French*, or any other Language except the *Italian*; and, the following *Tomes*, are not to be had for Money. Therefore, we have a fair Opportunity of obliging the Nation, with a Work ſo long expected, and ſo much deſired by all that have ſeen the *Firſt Volume*. My Occaſions require me, to ſpend this *Winter* at *Amſterdam*; but, I hope in the *Spring*, to ſee you at *London*. In the Interim am,

SIR,

Amſterdam Sept. 9. 1690.

Your, &c.

Daniel Saltmarſh.

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LETTERS

LETTERS

Writ by

A SPY at *PARIS*.

VOL. II.

BOOK I.

LETTER I.

Mahmut *the* Arabian, *faithful Slave of* Sultan Ibrahim, *to* Bechir Baſſa, *His Highneſſes Chief Treaſurer at* Conſtantinople.

I Know not whether it be a Vice or a Vertue, to be fearful in my Circumſtances. I am no *Stoick*, nor can I pretend an Exemption from the Common Paſſions of Men. However, 'tis not for my ſelf I am ſolicitous, but I conſult the Good of my *Commiſſion*. There is is Difference between Caution and Fear; and, Appre-

henſion of Danger, is not to be termed Puſillanimity.

I have written Six Letters to *Carcon* at *Vienna*, but have received no Anſwer theſe Four *Moons*. This Neglect puts me upon Thinking; and I am puzzled to find out an Excuſe for him. I would fain continue my good Opinion of his Honeſty, without forfeiting my Senſe. For, although I am not naturally ſuſpicious, yet Experience has taught me, to number *Jealouſie* among the *Cardinal* Vertues.

Not to amuſe thee, I am afraid of Treachery. *Carcon* knows the Secret of my *Commiſſion*, and it lies in his Power to do much Miſchief. Yet I may wrong the Man; perhaps he is dead: And there are no *Poſts* that bring News from the *Grave*. If he be in the Region of Silence, and expired in his Integrity, the *Two Black Angels* ſhall have no Power to hurt him. But, I wonder I ſhould have no Intelligence of his Death, neither from the *Miniſters* of the *Port*, nor from *Kiuprili* the *Jew*. I tell thee, I am uneaſie till I know the Truth.

When I ſit in my Chamber, and hear any diſcourſing in the Houſe, I imagine 'tis about me; when I go along the Streets, if any Man faſtens his Eyes on me, he arreſts me with Fear and Apprehenſion. 'Tis true, I am willing to undergo the worſt they can inflict; but, it would extremely enhaunce the Sorrows of Death, to ſee the *Secrets* of the *Sublime Port*, become the Scorn and Deriſion of *Infidels*.

For theſe Reaſons, I have removed my ſelf about a League from *Paris*, pretending

it is for my Health, truſting the Conveyance of my Letters, and other Buſineſs to *Eliachim*, who for ought I know, may prove a *Reed* of *Ægypt*.

I deſire thee, nay I conjure thee, to ſend a ſpeedy Supply of Money, without which 'tis impoſſible for poor *Mahmut*, the Vileſt Slave of the Great and Invincible *Ibrahim*, to perform what is expected of him.

The *Great God*, reward thy Fidelity with unfading Treaſures.

Paris, 10th *of the* 7th. *Moon*,
of the Year, 1645.
according to the Chriſtian *Style*.

LETTER II.

To the Aga *of the* Janizaries.

THE *God* of *War* ſeems to eſpouſe the Quarrel of the *Swedes*; and all the *Planets* contribute to their Proſperity; Even *Venus* her ſelf, has for a while laid aſide her uſual Softneſs, appearing now in the Field arm'd *Cap-a-pe*, with a Train of *Swediſh Amazons* at her Heels.

Thou wilt think I Romance in telling thee this, and only temporize with thy *Genius*, having often heard thee paſſionately admire the valiant Acts of *Semiramis* and other *Eſ-*

ſtern Virago's; but, aſſure thy ſelf, that the *Suedes* after ſome late Battels, when they went to bury their Dead, ſtripping them of their Cloaths, found ſeveral of the *Fair Sex* under the Diſguiſe of *Men*, among which there were ſome of *Quality*.

It is ſaid, that one of theſe, was ſeen to engage Duke *Albert* himſelf, with a matchleſs Bravery and Courage; the *Duke* being Twice unhorſed by her, and as often remounted by his vigilant *Squires*.

Thoſe that pretend to know more than the Common Sort, ſay, that Revenge was the Motive which brought this *Lady* into the Field, having received a groſs Affront from *Duke Albert* in the *German Court*. However, the *Duke* died of the Wounds he received of this *Bellona*, and ſhe ſurvived not to triumph over her dead Enemy.

After this, the *Suedes*, under the Command of *General Torſtenſon*, marched into *Sileſia*; took *Glotzgow* by *Storm* the 12*th*. of the 5*th*. *Moon*; and *Sucinez*, the 7*th*. of the 8*th*. *Moon*.

And, as if nothing were able to diſcourage or baffle the Indefatigable Mind of this *Great General*, he inveſted the ſtrong Town of *Olmitz* in *Moravia*, and took it after Fourteen Days Siege. The *Poſts* are arrived this Morning with this News.

Be ſtrong and of good Courage, and *God* ſhall give thee Victory in Battel, when thou fighteſt againſt the *Infidels*. Abſtain from Wine, and from Oppreſſion. And receive this

Advice, as a Teſtimony of my Eſteem and Friendſhip.

Paris, 20th. *of the* 7th *Moon, of the Year* 1642.

LETTER III.

To Ibrahim Chanregil, *Chief* Boſtangi, *or Gardiner to the* Sultan.

THou that art daily converſant with the Eldeſt Products of the Earth, and canſt call the whole *Vegetable* Family by their *Proper* Names, tell me whether there be ſuch a Plant, as by its baneful Influence blaſts all that grows within Ten Cubits of its Root. I would not put ſuch a Queſtion to thee, had I not lately ſeen ſomething in the Garden of a certain *Nobleman* near *Paris*, which makes me think 'tis true They call it here [*the ill Neighbour*] becauſe it preys (they ſay) on all the Herbage that is near it, riſing and flouriſhing by their Fall. Indeed, at that time I ſaw it, there was a wither'd Circle round it; whilſt this devouring Sprout look'd gay and full, augmented by the Spoils of Neighbouring Graſs. A proper *Emblem* of Oppreſſion; I wiſh 'twere growing in the Gardens of all *Cruel Tyrants*, that in this Natural Glaſs they might behold their Voracious Spirits.

I will not thus call in Queſtion thy Know-

ledge of an Herb, which ſhuns all Humane Touch. Here is one in the ſame Garden, which the *Nobleman* boaſts was by thy Hands cropt from the *Sultan*'s Garden, and being ſet in a Pot of Earth preſented to him. Thou didſt not well conſult thy Safety, in ſuch a grand Preſumption, nor yet the Honour of thy *Sovereign Maſter*, who (ſhould it ever reach his Ears) would ſoon tranſplant thee from the Garden of the *Seraglio*, to the *Elyſian* Fields.

Thou oughteſt to receive this Reprimand with higheſt Gratitude, ſince it will not ſhut thee out of thoſe pleaſant Walks and Groves within the *High Imperial Walls*. Uſe more Prudence another time; and ſcorn ſuch eaſie Condeſcenſions to *Infidels*. Say, that I am thy Friend in this Advice; and, in Recompence, I only deſire this good Office of thee, To watch the Motions of my Enemies. There are no leſs than Three Great Officers of the *Seraglio*, hammering out my Ruine. Thou knoweſt who I mean. Keep thy Integrity. The ſly inſinuating Words of *Shaſkim Iſthan*, the *Black Eunuch*, ſpoken not long ago in my Diſgrace to the *Principal Secretary* of *State*, quickly echoed to my Chamber in *Paris*. Be Silent and Wiſe.

Paris, 20th. *of the* 7th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER

LETTER IV.

To Muzlu Reis Effendi, Principal Secretary *of* State *at* Conſtantinople.

IF it were lawful for me to take the Oath of our *Holy Prophet*; I would ſwear *by the Hour of the Evening*, that thy News is welcome.

I had ſcarce finiſh'd our appointed Devotions after Sun-ſet, when the *Poſt* brought me thy *Diſpatch*, which informs me, that *Carcoa* at *Vienna* is dead.

I rejoice not in the Death of an honeſt Slave to *Ibrahim*; let Flowers ſpring from the Duſt of his Grave. Neither can I mourn for a Man, that may be gone to *New* and Richer Poſſeſſions; Yet I am pleaſed, that he quitted the *Old* fairly, and has left behind him an Odour of Vertue. A Man in *His* Poſt, is attack'd with ſtrong Temptations, and he that reſiſts to the End, merits a Wreath gathered from the *Tree of Life*.

Thou mayeſt think, 'tis with more eaſe I receive the News of *Carcoa*'s Death than of his Infidelity; not, that I value the Rack or any other Tortures, with which the Policy of State uſes to draw Confeſſions of Capital Crimes. But, I would not have the Grand Affairs of the *Ottoman Port*, come within the Verge of a Scrutiny.

This News is the best Cure for the Illness I pretended, when I exchang'd *Paris* for the Country Air, Ten Days ago; whereof *Bechir Bassa* has received an Account.

I am now returned to my old Lodging, and am congratulated for my speedy Recovery, by them that knew not my true Distemper.

Thou informest me, that by the Order of the *Divan*, one *Nathan Ben Saddi*, a *Jew*, is appointed Successour of *Carcoa*. I wish he may acquit himself as well.

The Five Hundred *Zechins* thou hast ordered me by him, will be very welcome to a Man who his been forced to retrench many Charges, hat he might the better serve the *Grand Signior*.

The King of *Spain* may wish, that he could conclude a Peace on as easie Terms with the *French* King, as the *Sophy* of *Persia* has with *Sultan Ibrahim*.

None but *God* and his *Prophet* know the Zeal with which I serve the *Sublime Port*.

Paris, 20th. *of the* 9th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER

LETTER V.

To the Kaimacham.

I Shall now acquaint thee with the Death of the *Queen-Mother* and *Dowager* of *France*, who fell a Sacrifice to the Ambition of the *Cardinal* of *Richlieu*, as thoſe of her Party do commonly ſuggeſt. For, being highly diſguſted at his Counſels, and Intrigues, eſpecially his playing the Incendiary, and inflaming thoſe of the *Blood-Royal* one againſt another, ſhe departed from *France*, and by a kind of Voluntary Baniſhment, expoſed her ſelf to ſo many Inconveniences, Hardſhips, and Rigors of Fortune, as ſeemed to haſten her End; Her Great Spirit chuſing rather to break, than bow to the turbulent *Cardinal*.

She Sojourned in *Flanders*, *Holland*, *England* and the *Empire*. Her Travels being checquer'd all along with a Mixture of Good and Evil. Here meeting with Reſpect, there with Indifference and Coldneſs, if not Contempt. In ſome Places, her Misfortunes were pitied, and the *Cardinal* blamed for Perſecuting ſo Great and Good a *Queen*: In others, the *Cardinal* was Juſtified, and her Conduct cenſured and condemned. And ſhe accuſed her ſelf, for raiſing him to the Power of doing her theſe Injuries. At length, tired out with the Fatigues of *State*, and grown ſick of the World, ſhe betook her ſelf to a *Monaſtery* in

Cologne, where, after she had spent some time in Religious Preparations for another World, she expired the 3d. of this Instant *Moon*.

It was placed among the Remarkables by some, that the same Day She died, the *Cardinal* of *Richlieu* fell sick; which Sickness yet continues upon him. But, whether to appease the *Ghost* of his deceased Mistress, whom he had so unjustly persecuted; or, to mollifie the Resentments of the People, is uncertain: Yet, notwithstanding his dangerous Illness, he every Day ventures to the *Temple*, and performs the *Mysteries* of their *Law* for her Soul. The whole *Court* and City, is in Mourning for this Great Queen; and general Murmurings and Complaints, are raised against the *Cardinal* on this Occasion; especially among the Common People, who are so far from entertaining a better Opinion of him, for his daily Appearance at the Altar on Behalf of the *Queen*'s Soul, that they esteem it but an Officious Hypocrisie, a Medly of Priest-Craft and State-Artifice.

Here is a Report about the City, that the Queen's *Ghost* appear'd to the *Cardinal*, as soon as she was dead, severely reproaching him with his Ambition and Ingratitude, and telling him, That tho he was laying the Foundation of an Immortal Project, yet he should never live to see it thrive; but warned him to prepare for *Judgment*, for that he should not see another Year in Mortal State; upon which, they say, he immediately sickned. And here are Prophecies privately scattered about, foretelling

telling his Death in a ſhort time. This is certain, he labours under an unaccountable Diſtemper, his Body ſtrangely waſting, as if it would evaporate it ſelf into Air; for, he ſeems to be in a manner dried up.

My Duty and Devoir to thee, Sage Miniſter, would not let me be at Reſt till I had prevented the *Poſts*, by giving thee a more timely Account of theſe Occurrences, by a Merchant for whom his Veſſel waits at *Marſeilles*. To morrow he takes his Leave of *Paris*, and once aboard he makes directly for *Conſtantinople*, whither he will bring the firſt News, of the Death of one of the Greateſt *Queens* upon Earth; in whoſe *Royal* Veins ran the Blood of the *Emperours*, *Ferdinand* and *Charles* V. She was married to *Henry the Great*; and, beſides her Son now Reigning in *France*, ſhe matched her Daughters to the Two Potent Monarchs of *England* and *Spain*.

The moſt High and Omnipotent, ſole Monarch of Heaven and Earth, reward thy Services and Fidelity to our *Invincible Sultan*, with the ſupreme Joys of Paradiſe.

Paris, 20th. *of the* 7th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER

LETTER VI.

To the Venerable Mufti, Sovereign *of the* True *and* Undefiled Faith.

PErmit me to enter into thy Preſence, and withdraw thy Raviſh'd Eyes a while from the Contemplation of Sublimeſt Objects, to caſt them on a Spectacle of Mortality. It is the Great and Renowned *Mary de Medicis*, *Queen-Mother* of *France*, who lies now dead at *Cologne*.

I will not trouble thee with Impertinencies; but, becauſe I know that various Reports will reach thy Ears concerning the *Cardinal* of *Richlieu* his being Inſtrumental to her Death, by driving her to ſuch a height of Indignation, as was the Cauſe of her Voluntary Exile and wandring from *France*, and from one Country to another; I will here inſert a Letter from the ſaid *Cardinal* to *her Majeſty*, wherein he vindicates himſelf, and diſcovers (if not his Integrity, yet) the beſt Counterfeit of that Vertue, that I have ſeen any where penn'd. It was written to her when ſhe was in *Holland*, and runs thus,

MADAM,

I *Cannot but eſteem it the greateſt Infelicity that ever befell me, that my Enemies have Prevailed ſo far, as to draw upon me* your Majeſty's

Majeſty's *Diſpleaſure. That they have by all the Arts of Malice, faſtned the Publick* Odium *on me, is a great Unhappineſs; but, this is the Maſter-piece of their Enmity, to render me ſuſpected by you. I could pardon their frequent Attempts upon my Life, by private Conſpiracies and Aſſaſſinations, tho' Humane Nature recoils at thoſe who are our Murderers: But, to deprive me of that, without which Life it ſelf is a Burden to me, I mean, your* Royal *Favour, tranſports me beyond my ſelf; And, I beg, that it may paſs for an Excuſe of this Preſumption. I could eaſily have paſſed over in Silence all their barbarous Plots againſt me; I could eaſily have parted with my Life, and all thoſe Honours and Dignities with which it has been bleſs'd. But, to rob me of your Eſteem, which firſt rais'd me to this Envied Greatneſs, and which I value more than all the Grandeurs of the Earth, breaks the Barrs which aw'd my Tongue and Pen, and makes me bold to throw my ſelf at your* Royal *Feet, with All that I have; for, I received all from your Princely Hands. Deal as you pleaſe, Madam, with your own Creature; I cannot murmur at your Proceedings. But, Madam, let your Native Piety prompt you to favour the* Purple *of the* Church, *with which your Bounty has Inveſted me. Let it not loſe its proper Luſtre and Eſteem, becauſe the Enemies of the* Church *and* State, *have caſt ſuch Dirt upon it. Is it poſſible, that a Man the moſt obliged of all his Race, ſhould become the only Pattern of the baſeſt Ingratitude? Beſides the Ties of*

Conſcience,

Conſcience, and the Natural Force of Inclination, my Intereſt chains me to your Service; How can I then withdraw my ſelf from it, and not proclaim my ſelf at once a Traytor to the beſt of Queens, and the moſt unaccountable of Fools to my ſelf?

This Conſideration, Madam, being well weigh'd, is enough to acquit me of all Guiltineſs before your Majeſty.

But if it be my Deſtiny to be condemned unheard, I ſhall not appeal from your Royal *Sentence, ſince I owe a perfect Reſignation to your Will. I may complain to Heaven of my Misfortune, but I will not expoſtulate with my* Sovereign Patroneſs, *nor make the leaſt Oppoſition againſt the Courſe of your Anger, not even by carrying my Fortune to* Rome. *For, whereſoever I go, all my ſtudy ſhall be to recover your* Majeſty's *Favour, if it be not a Crime. And if ever I obtain that Happineſs, I ſhall not care whither I go, tho' it be out of the World it ſelf, becauſe I die hourly, while* your Majeſty *ſuſpects that I am not what I ever was, and ſtill continue to be,*

MADAM,

Your Majeſty's

Moſt Humble,

Moſt Faithful,

And moſt Obedient Servant,

Armand, Card. of *Rich.*

I ſend

I send thee this Transcript of the *Cardinal*'s Apology, that thou comparing it with what befel afterwards, may'st give a Judgment, whether this great Minister deserv'd the Censures that were pass'd upon him. For, he falling sick the same Day the *Queen-Mother* died, People said it was a Judgment on him, and that her *Ghost* appeared to him, as thou wilt more at large inform thy self by the Letters I sent to the *Kaimachám*. But, others are of Opinion, that his present Illness proceeds from Grief of Mind for the *Queen*'s Death, especially in that she died before he was reconciled to her *Majesty*. And they plead in Defence of his Innocence, his daily Zeal in saying *Mass* for her departed Soul, and that at a time when he had more need to keep his Bed, than go to *Church*. This I have heard discoursed, even by some who bore no good Will to the *Cardinal*, yet now begin to relent towards him, seeing the very Lineaments of Sorrow in his drooping Looks, and tracing the Footsteps of a profound Grief in his macerated Body. Hence they take Measures of his real Innocence and Fidelity toward that *Great Queen*. I will not interpose my particular Opinion on either side, but stand Neuter among these contesting *Infidels*, tho' my Inclination and Regard would rather sway me to the *Cardinal*'s side. But, I leave the Determination of this Matter to thee, who art the *Oracle* of *Wisdom*, from whose Sentence there can be no Appeal.

In

In the mean while, the Body of the deceased *Queen*, lies, as I have said, at *Cologne*, where she spent her last Days in a *Religious Convent*; a Practice not so common now adays, as it has been formerly among *Crowned Heads*. And those who thus descended voluntarily, from the Height of Humane Glory, to the Austerities of a Devout Life, have commonly been Canonized for *Saints*. Nor do the Creatures of this *Queen* spare to whisper about, that such an Honour were but a condign Reward to her Extraordinary Merits, being already canonized in the Esteem of the Bigotted Vulgar, while her Body is yet above Ground.

The *Royal* Carkase will be brought and interr'd in the Temple of St. *Denys*, about Three Leagues from this City. This is esteemed the Richest *Church* in *France*, being a Repository of Inestimable Jewels, Gold and Silver, belonging to the Relicks of their *Saints*. Here also generally is lodged, the Dust of all the *Royal* Blood of *France*. The *Saint* to whom this *Church* is dedicated, is esteemed the *Patron* of this Kingdom; for, according to their Doctrine, the *Saints* have the Patronage of certain Kingdoms, Provinces and Cities committed to them by *God*, and therefore they address themselves to them, and to the *Guardian Angels* both in Publick and Private. Every one also, has his peculiar *Patron-Saint* and *Guardian-Angel* assigned him at his own Choice.

But, if these *Christian Saints*, are set over such Places and People as they favour'd particularly

cularly in their Life-time, then one would think, when this Great *Queen* is Canonized and Inſtated in her *Saintly* Government, the *Hugonots* here may claim her *Patronage*, in that ſhe ſhew'd much Kindneſs and Friendſhip to them while ſhe was alive.

Pardon, *Great Oracle of Truth*, the Length of this Epiſtle; and excuſe my Preſumption, in deſcanting on Matters of Religion, which belong to thee to determine. I kiſs the Hem of thy Sacred Veſt, in profound Humility. Vouchſafe to pray for thy Faithful Slave *Mahmut.*

Paris, 20th. *of the* 7th. *Moon, of the Year* 1642.

LETTER VII.

To Dgnet Oglou.

IT is now paſt Midnight, and being call'd out of my Bed by the People of the Houſe where I lodge, I knew not how to beſtow my Time better, than in giving thee an Account of this Occurrence.

Here is now ſo violent a Tempeſt of Thunder, Lightning and Rain, that the whole Hemiſphere ſeems to be on Fire; and the Superſtitious are overwhelmed with *Panick* Fears, concluding this Storm will uſher in the *Day*

of

of Judgment. It has continued these Two Hours; and, they tell me, that no less than Twenty Houses are burnt to Ashes already. I had scarce taken my Pen from the last Word, when a flash of Lightning dyed all the Papers and Books, on the Table whereon I now write, as black as Soot; whereof this scorch'd Paper may be a Testimonial, which I send enclosed. Observe but the Colour and Smell, and thou wilt say, 'Tis stamp'd with the Mark of the *Thunderer*. 'Tis that whereon I had begun to write to thee; but, this thirsty Fire, at a Moment, lick'd up all the Ink, so that the Impression is wholly effac'd.

The Reason of their calling me out of my Bed was, to go to Prayers with them, according to the Custom of these *Infidels*, who in Time of Thunder, light certain *Consecrated* Candles, and fall on their Knees round about them, imagining, that whilst they are within the Room where these Candles are, the Thunder cannot hurt them. I excused my self from keeping them Company, by telling them, I had a *Hallowed* Candle in my Chamber, which I would light and say my Prayers there. They were satisfied with this Answer, and sprinkling me with *Holy Water*, to bless me from the Danger impending, I retired.

There is a private Stair-Case in my Chamber, which leads to a Terrass on the top of the House. My Curiosity carried me thither, where methought I beheld *Nature* in her Frolicks and Rants. The greatest part of the Sky was clear and serene, and innumerable Stars

Stars appear'd; but, round the Brims of the *Horizon*, a growing Bulk of Clouds encompassed the Earth, spouting forth Cataracts of Fire from opposite Parts. One would have thought, they were impregnated with Bombs and Carcasses, and that some Armies were imbattell'd in the Air.

After this, as if these had been the Heralds of the last and fiercest Combat, the Clouds drew up into a Point, and mingling with each other, shot forth such Showers of Fire, as made the World look like a Furnace. For my Part, I had not Courage enough to stand longer in the open Air, but came down to my Chamber, and falling prostrate on the Ground, recommended my self to the *Great Creator of all Things*, *Lord of Nature*, and *Sovereign Disposer of the Lives of Men.*

Neither do I think my self Superstitious in this, any more than I should be, in humbling my self in the Dust, before the *Terrible Ibrahim* when he is out of Temper.

Methinks, *Nature* seems to be in a Cholerick Fit, when it Thunders; and, 'tis neither good Manners nor Policy, to draw her Fury on our Heads by daring Carriage.

Our *Holy Law*, which prescribes *Prayer* to us at the first Appearance of the Sun and Moon, seems to intimate, that on any Emergency which gives us a peculiar Occasion to contemplate an *Omnipotent Power*, we ought to fall down and adore the *High* and *Eternal One*.

I am

I am almoſt deaf with the Bells, which are rung in every *Church* of this City on this Account. It being the Opinion of the *Nazarenes*, that this Noiſe will chaſe away the Tempeſt, with all Evil Spirits that infeſt the Air. And this Opinion is grounded, on the *Ceremonies* which are uſed at the *Conſecration* of their Bells. For, the *Biſhop*, or, in his Abſence, the *Prieſt*, hallows them with a kind of Baptiſm, and a Form of Prayer; wherein, among other Petitions, they deſire of *God*, To endue them with a Virtue to reſiſt the *Devils*.

I am no Friend to *Superſtition*, neither do I give much Credit to *Charms*; yet I cannot deny, but the ringing ſuch a vaſt Number of Bells, muſt needs cauſe a violent Concuſſion of the Air, even to the diſperſing of the Clouds, and producing a Calm. And Experience aſſures us, that this is the common Effect of a Battel, which if it happen in Tempeſtuous Weather, yet the Diſcharge of many Thouſand Great and Small Shot, has quieted the Storm, and huſh'd the Elements into a very ſerene Condition.

Though this Noiſe of Bells be very troubleſome, in a Time when People ſhould take their Repoſe, yet here we are uſed to it in a leſs Degree, every Night throughout the Year. For, the *Chriſtians* Law, requires the *Derviſes* to riſe at Midnight, to ſay their Prayers in their Chappels; and, ſome are ſo devout and regular, as to make this their conſtant Cuſtom; ſo that aſſoon as the Clocks have ſtruck *Twelve*, the ſmall Bells in ſome *Con-*

vents

vents begin to jangle. About *Two* or *Three* Hours afterwards, other *Religious* Houſes ring their Bells, and ſo continue at certain Hours Day and Night all the Year round.

The Storm is now quite blown over, the Clouds diſpers'd, and all Things huſh and quiet.

He that brings forth Light out of Darkneſs, and converts the Terrors and Sadneſs of the Night, into the chearful Joys of a fair and propitious Morning, have thee in his keeping, and perpetuate our Friendſhip.

Paris, 24th. *of the* 7th. *Moon, of the Year* 1642.

LETTER VIII.

To the ſame.

THere lives a *Deriſe* in this City, with whom I often converſe with the ſame Freedom as I do with thee; and, it is no ſmall Alleviation of my Melancholy, to vent my Thoughts to one of an agreeable Spirit.

He is a *Religious* of *Mount Carmel*, a Man of Singular Piety and Vertue; and, were he not ſo Zealous a Patron of the *Chriſtian* Superſtitions and Idolatry, I ſhould eſteem him a *Saint*.

I have often attempted to wean him by Degrees,

Degrees, from the Errors which he imbib'd with his Mother's Milk, and which seem to be rooted in him through the Influences of his Education.

Sometimes I plant a Battery of Arguments against Images and Pictures; but, I can neither beat them down from the Posts they are allotted in his *Oratory*, nor am I able to demolish the Chappels which he has built for their *Ideas* in his own Breast.

Yet, after a long and close Siege, I have reduced him to Terms of Composition. In the first place, he has surrendred up a Picture which hung in his Closet, in Form of a very Ancient Man with hoary Hairs, designed by the Painter, to represent the Person of *God*. He yields, that it is not lawful to make any Resemblance of the *Invisible Divinity*. Next, he allows, that it is not lawful to bow or shew any other External Respect to the Pictures and Images of *Jesus*, *Mary*, and the Rest of the *Saints*, but only to use them as Historical Remembrancers of those Holy Persons, and as Natural Helps and Spurs to Devotion and Vertue.

I tell thee, my Friend *Eglou*, on these Capitulations I could not but raise the Siege, and yield him the Use of Pictures thus far a blameless Practice. For, it seems to me unreasonable, to debarr those who believe the *Inspiration* of the Gospel, the privilege to read it in what Language they please, whether this of Images and Pictures, or that of Letters.

Letters are but the Images of such and such Articulate

Articulate Sounds, by which we expreſs our Inward Conception of things: But, Images and Pictures are the lively Immediate Characters of the Things themſelves; and, it ſeems as eaſie to me, to look on a Picture or Image without the Danger of Idolatry, as 'tis to read a Chapter in the *Alcoran* without adoring the Letters that compoſe it. Was not the Tabernacle of *Moſes* adorned with Images of *Cherubims?* Was not the *Temple* of *Solomon* deck'd in the ſame manner? If the preſence of Images in Temples be a Prophanation, why for ſo many Ages have our *Venerable Muſti's* ſuffered the two *Seraphims*, to remain under the *Cupola* of the *Moſque* of *Sancta Sophia* in *Conſtantinople*? Why do they not deface the Picture of *Mary* the Mother of *Jeſus*, the Two Images of *Angels*, with other Pieces of Sculpture and Painting in the ſame place? Are the Devotions of a *Muſſulman* in this Sacred Temple tainted with Idolatry, becauſe he prays before theſe Images?

Let me unboſom my Thoughts to thee with freedom; Images and Pictures are no Bug-bears to me; I can uſe them as Inſtruments of Devotion, in the ſame manner as I do Books. Yet every one cannot do this without Danger of Idolatry; neither is a Publick Toleration of Images and Pictures in Temples to be approved. For, tho' ſome Men may look on them without Hurt, yet 'tis hard for the Generality to avoid falling into a Culpable Reverence. For, while the Eye is drinking in the fair *Idea*, the Soul is apt to loſe

loſe her Force, and fall into Admiration of the Carver's or the Painter's Art, adoring the elegant Symmetry of a Beautiful Picture or Image, inſtead of the *Original* and *Increated Beauty*, the *Majeſty* which has no Reſemblance.

Therefore wiſely has our *Holy Law*, provided againſt this Inconvenience, by diſcouraging *Imagery* throughout the *Sacred Empire* of the *Muſſulmans*.

He whoſe Habitation is in the Myſterious and Inacceſſible Heighth of an Eternal Receſs, whoſe Glory is beyond all Figure and Expreſſion, augment thy Vertues, which are the trueſt Images of the Divine Nature.

Paris, 24th. *of the* 7th. *um,*
of the Year 1642.

LETTER

LETTER IX.

To the Kaimacham.

THE preſent *War* betwixt *France* and *Spain*, however begun, ſeems to be carried on by a Principle of *Honour*, rather than of *Enmity*. Theſe two Nations are perfect *Antipodes* to each other in their Humours, yet this Averſion between them, is diſcover'd more in Peace than in War. The Queſt of Glory has invited many brave Men on both Sides into the Field; and, the *Hero's* ſtrive to conquer each other, by *Civilities* rather than by *Arms*.

Catalonia and *Rouſſilion*, were the Stages of this War, in the Beginning of the Year; where the *Mareſchal de Breze*, and the *Sieur de la Motbe-Houdancourt*, combated with all the Hardſhips of the Winter, as well as with Valiant Enemies. The Rigour of the Seaſon did not cool the Courage of theſe *Generals*, nor divert their *Reſolution* from taking the Field. All the Country appear'd like a frozen Lake, and there was no Place for them to encamp, but in deep Snows or Ice: yet, for all theſe Diſcouragements, the *Mareſchal de Breze* block'd up *Perpignan*, a Town of great Strength in *Rouſſilion*, whilſt the *Sieur de la Motte* kept the *Arragonians* in Play, and baffl'd the Enterpriſes of the *Caſtilians*, having given them two Signal Defeats.

These ſucceſsful Actions of the *French Generals*, invited the King their Maſter to give them a Viſit, being very deſirous to take *Perpignan*, and ſettle the Affairs of *Catalonia*. He therefore ſends another Army under the Command of the *Mareſchal de la Meſleraye*, which he ſoon followed in Perſon.

There was now a generous Envy raiſed between ſo many Great Commanders, every one ſtriving to advance himſelf in the King's Eſteem by his Services. And the particular Merits of the *Sieur de la Mothe*, drew a favourable Eye on him. The King made him *Mareſchal* of *France*; the Staff which is the Badge of his Office, being preſented to him by the *Mareſchal de Breze* at *Barcelona*, to the general Satisfaction and Joy as well of the *Catalonians* as the *French*.

This Honour was conferr'd on him, preſently after the great Victory obtained over the *Spaniſh* Forces, at *Ville-Franche* in *Catalonia*.

In the mean while, the *Mareſchal de Meſleraye*, inveſted the ſtrong Caſtle of *Colioubre*, which was ſurrendered to him upon honourable Terms, by the *Marqueſs* of *Mortare*, *General* of the *Spaniſh* Horſe in *Rouſſilion*, and *Governour* of that Caſtle.

The King fluſh'd with Conqueſts and Succeſſes, would not ſuffer his Army to lie idle, but in good earneſt laid cloſe Siege to *Perpignan*.

Yet ſuch was the Generoſity of this Prince, that before he tried the Force of his Cannon, he

he ordered the *Mareſchal de Meſſeraye*, to ſend a Herald to the *Marqueſs de Flores*, Governour of the Town, to put him in Mind of the great Streights the Beſieged were in for want of Proviſions, of which His Majeſty was not ignorant; and, that there was no Hopes of Relief from the *Marqueſs de Povar*, *General* of the *Spaniſh* Forces in *Arragon*, there being leſt alive but a few Companies of all his Army, after the great Defeat which was given them near *Ville Franche*.

He offered the *Governour* all fair and good Uſage, if he would ſurrender before Things came to Extremities; and, to convince him of the entire Loſs of the *Spaniſh* Army, (to which he truſted) he promiſed ſafe Conduct to any Officer of the Garriſon as far as *Terragone*, where lay all the little Remnant of the *Arragonian* Army, that ſo he might inform and aſſure himſelf of the bad Condition the *Spaniſh* Affairs were in.

This favour was received with much Civility by the *Marqueſs de Povar*, who returned Humble Thanks to the King for ſo generous a Condeſcention, aſſuring him withal, that the Garriſon was not reduced to thoſe Streights as was pretended, but that he nevertheleſs accepted His Majeſty's ſafe Conduct to a Meſſenger; entreating him, that he would permit him to go to *Madrid*, that ſo the King of *Spain* might have Advice of his Circumſtances.

Thou wilt confeſs, Illuſtrious *Kaimacham*, that it was a great Magnanimity of Spirit in

the King, to grant this Requeſt to an Enemy, who might be ſuſpected to deſign no more in it than gain Time. Yet, he ſent the Meſſenger back again, with full Aſſurance of his Royal Leave.

Whilſt this was in Agitation, many other Civilities paſs'd between the *French* and the Beſieged; Many Priſoners of Note were exchanged, and all Things ſeem'd to ſpeak a fair Underſtanding between both Parties; when, on a ſudden, the Cannon of the Town play'd furiouſly on the King's Quarters, and at the ſame Time the Beſieged made a vigorous Sally, attacking a *Redoubt* which the *Mareſchal de Meſſeraye* had raiſed.

This Contempt of the King's Favour raiſed his Choler, and animated the Soldiers with a deſire of Revenge. All ran to their Arms, and quickly beat back the Beſieged. Thus was the Face of Affairs ſuddenly chang'd in the Camp. It was too late now, for the *Governour* to expect the Courteſie he before abuſed. However, he ſent two Deputies again, to know if the King's Reſolution continued to grant leave to ſend to *Madrid*, (for they had not as yet ſent.)

The *Mareſchal de Meſſeraye* ſent back the Deputies with this Anſwer, That if they did not engage to ſurrender by a prefixed Day, and give two Hoſtages for Security of their Performance, the King would not grant their Requeſt.

This put the Beſieged upon deſperate Reſolutions; they made frequent Sallies, and all things tended to Extremity.

Whilſt

Whilſt Matters, were in this Poſture, the King, by the Advice of his Phyſicians, withdrew from the Camp to take the Waters of *Maine* for his Health. This was in the laſt *Moon*, and *Perpignan* holds out ſtill.

I have been the more particular in relating this Siege, in regard it is the Chief Subject of Diſcourſe among ſuch as are deſirous of News. Which is the Reaſon alſo, that I begin this Letter with a Relation of what has been tranſacted in *Catalonia* ever ſince the Beginning of this Year, that thou may'ſt be able to form a Regular *Idea*, of this preſent War between *France* and *Spain*. I will continually ſend thee an Account of the Progreſs the *French* make in *Catalonia*.

God augment thy Honours, and prolong thy Days, to ſee the Sons of thy Grand-children.

Paris, 26th *of the* 7th *Moon*, *of the Year* 1642.

LETTER X.

To Reis Effendi, *Principal Secretary of State.*

I Should be unfaithful to my Truſt, and merit a Bow-ſtring, ſhould I conceal from thee any Thing which reflects upon the Honour of the *Sacred Empire*, and the *Law* brought down from Heaven by the *Angel Gabriel*.

Thou knoweſt, that it is the Cuſtom of the *Chriſtians*, to make Pilgrimages from all Parts of the World to *Jeruſalem*, and other Places in the *Holy Land*; even as the *Faithful Muſſulmen* do to *Mecca* and *Medina Talnabi* in *Arabia*, where is the *Sepulchre* of our *Holy Prophet*.

Here are Two *Noblemen* of the firſt Rank and Quality at *Court*, who out of Devotion to their *Meſſias*, went to viſit his ſuppoſed *Sepulchre*; and, in their Travels, paſs'd through Part of *Ægypt*. But when they arrived at a Place called *Salhia*, bordering on the *Stony Arabia*, they were made a Prey to the *Subbaſſee* of that Place; who, underſtanding from the Captain of the *Caravan*, that theſe two were all the *Franks* he had with him, and that they were Men of Money, he exacted from them twenty Dollars apiece for their Heads, contrary to all Law, Juſtice or Precedent; which

which they refuſing to pay (as indeed it was unreaſonable) the covetous old *Subbaſſee* commits them to Priſon, commanding them to receive an Hundred *Baſtinadoes* apiece on the Feet, thinking by this Means to frighten them to a Compliance with his Extortion. But they would not pay the Money, chuſing rather to ſuffer, than encourage ſuch Oppreſſion in corrupt Officers. In the mean time, the *Caravan* departs, leaving theſe impriſon'd *Lords* to the Mercy of the *Subbaſſee*; who finding them inflexible, cauſed his Commandments to be put in Execution, and not content with this, orders his Slaves to beat them out of the Town.

The poor *Lords* knew not what to do under this Misfortune; for they were ſo ſore with the Blows they had received on their tender Feet, that they were incapable of travelling afoot But, with Money they prevail on the Slaves, to direct them how they might procure Camels, with a Guide. This done they overtake the *Caravan* at *Gaza*, and ſo finiſh'd their Pilgrimage. They are now at the *Court* here, and have made known the Buſineſs to the King, who, 'tis ſaid, has diſpatched an Expreſs to his Ambaſſador at *Conſtantinople*, to demand Juſtice on the aforeſaid *Subbaſſee*; threatning, that if it be deny'd, he will cover the Ocean with Ships, and raze the Palace of the *Sultan* to the Ground. For, theſe two *Noblemen*, are nearly allied to the *Royal Family*.

I know thou wilt deſpiſe the bold *Bravado*

of this King, and ſo do I, being aſſured, that the *Invincible Sultan*, can ſet his Foot on the Necks of Forty ſuch Petty Kings as this. Yet, let us be the Advocates of Juſtice, by which the Refulgent Empire of the *Muſſulmen* was firſt eſtabliſhed. Should ſuch a Villainy as this go unpuniſhed, it would encourage others in like Caſes, and then there would be nothing but Extortion, and cruel Inſolence practiſed by Governours of Towns and Cities on the Road. So barbarous and inhoſpitable Uſage, would provoke all the Princes of the *Chriſtian* Law, to take up Arms againſt us. Thus would the moſt Glorious Empire in the World, become a Prey to *Infidels*.

I know this would be miſrepreſented, were it to come to other Hands than thine. They would ſay of me openly, what they have already whiſpered in the Cabals of the *Seraglio*, *That* Mahmut *is in Penſion with the* French *King*. They ſeek my Life without a Cauſe. But I truſt it to thy generous and right noble Hands, of whoſe Friendſhip I have had ſo late Experience.

May the *Firſt Mover* of the Heavenly Orbs, lead thee as by a Clew of Thread, through the dark Labyrinth of State-Affairs, and bring thee, after a long and happy Life, to the *Fields of endleſs Light*. Amen! thou *Lord of Paradiſe*.

Paris, 26th. *of the* 7th. *Moon*,
of the Year, 1642.

LETTER

LETTER XI.

To Nathan Ben Saddi, *a* Jew *at* Vienna.

I Know thee not, and, 'tis probable, thou art as little acquainted with me: Yet, I have often obſerved more durable Friendſhips contracted between Strangers, than betwixt thoſe of the ſame Blood. Good Offices equally deſerve and attract Love. There are many Opportunities for Travellers to ſerve one another. And, he that obliges me in a ſtrange Country, makes himſelf my Brother.

I received a *Diſpatch* from the *Reis Effendi* at *Conſtantinople*, informing me of the Death of *Carcoa*, one of the *Happy Slaves* of *him* whom *God* has ordained to diſpenſe *Felicities* to the *World*. I mean, the *Grand Signior*, *Poſſeſſor* of the *moſt Exalted Throne on Earth*. He tells me likewiſe, that I muſt expect from thee the Continuance of *Carcoa*'s Office. I congratulate thy Honour, in that thou art thought worthy to ſerve the *Great Viceroy* of the *Lord* of the *Univerſe*, to whom is committed the Flaming Sword of Juſtice, that he may reward Vertue, puniſh Vice, and reform the Corrupt Manners of all Mankind.

I am a *Muſſulman*, that is, reſigned to *God*, or elſe it would have raiſed ſome Thoughtfulneſs in a Man of my Circumſtances, what ſhould

be the Reaſon of *Carcoa*'s ſo long Silence, not having received any Anſwer theſe four *Moons* to the many Letters I ſent him. He was entruſted with the Secrets of my *Commiſſion*, and, had another been in my Place, he would have ſuſpected Treachery.

Well, he is gone! gone to the Inviſible Regions, to the Receptacles of Juſt and Faithful Men, to the pleaſant Woods and Groves, the Eternal Blooming Shades and Verdant Fields of *Paradiſe*. Follow his Steps, and be happy.

He was a Man true to his Truſt, ſeduleus and active in Buſineſs; Punctual in his Appointments; Temperate in a Town flowing with Debaucheries; juſt toward all Men, and Devout to *God*.

It is neceſſary for him that would attain theſe Virtues, to begin Gradually at the loweſt Step; to Guard his *Senſes*, and ſet a Watch upon the Avenues of his *Paſſions*. For a Man becomes neither perfectly Virtuous nor Vicious all at once: And a Wiſe Man of thy own Nation, *Jeſus Ben Sirach*, has ſaid, *He that contemns little Things, ſhall fall by little and little.*

I deſire thee, to ſend me *Carcoa*'s *Journal*, with what other Papers he left behind him, except ſuch as concern his particular Eſtate and Affairs.

Let me know alſo, how the late Deſign of the *Turks* upon *Raab*, is reſented at the *German* Court; whether the *Emperour* talks of ſending an *Embaſſador* to the Sultan about it;

it; and, whatsoever also of Moment occurs.

The *Reis Effendi* tells me, that *Bechir Bassa*, the Treasurer, has ordered me Five Hundred *Zechins*, by the way of *Vienna*. I desire thou would'st be speedy and careful in remitting them to *Paris*.

Thou needest no Instructions concerning my Lodging, or the Name I go by here; those who appointed thee this Station at *Vienna*, have informed thee, no doubt, of all Things necessary to the Discharge of thy Duty.

Write often to me, and preserve thy Integrity free from Stain.

Paris, 6th. *of the* 8th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER XII.

To Dgnet Ogiou.

I Know thy *Genius*, and have observed with what Complacency thou wert wont to peruse thy Uncle *Sheïa Raphim*'s Travels, a *Journal* Writ in *Arabick*, and full of profitable and wise Remarks; especially, that Part of it, which treats of *France*. I will not pretend to add to his Observations; but only acquaint thee with a Novelty, which *France* it self ne'er knew in his Days.

The

The Women of *Quality* here of late, addict themſelves to the Studies of *Philoſophy*, as the Men; the Ladies eſteeming their Education defective, if they cannot confute *Ariſtotle* and his *Diſciples*. The *Pen* has almoſt ſupplanted the Exerciſe of the *Needle*; and, Ladies Cloſets, formerly the Shops of Female Baubles; Toys and Vanities, are now turn'd to Libraries and Sanctuaries of Learned Books. There is a new Star riſen in the *French* Horizon, whoſe Influence excites the Nobler Females to this purſuit of *Humane Science*. It is the Renowned Monſieur *Des Cartes*, whoſe Luſtre far out-ſhines the Aged, winking Tapers of *Peripatetick Philoſophy*, and has eclips'd the *Stagyrite*, with all the Ancient Lights of *Greece* and *Rome*. 'Tis this matchleſs Soul, has drawn ſo many of the Fairer Sex to the Schools. And they are more proud of the Title [*Carteſian*,] and of the Capacity to defend his *Principles*, than of their *Noble* Birth and Blood.

I know our Grave and Politick *Muſſulmen*, will cenſure the Indulgence of the *French* to their Women, and accuſe them of Weakneſs, in giving ſuch Advantages to that witty Sex. But, notwithſtanding this Severity of the *Eaſtern* Parts, I cannot altogether diſapprove the *Weſtern* Gallantry. If Women are to be eſteemed *our Enemies*, methinks it is an ignoble Cowardiſe thus to diſarm them, and not allow them the ſame Weapons we uſe our ſelves: But, if they deſerve the Title of *our Friends*, 'tis an Inhumane Tyranny to debar them

them the Privilege of Ingenuous Education, which would alſo render their Friendſhip ſo much more delightful both to themſelves and us. *Nature* is ſeldom obſerved to be niggardly of her choiceſt Gifts to that Sex, their Senſes generally as quick as ours, their Reaſon as Nervous, their Judgments as mature and ſolid. Add but to theſe Natural Perfections, the Advantage of Acquir'd Learning, what polite and charming Creatures will they prove, whilſt their External Beauty does the Office of a Cryſtal to the Lamp, not ſhrouding but diſcloſing their brighter Intellects? Nor need we fear to loſe our Empire over them, by thus improving their Native Abilities; ſince, where there is moſt Learning, Senſe and Knowledge, there is obſerv'd to be the greateſt Modeſty, and Rectitude of Manners. I ſee no Reaſon therefore, why we ſhould make ſuch Bug Bears of Women, as not truſt them with as *Liberal Education* as our ſelves.

I believe, thou ſometimes beſtoweſt a Compaſſionate Thought on the *Exil'd Mahmut*. Wouldſt thou do ſomething to alleviate my Melancholy, the next time thou goeſt to the *Atmidan*, tranſcribe what is engraven on the *Pedeſtals* of the *Obelisks* and *Columns* ſtanding there, and ſend it encloſed in a Letter.

He that is *Lord* of the *Eaſt* and the *Weſt*, from Whoſe Throne hang Millions of Slaves in Chains of Gold, encreaſe thy Virtues and Bleſſings, and preſerve thee from the Poiſon

of

of ill Eyes and malicious Tongues, and bring thee to the *Fields of endless Light.*

Paris, 6th. *of the* 8th. *Moon, of the Year* 1642.

LETTER XIII.

To Cara Haly, *Physician at* Constantinople.

THere is a Garden in this City, so near resembling that of the *Invincible Vizir Azem*, on the East of *Pera*, that I cannot but phansie my self near *Constantinople*, when I am walking in it. It is called the *King's Garden*, being allotted by the *Royal Bounty* of the Kings of *France*, to the Service and Improvement of Students in *Physick*. There is a Yearly Stipend settled on an approved *Physician*, to take Care, that no kind of Physical Plant or Herb be wanting in this *Royal* Seminary. Who also during the whole Summer, is obliged to read a *Latin* Lecture every Morning, on the *Simples* there growing; whilst a great Auditory of Young Students, with Books, Pen and Ink in their Hands, wait on him up and down the Alleys, and write down his Discourse. He that is now employed in this Office, is a very Learned and Ingenious Man: he takes great Pains to make all his Young Disciples perfect *Herbarists*; for, all the way as he passes along from one Herb to another,

he

he ſtoops down, handles the *Simple*, and explains his Verbal Deſcription with his Fingers Ends; giving a moſt accurate account of the minuteſt Difference between ſuch as ſeem to be alike, and demonſtrating to the Eye, that thoſe are too diſtinct Plants, which many take to be but one; tracing out their different Families, in the Number, Texture, Shape or Colour of their Leaves and Flowers: And, this he does with ſo graceful an Action, ſuch elegant Language, and ſo compoſed a Spirit, that he charms all that happen to be preſent at his Lectures, and makes every Body in Love with the *Botanicks*. The Garden ſtands open to all Gentlemen, provided they leave their Swords with the Keeper of the Gate, to prevent Quarrels and Miſchief.

I enter daily among the reſt, and when the *Phyſick-Lecture* is over, I retire my ſelf into one of the moſt pleaſant Shades in the World; it is a Gravel Walk, the whole length of the Garden, on each ſide of which grow lofty Trees, planted ſo thick, and intermixing their Leaves and Branches ſo cloſely at the Top, that they compoſe a perfect natural *Umbrella* over the Walk, from one End to the other, ſo that not a Beam of the Sun can enter. And, that which creates in me the greateſt Complacency, is, that the farther End of the Walk, is not ſhut up by a high Wall, as is the Cuſtom in ſome Gardens; but, whether you are ſitting, or ſtanding upright, it opens to you a very agreeable and large Proſpect of the Country adjacent to *Paris*, which affects

affects the Eye with incredible Delight; and mine so much the more, because it perfectly resembles the Country lying East of *Pera* and *Constantinople*, which you survey out of the *Grotto's* of the aforesaid most Illustrious *Vizir Azem*. 'Tis when I am in this Walk, I imagine I breathe the Air of *Asia*, and am within the Verge of the *Imperial Seraglio*, the *Sanctuary*, to which all the distress'd Princes in the World have Recourse.

There are in *Paris* above an Hundred Magnificent Palaces, and beautiful Gardens belonging to them; but, none wherein I take so particular a Delight, as in this Royal *Physick-Garden*. Here I spend many a solitary Hour, and sometime I meet with Company.

I tell thee, Dear *Haly*, that though the *French* are naturally the most polished and refined People in the World, yet I am many times willing to make Excuses, and leave their Society; being by the Force of a powerful Inclination either drawn to this Garden, or to a famous Library in this City, in the Custody of certain *Religious Dervises*, who at certain Hours of the Day, are obliged to give Attendance to all Gentlemen, who are pleased to sit there and study.

Toward the Evening I visit the *Hospitals*, which are the finest that ever I saw in the World, and I believe the best govern'd. There is one named *the Hospital of God*, where Persons of *Quality* themselves, and those of the *First Rank*, come every Evening, and wait on the sick and the wounded, doing all the

meanest

meaneſt Offices of Inferiour Servants, and this with abundance of Tenderneſs and Humanity. I have ſeen the Niceſt and Gayeſt Ladies of the *Court*, dreſſing the moſt ſqualid and putrefied Sores of Wounded Men, not ſeeming in the leaſt to be diſguſted at the loathſome Sight and Stench of their Ulcers. When one firſt enters the Place, one would imagine it to be a Chamber of Young *Janizaries*; it being a very long and wide Gallery, with Rows of Beds on both ſides, wherein the Sick are diſpoſed according to the Order of their coming, or the Nature of their Diſeaſe. The Curtains of the Beds are all of pure white Linen, prettily wrought here and there with Flowers of Needle Work. Their Sheets as white as the Curtains; and by each Bed ſtands a Baſon of clean Water, and a fine Towel lying by it. At the farther End of the Gallery, ſtands an Altar railed in, where the *Prieſts* perform their Religious Myſteries for the Sick. In fine, all Things in this Place ſpeak an Exquiſite *Decorum* and Order, with a generous Regard to the Health and Life of Man. Three of theſe Galleries make up the whole *Hoſpital*, and it is as pleaſant to me ſometimes to walk up and down in them, as in a beautiful Garden.

Certainly, if any Argument could be of Force to recommend Sickneſs as a deſirable Thing, it muſt be taken from the Circumſtances of this *Hoſpital*, or, an Equivalent Ground. I, for my own part, have often thought, That Death it ſelf would not be

formidable

formidable amidst so many Ornaments, Sweets and Comforts. If this Publick and Charitable Regard to the Sick, be an Effect of their Religion; I cannot be so partial to deny it a due Acknowledgment; but must own, That Heroick Vertue and Piety is to be found in an eminent Degree, even among the very *Infidels*.

Thou wilt pardon me for detaining thee so long in the Theatre of the Sick and Wounded, and presenting thee with the Tragical Scenes of Mortality; since it is thy proper Profession, to converse with the Infirmities, Diseases and Dolors of Humane Bodies, and to be frequently present in the Anti-Chambers of Death.

Suffer me to press thee to an Integrity of continual Love and Friendship between us. Let not Mistakes or Misapprehensions, cool this generous Affection. It is pity, That either the spightful Misrepresentations of insinuating Back-biters, or, our own groundless Jealousies and Suspicions, should dissolve the Union of Faithful and Loving Friends. I had rather suffer a Thousand small Injuries, which I know must proceed from Frailty, and Humane Necessity, than not continue to Love where I have once pitch'd my true Affection. Nothing but apparent wilful Perfidiousness and Treachery, ought to break the sacred and inviolable Band of Friendship. Fidelity and Love cover a multitude of lesser Faults. He that breaks with his Friend for small Errors, discovers the Rashness and In-

constancy

constancy of his Mind, and that his Friendship was never well grounded. For, had he been a Wise Man, he would either have been more slow and cautious in the choice of his Friend; or, having once contracted Friendship, he would not break it again for a less Crime than manifest Disloyalty. But thou, who hast ever pursued me with all the Offices of a Generous and Faithful Friend, bearing with my many Infirmities and Failings, dost not deserve this Censure. Yet, considering the Instability of all Humane Affairs, I could not forbear putting thee in Mind of these Things; lest, through the Malice of Fortune, or the Envy of Men, or any other Cause thou should'st withdraw thy Affection from me, which I value above all Temporal Blessings. For, besides the many Favours I have received at thy Hands, whereby I am obliged in Honour and Gratitude to love thee perpetually; a Spark of Natural, or rather of Divine Affection was kindled in my Breast, from the first Time I conversed with thee; whether it proceeds from Agreeableness and Harmony of Spirits, or some other secret Operation, I know not. But, sure I am, and would have thee rest confident, That ther is not a Man in the World, who Loves and eHonours thee with greater Fidelity than I do.

The *Great* and *Eternal Lord* of the *Universe*, encrease and multiply thy Vertues and Blessings, and make thee Illustrious in thy Generation; granting also this Happiness to

me,

me, That after a lasting and true Friendship between us on Earth, I may drink with thee of the Rivers of Pleasure, which glide along the Fields of *Paradise*; and, that I may see thy Face brighter than the Stars of Heaven. Amen! Amen! O thou *Lord* of the *Worlds*.

Paris, 6th. *of the* 8th. *Moon*, *of the Year* 1642.

LETTER XIV.

To the Kaimacham.

I Take the best Measures for Intelligence, yet I cannot gain a Sight or a Copy of all the *Expresses* that come to this *Court*; nor can I learn their Import, as soon as they Arrive. The *Ministers* of *State* here, are the Sepulchres of News, they bury all in Silence.

This is the Reason, that I sometimes have been forced to send thee an Account of many Events, long after they happened. My last Letter was an Abstract of the *French* Conquests in *Catalonia*, from the Beginning of the Year, to the *Moon* last past.

After the King of *France* had retired from the Camp before *Perpignan*, the *Mareschal de Mesleraye*, applied himself vigorously to perfect the *Batteries*, *Redoubts*, and other *Works*. Whilst the King of *Spain* was hourly

ly perplexed with Cares and Anxieties, for this Important Place.

The Extremities to which it was reduc'd, haſtened his Preparations of an Effectual Relief. He ſent Orders to the *Marquiſes* of *Terracuſe*, of *Leganez* and *Mortare*, to raiſe the Flower of *Arragon* and *Caſtile*.

The *Viceroy* of *Naples*, furniſhed out a Conſiderable *Fleet*; it being the *Catholick* King's Reſolution, either to Succour *Perpignan*, and raiſe that Siege, or take *Barcelona* by Way of Reprizal.

In the mean while, the new *Mareſchal de la Motbe*, fluſh'd with the late Favour he received from his Maſter the *French* King, and ſpurr'd on with the Thirſt of Glory, entered like a Torrent with his Troops into *Valentia*, which at that time lay naked and unguarded.

The firſt Thing he did, was to ſurprize a Convoy of the *Marquis* of *Leganez*, who were carrying an extraordinary Piece of Canon to *Viverou*.

The *French* broke through the *Foot*, with their accuſtomed Fury, and killed more than Thirty Horſe, taking as many Priſoners. They ſent the Cannon to the Camp at *Reuux*.

Thou ſeeſt, Sage *Miniſter*, how neceſſary a Qualification it is in a Sovereign Prince, to diſcern and reward the Merits of his Servants. Men of Vertue are animated with freſh Vigour, when their Actions are acknowledged. Of this the ever Victorious *Sultans* of the *Ottoman Empire* are very ſenſible, who valu:

value the Abilities and Services of their *Slaves*, before any Consideration of *Noble* Blood or Riches: raising Men from Nothing, to the Highest Dignities of the *Empire*.

The *Mareschal*, after this Exploit, took the Towns of *Tamarit*, and *Mouson*; but the Castle belonging to the latter, was surrendred upon Articles, the Fourteenth of the last *Moon*.

Whilst these things were transacted on the *Land*, the *Navies* were not Idle by *Sea*: The *Marquis* of *Breze* set upon the *Spanish Admiral*, as he lay at Anchor near *Viveres*; and, not being able to disingage the Vessel from the Shallows, he set it on Fire, together with another of equal Burden.

This was only an Exploit by the bye, and as it lay in his Road to *Barcelona*, where the whole *Spanish* Fleet were arrived, with Design to Assault the Town by Sea.

The *Marquis de Breze*, made all the Sail he could toward them; but, the Wind not favouring his Design, he was forced to make use of his Gallies. In a Word, the *Spaniards* lost Four Ships in this Fight, and Three more on the First of this *Moon*.

Thus *Perpignan* is in no likelihood of Relief. I will send thee all the Intelligence I receive of this Important Siege.

Paris, 10th. *of the* 8th. *Moon*, *of the Year* 1642.

LETTER

LETTER XV.

To Iouf his Kinſman.

I Have received thy Letter, and congratulate thy ſafe Return to *Conſtantinople*. The Bleſſing of *Mahomet* be upon thee, for the *Sacrifice* thou madeſt on *Abraham's* Mountain in my behalf, and for the Alms thou gaveſt to blot out my Sins. Hadſt thou ſent me the *Sacred Relique* I deſired, I would multiply Benedictions on *Iouf* my Couſin. It is but a trifling Excuſe to ſay, thou couldſt not procure that which is denied to no *Pilgrim*. The *Emir* of *Mecca* expects that every one who Viſits that *Holy of Holies*, ſhould purchaſe a Piece of the Old Hanging, when it is Yearly taken down. This is his Fee, and thou haſt at once defrauded him of his Due, fruſtrated my Hopes, and weakned the Merit of thy *Pilgrimage*.

But, I will not be querelous; perhaps thou wert afraid of wanting Money in the Reſt of thy Journey. Thy Letter is very ſhort and full of Reſerves, hardly vouchſafing to make an Apology for thy long Silence, though it be now the Nine and Thirtieth *Moon* ſince thou firſt parteſt from *Conſtantinople*, without giving me any Account what was become of thee.

Sometimes I thought thou wert overwhelm'd in the *Sands* of *Arabia*, or, that ſome

some wild Beast had devoured thee. At other times, I imagined thou mightst die of Thirst, in those dry and barren Deserts. When the *Caravan* returned at the accustom'd Time, and no Tidings of *Isouf*, I could not divine that thou wert gone into *Persia*, or that thou wouldst travel through all the *East*, as thy Letter informs me.

I should be proud of my *Kinsman*, were I satisfied what Improvements he has made in so tedious a Journey. Thy Letter speaks thee not a Traveller, thou art a Churle in not communicating to me thy Adventures and Observations, in so many Countries as thou hast pass'd through.

Tell me, *Isouf*, what was the Motive which put thee upon such a hazardous Fatigue? Thou wert a Man of great Faith to trust thy self to the Conduct of the *Persian*, who invited thee along with him. It is a Sign thou hast a Roving Soul, or else thou wouldst not upon such easie Terms have abandoned the Company of thy Fellow-Travellers and Friends, to join thy self to a Stranger, an Enemy to thy Nation, a *Heretick*. 'Tis true, a Peace was just then concluded between the *Grand Signior*, and the *Sophi* of *Persia*; and so there was no Danger of thy being snapp'd for a Spy, and Sacrificed to the Jealousie of *State*. But, thou exposedst thy self to the *Caprices* of Fortune, and the wavering Temper of a Man, who, for ought thou knewest, might have some ill Design upon thee.

Tell me, didst not thou meet with great

Temptations

Temptations at *Ispahan*? couldst thou withstand the Charms of *Persian* Luxury? It must needs be a surprizing Novelty, to see the Ladies of the *Court* frolicking and revelling in the Houses of Pleasure without the City, so contrary to the austere Customs of our Women at *Constantinople*.

Well! I will believe thee Chast in the midst of Courtezans, sober in Company of Drunkards; and, that the Spark who pick'd thee up at *Medina*, made no attempts to debauch thy Vertue; yet thou canst not blame this Railery, when thou considerest the dissolute Manners of that Nation. And I will tell thee ingenuously, that I find it very irksome to abstain from Wine, in a Country where every Body drinks it but my self.

But, thou giveſt me no Character of thy *Persian* Friend, or his Quality. He might, for ought I know, be some *Knight Errant*, and thou his *Squire*, and so you rambled together up and down *Asia* to seek Advenrures. For thou art not so complaisant as to tell me the Effect of thy *Travels*.

Had I been in thy Place, I should have made it my Business, to enquire into the Laws and Religions of those Countries through which I pass'd. I should have taken Notice of the Strength and Situation of their Cities and Castles; Their Manner of Building and Fortifications; The Discipline of their Souldiers; what Navigable Rivers they have, and which were the most eminent Places of Commerce and Traffick.

When thou wert in the *Court* of the *Great Mogul*, it had been worth thy Observation, to see the Grandure of this *Monarch*, who never goes into the Field with less than two hundred Thousand Men. Thou shouldest have remark'd also the Use the *Indians* make of *Elephants* in their Battels. It had not been amiss to have cast an Eye into their Temples in this Country, where thou wouldst have beheld the Execrable Devotions of these *Idolaters*, who worship the *Devil* under hideous Forms. But above all, I should have been greedy to see the *Indian* Women throw themselves into the Funeral Pile after their dead Husbands. And, before I parted from the Country, I should have sought the Conversation of their *Gymnosophists* or *Brachmans*. These are in so great Reputation for their Wisdom, Sanctity, and Incorrupt Manners, that the greatest *Potentates* have Recourse to them in all Difficulties, as to *Divine Oracles*.

China also would have afforded thee Matter of Observation and Remark.

These People say of themselves, that they see with both Eyes, the *Mahometans* with one, and all the rest of the World are stark blind. But in my Opinion, the *Chineses* can be but purblind themselves, since they see no farther than the Mountains which environ their own Country; it not being permitted to the Subjects of that *Empire* to travel. Yet, to give them their due, they are a very Ingenious People, envied by all the World for their Art in making *Porphyry*.

I should

I should be glad to know, if whilst thou wert in this Country, thou ever saweſt any of those sailing Wagons, which are said to be used there.

It would be very obliging, to send me a particular Relation of thy Travels these three Years. Thou wilt not be angry, that I am solicitous for thy Good. The End of Travelling is, to gain Experience and Wisdom. If thou hast attained this, I shall rejoice. The desire of Knowledge has caused many Famous Men to rome about the World. This led *Pythagoras* into *Palaestine* and *Egypt*. This made *Plato* leave *Athens*, to go and learn of *Archytas* the *Philosopher* at *Tarentum* in *Italy*. And the same Motive carried *Apollonius* through the greatest part of *Asia* and *Africa*.

But, I would not have thee confine thy Search to their Measures. For they only covered to know the Mysteries of Nature. Whereas, if thou travelleſt again, I would advise thee to acquain: thy self with the Constitutions of Kingdoms and States, whereby thou may'ſt be serviceable to our *Great Master*, the *Grand Signior*, *Lord* of the *seven Climates*, for whose sake the *Elements* are restrained within their *Bounds*, and *Nature* it self keeps on her Course.

Cousin, I pray the great *God* to polish thy Soul with Rational Principles, and make thee useful in thy Generation; for, no Man is born for himself. Adieu.

Paris, 13th. *of the* 8th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER XVI.

To Mustapha Berber Aga, *at* Constantinople.

I Sent thee a Letter in the Conclusion of the last Year, concerning the *Duke* of *Lorrain*, and the loss of his Estate: Since which he seems to have lost himself; being *Excommunicated* by the *Pope*, who is to the *Christians*, what our *Mufti* is to *true Believers*.

If thou knowest not what it is to be *Excommunicated* by the *Pope*, I will inform thee in few Words.

Those who lie under this Censure, are forbid to enter into any of their *Churches*, or in the least to partake of what they esteem *Holy*. All *Christians*, are commanded to shun their Company; they are esteemed as bad as *Heretick*; baniſh'd humane Society, and given over to the *Devil*.

The Occasion of passing this so severe a Sentence on a *Sovereign* Prince, thou wilt imagine was great; and yet, it was only for putting away his first Wife, and marrying another. A Thing commonly practised all over the *East*. Should our *Mufti's* have the same Power, there would be but few *Mussulmen* in the *Sacred Msques*.

But, these *Infidels* call Marriage a Great *Sacrament*, and esteem it as violated when a Man

Man repudiates his Wife; *Divorces* being not allowed in any Part of *Chriſtendom*, unleſs in Caſe of *Adultery*.

People talk variouſly of the *Pope*'s Cenſure. Thoſe who favour the *Counteſs* of *Cantecroix*, murmur at the *Excommunication*, calling it, A Breach of Privileges, an unheard of Innovation, an Attempt upon the Life of the Prince. They add alſo, that he ought firſt to have been cited, and his Cauſe heard by the *Court*, according to the *Canons* and *Decrees* of *Councils*.

On the other Hand, there are who juſtifie this Proceeding of the *Pope*, and accuſe the *Duke* of barbarous Ingratitude, for leaving his Lawful Wife, by whom he got his Eſtate; and with whom he had lived many Years.

However, the *Duke* of *Loraine* has publiſh'd a *Proteſtation* againſt the *Pope*'s Proceedings, and cauſed his *Procurator General* to do the like; writing Letters alſo to the *Preſidents* and *Counſellours* of the *Sovereign Court* of *Loraine* and *Barois*, commanding them not to take any Notice of the *Pope*'s Cenſure; it being actually null and void, becauſe contrary to the Fundamental Laws of the Church.

It is to be obſerved here, that this *Excommunicated* Prince in the Concluſion of his *Proteſt*, appeals nevertheleſs to the Sovereign *Biſhop*, when he ſhall be better informed, ſtill profeſſing an Eternal Obedience to the *Church*.

It is a ſtrange unaccountable Power, the *Popes* of *Rome* claim over *Emperours* and *Prin-*

ces. In his publick Letters, Briefs, or Patents, he ſtiles himſelf, *the Servant of the Servants of God*; yet, in his Actions, he aſſumes a *Sovereignty* over *Kings*, calling all the Princes in *Chriſtendom*, *his Sons*, and chaſtiſing them as ſuch, when he ſees Occaſion. All this proceeds from the Difference they make between the Temporal and the Spiritual Sword. So, that when their Forces have been Routed, the City of *Rome* ſack'd, and themſelves taken Priſoners by the Force of the former; yet they have at the ſame Time, by the Dint of the latter, ſubdued their Conquerors, and in the midſt of Captivity celebrated a Triumph.

Spare not to command me, if thou canſt propoſe any Method of doing thee Service.

God the *Eſſence* of *Eſſences*, purifie us, and waſh away our Imperfections.

Paris, 25th. *of the* 8th. *Moon, of the Year* 1642.

LETTER

LETTER XVII.

To Bedredin, Superior *of the* Dervises, *of the* Convent *of* Cogni *in* Natolia.

ART thou alive, Venerable Old Man, or must I expect my Answer in the other World? I have often writ to thee, and more often enquired after thy Health, when I had Opportunity; but have received no Answer, nor heard any News of thee these Seven *Moons*; which seem so many Years, to a Man who would be ready to die for Joy, could he receive the least Assurance that thou art yet alive.

Without Doubt, thou livest where-ever thou art, and livest in perfect Joy and Peace, the Rewards of thy consummate Sanctity and Vertue. Either thou still enjoyest a Heaven on Earth, thy Incorrupt Soul being a *Paradise* to it self; or, thou hast translated thy Residence from Earth to Heaven, to augment the Number and Joys of the *Blessed*.

Well! I will suppose and hope thou art alive, and that this Letter will come to thy Hand: I will therefore make thee an acceptable Present.

Thou hast often spoke with much Affection and Reverence of *Jesus*, the *Messias* of the *Christians*, as all Good *Mussulmen*

ought to do; being taught by the *Alcoran* in several *Chapters*, that he was a *Holy Prophet*, and in the Number of the *Divine* Favorites.

I have met with an Authentick Deſcription of his Perſon in the King's Library, and have tranſlated it into *Arabick* for thy Satisfaction. *Publius Lentulus* being *Preſident* of *Judæa*, ſent it to the *Senate* of *Rome*, when the Fame of *Jeſus* began to ſpread abroad in the World. Theſe are his Words:

THERE *lives at this time in* Judæa, *a Man of ſingular Vertue, whoſe Name is* Jeſus Chriſt. *Whom the* Barbarians *eſteem a* Prophet; *but, his own Followers adore him as the* Off-ſpring *of the* Immortal Gods. *He calls back the Dead from their Graves, and heals all Sorts of Diſeaſes with a Word or a Touch. He is tall and well-ſhaped; of an Amiable, Reverend Aſpect; his Hair of a Colour that can hardly be match'd, falling into Graceful Curls below his Ears, and very agreeably couching on his Shoulders, parted on the Crown of the Head like the* Nazarites. *His Fore-head is ſmooth and large, his Cheeks without other Spot, ſave that of a lovely Red. His Noſe and Mouth form'd with exquiſite Symmetry. His Beard thick, and of a Colour ſuitable to the Hair of his Head, reaching an Inch below his Chin, and parting in the middle like a Fork. His Eyes bright, clear and ſerene. He rebukes with Majeſty, counſels with Mildneſs; his whole Addreſs, whether in Word or Deed, being Elegant and Grave. No Man has ſeen*

him

him laugh, but he has wept frequently. He is very Temperate, Modeſt and Wiſe. A Man, for his Excellent Beauty and Divine Perfections, ſurpaſſing the Children of Men.

I ſend thee this *Picture* of the *Chriſtians Meſſias*, not drawn by the Pencil of the Painter, but by the Pen of a *Roman* Governour, and therefore it may paſs for Authentick. I have often heard thee praiſe the *Original*, and condemn ſome too Superſtitious *Muſſulmans*, who, in their miſtaken Zeal for the *Alcoran*, have Blaſphem'd this *Holy Prophet*; a Man whom the *Alcoran* it ſelf mentions in ſeveral *Chapters*, ſtyling him, *The Breath and Word of* God.

Certainly, Malediction becomes not the Mouth of a *True Believer*; and he, who Curſes *God*, or any of the Hundred and twenty four Thouſand *Prophets*, ſhall be excluded their Society in *Paradiſe*.

I give thee a final Adieu, O Holy *Derviſe*; deſiring, that this Character of the *Meſſiah*, may be tranſcribed in Letters of Gold on Silken Paper, and laid up in the *Library* of thy *Convent*. Adieu. Live for ever.

Paris, 25th. *of the* 8th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER XVIII.

To the Kaimacham.

VArious are the Diſcourſes of People in this Place concerning the Reduction of *Aſac*. For, *Paris*, like *Athens* of old, is the Receptacle of all the News in the World.

The *French* are Naturally a *Martial* People, delighting much in the Affairs of *War*; and when the News came laſt Year of the Raiſing the Siege of *Aſac*, with all the Particulars of the Defendants Bravery, notwithſtanding the Union of ſo great Forces againſt them; they highly applauded the Valour and Conſtancy of the *Coſſacks*, whom neither Threats nor Promiſes, gentle Means, nor vigorous Aſſaults could prevail upon to ſurrender up their Town, but forced the Beſiegers to return Home with the Loſs of above Twelve Thouſand *Turks*, beſides *Moldavians*, *Walachians*, and *Tartars*.

But now they begin to change their Notes, and to admire the *Invincible* Force of the *Ottoman* Arms, which hew their way through the moſt Formidable Difficulties, to lay *Empires*, *Kingdoms*, and *States* at the Feet of our *Victorious Sultan*.

I have received a particular Account from *Nathan Ben Saddi*, of the taking of that City. He tells me, That at the News of thoſe

these great Preparations, which were making by Land and Sea against it; the Inhabitants being denied the Protection of the *Moscovites*, which was their sole Refuge in this Extremity, abandoned the Town, carrying with them their Goods, and demolishing their Houses, so that there was but small Prey left for our Soldiers.

It is the General Discourse of this *Court*, that there is a Son born to *Sultan Ibrahim*. I should heartily rejoice, were I assured the News were true; but, there is no *Dispatch* as yet to confirm it. Besides, I have received Advice from *Constantinople*, which almost discourages me from ever hoping so fortunate an Event.

God lengthen thy Days, and make thee Happy, both in this World, and in *Paradise*.

Paris, 25th. *of the* 8th *Moon*,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER

LETTER XIX.

To Muſtapha, Baſſa *of* Siliſtria.

THOU haſt no Reaſon to repine at the Exchange of thy *Government*, though thy preſent Power be circumſcribed within narrower Limits than it was in *Ægypt*. That *Granary* of the World, never afforded thee ſuch a Harveſt of Laurels as thou haſt reaped on the Banks of the *Black Sea*. The Conqueſt of *Aſac* has loaded thee with Honours, and the Moderation thou haſt in the midſt of Triumphs, has captivated greater Numbers of the *Coſſacks*, than could the Dint of thy Cymetar. Though the Foundations of Kingdoms are laid in Blood, yet the Superſtructure is cemented with Clemency; and, the *Roman Cæſars*, by timely ſheathing their Swords, faſtned to their *Empire*, the Provinces they had won by drawing them.

I am bound to write often to the *Miniſters* of the *Port*, and all my Moments are conſecrated to the Service of the *Grand Signior*, who has a Right to command all Mankind: Yet the Fame of thy late Victory reaching theſe Parts, and giving occaſion of Diſcourſe, I ſtole this time from my ſelf, not from my *Great Maſter* (it being the Hour of Sleep) to tell thee what the World ſays of thee.

They do not compare thee to *Hannibal*, *Scipio*, or *Alexander the Great*; thou thy ſelf

ſelf wouldſt take him for a Flatterer, that ſhould uſe ſuch an Expreſſion. But they ſay, the Method thou haſt taken, to ſweeten the Calamities of the *Coſſacks*, and invite them back to their abandoned Habitations, has ſome reſemblance with the Conduct of *Selim*, a *General* of *Orchanes*'s Army; who, after he had taken the City of *Pruſa*, forbid his Soldiers, on pain of Death, to touch the Goods of the Inhabitants, or commit any Inſolent Action. The Moderation of this Conqueror, not only rendred the Citizens eaſie, and willing to ſubmit to their *New Lord*; but, the Fame of it ſpreading abroad, he with little Bloodſhed reduced all the adjoining Countreys under Subjection.

It is reported of the Great and Victorious *Saladine*, That he took more Pleaſure in winning the Hearts of his Enemies, than in conquering their Perſons. This Prince had a Saying very common in his Mouth, *That he did the Office of a Barber and Gardiner, ſhaving the Superfluities, and pruning the Excreſcencies of Overgrown Kingdoms and States, not deſtroying them Root and Branch.* 'Tis certain, he endeavoured in all his Conqueſts to mollifie the Averſion of his Enemies, by Acts of Generoſity.

Thou wilt expect ſome News from a Man in my Poſt, and I cannot entertain thee with more agreeable Intelligence, than what is the common Theme of Diſcourſe at this Time.

Edward, Duke of *Parma*, has entered into the *Pope*'s Territories with Three Thouſand

ſelect

ſelect Horſe, where he marches Dragooning up and down the Country, bringing Terror and Confuſion where-ever he comes. He Conquers without drawing his Sword, the *Pope*'s Army flying before him.

This Prince is by Nature very fierce and Active, and has a peculiar Gift of obliging his Souldiers, by treating them with a frank, affable Carriage, free from the ſtately Reſervedneſs to which Men in Authority are accuſtomed. By this Deportment, he has inſenſibly ſtole their Affections; they are ready to follow him all over the World.

When the *Princes* of *Italy* fall out with one another, they generally engage the *French* and the *Spaniards* in the Quarrel. But the *Duke* of *Parma* refuſed the Aſſiſtance which the former proffer'd him of Two Thouſand Men, provided they might be diſpoſed in Garriſons; he was Jealous, leſt the *French* deſign'd to play their old Game; and, that when they were once Houſed in his Cities and ſtrong Holds, it would be difficult to Unkennel them.

He has a new way of winning Towns, carrying with him neither Infantry, Cannon, Ammunition, nor any other Proviſion neceſſary to a *Campaign*. Yet, when he approached towards *Smola* in his Road to *Bologna*, the Governour ſent the Keys of the Town to him in his March; which he made no other Uſe of, than to give his Troops a Paſſage through the Place, reſigning them up again. By theſe Noble Acts, he paved himſelf an eaſie way through the *Eccleſiaſtick* State;

State; his Army being furnished with Victuals in Abundance, without Plunder or Insolency.

The first Occasion of this Quarrel, proceeded from some Contempts put upon the *Prince* of *Parma* at the *Court* of *Rome*, by the Nephews of *Pope Urban*. And, the Disgusts have since been improved to that Height as to Engage the *State* of *Venice*, the *Grand Duke* of *Tuscany*, the *Duke* of *Modena*, and other *Princes*, in the Care of the General Interest of *Italy*.

They proceed with Mediations and Overtures of Peace in one Hand, while the Sword is brandish'd with the other; amusing one another with Treaties to gain Time. The Loss of *Castro*, a strong Town on the Borders of the *Ecclesiastick State*, spurs on the *Duke* of *Parma* to Revenge himself on the *Barberins*'s; while the *Republick* of *Venice* strives to mitigate his Fierceness, and accommodate Affairs, espousing his Cause, but fearful of his Rashness, lest his Impetuous Humour should carry him to the Walls of *Rome*, and bring things to Extremities. For, all the Princes in *Italy* profess an Inviolate Obedience to the *Pope*, who seems to inherit the Authority of the Ancient *Roman Emperors*.

Thou may'st comprehend by what I have said, how easie it were at such a Juncture (when all the *Principalities* in *Italy* are (as it were) disjointed) to bring them under the Yoke of a *Foreign* Power. This is what the *Spaniards* and *French* have for a long time been

been nibling at: and, whereof the *Republick* of *Venice* are so Jealous, that they never side with one Party to the Ruine of another, but endeavour to keep all the Interests of *Italy* in an *Æquilibrium*, till they are Reconciled and United, lest the Party which finds it self most weakned, should seek the Protection of one of those Potent Crowns; who would not fail to strike two strokes for themselves, if they are desired to strike one for the Oppressed *Italian*.

The *Christians* call *Italy*, the *Garden* of *Europe*; and, if the Allusion may hold, the King of *Spain* has possessed himself of two stately *Grotto's* in it, *Naples* and *Milan*; yet, 'tis a Question, whether the Cost in maintaining these two Cities, will countervail the Honour of being their *Sovereign* at such a Distance. The same may be said of his Dominions, in *Mexico* and *Peru*. This is the Peculiar Happiness of the *Ottoman Empire*, that all the Members of so vast a Body, lie contiguous to each other.

The *Monarch* of the *World above* and this *below*, encrease the Territories of our *Invincible Sultan*, and by continually supplying our Armies with such Fortunate Leaders as *Mustapha*, subdue all Nations to the *True Faith*.

Paris, 29th. *of the* 8th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER

LETTER XX.

To the Reis Effendi, *Principal Secretary of State.*

I Have heard with Sorrow, of the Disappointment the *Sultans* Forces met in the taking of *Rab*. The *Christians* accuse him of Breach of the Capitulations, on which a Peace was concluded for Twenty Years, between the *Happy Port*, and the *Emperor* of *Germany*.

If the Stratagem by which they design'd to take this Town be truly related to me, it seems to be a Copy of the *Grecian* Artifice in taking *Troy*, bating the Difference of many Carts, and one Wooden Horse.

That Officer who discovered the Intrigue, tho' he had hunted in vain all the former part of the Day, yet returned with good Game at last, when he had ensnared our carted Soldiers within the Toils, got them within the Walls of the City, and drawn up the Draw-Bridge upon the Ambush which lay behind. The *Emperor*, it seems takes it mightily to heart; and, as I hear, has sent an *Ambassador* to the *Port*, to complain of this Transaction.

The *Court* here, is not very solicitous for his Interest, nor will they be much troubled to find that his *Ambassador* has but a cold Reception at *Constantinople*. For, the Differences

rences between the Kings of *France* and the *House* of *Austria*, are too deeply grounded, to suffer any good Understanding or Affection, to take Place between them.

And, the *Cardinal* of *Richlieu*, was heard to say not many Days ago, *That, since the* German Eagle *was so greedy, he would give her a Bone to pick would break her Bill.* This was spoken in Relation to the *Emperor*'s Encroachments on the *Palatinate*, and his Seizure of *Juliers* and *Treves*.

I am glad to hear, that the *League* is renewed between the *Shining Port* and the King of *Persia*, that so the Nerves of the *Sacred Empire* may be wholly employed in *Hungary*.

Paris, 12th. *of the* 9th. *Moon*, *of the Year* 1642.

LETTER

LETTER XXI.

To Enguruli Emir Cheik, *a Man of the* Law.

THIS *Western* World lies drown'd in Wickedneſs; or rather, it is ſet on Fire with Sin. I ſweat while I am within the Confines of the Air of *Chriſtendom*. An univerſal Peſtilence infects the Souls of Men, from whence their Words breath nothing but Contagion. Even ſuch as one would take for *Holy Saints*, are *meer Cheats*; and like thoſe Fruits that grow on the Banks of the Lake *Aſphaltites*, they are fair and beauteiful without, but bring them to the Touchſtone, and you will find them meer Corruption and Rottenneſs within. The *Laity* openly wallow in all Debauchery and Licentious Practices. Nor are the *Clergy* leſs exempt from ſecret Enormities; while the *Eccleſiaſtick* Veſtments ſerve but as Cloaks to Pride, Ambition, Covetouſneſs, and other concomitant Vices. The Sword of *Juſtice* it ſelf, or at leaſt, that which ought to be ſo, ſerves to divide the Spoils of the *Poor*, the *Widow* and the *Orphan*. In *Court* and *Camp* all Offices are bought and ſold, without regard to Merit or the Publick Good. He that bids higheſt, is firſt preferr'd; and, the beſt-money'd Chapman, is the moſt meritorious *Candidate*.

Theſe

These are the Escapes of Princes, and the Designs of Favourites; whilst the Easiness of the one, abused by the Craft and Subtilty of the other, exposes Places of highest Trust, as in an Exchange to become the Merchandize of every Pedling Huckster; And brave and generous Souls are many Times put by, tho' the *Royal* Promise it self has pass'd in their Behalf. This is eminently the Unhappiness of the *French Court*. And, 'tis thought, the late *Duke* of *Luynes* and the present *Cardinal* of *Richlieu*, both of them Favourites to the present King, could not have swell'd their Coffers with such Heaps of Gold, but by these sinister Methods.

I am credibly informed by an old *French* Courtier, That *Monsieur Belville*, a Gentleman of the *Province* of *Languedoc*, spared not to pass this Reflection on the *Duke* of *Luynes*, even in the King's Presence. Being at *Bourdeaux*, while the King celebrated his Nuptials with the *Infanta* of *Spain*, in a most Magnificent Manner; one Day coming to the *Court* in his *Mourning*-Coach, (his Father being newly dead) he was reprehended by *Monsieur Cadinet*, Younger Brother to the *Duke* of *Luynes*, for appearing at *Court* in such an extraordinary Time of Joy, with a *Mourning*-Coach. *O, Sir*, says *Belville*, *the Bravery of your Brother's Coach, may excuse the Meanness of mine, since he borrowed all the Gold I had, to Equip himself for this Triumphant Season.* This I was told, by one that was present and heard the Words; and, the Occasion of them also he was not ignorant of, which was this:

Monsieur

Monſieur Belville being a Gentleman of a *Noble* Family, and one whoſe eminent Vertues and Services might have intituled him to ſome ſuitable Dignity, but being low in his Fortune, was not regarded or taken Notice of, till he addreſſed himſelf to the *Duke* of *Luynes*; who, upon the Receipt of Fifteen Hundred Crowns, promiſed him to make him *Cavalier* of the *Order* of the *Holy Ghoſt*, a Dignity next to that of the Peers of the *Realm*, and which is a fair Step to it. But, inſtead of performing his Promiſe, after he had got his Money, he by under-hand Practices, procured him to be baniſhed the *Court*, neither did he ever come near it till this Marriage aforeſaid was taken in Hand; at which time his Father dying at *Bourdeaux*, and being there alſo buried, he by the Mediation of ſome Friend, procured a Repeal of his *Baniſhment*, that he might have an Opportunity of making the King ſenſible of the *Duke*'s Injuſtice. But, it took not the deſired Effect; for, he was upon thoſe Words, immediately impriſoned, where he ſoon after died of Grief. Thus is Oppreſſion, Murder, and Violence countenanc'd by Authority among theſe *Infidels*.

But thou, Sage Interpreter of our *Law*, and Patron of Vertue, vouchſafe me thy Counſel, that I may learn not to be corrupted by converſing with theſe *Uncircumciſed*.

Paris, 12th. *of the* 9th. *Moon, of the Year* 1642.

LETTER

LETTER XXII.

To the Most Illustrious Vizir Azem, *at the* Port.

THE Enemies of the *Ottoman* Interest, ever since the Time that our late *Invincible Sultan Amurat* had caused his Uncle *Mustapha* to be strangled, flatter'd themselves with the vain Hopes, of seeing that *Royal Line* extinct; it being blaz'd abroad in all the *Courts* of *Christendom*, that *Sultan Amurat*, by excessive Use of Wine, had quite enervated his Natural Vigor, and rendred himself incapable of getting any more Children. And the private Charge which he gave to the *Bassa's* and *Grandees* of the *Empire*, That in Case he died Issueless, they should translate the *Imperial Diadem* to the *Tartar*, was no Secret here. Every Man look'd upon our present Happy Sovereign, *Sultan Ibrahim*, as a Man design'd for a Sacrifice to his Brother's Hatred, and that he would not long survive the Fate of his Uncle *Mustapha*.

I have heard a grave and experienc'd Statesman say, that he hoped to see the *Ottoman* Empire (after the Death of *Amurat*) rent into as many and fatal Divisions, by the Ambitious *Beglerbegs*, *Bassa's* and other Governors of Provinces, as the *Empire* of *Alexander* the *Great* was, by the Commanders of his Army,

Army, after his Death, who ſhared it among themſelves, and Catonized it into as many *Principalities*, as there were Captains to make Pretenſions, either by Merit or the Sword.

But, Praiſe be to *God*, *Lord* of the *Univerſe*, the *Sovereign Protector* of the *Empire* eſtabliſhed by his own Hands, the Hopes of the *Infidels* are defeated. *Ottoman* is not left without an Heir to ſit upon the Throne, an Heir of his *Blood*, as well as of his *Empire*.

The Birth of *Sultan Mahomet* is no ſmall News to *Europe*, after it had been generally reported, that his Father, *Sultan Ibrahim*, was Impotent. The Ladies of the *Court* here begin to entertain a better Opinion of him. And the *Grandees* frame more Maſculine *Idea's* of our *Glorious Monarch*.

God augment the *Imperial* Off-ſpring, and perpetuate the *Ottoman* Sway, till the Day of the Balance.

I bow my Forehead to the Carpets whereon thou treadeſt, and kiſs the Hem of thy rich Veſt. *God* encreaſe thy Graces and Felicities.

Paris, 12th. *of the* 9th. *Moon*, *of the Year* 1642.

LETTER

LETTER XXIII.

To the same.

IT is not lawful for a *Slave* to pry into the Actions of his *Sovereign Lord*, much less to censure his Conduct with Boldness. But, miserable is that Prince who amongst all his pretended Friends and Servants, has none so Faithful and Discreet, as to warn him of Dangers which are ready to devour him.

I cannot but highly applaud the Severity of thy Justice, in taking away the Life of that *Persian* Traytor last Year, who by his accursed Insinuations and Example, hastened the Death of our late *Victorious Sovereign, Sultan Amurat*, upon whom be the *Mercies* of *God*.

That *Heretick*, though an *Emir*, of the Race of our *Holy Prophet*, and adorned with the *Immarcessible Colour*, which is appropriated to Sanctity and Vertue; yet, refrained not from *Idolatry*, being a daily Votary to *Bacchus*. He it was, who first taught the *Unfortunate Sultan* to drink Wine, which he afterwards practised to that Excess, as betray'd him to many Inconveniencies, and at last to Death it self.

But, suffer me to ask thee, why thou dost not also take an equal Revenge on *Mustapha Bassa*, who was as guilty as the *Persian*; being not only a Companion, but a zealous Promoter of the *Royal* Debauches? It was he, who

who first propos'd that Fatal Match of drinking, which cast the *Sultan* into a Mortal Fever, of which he died in less than a Week.

I should not presume to say these Things to thee, nor to call past Miscarriages to Remembrance, were I not certainly inform'd that the same *Mustapha* is practising his old Trade with the present *Sultan Ibrahim*, endeavouring to enervate the *Royal* Blood, and withdraw the *Sultan* from the just Observance of our *Holy Laws*, to the Impious Profanations of the *Infidels*. I am commanded to give Intelligence of all Important Affairs to thee, and the other *Great Ministers of State*: I thought none more weighty, than that which regards the Life of my *Sovereign*.

I have done my Duty, I leave the Process to thee, who are the Oracle of Government.

God direct thy Feet in the Path of Justice, which will assuredly lead thee to the Gardens of *Eden*, where thou shalt enjoy Eternal Repose, and Supreme Felicity.

Paris, 26th *of the* 9th. *Moon*,
of the Year, 1642.

LETTER XXIII.

To the Venerable Mufti, *Prince of the Religion of the* Turks.

I Received the *Dispatch* of thy Sanctity, wherein thou hast renovated my *Soul*, and restored me to a sound Consistence of *Spirit*. My Doubts are vanished, I am no longer racked with torturing Scruples about my Conduct. Thy *Absolution* has obliterated the *Sentence* my Fears had pronounced on me.

As to the *Penance* thou hast enjoined me, it is Rational, and adapted to the Quality of my Crime. I have counterfeited a *Christian*, that I might the better perform the Duty of a *Mussulman*. I have seemed devoutly Attentive to the *Roman Missal*, that I might be Instrumental to propagate the *Alcoran*. And, for this *Religious* Fault, thou requirest, that I should inform thee, how the *Christians* behave themselves in their *Temples*, where I have been so often a Spectator of their *Ceremonies*. I submit with an absolute Resignation, and a willing Compliance to thy *Venerable* Injunction; and, will briefly relate what I have observed.

These *Infidels* seem to be Ambitious of imitating the *Undefiled Religion*, and yet they prove but bad *Mimicks*; for, as we are taught to wash our Bodies before we enter the *Sacred*

cred *Mosque*; so they, at the Entrance of their *Churches*, dip their Fingers in certain Vessels filled with Water and Salt, and sprinkle their Foreheads therewith; as though their Purity lay in a Swound, and was thus to be recovered to life again: or, that the Uncleanness of their whole Bodies, were contracted into the Face. They esteem the Water *Holy*, and yet they trifle with it as an *Indifferent* Thing. One would think, they should be desirous to bath themselves all over, and let every Pore in their Skin imbibe the *Sanctified* Liquor: But, they seem rather to use it as a Charm; for, after they have sprinkled a few Drops on their Faces, and muttered to themselves Two or Three Words, they think they have chased all Impurity from them in a Fright, and boldly present themselves before the *Altars*. Herein also they deviate from the Practice of Former *Christians*, who (if their own *Church-Histories* be true) were accustomed to wash their Arms and Feet in certain Cisterns, before they entred the *Temples*; whereof the *Fountains* and *Lavatories* remaining yet on the *South* Side of the *Holy* and *Magnificent Mosque* of *Santa Sophia* at *Constantinople*, are a standing Testimony. For, the *Greek* Inscripeions shew That some of them, at least, were contrived by the Builders of this Glorious *Temple*, in the Time of *Justinian* the *Emperor*, for the Purification of such as came thither to Worship. By which 'tis manifest, That these *Modern Infidels* degenerate from those more *Ancient* ones.

Another Thing offends me also, which is this; They believe the *Divinity* is present in their *Temples*, after a peculiar and extraordinary Manner, and yet they suffer Dogs to Profane them with their vilest Excrements. They spare for no Cost to adorn their *Churches*, and their *Altars* are enriched with invaluable Treasures of Silver, Gold, and Precious Stones; and yet, after all, they must become the Receptacles of the Dung of Sordid Animals.

These wicked Wretches also, walk up and down in these *Sacred Places*, talking of their Common Affairs, as though they were on the *Exchange*, or in the *Market-Place*.

But, that which is to be had in greatest Abomination, is, that it is common for Men to make Love to the Women in *Churches*: They present themselves before the *Altars*, but, the *Saint* whom they Invocate, is some beautiful Female. She engrosses all their Devotions; to her they make their Vows. The amorous Youth adores his Mistress that kneels by him, laden perhaps with more Sins than himself. His Eyes may be fixed on the *Altar*, or, on the Pictures and Images, but his Tongue Addresses to the more Charming Idol near him. Or, if his Eyes are attentive on his *Prayer-Book*, he teaches it to speak nothing but the soft and effeminate Things of Love. Thus, Assignations of *Lust*, are made in the *House of Prayer*; and the Affairs of *Cupid*, managed under the Masque of *Religion*. They Fight the Battels of *Venus*, under the Banner of their *God*.

I tell

I tell thee, *Venerable Interpreter* of the *Divine Law*, that the Sight of these Things has sometimes inflamed my Zeal to that Height, as had it not been for an earnest Desire to do some extraordinary Service to the *Grand Signior* (which obliged me to take Care of my self) I should certainly have transfixt these profane Mockers of *God* on the Spot, and Sacrificed them to a Zeal, which thou, who art *Piety* it self, wouldst not, I believe, reprehend.

I fold my Arms, *most Venerable Sovereign of Religion*, and wrapping my self in profound Humility, I fall prostrate to the Earth; begging thy effectual Blessing and Intercession, that I may be admitted into the Number of the *Happy* in *Paradise*.

Paris, 26th *of the* 9th *Moon*, *of the Year* 1642.

LETTER XXIV.

To the Vizir Azem, *Prime Director of the Affairs of the* Ottoman *Empire.*

THE Notices I have of the *Present State of England*, (in Compliance with thy Commands) are not gained without some Difficulty. It is not easie for a Man that sits in his Chamber in *Paris*, to pry into the Cabinets of *Foreign Courts*: Yet, I will communicate to thee some Intelligences, which thou couldst not learn from the *English Embassador* at the *Port*, nor from all the Travellours of that Nation, residing at *Constantinople*, *Smyrna* and *Aleppo*.

There is a *Jew* whom they call *De Lopez*, a Confident and Emissary of *Cardinal Richlieu*, whom he employs both at Home and Abroad in several private Negotiations and Intrigues. I have insinuated into this Man's Familiarity, and (if I may so express it) I have Riveted my self into his Heart. He treats me with an Assurance void of Jealousie; and, there is no Folding or Angle in his Breast, which I do not easily penetrate. I make use of him, as an *Optick*, through which I peep into the *Cardinal*'s Secrets, and, as a Mirrour, in which I behold the true Face of many disguised Affairs, transacted in the remotest Corners of *Europe*;

Europe; there being hardly any thing of moment done in the *Courts* of *Christian* Princes, wherein the *Cardinal* has not a Finger. He seems to be the *Genius* or *Soul* of *Christendom*, communicating Motion, Activity, and Heat, to all the Grand Intrigues now on Foot in these *Western* Parts of the World.

The *Commotions* of *England*, seem to be a *complicated Distemper* of the *State*, arising from several *Causes*, drawn to a *Head* by the dextrous Artifice of this *Busie Spirit*. The Present King of that *Island*, came to the Crown with no small Disadvantages; his Father having Exhausted the *Treasury*, and left him deeply in Debt. He had no small Number of the *Blood-Royal* to maintain; which kind of Charges, thou knowest, our *Glorious Sultans*, though they be Masters of infinite Riches, endeavour to avoid, by Marrying their Daughters and Nieces, whilst yet Infants, to some of the most Potent and Wealthy *Bassa*'s, that so their Port may be kept up, without burdening the *Royal* Coffers. But, the *Infidel* Princes are wanting in this frugal Providence. In the Reign of King *James* (this King's Father) *England* lay at Ease, slumbring in the Downy Bed of Peace; she wallowed in Pleasures, and had no other Unhappiness, but in being too Happy. Her Affluence and Idleness, affected the *State* with a *Plethory*. The Publick Health cannot be long conserved, without the moderate Exercise of War. *Charles*, after the Death of the *Old King*, being Established in the *Throne*, committed the Affairs of *State*,

to the Management of his *Miniſters*; never examining his *Treaſury*, nor calling to an Account his *Officers*, but Indulged himſelf in the Pleaſures moſt agreeable to his Youthful *Genius*. He hunted in the Foreſts, whilſt the *Grandees*, whom he entruſted with his Revenues and the Publick Conduct, had another Game to purſue, poſt-poning their Maſter's Intereſt, and that of the Nation, to their own private Avarice. The *Favourite Miniſter*, held a ſecret Correſpondence with *Cardinal Richlieu*, and, by this means, the *Court* was filled with *French Penſioners*; countenanced alſo by the Authority of the *Queen*, who was the *Daughter* of *France*.

It had been before agreed in the *Articles* of the *Marriage*, that the *Queen* of *England* ſhould have a prefixed Number of *French* Servants. But they, not content with their Domeſtick Employments, and Attendance on her Perſon, ſought the Management of that Eſtate, which King *Charles* had ſetled on her as a *Dowry*. This would by no means agree with the Conſtitutions of the *Engliſh*. That *Iſland* is a *Little World* by it ſelf; and, the Inhabitants boaſt of an Original Freedom of Birth, which is not ſo much as dreamt of in all the Dominions of our *Invincible Sultans*. Though the *Engliſh* have ſeveral Times been Invaded and Subdued, by the *Saxons*, *Danes*, and *French*; yet, it has been rather by Compoſition than Extremity of War: Or, if it may be called a *Conqueſt*, the *Victors* have been forced to yield to the *Vanquiſhed*, in aſ-

ſuring

ſuring them their Ancient Laws, Privileges and Cuſtoms. There is no Nation in the World, more jealous of this their pretended Birthright. And therefore to avoid all Occaſions of giving Offence to the *Nobles* and *Gentry*, the *King* perceiving the inſolent Demands and Carriage of the *French Courtiers*, commanded them all, ſave a few Creatures of the *Favourite Duke*, to depart the *Kingdom*. This much diſguſted the *Queen*; and *Cardinal Richlieu* was glad of the Opportunity to incenſe the King of *France*. *Lewis* was netled at the Affront offered to his Siſter. Yet, by the Dexterity of the *Mareſchal Baſſompierre*, his *Embaſſador* at the *Engliſh Court*, Things were in a way of Accommodation; when all was quaſh'd by the Seizure which the *French* made of ſeveral *Engliſh* Ships; and ſo a War commenced, far more fatal in its Conſequences to *England* than to *France*.

The King of *England* rouzed from his Pleaſures and Divertiſements, by the Preparations of his Potent Neighbour, began to look about him, and conſult the Publick Safety. But, when he examined his *Treaſury*, he found it empty, or, at leaſt, at a very low Ebb.

Behold here, Supreme *Baſſa*, a ſtroke of *Deſtiny*, a Concurrence of Cauſes, ſeeming remote and ſmall in their firſt Appearance; but, in their Proceſs, uniting and involving that Kingdom in Ruine.

Charles could not carry on a War with *France*, without asking Aid of the *Sovereign Divan* (which they call the *Parliament*)

of that Nation. It is a *Senate* composed of above Seven hundred of the *Nobility* and *Gentry* of the Land. These have the Power to make Laws, raise Taxes, and redress the Grievances of the *Kingdom*. It was an ill Season to ask the Assistance of his *Subjects*, who had already conceived an Aversion for the *Royal Dignity*. However, a Mighty *Fleet* was order'd to be Rigg'd and Mann'd out. *Cardinal Richlieu*, from afar, beheld the approaching Storm, and knew not how to divert it from falling on *France*, but by Corrupting the *English Favourite*. *De Lopez*, from whom I received this Intelligence, was employed in the Affair; he was sent to *London*, which is the *Metropolis* of *England*, and the Place where the King usually keeps his *Court*. It was an Expensive Negotiation, and cost the *Cardinal* Forty Thousand *Dollars*, which is equivalent to Three Millions and Two Hundred Thousand of our *Aspers*. With this vast Bribe, he Proselyted the *Favourite Duke* to the Interest of *France*. The *English Navy* consisted of an Hundred and Fifty Sail, having also Twelve Thousand Land-Men on Board. It was agreed between them, that the *English Minister* should procure himself to be made *Admiral* of these *Marine* Forces. His Indulgent Master, could deny nothing to the Man whom he had entrusted with the Sway of the *Government*. Now the King of *France* might sleep at quiet, since the *English* Ships sailed with a *French* Wind. They landed upon the *Island* of *Re*, but their Actions were altogether *Theatrical*; a mere

a mere ſhew of War, without any real Execution. The *Engliſh General*, manifeſtly omitting the proper Methods, and favourable Opportunities of winning that *Iſland*: His Conduct ſpeaking, as if he came there rather to Compliment than to Fight.

Theſe Things made a harſh ſound in *England*, and the *Nobles* reſented ill the double-dealing of the *Duke* of *Buckingham* (ſo was the *Engliſh* General call'd.) In fine, the bad Succeſs of their Forces, the Expences they had been at, and the Diſgrace they ſuffered in this War, (Four and Forty of their *Colours* being carried to *Paris*, and hung up in the Chief *Temple* of this City, as Trophies of the *French* Victory) incenſed the Generality of the *Engliſh* Nation againſt the King and the Government; they began to accuſe him in their Cabals, of Male-Adminiſtration; and, the Favourite *Duke* was a while after ſtabbed by a Ruffian, whom the Malecontents had hired to execute their Revenge.

The Affections of the *Engliſh*, appeared every day more and more alienated from the King. And *Cardinal Richlieu* had there his Agents, who were not wanting to foment the Publick Diſcontents, and by divers Artifices to draw the Credulous People into Factions. The *French Penſioners* were inſtructed to deport themſelves in a Manner every way offenſive to the Nation. Black and threatning Clouds ſeemed to hang over the *Court* of *England*, exhaled from the ill Blood of the *Subjects*. The *Royal* Dignity went Retrograde;

grade; and, all Things tended to obscure the Lustre of the Crown. Yet, there passed some Years, before Things came to Extremities; and, Matters though ripened, yet were not brought to an open Rupture, till *Scotland* lanced the Sore.

This Nation is subject to the Crown of *England*, and makes one Half of the *Island* of *Great Britain*. They are a Warlike People; patient of Labour, accustomed to the Rigour of an extreme Cold *Climate*, great Travellers, Subtle, Proud and Inconstant.

After that which some call *Heresie*, others a *Reformation*, had begun to alienate many *Kingdoms* and *Provinces* from the *Roman Church*; the *Scots*, greedy of Novelties, and spurred on by the Ambitious Pretexts of one of their *Grandees* (who under the Mask of Religion sought the Crown) introduced Innovations into their *Church*. They shook off at once all their *Obedience* to the *Pope*, and set up such a *Form* of *Religious Discipline*, as was altogether *Antimonarchical*; and, their *Preachers* ceased not to instil into the Hearts of the People, *Democratick* Principles. Thus continued Affairs, till King *Charles*, not insensible of these Things, and willing to new Model that *Church*, they took up Arms against him, knowing that he would not be able to raise Forces to chastise them, without calling a *Parliament*. The *Parliament* of *England*, was at that time full of *Scotish* Proselytes, Men of Seditious and *Turbulent* Principles; so, that the *King* was like to find

but

but little Favour among them. However, by the Assistance of some Loyal *Nobles* and *Gentlemen*, he marches into *Scotland* at the Head of an Army. Not a Blow was struck on either side; but all Differences were composed, and hush'd up by a *Treaty*. Yet, soon after, the *Scots* entred into *England* with an Army, being underhand invited in by their Partizans in *England*. The King is a Second Time forced to throw himself upon his *Parliament* for Money; but they, instead of granting him any, fell to examining his past Conduct, complaining and desiring a Redress of several Irregularities in his Administration. There were those who failed not to put in Execution, the Designs and Instructions of *Cardinal Richlieu*; he had his Agents up and down the Kingdom, who insinuated Jealousies and Heart-burnings into the Gentry and People of the Land. The King was represented every where as a Tyrant, and all his Actions were misconstrued.

Signior Rossetti, the *Pope's Nuncio* at the *English Court*, beside his Instructions from the *Roman Pontiff*, held a strict Intelligence with the *Cardinal*. His Business at this *Court*, was *publickly* to the *Queen* (who professed an Obedience to the *See* of *Rome*) but *privately* he was order'd to Negotiate an Accommodation between the *Roman* and *English* Churches. *Cardinal Richlieu* thought to strike two Marks with one Blow, that is, to embroil the *State* of *England*, and procure himself the greater Esteem with the *Roman Court*.

Court. He appears very Zealous for the Conversion of *England*; and in order to it, allows a Considerable Pension to *Signior Rossetti*: Instructing him withal, to shew his utmost Dexterity, in gaining the *Courtiers* and *Grandees* of that Nation to his Side.

He knew the *Genius* of the *English*; and, that there was nothing so offensive to that Nation, as the *Papal* Power and Religion. Wherefore, *De Lopez* was order'd to pay *Signior Rossetti* vast Sums of Money, that so there might be nothing wanting to Proselyte the *Courtiers*; knowing that they would act insolently, and disgust the *Protestants*, and so encrease the Publick Aversion for the *Regal* Authority. There was also another Agent at the *English Court*, who was Secretary to *Cardinal Barberini*, a Man no less Industrious than the other, in advancing the *Roman* Interest. He held a strict Correspondence with some of the *Chief Ministers*, especially with the *Principal Secretary* of *State*. Whilst these were doing their Master's Business at the *Court*, there were others no less Active in the City, where they endeavoured to create a Party and raise Factions, insinuating themselves into the Acquaintance of the most eminent Merchants and other Citizens; representing to them, the Dangerous Consequences of *Signior Rossetti's* Residence at the *Court*; glancing at every Thing which look'd like a false Step in the King's Conduct; alarming them with Fears and Apprehensions of being subjected to a *Foreign* Power; and,

using

using all their Arts to nourish *Popular* Dissatisfaction.

The *Scots*, about this Time, made another Incursion into *England*. A *Parliament* was called, but no Good done. The *King*'s Necessities, made them grow High in their Demands and Carriage, and all things tended to a General Defection.

A while after, the *Irish* revolted, and massacred above a Hundred Thousand *English*. The *King* is accused for being privy to it; Tumules are raised, who, in threatning manner, seem'd to besiege the *Royal Palaces*, calling out for Justice; not much unlike the Sedition of our *Janizaries*, when they are displeased with the Conduct of our Glorious *Sultans*, or his *Prime Ministers* of *State*.

In fine, the Misunderstandings between the *King* and the *Parliament* grew to that Height, as induced the *King* to withdraw from the *Capital City*, about the Beginning of this Year. And, in the following *Moon*, he sent the *Queen* with her *Daughter* into *Holland*, that they might pass away the time in the *Court* of the *Prince* of *Orange*, till this Storm was blown over.

In the Interim, the *King* sends Letters to the *Parliament*, perswading them to consult the Publick Peace; but all was to no purpose; they seize upon all the *Strong Holds* and *Castles* they could; so that, when the *King* came to one of his Garrison'd Towns, the Gates were shut against him, and he was denied Entrance by the *Governour*. The *Parliament* list-

lists an Army, and the King ſet up his Royal *Standard* in the laſt *Moon*. Since which, there has been nothing of Action between them, but the Armies are drawing near each other.

I will inform thee of all Particulars, as they come to my Knowledge. But the Packet-Boats from the *Iſland*, come not ſo frequently during the Diſturbance, as they have done ormerly.

I beſeech the *Creator* of all things, to defend our *Invincible Sultan*, from the Seditious Practices of his *Subjects*; and make thee Inſtrumental, to eſtabliſh and aggrandize the *Ottoman* Empire.

Paris, 29th. *of the* 9th. *Moon*, *of the Year* 1642.

LETTER

LETTER XXV.

To Abdel Melec Muly Omar, Superintendent *of the* College *of* Sciences *at* Fez.

WHEN I write to thee, 'tis with a Reſpect equal to that which I pay to the *Emirs*, the *Deſcendents* of our *Holy Prophet*, ſince thou art ſprung from the Noble Stem of the Ancient *Saracens*, the Blood of the Celebrated *Omar*, *Succeſſor* to the *Divine Lawgiver*, ſtreaming in thy Veins.

I revere the Banner carried into *Ægypt* by thy *Renowned Progenitor*, before which the *Græcians* fled aſtoniſhed, as at a Sign ſent from Heaven of their approaching Ruine. This Sacred Piece of Antiquity I have ſeen at *Medina*, where 'tis repoſited in the *Chancel* of the *Babylonian Caliphs*. I have honour'd it with a Pious Veneration; but, much greater is my Regard to thee, who art a Living Relique of that *Illuſtrious Houſe*.

Permit me, Venerable Sage, to converſe with thee a little, after the Manner of a Pupil; with thee, I ſay, who art a Fountain of Sapience; For, beſides thy perfect Knowledge of the *Divine Law*, thou art accompliſhed with all *Humane Literature*.

There is a Man in theſe Parts, of a large Soul and elevated Speculations, who ſtiffly maintains

maintains, That the Earth moves, and the Sun ſtands ſtill. He is not the firſt that broach'd this *Doctrine*, it has had ſeveral Learned *Patrons*, but he has highly Improved the *Theory*. His Reſons for it, have almoſt the Force of *Mathematical Demonſtrations*; and, nothing ſeems to oppoſe him, but the Authority of *Moſes*, and the *Hebrew Scriptures*. The *Chriſtians* will not approve of any *Philoſophy*, which interferes with that which they call the *Bible*; and yet their Practice gives a perpetual Lye to the Contents of that Book. Surely, there is no *Envy* in the *Deity*; and, He that is *Omniſcient*, will not puniſh Men for improving their Knowledge. The Study of *Nature*, is full of Innocent Delights, and, he that gave to Man an Appetite of Science, has not forbid him to gratifie it with its proper Objects. Nor can I ſee how this *New Philoſophy* contradicts any more than the bare Letter of their *Bible*, (for, I have read it in ſeveral Languages;) And, the *Jews*, who are the *Guardians* of the *Original Hebrew*, allow a *Cabbaliſtical* Interpretation far different from the *Literal*: So does the *Arabian* Prince and *Philoſopher*, *Avicen*, Interpret thoſe Verſicles in our *Holy Alcoran*, (which treat of *Paradiſe*) in a Sence far more refined than the Letter ſeems to import. In reading ſuch Myſterious Books, it is neceſſary to practiſe a Learned *Chymiſtry*, to ſublimate the groſs external Sence of the Words, and to extract the Spirit and Soul of the Diſcourſe.

That the Sun is the Center of this our Planetary

netary World, and that the Earth with the Rest of the Planets move round about it, is a *Thesis* which keeps exact Touch with Humane Reason, and seems naturally to square with our Intellectual Faculties. It sets all the Wheels of this Great and Wonderful *Machine*, in a regular and proportionate Circulation. It gives the truest Account of the Retrograde Motions of the Planets. *Ptolomey*'s System of the World, seems to Romance upon the Sun, Moon, and Stars, in assigning them hourly such prodigious Journeys through the Heavens, as are inconsistent with the Laws of Motion. And *Tycho Brahe* was but a Botcher, in patching up the Orbs with his *Eccentricks*, *Epicycles*, &c. The former, keeps the Fixed Stars in an endless and unconceivable Hurry; the latter involves the Planets in a Heavenly Perplexity. Both come far short of *Copernicus*, that Excellent *Astronomer*, who by placing the Sun in the Centre of the World, has solv'd all the Appearances of *Nature* with the most exact Analogy to Truth. Nor is the Argument, taken from our Sense, of any force, since it invalidates the Motion of the Sun as well as that of the Earth: nay it is more incongruous, that the Sun should move so many Hundred Thousand Miles every Hour, and we not perceive him to stir a Hairs-breadth at a time. But I will not intrench farther on thy Patience, nor run the Risque of a *Vertigo*, by pursuing the swift Orbicular Motions of *Nature*. It matters not much, whether the Sun stands still, or the Earth, provided

we

we run the Race that is appointed us, so as to gain the Prize. Yet I will ask thy Judgment on another Point, which Men of high Reaches have started.

There are some Learned Men who say, the Moon and rest of the Planets are habitable as our Globe is. For my part, to speak freely, I could wish it were true, it is a sociable Doctrine. It has made me melancholy sometimes, when I have cast my Eyes upwards, to think all those Ample Tracts in the Firmament should be void of Inhabitants, and yet scarce a Turf of our Dunghil Earth to be found without its Domesticks. It is demonstrable to the Eye, that the Moon is an Opake Body like this Globe whereon we tread, having no other Light, but what it borrows from the Sun. Where is the Heresie then, in supposing that it is created for a like use? I hope, the *Sacred Empire* of the *Mussulmans*, will not stain it self with such a Barbarous Murder, as was committed on *Vigilius* a certain *Christian Bishop*, who was burnt by the Decree of the *Roman Church*, for Asserting the *Antipodes*; a Truth which all Nations are now sensible of, since the Improvement of Navigation and Traffick. And yet *Galileus* had like to have undergone the same Sentence at *Rome*, within these Ten Years, for maintaining the Earth's Motion, and that the Sun is the fixed *Centre* of the World; Nothing but his Recantation being sufficient to have sav'd him. Such Severities choak the Growth of Learning, and stop the Progress, which would otherwise

otherwise be made in Arts and Sciences.

Happy are the Students that live under thy Auspicious *Patronage*, in that fruitful *Seminary* of *Philosophers*, where the *Mysteries* of *God* and *Nature* are taught free from the Prophane Licentiousness of the Ancient *Pagans*, or the Superstitious Rigours of Modern *Infidels*.

I pray the *Sovereign Intelligence*, not to withdraw from thee his Divine Influence, nor restrain the Floud of Light that has been let loose on thy Soul; but that thou may'st overflow like *Nilus*, and enlighten not only *Africk*, but the whole World with some New Discovery.

Paris, 29th. *of the* 9th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER XXVI.

To Cara Haly, *the Physician at* Constantinople.

THE *Western Philosophers*, especially those who follow the Sentiments of *Monsieur des Cartes*, maintain, That the Souls of all living Creatures (except Men) are Material and Mortal; that a Beast is but a Machine, like a Watch or Clock, not actuated or informed by any *Spirit* distinct from the *Body*, but moved to the Performance of all Natural Actions

Actions, by a meer Corporeal Mechanism, set on Work by various Impulses from External Objects.

In this they oppose *Aristotle*, and all the Sages of the *East*. And thou knowest, that our *Arabian* Doctors are of a contrary Opinion, who ascribe Reason, Discourse, and Immortality, to the Souls of Beasts, as well as to those of Men; having assigned particular Apartments for *Elboraeh*, the Beast which carried our *Holy Prophet* from *Mecca* to *Jerusalem*; for the *Ram* which *Abraham* sacrificed instead of his Son *Isaac*; for the *Cow* of *Moses*, the *Pismire* of *Solomon*, the *Whale* which saved *Jonas*, the *Raven* which fed *Elijah*, the *Ass* which rebuked *Balaam*; and, in General, for all the *Camels* which have the Honour to carry the *Sacred Alcoran* to *Mecca*.

I will suspend my Belief of their being entertained in *Paradise*, till I shall have the Happiness to see them there; but, I cannot however acquiesce to the Opinions of these *Modern* Philosophers, who assert their Souls to be meer Matter. The Bodies both of Men and Beasts, I own, perform all Motions by Mechanick Rules; but, that Mechanism is guided by a higher Principle than the fortuitous Impulse of External Agents, in Beasts as well as Men.

All Animals seem to me to be endued with a Faculty, which if it may not be called Reason; yet is something Analogous to it, for which we want a proper Name. And, of this Mind were *Empedocles*, *Pythagoras*, *Plotinus*

tinus and *Porphyry*, with many other Ancient Sages. Though this Faculty is more eminently conspicuous in some Kinds of Beasts than in others.

I cannot but admire the Regular Architecture of *Bees*, their Industry and Politick Oeconomy, vying with the most Excellent Form and Administration of Government among Men. 'Tis with no less Pleasure I behold the *Spider*, when with exquisite Art she builds her little silken Palace, and lays her fine-wrought Trains to catch the unwary Fly. 'Tis equally Pleasant and Diverting to observe the Conduct of the *Fourmires*, their prudent Forecast; how they trudge up and down all the Summer, to lay up a sufficient Stock of Provinder for the barren Winter. There is no kind of Bird, four-footed Beast or Fish, which does not confute this *Cartesian Hypothesis*.

It is credibly reported by *Porphyry*, that in the *East-Indies*, there is a Beast, which they call a *Hyæna*, which approaching near the Villages will imitate a Man's Voice, and calling the Inhabitants by their Names, if they come out of their Houses, 'twill seize on the first that comes to hand, and devour him. The *Dog*, the *Ape*, the *Elephant*, with many other four-footed Beasts, afford us manifest *Specimens* of Reason, or something very like it.

Who has not heard of the Love which *Dolphins* bear to Men? *Pliny* relates a pretty Story of a *Dolphin* that frequented the Lake *Lucrinus* in *Italy*, and being often fed from the Shore by a certain School-Boy, grew at length

so

ſo familiar as to come at a call. We alſo read of another, who took the Muſician *Arion* on his Back (when caſt into the Sea by cruel Sailers) and carried him ſafe to Shore.

Can all theſe Actions proceed from meer Matter? In my Opinion, 'tis as eaſie to defend, That Humane Nature it ſelf is but Matter ſo and ſo Modified; and, that all the Buſtle Men keep in the World, is but the Effect of a better Compoſition of Body, the Reſult of a more perfect and refined Machine.

I eaſily agree, that we far excel the other Living Creatures in all the Operations of our Souls, and Exerciſes of our Reaſon: Yet, we have our defects as well as they; and, this I eſteem as one of the greateſt, to deny them any ſhare in *Reaſon*, who ſo far excel us in *Sence*.

It is a culpable Pride and Envy in Men, thus to blaſt the Reputation of their *Animal* Kindred; from which Vices I know thou art free.

God, that has made uſe of the Tongue of a ſilly *Aſs*, to reprove the Folly of a Wiſe Man in his own Conceit, Illuminate our Underſtandings in the Myſteries of his *Law*.

Paris, 24th. *of the* 10th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER

LETTER XXVII.

To Haſſein Baſſa.

THY Commands I receive as Marks of thy Eſteem and good Will, which I deſire may be perpetual. Thou haſt an Eminent Share in the Favour of our *Auguſt Emperor*; and, I ſhall ſtudy to Merit thy Protection, by all the dutiful Offices that can be expected from a *Slave* in my Station.

There is nothing ſo much conduces to eſtabliſh a permanent Friendſhip, as a right Underſtanding. The Souls of Friends are firſt warp'd by Miſapprehenſions. I would not have thee think of me, as I do of my ſelf; that would prompt thee to Contempt: nor, as the *French* do, who take me for *Titus* of *Moldavia*; but, look upon me (whatever my Failings are) as a Man that values and practiſes the Incorrupt Fidelity of the Firſt Ages. I abhor Treachery, and, for that Reaſon, am often forced to make an Officious Lye: Yet, I do not proſtitute my Conſcience, having the *Muft*i's Diſpenſation. Whenever it ſhall be told thee, that *Mahmut* degenerates, ſuſpect the Slanderer; perhaps he would ſupplant me: I am not fond of my *Commiſſion*, but I dread to loſe the *Sultan*'s Favour: Whoſoever deprives me of that, robs me of my *Honour*, which is dearer to me than my *Life*.

By what I have ſaid, thou wilt perceive, that I am not ignorant of the ill Offices which *Ikingi Cap'-Oglani* has done me. The Man aſpires, and is envious: Were I in his Poſt, I would not exchange the Honour and Felicity of Educating the *Royal Pages* of the *Seraglio*, for an Employment attended with infinite Hazards, and no leſs Trouble, as is that of *Mahmut*. If he be expert in the *French* Tongue, there are thoſe that excel him; and Language is but the Shell of more ſubſtantial Accompliſhments. Every *Linguiſt* is not fit to be Employed in the *Secrets* of *State*; neither are all *Padagogues Politicians*. I am ſtartled at the Ambition of a Man, who, becauſe he has ſtudied at *Athens*, thinks himſelf worthy of the Confidences of the Myſterious *Port*, which arbitrates the Fate of all the Kingdoms in the World. If this be not his Aim, why does he daily traduce me? Why does he paint me to the *Miniſters* of the *Divan*, in black and odious Colours, perſwading them, it is my Natural Complexion? He is not content with the Calumnies he himſelf throws on me, but has corrupted *Solyman* my Couſin, and hired him to miſrepreſent me to the *Kaimacham*: And, that he might be ſure to ſtrike home, he has drawn to his Party *Shaſbin Iſbam*, the *Black Eunuch*.

I ſent *Solyman* a Letter laſt Year, full of Reproofs, not knowing who had ſet him at Work: I hope it had ſome good Effect on him, though late. 'Tis from him I received this Intelligence. He ſeems to repent of his Malice, telling me,

That

That this *Ikingi Cap'-Oglani*, had ſo Artificially poſſeſſed him with a Belief of my Perfidiouſneſs, that he thought he did good Service to *God* and the *Grand Signior*, to rail at me; but, that the *Kaimacham* had afterwards convinced him of my Innocence. This was the Subſtance of his Letter, and he concludes it with begging my Pardon.

I tell thee, Illuſtrious *Beſſa*, that though the Wounds which are given by the Tongue of a Slanderer, be deeper than thoſe which are given by the Sword; and, I could ſooner pardon him who ſought manfully to take away my Life, than he which baſely Murders my good Name; yet, I attribute my Kinſman's Fault, to Youthful Error, and a Loyal Miſtake; and I love him the better, for hating any one that he could imagine would prove Unfaithful, and a Traytor to *God* and the *Grand Signior*.

May the benign Heavens bleſs thee with their good Influences, and proſper thee in all Things.

Paris, 1ſt. *of the* 11th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1641.

LETTER XXVIII.

To Solyman *his Couſin at* Conſtantinople.

THY Apology is rational and modeſt, and I am glad to be thus happily deceiv'd. Thou ſeeſt, the *Kaimacham*, with the other *Miniſters* of the *Port*, have too good an Opinion of me to liſten to the Inſinuations of deſigning Men; and, *Ikingi Cap'-Oglani* was out of his Byaſs, when he defam'd the *Loyal Mahmut*; and, the *Black Eunuch* had better been watching the Ladies than wounding my Reputation with his envenom'd Tongue. I wiſh thee hereafter to avoid all Company, that profeſs a Kindneſs to thee, which thou may'ſt but ſo much as ſuſpect to be forc'd.

Thou askeſt my Counſel how to conduct thy ſelf toward thy Firſt Wife, of whom thou ſpeakeſt both well and ill. Thou believeſt her faithful and chaſt; thou knoweſt her to be induſtrious and careful of the Family; good-natur'd, flexible and obliging; but, thou accuſeſt her of a violent and haughty Spirit, fiercely paſſionate, and of a provoking Tongue. She daily and hourly reflects upon thy Miſcarriages; will play the School-Miſtriſs with thee, pretending to correct, reprove, inſtruct, and guide thee in all thy Actions. In fine, thou com-

complaineſt, that thou canſt not enjoy Tranquility with her.

I tell thee, Kinſman, thou ſhouldſt have applied thy ſelf to the *Imaum's* and *Derziſes* in this Caſe; or, at leaſt, to ſuch as have had Experience of a Married Life. Their Sentence would be more Authentick, than what thou canſt expect from me. But ſince thou haſt made choice of my Counſel, I will give thee the beſt I can.

Thou wilt, in my Opinion, find it difficult to be happy with or without this Woman. She is given thee by *Fate*, to poiſe the Balance of thy Life; that neither too much Eaſe nor Pain, exceſs of Joy or Grief, ſhould turn the doubtful Scales of Sence, and make thee either ſwim in Flouds of Pleaſure uncontrouled, or ſink in Mire of baneful Grief and Melancholy.

The chaſt Fidelity, which thou believeſt her endued with, cannot be valued at too high a Rate. It is a Vertue which renders Woman adorable. Likewiſe, her Diligence and Care, her Reſpect and Devoir, her eaſie Temper and good Nature, are Qualities which cannot but charm thee. Should'ſt thou deal unkindly by her, thy generous Soul would regret it the next Moment. Nay, ſhould'ſt thou take the Common Courſe, and diſmiſs her with a *Bill* of *Divorce*, according to the Law, thou would'ſt repent the Deed within twice Four and Twenty Hours.

And yet, I muſt confeſs, 'tis hard to be confined to a fierce Woman's Tongue, to bear

Reproaches and Contumelies, Contempts and Defiances, Lectures and other Female Diſcipline. Who, that's a Man, can brook ſuch Slavery? Who, that has but a Spark of Fire within this Hulk of Clay, can ſtoop to ſuch ignoble and unmanly Softneſs? I cannot counſel thee to ſuch an abject Tameneſs of Spirit. Man is Lord of all his Fellow-Creatures. The fierceſt Beaſts ſubmit to his Imperial Sway; Woman alone, ambitious Woman, diſputes the Government with him. But, 'tis his Right, and he diſowns both *God* and *Nature*, who reſigns it to that aſpiring Sex. Yet, uſe thy Power moderately; keep the Golden Mean. Be not ſurly and rough as a Bear, nor yet effeminate and without Gall as a Dove. But, if thou findeſt it impoſſible to keep her within the Bounds of due Subjection, put her away, and ſo preſerve thy Peace. The Company of thy other Wives, will ſoon efface her lov'd *Idea*, and ſweeten thy Loſs with a Thouſand new Pleaſures. But, if they ſhould follow her Steps, inheriting her Spirit, and tormenting thee with killing Words, divorce them all. I would counſel thee to take ſucceſſively Five Hundred Wives, rather than make thy Life miſerable, by too much Love and Indulgence, to one that knows not how to uſe thy favours.

But, before thou beginneſt to put in Execution this Advice, try all the fair and gentle Methods thy Wit can ſuggeſt, to win her to a Senſe of her Fault, and a Change of her Temper. For, be aſſured, that it will be of leſs

less Pain to thee, to have an Eye pluck'd out of thy Head, than to tear from thy Heart, the first Object of thy Love.

In this, and all things else, have an especial Regard to thy Conscience, and to the *Observing Angel*, who writes down all thy Actions in a Book. Do nothing which may merit the Chastisement of the *Two Black Angels*, who shall visit thee in thy Grave. He who deals unjustly and cruelly by Women on Earth, shall be deprived of the Felicities which our *Holy Prophet* has promis'd us, in the Company of that beautiful Sex in *Paradise*.

Keep the Law, and thou wilt have thy fill of Love, both here and in the Blissful Bowers of *Eden*.

Paris, 1st. *of the* 11th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER XXIX.

To the Kaimacham.

THE Surrender of *Perpignan* to the *French*, startles the World; A Place inexpugnable by Arms, and not to be reduced but by Famine. Some that pretend to penetrate into Foreign Secrets, lay the blame on the *Duke d' Olivarez*. They say, that when the King of *Spain* first heard that *Lewis* laid Siege to

this Important Place, he would have gone in Perſon to its Relief, but that the *Duke* hindred his Deſign, fearing leſt his own Miſcarriages ſhould take Wind, when the King was got on the Frontiers: This, they ſay, put a ſtop to the Levies that were making in *Arragon* and *Caſtile*, and damp'd the Courage of thoſe who were actually in Arms.

Whether this was the Effect or no, 'tis certain, the *Duke d' Olivarez* had ſufficient Reaſon to be Conſcious, knowing, that the *Grandees* of *Spain* watched for an Opportunity to diſlodge him from the King's Breaſt. But, it is ſtrange, that he ſhould at ſuch a Time, neglect any thing that might confirm him in his Maſter's Favour, as the ſaving of *Perpignan* muſt needs adone; all the Succeſſes and Miſcarriages of the *State*, in Peace or War, being attributed to the *Favourite Miniſter*.

Where-ever the Fault lies, I have heard no Man yet condemn the *Governour* of the Town. 'Tis ſaid, he has given all the Marks of a Valiant Souldier, a Prudent Commander, and a Faithful Subject. Theſe Vertues are to be honoured, even in an Enemy.

They report, That the *Spaniſh* King put a kind of Superſtitious Confidence in the *Marquſs d' Avilla*, becauſe one of the ſame *Family* and *Title*, had formerly Defended the Place to Extremity, till the Siege was raiſed. Aſſuredly, Vertue is not inherent in Names, nor Victory entailed to all of the ſame Blood. Both the one and the other, are owing, in a great Meaſure, to Providence and Chance.

The

The *Romans* did not gain more in the *Carthaginian* War, under the Conduct of *Scipio* the *African*, than they lost afterwards, when another of that Name, was *General* of their Army.

'Tis said, the *Duke d' Olivarez* is seized with a Phrenzy upon the Loss of this Town, or, at least, counterfeits one. I do not assert this as a Truth, Illustrious *Kaimacham*, but to shew thee, how People are addicted to censure, not only the Miscarriages of Great Men, but the very Regrets which attend their Misfortunes; as if it were a Crime in them, to mourn for the Calamities which they could not prevent.

In the mean time, *Cardinal Richlieu* has weathered a Tempest raised against him, by the *Duke* of *Orleans* and his Party. As if the Fate of these Two *Ministers*, ran Counter, and, *One* must Rise by the *Other*'s Fall.

Olivarez had laid a Train for *Cardinal Richlieu*'s Destruction, but fell into it himself. He had corrupted one of the *Cardinal*'s Creatures, who associated himself with the *Duke* of *Bouillon*, and the *Duke* of *Orleans*. Besides private Grudges, they all suspected the *Cardinal*, as designing, upon the King's Death, to take the *Regency* into his own Hands. They acquaint *Olivarez* with their Grievances, and enter into a private League with him. He, in hopes to rend the Kingdom of *France* into fatal Divisions, as well as to ruine the *Cardinal*, agrees to furnish the Conspirators with Twelve Thousand *Foot*,

and Three Thousand *Horse*; *Sedan* was to be the Rendezvous of this Army.

But, *Cardinal Richlieu*, whom no Secret could escape, soon discovered the Plot, and acquaints the King with it; who, forthwith caused the Conspirators to be seized, imprisoned, and Two of their Heads to be cut off; the rest were pardoned on Conditions of Surrender, and perpetual Banishment from the King's Presence.

This happened much about the Time that *Perpignan* surrendred, which was, on the Ninth of the *Moon Tibiul*.

A little before, the Conspirators had so obscur'd the *Cardinal*'s Credit at the *Court*, that the King denied him a Visit, when requested, in his Sickness; upon which, the *Cardinal* withdrew himself. But, the King was quickly glad to follow him; having no other Refuge in the midst of his Pressures, but him who was Master of all the Hearts, both of his Subjects and Allies. At that time, the *Count de Guische*, was defeated in *Flanders*, and, the *Parisians* were apprehensive, that *Dom Francisco de Mela* would bring his Forces into the Bowels of *France*. None was able to extricate the King out of so many Troubles, but the *Chief Minister*. Thus, by a Fortunate Concurrence of Events, the *Cardinal* is restored to his Master's Favour, sees his Foreign Enemies humbled, *Perpignan* taken, and his Domestick Foes cut off and baffled.

I pray

I pray *God*, whose Eye is over the *Mussulman* Empire, to preserve thee from all the Machinations of thine Enemies, and make thee to shine bright in the Favour of the *Grand Signior*.

Paris, 12th. *of the* 11th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER XXX.

To Nathan Ben Saddi, *a* Jew *at* Vienna.

THY Letter, with *Carcon's* Journal, is come safe to my Hands, and the Ring which he bequeath'd me. That Legacy, demonstrates his Affection, and that I have not ill deserved of him. For, the Actions of Dying Men, are void of Disguise.

His *Memoirs* will be of great Service to me, containing a more accurate History of the *German Court*, from the Year 1600, to the Time of his Death, than I have yet seen extant. I am not unacquainted with Relations of this Kind. The *Europeans* make their *Histories* speak, what their Affection or Fear suggests, rather than the Truth. The Liberty of Printing, has debauched the Integrity of most Writers; they study rather to please, than inform the Age. For this Reason, I re-

ject

ject the greatest Part of *Modern* History; coveting only, the *Manuscripts* of such as *Carcon.* He speaks Impartially, having no other Byass, than the Service which he owed to the *Grand Signior.*

I speak this for thy Encouragement and Direction, who succeedest that honest Old Man in his Post. When thou committest any of thy Observations to Paper, let them be of Things Remarkable and True.

The Banker to whom thou didst address the Bill for my Payment, made a demurr at first, but *Elinchim* clear'd up his Doubts. I desire thee to order Matters so hereafter, that I may not be taken for a Cheat: That may prove of ill Consequence to us all. I would not have any sinister Accident started, which might make the *French* suspect me. One Misfortune seldom goes without Attendance. The least blemish upon a Man's Credit, streight infects the Air. He whose Reputation is blasted, is suspected and shunn'd like a walking Pestilence.

Thou wilt do well to prevent these Mischiefs, by thy Care and Foresight. Take in good Part this Advice from *Mahmut*, who studies *his Master's* Interest, not *his own.* Adieu.

Paris, 1*c*th *of the* 11th. *Moon, of the Year* 1642.

LETTER

LETTER XXXI.

To the Venerable Mufti, Prince *of the* True *and* Undefiled Faith.

THOU that art a Light to the Blind, the Pole-Star to them that are bewilder'd in an Ocean of Uncertainties; the Sanctuary of the Mind, hatter'd with a Tempeſt of vain Opinions; tell me why it is Blaſphemy to ſay, That *God* has already taken Fleſh, (as the *Chriſtians* Believe) ſince our *Holy Prophet* himſelf avouches, That *God* ſhall aſſume a *Body* at the *Reſurrection*? I approach thy *Sacred Palace*, with burning Coals on my *Head*, with fervent and enflamed Zeal in my Heart; caſt a gracious Eye on thy Suppliant. Reſolve my Doubts; diſſipate the Miſts which cloud my anxious Soul, and reſtore me to a right Mind.

If a *Body* be compatible with the *Divine Eſſence*, it ſeems not to me a Blaſphemy in the *Chriſtians*, to aſſert the *Incarnation* of the *Word*, whom Our *Holy Prophet* calls alſo, the *Breath of God*. If this *Breath* or *Word* of *God*, be not of the *Eſſence* of the *Divinity*, why is that Part of the *Chriſtian Goſpel* had in ſuch Reverence, by the *Faithful Muſſulmans*, where it is ſaid, *In the Beginning was the* WORD, *and the* WORD *was with* God, *and* God *was the* WORD? If the WORD be of the

The *Essence* of *God*, then it will necessarily follow, that *God* has taken a Humane Body, since our *Holy Prophet* calls him the *Word* of *God*, whom the *Christians* adore for *God Incarnate*. Bear with my Weakness and Importunity, and, if I err, correct me in thy Wisdom. And yet, let not these seem so much my Scruples, as the Arguments of *Christians*, whom I would gladly convince of their *Heresie*; but, it must be with solid Reason.

Let not my Lord be angry, if I ask one Question more: Our *Holy Doctors* teach, That the dark Spots in the Moon were made, when the *Angel Gabriel* flew by, and brush'd the Moon with one of his Wings: I ask how great that Wing was, that could make an Impression so great, as to be conspicuous to us at this prodigious Distance? Or, is *Gabriel* to be numbred among those Lofty *Angels*, who can stride from one Star to another? If he be, Was there not Room enough in the vast endless Skies, or, did he lose his Way through untrack'd Orbs, or, did he chance to wink in his Career, that he should thus unfortunately dash the paler Lamp of Heaven? If he be one of those forementionn'd mighty, tall, and wide-stretch'd *Angels*; How came he so to be contracted, when he visited *Mary* the *Mother* of *Jesus* in her Closet, and presented her with a *Rose* that grew in *Paradise*.

Answer me this, O Sovereign *Oracle* of Truth, since my Ears are frequently invaded with such Objections and Blasphemous Jests, by these *Infidels*. How can I hear our *Holy Law*

Law abuſed, and not burn in Spirit? Tell me, I pray, how I ſhall ſilence theſe bold Diſputers, theſe Mockers of the *Book* of *Glory*? Think not this a frivolous Queſtion, and Impertinent to Religion; for, theſe *Weſtern* People are Sagacious and Subtle; if they can find one Flaw in the *Holy Alcoran*, they'll cry down all the reſt as falſe and an Impoſture; at the very thought of which *Blaſphemy*, my Heart trembles.

Not long ago, a famous *Aſtronomer* ſhew'd me in a *Teleſcope* the Globe of the Moon, through which it ſeem'd to me an Opake Body, like the Earth we tread on; and, he affirmed it to be ſo, giving me *Mathematical* Demonſtrations for it; telling me alſo, it was Habitable as our Globe; and, that the Difference of the Brighter and more Obſcure Parts of the Moon, conſiſted only in this, That the one was Firm Land, the other Fluid Water; and, if I may believe my Eyes, when aided by that *Optick* Inſtrument, it is no otherwiſe than as he ſaid.

This *Aſtronomer*, is renowned throughout the *Weſtern World*, being eſteemed the Beſt *Philoſopher* that ever wrote of *Natural* Things. His Name is *Renatus des Carter*. I have been often converſant with him, and took unſpeakable Delight in his refined Notions of the World. He is as dextrous at unravelling the Contexture of the very Elements, as tho' he had ſtood by the *Eternal Artiſt* when he extracted them from the Rude *Chaos*. The minuteſt Particle of Matter, which is to the Eye,

Eye of other Men invisible, appears to him in its proper Figure; he talks as familiarly of globous, square, and triangular Atoms, as though he had a Pair of Compasses to take their true Dimensions by. Were not this admirable *Genius* stain'd with great Impiety, in that he mocks the *Book* of *Glory*, the *Holy Alcoran*, *true Guide* to *Paradise*, I should believe he was inspired from above.

One Day discoursing about the Body of the Moon, he broke out into this Blasphemous Jest, *The* Arabian *Impostor*, said he, *might as well have made his Followers believe what we prate to Children, That there is a Man in the Moon with a Bundle of Faggots on his Back, as to tell them that Fable, of the* Angel Gabriel's *brushing this* Planet *with his Wing.* I was not able to hear any more; but took my Leave.

Furnish me therefore, O Sacred Repository of all true Science, with such convincing Arguments, as may put to Silence these audacious *Infidels*.

God grant I may be one of those, who shall hear the *Angel Ithuriel* read Lectures of Divine Knowledge in *Paradise*.

Paris, 20th. *of the* 12th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER

LETTER XXXII.

To the Vizir Azem, *at the* Port.

I Am acquainted with a *Greek* Merchant in *Paris*, who formerly lived in one of those pleasant *Islands*, which lie about Four Leagues from *Constantinople*, being situated in the *Propontis*.

Asking him one Day, whether Trading was the Motive which induc'd him to quit those *Paradises* upon Earth, and exchange them for the Stench and Noise of this Populous City; he replied, That he had sufficient to make his Life happy in the Place of his Nativity, being Master of a good Estate, and of many fruitful Vineyards, having also Houses there which might vye with the most delightful *Chioses* of the *Mussulman* Grandees: but, that the *Janizaries* and other loose *Mahometans* frequenting those *Islands*, and especially that wherein he dwelt, committed so many Outrages, when heated with Wine, as render'd his Life insupportable; for, they would in these drunken Frolicks, domineer as though they were *Lords* of the *Island*, seizing upon whatsoever pleased them, spoil his Goods, and beat him like a *Slave*; and, if he mildly remonstrated to them the Injuries they had done him, they would give him no other Satisfaction but Oaths and Curses.

These

These Calamities made him sell his Estate, and travel into these Countries, where he might enjoy himself with more Liberty, Profit and Ease.

It is a Dishonour to the *Ottoman Port*, the Seat of Justice, the Sanctuary of the World, to suffer such Disorders to be committed without due Chastisement, within Sight of the *Seraglio*, and by those who have the Honour to guard the Person of the *Sultan*.

I represent these Things to thee, knowing thy Justice will administer a speedy Remedy to these Distempers of the Souldiery. Otherwise should they be suffered to go unpunished, we may expect that not only these *Islands*, but all *Græcia* will in time be dispeopled.

Paris, 25th. *of the* 11th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER XXXIII.

To Cara Haly, *the* Physician *at* Constantinople.

SUffer me to converse with thee after the Manner of Friends, with Freedom and Familiarity. I have often discovered to thee the Distempers of my Body, now I will reveal those more dangerous ones of my Mind. And

I know

I know not, whether they are Diſtempers, or Cures of ſuch. I have writ to the *Muſti* on the ſame Subject, in Part, but with Caution and Reſerve. With thee I will deal frankly, and pour into thy Boſom the Secrets of my Heart.

I am diſſatisfied in many Things pertaining to Religion. 'Tis true, I cannot think or ſpeak of our *Holy Prophet*, but with infinite Attach and Veneration; yet, I owe ſomething to my Reaſon. I will believe, the *Meſſenger* of *God* was true and perfect; but is it a Crime to think, his *Succeſſors* were but Men, ſubject to Frailty and Errour? Their Diviſions, immediately after the Death of our *Great Law-giver*, juſtifie this Reflection, ſince the fatal Schiſm continues to this Day. Either the *Perſians*, or We, muſt be in the wrong. Grant which thou wilt, it follows, that the Truth was no ſooner ſown in the World, but it ſprung up in Mortal *Hereſies*; and, I find no other Aſſurance that we are in the Right, but the Aſſertion of our *Doctors*, the Followers of *Oſman* and *Ebubecher*; who, for ought I know, are no more exempted from Errour, than the Diſciples of *Haly*. Both Sides believe the *Holy Prophet*, yet both at Infinite Diſtance in their *Interpretations* of his *Law*. Each Party boaſts they have the True Sence of the *Divine Oracles*, and curſes the oppoſite for *Hereticks*. *Truth* cannot be repugnant to it ſelf.

From this Original Schiſm, well near a Hundred ſeveral *Sects* have ſprung, each maintaining different Interpretations of the *Law*.

While

While *Truth* can be but One, where shall a Man be sure to find it amongst so many Pretenders to it?

Think not, that I am going to turn *Christian*, because of this Liberty I take to search for *Truth*. For, the Case is the same, or worse among them.

Jesus (whom our *Holy Prophet* calls *the Breath and Word of* God, *The Reformer of the* Law *of* Moses, *knowing the Secrets of Hearts, and working Miracles*) preach'd to the *Jews Repentance*, good Works, the Resurrection of the Dead, the Day of *Judgment*, the *Joys* of *Paradise*, and the *Torments* of *Hell*. He chose Twelve *Disciples*, to disperse his Doctrine over the World. But, they likewise had Dissentions among themselves, after that *God* had taken the *Messias* up to *Paradise*; Each *Apostle*, leaving different Traditions behind him in the Countries where he taught. Hence sprung the Difference between the *Churches* of the *East* and *West*, and those in *Æthiopia*. One following *Peter* and *Paul*, Another believing *John*, the Third defending the Traditions of *Matthew*. And, from these greater *Schisms*, have sprung innumerable smaller *Sects* and *Heresies*: Each *Church* and *Party*, Excommunicating, Damning and Cursing all the Rest; yet all believe they shall be saved.

Thus is the World at Odds about *Religion*, persecuting, biting and devouring one another, because they cannot all think alike. A singular Argument of Religion, and a special Encouragement to gain Proselytes.

These

These Considerations have made me a *Sceptick*, in Controverted Points of *Faith* and Matters of Opinion. Only in this I am fixed, That I believe in *One Eternal God*, and reverence his *Holy Messengers* and *Prophets*. But, if an *Angel* from Heaven should tell me monstrous and incredible Stories, of Things repugnant to the common Sense and Reason of all Mankind, I would desire him to excuse me if I suspended my Belief.

I admire the *Golden Age*, when the Infant World had not yet learn'd Bigottry; when *Humane* Reason was not corrupted with *Divine* Fables; and, Natural Conscience, was the *Oracle* to which all resorted for Solution of their Doubts; before Superstition had begun to dress the *Deity* in frightful, uncouth Shapes: Then harmless Innocence could shew her naked Face, which now is fain to go disguised. No Man was put to Death for Words or Thoughts of Things above his Reach. No crafty *Numa* then had fobb'd upon the Credulous People his feign'd *Ægeria*; Nor Golden-toogu'd *Pythagoras*, could impose the forged Whispers of his Eagle on the silly *Crotonians* for Sacred *Oracles*. No Wonder-working *Magician*, had led the Rabble by the Nose with his Infernal Juggles; but, pure and undebauched Reason taught Men to lead Immortal Lives on Earth.

Tell me, O Learned *Holy*, can'st thou believe, That the Divine Architect had no other Way to make Man, than by laying him a Thousand Years broiling in the Sun? Or, that there

there is an Apple-Tree growing very near the Throne of God? Or, that the *Angels* can ſtride ſome Hundred Thouſands of Miles at once? Can we not go to *Paradiſe*, unleſs we ſwallow theſe ſtrange Notions? Is it not enough to believe in *God* and *Mahomet* his *Prophet*, except we will receive all for Truth, which the *Doctors* tell us? I Faſt and Pray at the appointed Times, and ſometimes oftner; I give Alms; I love all the Creatures of *God*, that remain in his Love; I am not guilty of Theft, Murder nor Adultery; I never forſwore my ſelf, nor bore Falſe Witneſs. Yet, when I am recollected, I think my ſelf the worſt of all Men; I think of every Peccadillo I commit, with inexpreſſible Regret. If all this is not ſufficient to acquit me a true and good *Muſſulman*, no Man, I hope, will blame me, if I join with an eminent Man in theſe *Weſtern* Parts, and wiſh my Soul among the *Philoſophers*.

Paris, 25th. *of the* 11th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1642.

The End of the Firſt Book.

LETTERS

Writ by

A SPY at *PARIS.*

VOL. II.

BOOK II.

LETTER I.

To the Kaimacham.

THOU may'ſt remember a Letter I ſent thee concerning the Death of *Mary de Medicis*, *Queen-Mother* and *Dowager* of *France*; wherein I alſo ſpoke, of the ſudden Sickneſs of the *Cardinal* of *Richlieu*, with the Reports, Opinions, and Prophecies divulged on that Account. What Spirit ſoever inſpired thoſe *Prophets*, 'tis certain, the Event juſtifies their Predictions

Predictions. For, the *Cardinal* died this very Day, being the Fourth of the last *Moon* in the Year, at his Palace in this City, being not full Fifty-eight Years of Age.

I am not very Credulous of Apparitions, Ghosts, and such like Themes of vulgar Superstition: yet, 'tis evident, the *Cardinal* neither lived to see the Common *New Years Day*, nor the Fifty-eight Year of his Life, as, they say, the *Queen's Ghost* foretold him.

Some that have been Curious in examining his *Pedigree*, tell me, that his *Progenitors* were allied to one of the Kings of *France*. However, 'tis certain, that he was descended of an Ancient and Honourable Family, of above Five Hundred Years Standing and Eminence in that Kingdom.

He had his Education in the *University* of *Paris*, where he attained the *Degree* of a *Doctor* of the *Sorbon*; a *Dignity* much esteemed in *France*, and most Parts of *Christendom*, except in *Rome*; which *Court* is Jealous of the *Sorbonists*, because they have sometimes Decreed in Prejudice of the *Pope's* Authority, and the Grandeur of the *Roman Court*.

After this he was made a *Bishop*, then *Almoner* of *France*, next *Secretary* of *State*; in which Station he acquitted himself so happily, that he procured him the Dignity of a *Cardinal*. There are none of the *Ministers* of the *Divan*, but know, that a *Cardinal* is one of the *Princes* of the *Roman Church*.

During these several Stairs of Preferment, he had signalized his great Abilities, in Negotiating

tiating Affairs of greateſt Moment. Yet, in nothing did the Dexterity of his Wit appear more, than in reconciling the Miſunderſtandings between the *King* and the *Queen-Mother*. Whereby, he gained much upon both their Affections; ſo that in a little Time, he was made the *Principal Miniſter* of *State*, and *Chief Director* of the *Government*; having a Guard of Souldiers appointed to attend his Perſon.

Then he was made *Superintendent* of the *Marine* Affairs; after this, *Generaliſſimo* of the Armies. So that, he ſeemed to have monopoliz'd all Command both in *Church* and *State*, by *Sea* and *Land*.

It was Impoſſible for him to eſcape the envious Eyes of the Grandees; nay, the *Queen-Mother* her ſelf, who firſt raiſed him, began now to grow Jealous of his great Power: But eſpecially, the *Princes* of the *Blood* were highly offended at him. The *Count* of *Soiſſons* ſtomach'd the Indignity the *Cardinal* had offer'd him, in propoſing the Marriage of his Daughter. The *Duke* of *Orleans* ſuſpected his Deſigns upon the *Regency*. Yet, all their Conſpiracies againſt him proved ineffectual. For neither by Publick Arms, nor Private Machinations, could they ever prevail againſt the fixed Deſtiny of this Great *Miniſter*; who, though he had been often attempted to be Poiſon'd, Piſtol'd and Stabb'd, yet died quietly in his Bed, having a little before received a Viſit from the King.

I will not presume to make Corollaries or Glosses on these Things, as though I were able to Instruct thee whose Wisdom and Experience renders thee a fit *Oracle*, for the greatest Princes to resort to in Time of Need. I only send thee bare Matter of Fact; and together with an Account of the *Cardinal*'s Death, a brief Abstract of his Life, as I received it from one of the most observing and knowing Men in the *French Court*.

I wish thee Health, long Life, and Happiness.

Paris, 4th. *of the last Moon, of the Year* 1642.

LETTER II.

To the Venerable Mufti.

I Have sent to the *Kaimacham*, an Account of the Death of *Cardinal Richlieu*, with some Passages relating thereto, wherewith I thought it not proper to Interrupt thy Divine Thoughts.

This *Great Minister* died the Fourth of this Instant *Moon*, being the last of the Year, in his *Palace* at *Paris*. His Body is Interred in the *Chapel* of the *College* of *Sorbon*, where he finish'd his Studies, and attained the *Degree* of *Doctor* in *Theology*. He has

has left behind him a prodigious Estate, amounting to a Million of Crowns Yearly; which he has bequeathed in Legacies to his Kindred, Friends and Creatures. And, as a particular Demonstration of his Gratitude to the King, he has made him Heir of his *Cardinal-Palace*, in this City, with all the Plate and Furniture in it. And, at the last Visit the King made him (which was a little before his Death) he presented him with a Stone worth a Hundred Thousand Crowns of Gold. Upon which, 'tis discourſed, that the King will settle a Yearly Revenue on a certain Number of the *Sorboniſts*, to celebrate *Maſs* daily for the *Cardinal's* Soul, during the Space of One Year, and once a Year afterwards on the Day that he died. For, these *Infidels* approach thus near the *True* and *Undefiled Faith*; in that they have Hopes of *Immortality*, believing the *Reſurrection* of the *Dead*, and, that the Prayers, Alms, and Good Works of the Living, do atone for the Sins of the Departed; as our Holy *Doctors* teach; and, as is the Practice of the *Muſſulmans* throughout the World.

This *Cardinal*, was richly endowed by *Nature*, having a firm Intellect, vigorous Spirit, quick Apprehenſion, ſolid Judgment, faithful Memory, and a moſt prevailing Way of Diſcourſe. A Man highly ſerviceable to his King and Country; and therefore deſerving better of the *French*, than thoſe Scandalous Reports and Libels which were every where induſtriouſly ſpread abroad, to

leſſen his Fame. Yet, there wanted not thoſe who ſtrewed Flowers on his Grave, and Perfumed his Aſhes with *Encomiums* and Panegyricks. In this he ſhared the common Fate of the *Great*, that he was Mal gn'd and Envied Living, but honoured with the Tears of his very Enemies when Dead.

There is one Fault to be found in his Conduct, without appearing too Cenſorious; That he being a Man conſecrated to the Service of the *Altar*, ſhould ſo often take the *Field*, and diveſting himſelf of the Peaceful Robes of *Religion*, ſhould clothe himſelf in *Steel*, delighting more in the Smell of *Gunpowder*, than that of *Incenſe*; and preferring the Noiſe of *War*, to the *Hymns* and *Antiphons* of the *Church*: Not, that Religion is incompatible with Valour; and, to fight for ones Country, is not as Lawful and as Pious, as to pray for its Proſperity. Our *Holy Law*, the Celeſtial Pattern of Truth to the World, exhorts us to Courage. And all *True Believers* are aſſured of the Joys of *Paradiſe*, of unfading Crowns, and eternal Felicities, if they loſe their Lives in Defence of the *Sacred Empire*, and the *Book* of *Glory*: Our *Immortal Law giver*, giving us his own Example, when he laid the Foundation of the Greateſt and moſt Illuſtrious *Empire* in the World, in the Wounds of his Enemies, cementing the Work with the Blood of Millions of *Infidels*. Nor has the Superſtructure been carried on by any other Methods, than thoſe of perpetual War, with the Nations who will not ſubmit to our *Victorious Sultan*, the *Invincible Lord of the Earth*.

But

But, the *Messenger* of *God* never required the *Imaum's* or *Dervises* to take the Field; leaving *Arms* only to *Secular* Men, and the *Alcoran* to the *Religious*.

I forget that I am speaking to him, whose Repose and Tranquility is the special Care of Heaven, who is not to be disturbed by *Emperors*. Therefore, in profound Reverence, I salute thy *Holiness* with a dutiful Obeisance, and so withdraw my Pen.

Paris, 4th *of the last Moon, of the Year*, 1642.

LETTER III.

To Jasmir Sgire Rugial, *an* Astrologer *at* Aleppo.

THOU needest not be ashamed of thy Name, though it denotes the Dwarfishness of thy Body. That little *Epitome* of Humane Stature, is exquisitely Regular. *Nature* in framing it, has shew'd her Skill in Proportions, though she seems to have made it too Narrow for thy Soul. In this, thou art obliged to her for thy Knowledge; thy Mind being uneasie in its diminutive Habitation, is for that Reason seldom at Home. Thy Soul is a perfect Night-Walker; when other Men

are abed and asleep, thou art taking thy Rounds among the Stars. Thou art become a Spy upon the Planets; If any of them make but a false Step, thou tellest the World of it. Thou art a Pimp to all their Amorous Assignations and Conjunctions; and *Vulcan* himself never so often exposed the Intrigues of *Mars* and *Venus*, as thou hast done. But, I would have thee beware, lest they revenge themselves on thee some time or other, as they did upon one of thy *Profession*, by stirring up a certain King to take away his Life. He was a bold Fellow, and pretended great Familiarity with the Stars: One Day he came to the King, and told him, he had exactly Calculated his Nativity; and, by his Observations from thence, according to the Rules of Art, had discovered, That he should not live out that Year. The King replied, *I will prove, that my Skill is greater than thine; for, I know the very Hour of thy Death, which is now precisely, and which all thy Knowledge in* Astrology *could never foresee, nor be able to prevent.* So, he commanded his Head to be immediately cut off. I would not have thy *Star-gazing*, so suddenly spoil'd; though, they say, thou hast ventured to talk somewhat too largely.

Judicial Astrology seems, in a great Measure, obliged to *Superstition*, for the Credit it has gained among Men; and, the *Latin Proverb* says, *A Wise Man shall over rule the Stars.* For my part, I would rather counsel thee to follow thy old Recreation, of teaching

Pigeons

Pigeons to be *Letter-Carriers*. Yet, I would not have thee from thence, think of building *Caſtles* in the Air, like *Æſop*; nor, of flying to the *Moon* by the Help of a Team of *Geeſe*, in Imitation of *Domingo Gonſales*.

But, ſince I am got among the Birds, which thou art ſo much delighted in; before I take my leave, I wiſh thee as good Fortune with thy winged Diſciples, as the *Roman Cobler* had, who taught a *Parrot*, to ſalute the *Emperour* as he went along the Street, with theſe Words, *Hail Cæſar*; which the *Emperour* hearing, gave him a Royal Price for his *Parrot*. The poor Man overjoy'd at his good Luck, got another *Parrot*, and attempted to teach her in the ſame Manner; but, having taken much ineffectual Pains, he uſed to fret, and ſay, *I have loſt my Labour*. Yet at length, by daily repeating theſe Words, the *Parrot* had learned both Sentences, and, the next time the *Emperour* came by, it ſaid, *Hail Cæſar*; to which the *Emperour* replied, *I have enough ſuch Flatterers at Home*; the *Parrot* having her Leſſon perfect, rejoyn'd, *I have loſt my Labour*; which the *Emperour* hearing, and pleas'd with the Novelty, bought this alſo, and ſetled a generous Penſion on the Man during his Life.

If thou couldſt by ſome lucky Contingency, ſell thy *Pigeons* at ſuch a rate to *Sultan Ibrahim*, thy Time would be better ſpent, than in playing the *Mercury*, and bringing News from the Stars. But then thy *Pigeons* muſt be better bred, than was that which was ſent

to the *Sophi* of *Persia* with a Message from *Babylon*, when the late *Invincible Sultan Amurath* besieged it; for, the Feather'd *Courier*, instead of flying to the *Persian* Camp, took up short by the Way, and perching on the Pavillion of the *Vizir Azem*, was forthwith shot, and the secret Necessities of the City, were exposed to the *Ottoman* Army.

May such *Fate* always attend *Infidels* and *Hereticks*, when they take up Arms against the *Mussulman Empire*. Adieu.

Paris, 10th. *of the last Moon*,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER IV.

To the Grand Signior's *Chief Treasurer.*

THOU tellest me the *Ministers* of the *Supreme Divan*, accuse me of Negligence, in not Writing often, and Things of Importance. In my Opinion, thou thy self hast more Reason to complain on this Score, since, I have not sent a Letter to thee these Four *Moons*; in which Time, not one of the Rest but has received several from me. Would they have me coin News? Would they have me amuze them with Relations of Things which never had any

Exi-

Existence? I have not failed hitherto to communicate to the *Port*, all the Intelligences I have received: But they ought to consider, that the *Winter* affords little of Action. Time, the Devourer of all Things, has almost swallowed up the Year; only, this last *Moon* seems to be pickled in Ice for a *Dessert*. We are here up to the Knees in Snow: And the Greatest Warriours, find it best Encamping by the Fire Side.

Here is a Rumour, That the King of *Persia* is Dead: They say also, that the *Great Mogul* will not put on *Mourning* for him, being by his Death freed from a Storm which threatned to subvert all his Dominions on this Side of *Ganges*. 'Tis added, That he has sought the Alliance of the *Grand Signior*, with purpose to continue the War against the Young King of *Persia* (who has not yet seen Thirteen *Summers*) and to carry his Forces to the Walls of *Ispahan*. It is not lawful for me to dictate to my *Sovereign*, who is the *Sole Judge* of the *Universe*; but, permit me to guess what will be his Conduct in this Affair (if what I have heard be true.) I have no Reason to think, that *Sultan Ibrahim* will violate the *Peace*, which he has so lately concluded with the King of *Persia*, the *Articles* whereof he carries in his Bosom.

Thou seest, Most Serene *Bassa*, the Tide of News is so low, that *Mahomet* is forced to stoop and receive it, puddled as it is, by the Mouths of the Vulgar. If I acquaint thee with what thou knewest before, let not the

Blame rest on me, who ought to have received this Intelligence from some of the *Ministers* of the *Sublime Port*, which is the Tabernacle where Fame keeps her Residence. My whole Life, and the best of my Spirits, are consecrated to the Service of the *Grand Signior*; I spare no Pains or Cost, whereby I may render my self effectually useful to the *Great Master* of the *Universe*; I write often to the *Ministers* of the *Divan*, who are his *Slaves* as well as I; yet none vouchsafes me an Answer, except the *Reis Effendi*: I received also one Letter full of Consolation and Advice, from the *Venerable Mufti*. Likewise *Hassein Bassa* laid his Commands on me. These I esteem my Friends. I would think so of all Men, who serve *Sultan Ibrahim*, if they would cease to load me with Obloquies.

I was about to conclude my Letter, when an Old Courtier interrupts me with the News of the Surrender of *Tortona*, a Strong Town in *Piedmont*, possessed by the *Spaniards*, till now obliged to quit it by the *French* Forces, under the Command of the *Duke* of *Longueville*. This Place, was surrendred on the Twenty sixth of the Eleventh *Moon*.

There has been a long Difference, between the Princes of the *House* of *Savoy*; which is at length composed, by the Marriage of Prince *Maurice*, *Cardinal* of *Savoy*, with his Niece, the Daughter of the *Dutchess Regent*. This is that which has warm'd the Courage of the *French* Army, at this Frozen Time of the Year. For, upon this Match, the *Cardinal* of *Savoy*'s

Savoy's Brother, *Prince Thomas*, joined his Forces to the *French*, and took several Strong Castles and Towns from the *Spaniards*, whom before this *Prince* had assisted: And now last of all, to wind up the Year, they have made themselves Masters of this *Tortona*, a Place environed with Rocks and Mountains.

By which thou may'st perceive, that there is no Difficulty so great, which may not be overcome with Courage and Perseverance.

I recommend my self to thy Protection and Favour, Illustrious *Bassa*, and desire the Heavens to remunerate thee with an Encrease of Joy and Felicity, both here and in *Paradise*.

Paris, 10th. of the 12th. Moon, of the Year 1642.

LETTER V.

To Darnish Mehemet, Bassa.

SInce the Death of the *Cardinal* of *Richlieu*, here is great caballing, and changing of Places at *Court*. His Successor in the Pilotship of the *State*, is *Cardinal Julio Mazarini*, an *Italian* of a Generous Extraction. Neither comes he short of *Richlieu*, in all those rare Qualities and Endowments, which form a accom-

a Compleat Statesman; having accomplish'd several Negotiations with great Success and Applause.

Now the Old Officers begin to be cashier'd, to make room for the Creatures of this New *Minister*; the King absolutely resigning the Conduct of the Publick to him. And, it is no wonder to see the King thus flexible, if what is privately whisper'd be true, That the *Queen* has yielded to the *Cardinal* in Points of greater Reserve. And, curious Eyes pretend to discern the Features of *Mazarini* in the *Dauphin*'s Face, who is not much above Four Years Old, being born the Fifth Day of the Ninth *Moon*, in the Year 1638. according to the *Christiani Hegira*. The *Cardinal* is of a Grave and Majestick Aspect, full-fac'd, having a piercing Eye; he is something inclined to fat, being a great Eater, as they say.

T'other Day he had like to have been choak'd by a Piece of Beef, one Part of which hung fast in his Teeth, and the other just reach'd the Passage to the Lungs; and, as it were barring up the door of that Passage, hindred his Respiration so long, that his Nose suddenly started out a-bleeding; his Face grew black, and he was ready to drop down dead, had not one of his Attendants forcibly thrust his Fingers into his Mouth, and fastning on the Morsel, pull'd it out of his Throat.

He that is *Lord* of Life and Death, preserve thee from all Perils, and make thee happy in the Service of our *Great Master*; who will

in

in Time, I hope, curb the Insolence, and punish the Vices of these glutonous *Infidels*.

Paris, 14th. of the 1st. Moon, of the Year 1643.

LETTER VI.

To Mouf *his Kinsman.*

I Believe, thou and thy Cousin *Solyman*, take me for a Marriage-Broker or a Gossip: Is there no Body in *Constantinople*, can instruct you how to manage your Wives, that you send for Counsel to *Paris*? or, do you lay Snares for me, by extorting such Advice, as will draw the Revenge of Women upon me? Believe me, I have no Mind to run the Fate of *Orpheus*, or, that the *Tragedy* of the *Ciconian* Wives should be acted upon me.

I rather expected a Compleat Journal of thy Travels in the *East*: but, I perceive thou hast not yet received my Letter. Thou talkest, of going to *Aleppo* in the Spring: If thy Resolution hold, I desire thee, when thou art there, to make an *Offering* for me to *Seid Boubac*, the *Saint*, whose Sepulchre is about a League from that City, a Place of great Devotion, and resorted to from all the Quarters in those Parts. Without doubt, *Seid Boubac* is with *God*, and, his Prayers are heard for such

as

as honour his Vertues and approach his Sepulchre, to pay their Devotions there with Humility and Faith.

Likewise, I desire thee to distribute Three Hundred *Aspers* to the *Poor* of *Aleppo*, who beg in the Streets for the Sake of *Syntana Fissa*. If thou hast not heard of this *Female Saint*, I will relate to thee how she came to be *Canonized*. This City, was the Place of her Nativity and Residence. When she came to the Age of Sixteen Years, she was married to a *Spahee*, called *Grivli Eben Sagran*; But, the first Night, as her Husband was going to Bed with her, he fell into a Trance, wherein, he saw *Paradise* opened, and the *Holy Prophet* leading *Syntana Fissa*, his Wife, in one of the Allies of *Eden*. Whereby, when he came to himself, and missing his Wife (who was never after to be found) he was satisfied that she was one of the *Daughters* of *Paradise*. Since which time, the People have esteem'd her as a *Saint*, or rather an Incarnate Female *Angel*. The *Moors* relate this Story otherwise, and make a Second *Mary Magdalen* of her: of whom the *Greeians* say, that she was a Common Prostitute at first, but on a time being asked her accustomed Favours *gratis*, and *for the Love of God*, she by granting it, merited the Grace of Conversion, and so became a *Saint*. But, I would not have thee regard this Fable, though in the common in the Mouths of the Ignorant at *Aleppo*.

If thou beareſt any Respect for thy Uncle *Nadabut*, let me have a Proof of it, in giving me

me an Account of thy *Travels*. I do not require a *Chart* of the *Regions* through which thou haſt paſs'd; being no Stranger to the *Geography* of *Aſia*. Neither would I have thee tell me, how many Leagues, Courſes, or Furlongs there are between ſuch and ſuch Cities. Theſe are the Remarks of every Carrier or *Muccerman*. But that which I aim at, is to know, what Natural, Moral, and Political Obſervations thou haſt made, in ſo vaſt a Tract of Ground as thou haſt meaſured, comprehending the Greateſt and moſt Celebrated Part of *Aſia*.

This is the Second Letter I have ſent thee, ſince thy Return to *Conſtantinople*: Let thy Anſwer be adequate to my Expectation. In the *Interim*, I counſel thee firſt to get an Abſolute Conqueſt of thy ſelf, and then thou wilt eaſily govern thy Wife.

May the Moſt High *God*, adjuſt your Differences happily, and make your Lives to be as innocent and contented, as thoſe of *Philemon* and *Baucis*. Thou knoweſt the Story. Adieu.

Paris, 20th. of the 1ſt. Moon, of the Year 1643.

LETTER

LETTER VII.

To Mahomet, Baſſa *of* Damaſcus.

HERE is a *Genoueſe* Merchant in this City, with whom I often converſe, as I do with all Strangers that are Men of Intelligence, learning ſometimes from them Advices which are not common. He tells me, that *Monſour*, the Youngeſt Son of *Old Facardine* the brave *Emir* of *Sidon*, whom his Father had given in Hoſtage to *Sultan Amurath*, is now living in the *Court* of the *Duke* of *Florence*; that he eſcaped by the Aſſiſtance of a *Grecian Prieſt*, from the *Caſtle* of the *Seven Towers*, and, that the *Duke* of *Florence* has promiſed to aſſiſt him with Ships, Men and Money, towards the Recovery of his *Patrimony*.

The *French* ſpeak of his Father, with much Reſpect, and Compaſſion of his Misfortunes; they ſay, he was deſcended from a Noble Captain, which the Renowned *Godfrey* of *Bulloign* left in thoſe Parts, when he was engaged in the Wars of the *Holy Land*, and, that though *Facardine* wore a *Turkiſh Turbant*, yet he had *French* Bloud in his Veins. They tax *Amurath* with the Violation of his Oath, in cauſing him to be ſtrangled, when he had ſolemnly ſworn to the contrary. And ſome of them are ſo bold as to ſay, That if his Son *Ali* had not been kill'd, he would have ſhook the *Throne*, whoſe Foundation is deep as

as the Centre of the Earth, and therefore cannot be moved without the Diſſolution of the Globe.

This *Genoueſe* brags much after the ſame Nature of *Manſour*, who, he ſays, is preſerved by Providence to abaſe the Pride of the *Ottoman Family*, to revenge his Father's Bloud, and re-eſtabliſh the *Druſes* in their Ancient Poſſeſſions.

Suppoſing this News to be true, I judged it my Duty to give thee timely Notice of it who poſſeſſeſt Part of his Eſtate; leſt he ſhould ſurprize thee unawares, and ſerve thee as one of his Anceſtors did the *Damaſcenes* who got from them ſeveral of their Towns and Caſtles, when they leaſt dreamt of any Invaſion. He will lay claim to *Gazir*, *D' Acre*, and *Saphet*, thoſe being torn from his Father in that laſt Rebellion. In a Word, thou wouldſt find him an ill Neighbour, ſhould he catch thee unprovided.

Should it come to a Tryal, I wiſh thy Soldiers may prove more Faithful to thee, than did the *Germans* lately under the Command of *Leopold*, *Arch-Duke* of *Auſtria*, and *General Picolomini*; who going to relieve *Leipſick*, beſieged at that time by the *Swedes*, and entring Battle with them, above Six Thouſand of their Souldiers never diſcharged a Musket, or drew a Sword; but gave their Enemies an intire Victory, without ſtriking a Stroke. Should thy Forces ſerve thee ſo, when *Manſour* enters thy Territories, thou wilt be in Danger of loſing not only the forementioned

ed Towns, but *Damascus* it self; a Place so deliciously situated, that our *Holy Prophet* himself durst not venture into it, lest this Earthly *Paradise* should tempt him to take up his Abode there, and cause him to neglect the Heavenly.

May the *Great Protector* of *Kingdoms* and *Empires*, preserve both *Damascus* and the whole *Empire*, from the Fury of *Rebels* and *Infidels*.

Paris, 4th. *of the* 2d. *Moon*,
of the Year 1643.

LETTER VIII.

To the Venerable Musti, *Arbitrator of the Problems and Mysteries of* Faith.

I Address to the Dust of thy Feet, O thou *Spring of all true Science*. I wrote to thee formerly, to desire thy Instruction, and Aid, in answering some Cavils and Blasphemies of the *Infidels*. Now I think a great Light hath shined in my Breast. Now I think I can answer them with Arguments clear and Intelligible. Nevertheless, I will not walk without a Guide.

Our Life in this transitory World, is checquer'd

quer'd with various Intervals of Light and Darkneſs, of Knowledge and Ignorance. Sometimes the *Soul* of Man is bright and ſerene, as the *Orient*; at other times wrapp'd up in Clouds and Miſts. Then we are as in a Dream, and full of Anxiety; we grope about for Truth, and yet ſtumble upon Errors, as in the Depth of Night. So fared it with me, when theſe *Infidels* aſſaulted me with Queſtions and Cavils concerning our *Holy Law*. I heard them with Horrour and Pain, but knew not how to put them to Silence. I fled to thee for Succour, who art inſtructed in all Knowledge, true Heir of the *Prophetick* Light. But, a Ray from Heaven has prevented thy Anſwer; and, I will communicate to thee my Thoughts.

God is moſt High, and *Incomprehenſible*; we cannot overtake him in his Ways. The Works of his Hands are perfect and full of Wiſdom. Why do the *Infidels* blaſpheme the *Eternal*? *Gabriel*, the *Meſſenger of God*, bright and glorious, flew through the *Heavens*; and to avoid a burning Comet which then flamed in the Sky, he took his Courſe too near the *Orb* of the *Moon*; and, with the end of one of his Wings, he bruſh'd the Planet, leaving a Mark of the Stroak as a Memorial to the *Angels* for the Future; even as a Sea-mark is plac'd, to give warning of Rocks and Sands.

The *Infidels* deride, and ask, *How big was* Gabriel's *Wing*? Who can meaſure the Works of the *Omnipotent*? Let theſe *Infidels* number but the Atomes that cleave to the Soles

of

of their Feet, when they walk in ſandy Places! Or, let them weigh the Air, that is ſhut up in a Bottle! If they cannot perform theſe Things which are near them, and within their reach, why do they mock at the Greatneſs of *Angels*, which dwell in the Immenſe *Heavens*?

They take their Meaſures of *Celeſtial* Things from the narrow ſearch of their Senſes, which yet fail them in common *Terreſtrial* Objects. If we believe our Senſes, they would perſwade us, that the Moon is no bigger than a Royal Charger, and the Stars have no larger Dimenſions, than a Lamp or Torch: Whereas, we are aſſured by Reaſon and *Aſtronomical* Obſervations, that the Moon is little leſs than the Globe of the Earth; and, that ſome of the Stars are near a Hundred Times bigger. If theſe Ornaments of the Sky, which look at this Diſtance like glittering ſparks of Fire, are really of ſo prodigious a Bulk; why may we not believe, that *Angels* who dwell higher than the higheſt Stars, are much greater, and more Magnificent Creatures than they? Nay, what Incongruity is it to believe, what our *Holy Doctors* teach, That the *Angels* can ſtride from one Star to another?

And now I am plunged thus far in the Depths of *Nature*, ſuffer me to wade yet deeper, nay, to ſwim in the Abyſs of ſpeculation. I will tell thee my Thoughts; The Works of *God* are *Unmeaſurable*, and there is no Bound or Limit to the Extent of the World; 'tis high as Thought can ſoar, endleſs as Imagination can

can travel. Who can tell, where the Walls of *Paradise* are? Or has any one gone the Circuit of the *Seventh Heaven*? Magnificent is the Fabrick of *God*, and the Apartments thereof are full of Majesty. The *Potentates* above, are Glorious and Mighty; and, the Mansions of *Angels*, surpass in Grandeur this Visible World. How great then is the Stature of those *Angels*? Let not *Infidels* deride nor think it a *Fable*; for, the Distance between the Feet of an *Angel*, is many hundred Thousand Miles. They turn the *Celestial* Orbs about (if what the Learned *Christians* teach, out of *Aristotle* and other Old *Philosophers*, be true, when they assign to each *Sphere* its particular *Angel* or *Moving Intelligence.*) How can this be done, unless the *Angels* were Greater and Mightier than the *Orbs* they move? Without all Doubt, the lesser is moved of the Greater, and the Weaker by the Stronger. These are Arguments clear and intelligible, and such as the *Infidels* cannot answer. Thus shall I be able to assert the Truth, against the impious; and to vindicate the glorious Works of *God* (the Strong and Potent *Angels*, excelling in Majesty and Grandeur,) from the Blasphemies of the *Uncircumcised*.

If they ask, How the *Angel Gabriel* (since he is of so prodigious a Stature) could be circumscribed in the Closet of *Mary* the *Mother* of *Jesus*? I ask them, How the Body of *Jesus*, which, they say, is in the *Sacrament* of the *Mass* (of which thou art not Ignorant) can be circumscribed within the narrow

narrow Compass of a *Wafer*? Or, how it can be there, and in *Heaven* at the same time, which they believe; nay, and in Ten Thousand Wafers, in so many different Places of the World at once?

To this so pressing an Argument they have no other Answer, but, That the Power of *God* is *Infinite* and his Works *Incomprehensible*. Very well! if he be *Omnipotent* in one Thing, is his Power *restrained* in another? If the *Presence* of the *Body* of *Jesus*, in several Places at the same time, be *Incomprehensible*; so is the Appearance of the Mighty *Angel Gabriel*, in the *Oratory* of the *Virgin Mary*, *Incomprehensible* also.

The Nature of *Angels*, is unknown to us *Mortals*, and the Manner of their Appearance. Sufficient it is, to believe the *Divine Oracles*, and not to pry into the *Secrets* of *God*.

Thus shall I confute the *Infidels*, when they cavil against the *Alcoran*; thus shall I seal up the polluted Lips, and put to silence the Blasphemous Tongues of the Enemies of *God* and his *Prophet*.

Moreover, they say, the *Messenger* of *God* has promised a Sensual *Paradise* to the *True Believers*, because the *Book* of *Glory* mentions the Gardens of *Eden*, Gardens wherein flow many Rivers, Rivers of Wine, Milk and Honey, with Trees of all delectable Fruits; and, that the Righteous shall be cloathed in Vests of Purple and Crimson, reposing on stately Beds, and shall enjoy the Company of Beautiful

tiful Women, and shall be replenished with Eternal Felicity.

Doubtless, they are blinded with Malice and hood wink'd by the Spirit of Contradiction: Else, why do they thus cavil at the manifest Light of Truth, the Doctrine of Faith, the undefiled Article of Glory? They profess to believe, the *Resurrection* of the *Body*, as well as we; Will they not then believe, that *God* hath provided Pleasures suitable to the *Body* after its *Resurrection*, I mean, the *Bodies* of the *Just*? They tell their Disciples and Proselytes doleful Stories of the Pains of the Damned in Hell, as Burning in Fire and Brimstone. Nay, the *Book* of the *Gospel* it self speaks of a Lake of Sulphur and Fire. Are not these Torments to be inflicted on the Body, which they own are prepared for the Wicked? And will they deny proportionate Pleasures to the *Bodies* of the *Just* in *Paradise*? What use will there be of our *Bodies* after the *Resurrection*, if not to enjoy *Bodily* Pleasures, for feel the Rigour of *Infinite* Pains? Doubtless, the *Just* shall be replenished with all the Joys; and the *Unjust*, with all the Dolours of which their Senses are capable. And, this they themselves believe; yet these captious *Infidels*, pick Quarrels with our *Holy Law-giver*, and say, That the *Paradise* which he promises, is fit for none but Fools or Beasts.

I have read in *Books* of *Devotion*, which the *Christian* use, That the *Blessed* in *Heaven*, shall be satiated with all manner of Delights. The Eye shall always behold most

Beautiful

Beautiful Objects; The Taste shall be gratified with incredible Sweets; the Smell shall be pleased with all manner of rich Odours and Perfumes, far surpassing the *Aromaticks* of *Arabia*; the Ear shall hear such wonderful Musick, as one only Strain thereof, were sufficient to lull all the Hearts of this Sublunary World asleep: In fine, there shall be none of their Senses and Faculties, which shall not be transported and ravished with infinite Delights. What is all this, but Sensual Pleasure? Can there be any plainer Description of Bodily Enjoyments than this? Why do they then maliciously traduce the *Messenger* of *God*, and resist the *Truth*?

But they will say, that the Pleasures which they shall enjoy after the *Resurrection*, will be refined and spiritual as their *Bodies* shall be: Whereas, they say, our *Prophet* intimates gross, carnal Enjoyments; as, the Company of Beautiful Women, and such amorous Delights.

Certainly, they are wilfully blind, and shut their Eyes against the Light; or else, they would easily see through the Veil of *Allegories* and *Metaphors*, which our *Divine Prophet* uses in the *Alcoran*, to adapt the Doctrine of Heavenly Things, to the dull Capacities of Men; even, as all the *Prophets* and *Apostles* have done before him. In the Book of the *Gospel*, *Paradise* is described under the Figure of a most *Magnificent City*, built all of Gold and Precious Stones, with a River flowing by it, and Trees whose Fruit never withers

withers, nor their Leaves fade. Will the *Christians* take this in the Literal Sence, or do they own it to be an *Allegory*? If the latter, then why do they Blaſpheme the *Sacred Oracles* of our *Holy Law-giver*, becauſe he deſcribes the Felicities of *Paradiſe* under Senſible Figures and Types, ſuch as are moſt apt to work on the Affections of Men?

It is not to be thought, that our Enjoyment of Beautiful Women in *Paradiſe*, ſhall be attended with the Leaſt of thoſe Impurities which ſtain it in this Life. Our Pleaſures ſhall be agreeable to the Place whither we go, pure and immaculate. As we ſhall there enjoy the Perfection of Beauty, without the ſmalleſt Allay of Deformity; ſo, in our Enjoyment, we ſhall be tranſported with the Heighth of Extaſie, without the leaſt Mixture of Pollution.

Nor ſhall theſe Bodily Delights ſuperſede or hinder our more Spiritual Enjoyments; but, both Body and Soul ſhall be raviſhed with Eternal Felicities

Tell me, thou who art the *Key* of the *Treaſures* of *Truth*, whether I am now ſufficiently arm'd with Reaſons, to withſtand the Cavils and Objections which the *Infidels* make againſt our *Holy Law*! I have laid at thy Feet my Sentiments, ſubmitting all to thy unerring Wiſdom; vouchſafe to confirm what I have well ſaid, and to correct my Errors. And, in the midſt of thy *Divine* Ejaculations, glance a Thought on the humbleſt of thy *Slaves*, praying for the *Exil'd Mahmut*, that he may

perſevere in the *true Faith*; and, at the End of his Life, may taſte the Joys of *Paradiſe*, which he zealouſly aſſerts againſt the *Infidels*.

Paris, 10th. *of the* 2d. *Moon*,
of the Year 1643.

LETTER IX.

To the Kaimacham.

WHEN I informed thee of the Siege of *Perpignan*, I had not heard of the Extraordinary Honours which were done to the *Prince* of *Morgues* during that Siege. This *Prince*, was a Subject of the King of *Spain*, and had in Poſſeſſion the Town of *Monaco*. Yet, for ſome diſguſts which he had received from the *Spaniards*, he ſome Years ago had thoughts of throwing himſelf upon the Protection of the King of *France*; but, Difficulties ariſing, it took not effect at that Time. However, in the Year 1641. by the Dexterity of the *Governour* of *Provence*, he was ſo far wrought upon, that a *French* Garriſon was by his Connivence put into *Monaco*, and he totally threw off his Obedience to the King of *Spain*; and though great Offers were made him by the *Cardinal* of *Savoy* and others, yet he rejected all; and, to demonſtrate to King *Philip*,

Philip, That his Soul was altogether *French*, he ſent him back the *Collar* which was the *Badge* of his *Knighthood*, beſtowed on him in the *Spaniſh Court*.

After which, Four Galleys of *Naples* cruiſing on the Sea before *Ville-Franche*, one of them by the Order of the Captain ſailed to *Monaco*, not having heard of the Revolt of this Place. The *Prince* invited the Captain to come aſhore, and, as ſoon as he was landed, Threeſcore *Frenchmen* who lay hid in the Boat which carried the Meſſage, boarded the Galley with admirable Reſolution, killing near Thirty *Spaniards* who made Reſiſtance, and the reſt yielding, the *French* took Poſſeſſion of the Veſſel.

The *Prince* ſailed in this Galley to *Marſeilles*, with his Son, who is dignified with the *Title* of a *Marqueſs*; and, taking their Way through *Provence* and *Languedoc*, came to the King of *France*, while he lay with his Army before *Perpignan*.

King *Lewis*, to whom nothing is more delightful than to reward the Merits of Brave Men, careſſed him with extraordinary Demonſtrations of Affection, and Acknowledgments of his Service; ſending his Coaches to meet him on the Way, cauſing his Army to appear in Battel-Array, entertaining him at his own Table, and doing all Things which might honour the Arrival of this Prince at his Camp. And, to make him amends for the Loſs of his *Order of Knighthood*, he inveſted him with that *of the Holy Ghoſt*; which, as I have in my former Letters told thee, is

a fair Step to make one a *Peer* of *France*.

I thought good to inform thee of this Paſſage, Illuſtrious *Miniſter*, in whoſe Power it lies, to lift up to Dignities and the Great Charges of the *Empire*, Men in whom thou perceiveſt a *Genius* capable of Great Undertakings.

God direct thee in making Choice of ſuch as may be effectually ſerviceable to the *Grand Signior*.

Paris, 17th. *of the* 2d. *Moon*,
of the Year 1643.

LETTER X.

To Achmet Beig.

IT ſeems as if the late Revolution in *Portugal*, had imbitter'd the *Spaniards* to Deſpair, and ſwell'd the Spleen of that Nation with inſupportable Rancour. The Loſs, which they cannot hope fairly to recover by Arms, they ſeek to Revenge by diſhonourable Aſſaſſine and Treachery.

The *Marqueſs de Los-Velez*, the *Spaniſh Ambaſſador* at the *Court* of *Rome*, could not brook to ſee there an *Ambaſſador* from the King of *Portugal*, whom he eſteemed at beſt but a Subject or a Traytor to *Philip* his *Maſter*. He tryed all means to prevent and hin-

der

der his Audience with the *Pope*, and openly demanded, that he might be ſent back into *Portugal* with Diſgrace. But, the *Sieur de Fontenay*, *Ambaſſador* from *France*, ſupported and countenanc'd the *Portugueze Miniſter*, which precipitated the *Marqueſs de Los Velez*, to one of the blackeſt Attempts that has ever ſtain'd the Records of Time.

Thou art not to learn, that the *Perſons* of *Ambaſſadors* are by the *Law* of *Nations* eſteemed *Sacred*; their *Houſes*, *Sanctuaries*; and, whatſoever Injury is offered them, is at leaſt accounted a *Civil Sacrilege*. Yet, the *Spaniſh Ambaſſador* finding the *Biſhop* of *Lamego* (ſo was the *Portugueze* called) protected and favoured by the *French* Intereſt, reſolves to leap over the Fences which ſecure the Immunities and Safety of his own Function, and to violate the Law without which he himſelf could not ſleep free from Danger in his Bed. For, being informed that the *Portugueze Ambaſſador* was gone to viſit the *Sieur de Fontenay*, he goes out of his Houſe with a Train of about Twenty Men, and covering his Deſign with a pretence of going to the Houſe of an Eminent *Cardinal*, he takes the ſame Way, as the *Portugueze Biſhop* was to return to his Houſe. But, the *French Ambaſſador* having Notice, that one of the *Marqueſs*'s Retinue was obſerv'd to dog the *Biſhop* to his *Palace*, and return immediately to his Maſter, ſet ſome Spies upon the *Marqueſs de Loz-Velez*, who brought him Word, that the *Marqueſs* had ordred all his Retique to arm themſelves and

follow him. This gave a ſufficient Alarm and Suſpicion to *De Fontenay*, ſo that he commanded Thirty of his Servants to arm likewiſe, and follow him in ſeparate Parties, at a Diſtance from one another; being reſolved to protect the *Portugueze*, who was an *Allie* of *France*, and to prevent the Deſign of his Enemies. No ſooner had the *Biſhop* of *Lamego* taken his Coach, but Notice was given to the *Spaniſh Miniſter*, who immediately advances toward him, big with the Murder he intended to commit. But, the *French* appearing, and falling briskly on the *Spaniards*, kill'd ſeven of them in a Moment, and broke through the Reſt, even to the very Coach of the *Marqueſs*, with a Reſolution to make him taſte the Death he deſigned for the poor *Biſhop*. But, he had the Fortune to eſcape into the *Palace* of a *Spaniſh Cardinal*, and ſo ſaved himſelf.

The *Spaniſh Ambaſſador* after this, being nettled at his ill Succeſs, and the Favour which the *Biſhop* of *Lamego* found in that *Court*, deſigned to remove to *Naples*; but, the *Pope* ſet a Guard on him to prevent it, till ſuch time as he had given Hoſtages for the Indemnity of his *Nuntio's* in *Spain* and *Naples*.

The *Neapolitan Viceroy* being informed of theſe Proceedings, made great Preparations; and, the *Spaniards* threatned to plunder and burn the City of *Rome*. But, upon more deliberate Thoughts, the *Viceroy* made ſhew of Friendſhip to the *Pope*, offering him Five Thouſand Soldiers to aſſiſt againſt the *Duke* of *Parma*, thinking by this Fraud, to gain Admiſſion

into

into the *Eccleſiaſtick* Territories, which would facilitate the Way to the Satisfactions they aim'd at. But, the *Pope* knew how to return the *Viceroy*'s Compliment, without hazarding his own Eſtate; telling him, That the *Roman* Forces were more than ſufficient to conquer the *Duke*, had he any other Deſigns than thoſe of Peace.

By this Paſſage of the *Spaniſh Ambaſſador*, thou may'ſt comprehend the Licentiouſneſs of the *Infidels*, who dare trample upon *Human* and *Sacred* Laws; and, that in *Rome* it ſelf, where the *Supreme Mufti* of the *Chriſtians* keeps his Seat. It was never known, that ſuch a Thing was attempted in the *Sublime Port*, where the Majeſty and ſevere Juſtice of the *Ottoman Empire*, ſtrikes an Awe and Terror into all People, reſtraining the very Thoughts of ſo heinous a Crime.

May the *Conſervator* of the *Ages*, haſten the prefixed Time, wherein the *Chriſtian* Nations ſhall be ſubdued to the *Muſſulman Faith*; That ſo, Juſtice and Vertue, with perpetual Peace, may bleſs the Earth.

Paris, 17th. *of the* 2d. *Moon*, *of the Year* 1643.

LETTER XI.

To the Vizir Azem, *at the* Port.

I Could not let this Poſt go without a Letter, though I have nothing material to write. However, 'tis a Teſtimony of my Duty, to let thee know, that *Mahmut* is not Idle, that he ſuffers not an Hour, a Moment, to eſcape, wherein he ſtudies not to do ſome acceptable Service to the *Grand Signior*.

All the *Diſpatches* which I receive from the *Port*, ſeem like black Clouds, gathering on the Margin of the *Horizon*, the ſure Harbingers of an approaching Storm. One accuſes me of neglecting the Service of the *Maſter* of the *World*; Another tells me, I am too Expenſive; a Third ſays, the *Miniſteri* of the *Divan* will take other Methods. They mince their Expreſſions; no Man will deal plainly with me. They mix Threatnings with Complements, as if I were a Child, and needed the Diſcipline of a Rattle and a Rod. Would they have me reverſe the *Decrees* of *Deſtiny*? Turn *Winter* into *Summer*, and change the whole Order of *Nature*? Or, is it expected, that I ſhould renew the Exploit of *Cadmus*, and cauſe *Earth-born* Armies to ariſe, on purpoſe to furniſh Matter of News to the *Port*? I appeal to thee, Supreme *Vizir*, at whoſe Nod the *Divan* is Aſſembled or Diſſolv'd, whether I deſerve the Cenſures that are

are pass'd upon me? No Man can accuse me of betraying my Trust, or of holding any Correspondence with the Enemies of the *Mussulman Empire*. What is then my Crime? Am I to be condemned, for employing the Money which is allotted me for Subsistence, to render my *Ministry* more Successful? Will they call it, an embezilling the *Sultan*'s Money; when, rather than hoard it up for my own private Profit and Conveniences, (as I might do considerable Sums, were I so basely Frugal) I frankly part with it, to consummate the Affair for which I am placed here? Or, is the *Ottoman Treasury* grown low, that heretofore has supported the Indigent World, and by an Excess of Royal Munificence, has been thrown to the Fishes of the Sea? Is *Mahmut* alone to be esteemed a Prodigal in his present Expences, because 'tis known that he was a *Slave* in *Sicily*, and tyed down to the penurious Stint of a rigorous Patron? Suffer me this once, Sage *Minister*, to vindicate my self, and to tell thee, That the Hardships and squalid Circumstances of Captivity, would not be very subservient to the Ends for which I am sent hither; neither can a niggardly Pension, qualifie me for the *Genius* of the *Court* in which I must be daily conversant, where all Things appear Gay and Polite. It has not been my Custom to complain without a Cause, neither do I love to grate my Superiors, with whining Remonstrances. But, it is my humble Request, That the *Ministers* of the *Divan* would consider me, not as a

Drudge to a Private Man in *Palermo*, but as the Indefatigable *Slave* of the Moſt Opulent and Liberal *Monarch* in the World.

In all theſe Things, I contract my ſelf into a moſt ſubmiſs Reſignation to thy Will, who art the *Vicegerent* of the *Empire*, founded on the Rock of *Deſtiny*; beſeeching thee, to protect me from the Malice of Whiſperers, who envy me, becauſe I ſerve the *Sovereign* of *Sovereigns*, *Lord* of the *Eaſt* and of the *Weſt*, and all that is between them.

May the Eternal Poſſeſſor of all Felicity, call out of his Immenſe Treaſures, ſuch Bleſſings as thou moſt ardently deſireſt in this Life; and, when he has led thee through all the Apartments of Human Bliſs on Earth, may he tranſlate thee to the Palaces of *Eden*, the Seats of an Immarceſcible Life, where new Sources of Joy are open'd without End.

Paris, 26th. *of the* 2d. *Moon*,
of the Year 1643.

LETTER

LETTER XII.

To Murat Baſſa.

THE Floods have been ſo great, and thoſe alſo congealed into Ice, that there has been no travelling by ſome Roads for theſe Two *Moons*; which is the Reaſon, we have been wanting in our uſual Advices from *Germany*, *Piedmont*, the *Valtoline*, and other Parts.

Yet now, the Poſts bring a Glut of News to this City. *Fribergh*, a Town in the Parts of *Saxony*, is at this Time beſieged by *Torſtenſon*, *General* of the *Swediſh* Army. He inveſted it the 11th. of the 1ſt. *Moon*. And, People are amazed to hear, that it has held out thus long, being a Place of no great Strength. Eſpecially, conſidering how ſoon *Leipſick* ſurrender'd to the ſame Forces; a Town well fortified, and ſtored with all Things neceſſary to ſuſtain a long Siege. By this thou may'ſt obſerve, how much the Fortune of War many Times depends on one ſucceſsful Battel.

When *Torſtenſon* firſt lay down before *Leipſick*, it was generally believed, he would find a ſtout Reſiſtance from the Inhabitants, and an Inflexible Reſolution in the Garriſon, not to yield that Important Place: And perhaps they would not have been miſtaken, had not the *Imperialiſts* (out of a Generous Deſign

ſign to relieve it, and raiſe the Siege) hazarded a Battel. The *Arch-Duke* of *Auſtria* (whoſe Name is *Leopold*) and *Picolomini*, as ſoon as they received Advice that the *Swediſh* Army had paſſed the *Elbe*, and enter'd into *Miſnia*, took their directeſt Way to ſtop their Advance into thoſe Parts. But, it had been better they had kept their Quarters; for, in one Battel, they loſt all the Glory which they had before acquired by their Arms. *Torſtenſon* was already intrenched before *Leipſick*, when his Scouts brought him Intelligence, that the *Imperial* Army was near at Hand. He immediately diſpoſes of his Baggage in a ſecure Place, draws out his Cannon, and having left a ſufficient Number of Soldiers to guard the Poſts of his Camp which were neareſt the City, he marches directly toward the Enemy, and poſſeſſes himſelf of a Spot of Ground very agreeable to his Occaſions; it was called, the *Plain* of *Brittenfield*. This Place he deſigned for the Stage, whereon to perform the Part of a Prudent, and Valiant *General*. For, as ſoon as he came in Sight of the *German Vanguard*, he cauſed his Army to retreat faintly, as though he had no Intention to fight. The *Germans* purſue the Retreating *Swedes*, till they were got into very narrow *Streights* between Two ſteep Mountains; not much unlike the *Capi Dervent* in *Bulgaria* (where the *Heyducks*, taking the Advantage of the Heights, commit great Robberies on the *Caravans* that travel through thoſe *Streights*, rolling huge Stones,

or

or rather Rocks, down upon the Paſſengers.) Here the *Suedes* turned about, and falling behind their Cannon, which *Torſtenſon* had cauſed to be planted in theſe *Streights*, play'd furiouſly on the *Germans*, while the Muſquetiers which he had order'd on the Sides of the Mountains, gall'd them from above, yet lay themſelves Inviſible, under the Covert of Thickets which grew on each Side of the *Streight*. It was the *Left Wing* of the *Imperialiſts* which was thus engaged, and *Picolomini* who commanded them, gave admirable Proofs of an undaunted Courage, appearing at the Head of his Surprized Soldiers, and heartning them with Words and Actions full of Bravery; but, his Labour was loſt, for Six Thouſand fled without drawing a Sword. The *Suedes* purſued them through the *Streights*, and re-entring the *Plain*, engaged with the *Right Wing* of the *Germans*. The Battel was fierce and bloody. *General Picolomini* did Wonders, and many brave *Germans* ſignalized their Valour; but, it ſeems as if the Fate of *Torſtenſon*, is to ruine the *Empire*: For, while the Battel was yet equal on both Sides, and the Victory doubtful; while the Ground was dyed with a Mixture of *German* and *Swediſh* Blood, he falls into the Main Body of the *Imperial* Army with a freſh Reſerve, which ſo animated the *Suedes* and diſorder'd their Enemies, that at length the *Germans* not able longer to ſuſtain the Shock, left their Cannon and retreated into a *Foreſt*. Now followed a Dreadful Slaughter; for, the *Swediſh*

Swedish Cavalry environ'd the chas'd *Germans*, whom *Coningſmark* had hunted out of the *Foreſt*, and charged them with ſuch Fury, that they were moſt of them cut in Pieces. The *Germans* loſt Four Thouſand Men on the Spot, and as many more in the Purſuit.

I have ſent thee in the incloſed Paper, a Liſt of all the Officers of Note which were ſlain in this Battel, which is eſteemed one of the moſt Bloody, that has been fought in *Europe* between *Chriſtians* on both Sides theſe Two Hundred Years. Thou wilt there find above Three Hundred Commanders, from whom a Death not Inglorious has taken their *Commiſſions*.

The *Germans* alſo loſt Six and Forty Pieces of *Cannon*, Sixty Five *Standards*, all their *Ammunition*, a Hundred and Sixty *Carts*, and Six Hundred *Wagons*; with all the Treaſury of the *Arch-Duke Leopold*, and *General Piccolomini*.

This Battel was fought, on the Firſt of the Eleventh *Moon*, as we reckon; but, according to the *Chriſtians* Account, on the Twenty Firſt of the Tenth *Moon*.

After this Signal Victory, *General Torſtenſon* ſhewed himſelf again before *Leipſick*, approached the Walls, planted his Batteries; and, though the Beſieged at firſt made ſhew of a firm Reſolution to defend the Place, yet the Terror which the late Defeat of the *German* Forces had ſtruck them with, ſoon altered their Counſels, and they ſurrender'd upon Honourable Conditions.

In

In the mean Time, *General Picolomini* and the *Arch-duke* of *Austria*, are retired into *Bohemia*. The *German Court* is full of Apprehensions; and, new Levies are every where making, to join the shatter'd Remnants of the Army. The Affairs of the King of *Hungary* are at an ill Pass, and all things look with a Cloudy Aspect on the *Empire*.

From the Side of *Italy*, we hear nothing of Moment, but the *Spaniards* are taking such Measures, as may best repair the Loss of *Tortona*: and, to that End, the *Duke* of *Milan* is making all the Preparations which are customary in such Cases. 'Tis said here, they intend to recover that Place again.

May these Quarrels of the *Infidels* continue, till the determinate Time shall come, that our *Victorious Armies* shall subdue them to the *Mussulman* Empire.

Paris, 7th. *of the* 3d. *Moon*,
of the Year 1643.

LETTER

LETTER XIII.

To the Kaimacham.

WHEN I ſent thee Word of the Death of *Cardinal Richlieu*, I thought it the ſame thing, as if I had preſented thee with the Head of one of the moſt Dangerous Enemies of the *Ottoman Empire*. That Head which while the Owner lived, was always plotting of Miſchief, had it not been diverted by nearer Intrigues, would not have fail'd to put ſome horrid Deſign in Execution againſt the *Sublime Port*, which of all the *Thrones* in the World, ſeems alone to o'er-top the *Grandeur* of *France*.

But, this *Court* ſeems to play the *Hydra*; for, no ſooner is the Head of one of her *Prime Miniſters* laid, but up ſprings another in the Room of it, equal in Vigour and Subtilty. And we have ſtill as much Reaſon to apprehend the Counſels of *Cardinal Mazarini*, as before we had to ſuſpect thoſe of *Richlieu*.

The Generality of the People at firſt, look-ed for another Conduct in the King towards the Creatures of the *Late Miniſter*; ſince he himſelf, toward the latter End of his Life, ſeem'd to ſubſiſt in the *Court*, rather through the Neceſſity the King had of his Counſels, than any Motive of Affection.

However the King has exactly complied with the *Cardinal*'s dying Requeſts, in ho-nouring

nouring several of his Relations and Friends, with *Places* of considerable Trust. And, 'tis to his last Recommendation, *Cardinal Mazarini* is obliged for the Authority he now possesses. In using of which, he discovers a refined Policy, and a Modesty which hath but few Examples.

The many Combinations and Attempts against *Cardinal Richlieu*, and the King's Coldness to him during the Siege of *Perpignan*, sufficiently instructed *Mazarini*, that it was impossible to possess so Eminent a Charge, without drawing on him the Envy and Hatred of the *Grandees*. He considered also, That he was a Stranger, whereas *Richlieu* was a Native of *France*. Therefore, he unites his Interest with that of Two Great Officers, who also courted the King's Favour; the one, is *Superintendent* of the *Finances*; the other, *Secretary* of *State*. These being longer acquainted with the nice Transactions of the *Court*, and the Intrigues of the Grandees, do him no small Service with their Instructions; and likewise abate the Popular Spight, or at least, share it with the *Cardinal*; since no Body will be so partial, as to lay the Blame of any Miscarriage on Him alone, who seems to do nothing without the Direction of his Two Partners (for so he calls them, as if these Three shared among them the Authority of the Defunct *Cardinal*.) This is a pure Trick of *Mazarini*; and he serves himself of them as we use a Ladder, designing by their Means to mount by safer Steps, and on their

Shoulders,

Shoulders, to lift himself unenvied to the Helm of the *State*. Not, but that he is actually Invested with the *Primacy* by the King; but, he is willing to divert the Storm which that will draw upon him from the *Nobles*, therefore he cunningly seems to decline it, pretending an earnest Desire to with-draw into *Italy*, and in the *Interim* has chosen these Two for his Colleagues. Thus he grasps with one Hand, what with the other he seems to reject; and by his Magnificent Living, his Obsequious Court, and obliging Carriage to all, he demonstrates, that if he should pass the *Alps*, his Heart would be left behind him in *France*, and that he only aims to be establish'd in the *Ministery*, with Universal Applause.

It makes me smile sometimes, to see what pains he takes to entangle himself in Infinite Hazards and Trouble, as if he were of a Constitution like that of a *Salamander*, which cannot live out of a Fire.

The Great God encrease the Vertues and Graces of the *Illustrious Kaimacham*, and of all the *Ministers* that stand by the Bright *Throne* of Justice, the Seat of the *Ottoman Emperors*.

Paris, 20th. *of the* 4th. *Moon, of the Year* 1643.

LETTER

LETTER XIV.

To the Venerable Mufti, *Prince of the Interpreters of the Law and Judges of Equity.*

A Cloud of Sorrow o'erſpeads the *Kingdom* of *France*; their *Sun* is ſet; the Mighty *Lewis*, for whom all *Europe* had been too narrow, had he liv'd, is now confined within the Limits of a Grave. He died at St. *Germains* yeſterday, being the Fourteenth of the Fifth *Moon*; having left his *Queen* poſſeſs'd of the *Regency*, and *Cardinal Mazarini*, of the Prime Conduct of the *State*.

He was a *Prince* of great Virtue, which with his ſucceſsful Conqueſts and Victories, procur'd him the Envy of his Neighbours. And, ſome Criticks among his own Subjects, pretend to find many Faults in his Proceedings; as, Breach of *Royal* Promiſe to the Governor of *Saumur*, when he delivered him the Keys of the Town; to the *Rochellers* in not razing *Lewis*'s Fort. Among Foreigners, the *Duke* of *Savoy*, the *Duke* of *Lorrain*, and the *German Emperor*, charge him with Breach of Articles in his Treaties. So does the King of *Spain*. And all of them complain, That he alone has involv'd all *Chriſtendom* in War and Blood.

Every Thing has two Handles, and Men are apt to take all things by the Worſt, eſpecially

ally in Cases of this Nature. It is difficult for a *Sovereign Monarch*, to carry himself so evenly in Peace or War, as to escape Obloquy; especially, if he be Victorious. Losers must have leave to be peevish.

But I forget that I speak to him, who can repeal the Sentences of Greatest *Monarchs*; before whose unerring Tribunal, all Earthly *Dignities* stand mute. Therefore, avoiding all impertinent Glosses, I will only present thee with what is proper to be said without partiality in *Lewis* his Vindication, being Matter of Fact, and leave the Decision to thy *Sacred* Judgment.

Herein it will not be amiss to call to Mind, how the Kings of *Spain*, and the whole *House* of *Austria*, have invaded and disturbed the Peace of *Europe*, from time to time, these many Years.

The Usurpation of *Navarre* by *Ferdinand* King of *Arragon*, began the fatal Jarr, when he deposed *John* of *Albret* and *Catharine* his *Queen*, though he himself had no other Title to this Kingdom, than what the Swords of the *Arragonians* and *Castilians* gave him; being of *Pyrrhus* and *Lysander*'s Mind, who knew no other Limits to their Dominions, than what their Enemies stout Resistance set them. Thus *Navarre* being adjacent to Old *Castile*, *Biscay* and *Galicia*, it became a Prey to *Spain*. Add to this, his Breach of *Royal* Word to *Catharine de Medicis*, (*Queen-Mother* of *France*;) to *Don Antonio*, the next Heir of *Portugal*; the *Dukes* of *Savoy* and *Parma* and

Catha-

Catharine, *Dutchess* of *Braganza*; that he would acquiesce to the *Chamber* of *Lisbon*, in the Case of Succession to the Crown of *Portugal*; when, contrary to all Law and Justice, he Invaded that Kingdom unawares, making it a *Tributary Province* to the *Spanish Crown*!

It has been the usual Methods of Politick and wise Princes, to check the Torrent of their Neighbours growing Greatness, to lopp the Luxuriant Branches of ill-gotten *Empire*; and, had *Henry* IV. of *France* prolong'd his Life, 'tis thought he would have re-conquer'd *Navarre*, and planted the *Flower-de-Luces* in *Fontarabia* and *Pampelone*. Who can then with Justice, tax *Lewis* XIII. for managing a War, which all the World expected of his Father?

Moreover, the *Spanish* Methods in conquering *Mexico* and *Peru*, Two mighty *Empires* in *America*; their barbarous Cruelty, their inhumane Butchery of above Twenty Millions of the Natives, when neither Dignity, nor Age, nor Sex, was spar'd, but all became a Sacrifice to their Insatiable Avarice of Gold, was a sufficient Argument to incense all the Princes in the World against them.

I have no Interest in *France*, any more than I should have in *Spain*, if I were there: I only plead for Justice.

'Twas time for *France* to be alarm'd and stand upon her Guard, when she saw her Potent Neighbour planting fresh Alliances and Interests, like Batteries, round about her; had the Danger only threatned from beyond the *Pyrenean*

rencan Mountains, she might have waited their Designs. But, when she saw so many *Powers* and *States* united in close Leagues, and wholly subject to *Spain*, 'twas time to beat the Drum and carry the War from Home, 'twas time to climb the *Alps* and take a survey of *Spanish Italy*; for the *Kingdom* of *Naples*, the *Dutchy* of *Millain*, the *Island* of *Sicily*, the *Dukes* of *Mantua*, *Parma*, and *Urbin*, the *Princes* of *Massa* and *Piombino*, with the *Free States* of *Genoua* and *Luca*, did then all march under the Banner of *Spain*. So that none but the *Great Duke* of *Tuscany*, with the *Republick* of *Venice*, were left to withstand his threatning Arms. Who will now blame King *Lewis*, for drawing into his *Confederacy* the *Hollanders*, *Hessians*, *Grisons*, and the *Swedes*? How could he otherwise dissolve that formidable Union aforesaid?

Besides the Murders of *Henry* III. and *Henry* IV. the one Kill'd at St. *Clou* by *James Clement*, the other at *Paris* by *Ravillac*, were so apparently hatch'd, and committed by *Spanish* Counsel and Influence, that, had *Lewis*, the late King, no other Reasons to stand upon his Guard, and observe the Motions of *Spain*, yet that were enough to Justifie his war-like Preparations against that Crown. For, besides the Motives of a Just Revenge, the common Jealousies of *State*, must needs prompt him to do his utmost, in Prevention of *Spanish* Intrigues.

Nor ought his matching with the *Infanta*, to have given him any greater security; since, under

under the fairest Grass, many times lurks the most Venomous Snake. What *Spain* could not do by open Force nor secret Conspiracy, she hoped might be accomplish'd by this specious Marriage. And, it was no small step toward it, that the numerous Train of *Spaniards*, which came into *France* with the *Infanta*, presently skrewed themselves into all Offices and Places of trust, both in *Church* and *State*; daily making Parties and Pensioners for *Spain*, till at length all *France* grew weary of them? So that the King was constrained to send them Home again: Else it is more than probable, that in a little Time he might have seen this flourishing *Kingdom*, in a worse Condition than ever had been known before. He has already seen the Bowels of *France* ript up by Intestine Broils, and weltring in its own Blood; he has seen the Princes and Nobles armed against him debauching and alienating the Allegiance of the *French Gentry*, *Clergy* and *Commons*, and covering their pernicious Rebellion under the Mask of the *Holy League*. He has seen the *Duke* of *Roban* leading up and down an Army of Twelve Thousand *Foot*, and Twelve Hundred *Horse*, at the King of *Spain*'s Cost; he himself with his Brother *Soubize*, being both Pensioners to the King of *Spain*, the one receiving Fourteen, the other Eight Thousand Crowns a Year. In fine, he has seen the strongest *Cities* and *Forts* of *Picardy*, *Normandy*, and other *Provinces* of *France* plundered, and pillaged by flying Armies of *Spaniards* and

Impe-

Imperialists, even when he least dream'd of any such Misfortune, being at the same time involv'd in *Civil Wars* with his own *Subjects*. After all this, had he not Reason to prevent the like Mischiefs and Incursions for the future, by transporting the War into his Enemies Countries, who had committed so many Hostilities and Ravages in his? It was certainly high Time for *France* to rouze up her Martial *Genius*, and leave off her dreaming *Theory*, when *Spain* was so busie with the *Practick*.

These are the Arguments that may be alledged, in Vindication of the King of *France*'s Conduct toward *Spain*. And not much less is to be recriminated upon the *Emperor* of *Germany*, his seizing the *Dutchy* of *Cleves* and *Juliers*, with many *Towns* and *Bishopricks* in the Counties of *Luxemburgh* and *La Marck*; as also in the Frontiers of *Suisserland* and *Lorrain*. His Conquest of the *Palatinate*, with the chiefest Cities, Forts, and Passes of the *Grisons*; his reducing the Lives and Liberties of that People to their last Gasp and Period, was a sufficient Motive to the *French* King, to put a speedy Check to this encreasing Grandeur of the *House* of *Austria*.

I leave the Determination of these Matters to thy Sage Wisdom, Great *Arbiter* of *Justice*, and bowing my Head to the Dust, awfully retire.

Paris, 15th. *of the* 5th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1643.

LETTER

LETTER XIII.

To the Reis Effendi, *Principal Secretary of State.*

THREE Days ago, *Lewis* XIII. King of *France* and *Navarre*, was arrested by the *King of Terrors*, and forc'd to pay the *Grand Debt*, to *God* and *Nature*; I will not say, before it was due, but sooner than the accustomed Time of Payment, being not full Forty Three Years old.

Yet *Heaven* was so Indulgent, as not to suffer the *Grim Messenger* of *Fate*, to snatch him hence without a previous Summons: His Distemper being a lingring Consumption, which gave him frequent Intimations of his fading Strength.

There are not wanting such as whisper, That he was hurried out of the World before his Time, by some unnatural Artifice. And, the Common Sort say, that *Mazarini*'s Scarlet, looks of a more *Sanguine Hue*, than it did Four Days ago.

The Reason of this Jealousie, I suppose, is grounded on the Familiarity that has been observed between the now *Queen-Regent* and the *Cardinal*; both also being Strangers to the *French* Blood, she a *Spaniard*, and he an *Italian*. I will not determine how far these Reflections are justifiable, because I know it is

impossible for Persons in their Circumstances, to avoid the Censure of busie prying Minds, in such a Juncture as this: Yet some, who move in a Sphere above the Vulgar, cannot forget by whose Instigations his Royal Father, *Henry* the *Great*, was sent out of the World.

The known familiar Access which the *Marquess Spinola* gave to *Ravillac* at *Brussels*, the private Entertainments between them a little before that Murderer gave the fatal Blow, together with other Circumstances, amounted to more than a strong Presumption with the *French*, that *Spain* was the Principal Author of that Tragedy.

And, the sudden Exclamation of *Francesco Corvini*, an *Italian Astrologer*, the Night before the King was kill'd, made some Men cast an Eye of Suspicion beyond the *Alps*. For, he standing on the Leads of his House in *Florence*; as though he were observing the Stars, on a sudden stamp'd with his Foot, and said, *To Morrow the Most Potent* Monarch *of* Europe *will be kill'd*. But some curious Heads imagine, he had his Intelligence nearer Hand, than from the Heavens, and, that rather, some of the Great *Italian* Stars had made him thus Prophetick.

Hence, by comparing these Times with those, the present Regency of a *Spaniard*, and Superintendency of an *Italian*, creates a like Suspicion in the *French*, concerning the Death of *Lewis* XIII. who though he died in his Bed, yet might as well be murder'd by a Drug, as his Father was by a Knife. These

are

are the ſecret Surmiſes of Cabals, not a little heightned by reflecting on the Time of both their Deaths; both dying in the ſame Month, the ſame Day of the Month, and much about the ſame Hour of the Day.

Yet, notwithſtanding theſe Murmurs, when his Body was open'd, and his Intrails taken out and ſearch'd, the *Phyſicians* gave their Sentence, That he died a Natural Death. His Bowels are carried to *St. Denys*, a Town above Three Leagues from *Paris*, there to be buried; and his Body is Embalmed in order to its Sepulture in the ſame Place; there being a Magnificent Church, where all the *Royal Blood* of *France* is commonly Interr'd.

Yeſterday I was in Company with one of his *Phyſicians*, and entring into Diſcourſe of the *King*'s Death, (the common Theme of all Companies at preſent) he told us that the *King*'s Waſting and Death proceeded from the Diſproportion of his Moiſture to his Heat, the latter being predominant in his Conſtitution; ſo that not meeting with a ſufficient check from Natural Humidity, it kindled conſtant Fevers in his Body, which never left him till he left the World.

He was a very devout Man in his Religion, and free from Vice, at leaſt, to outward Obſervation. A remarkable Inſtance of his Piety he gave in his Youth; when entring a certain Country Village, the better Sort of Inhabitants offered to attend him with a Canopy; he anſwer'd, *I hear you have no* Church *here, neither will I ſuffer a Canopy of* State *to*

be born over my Head in that Place, where God hath not a Conſecrated Roof to dwell under, (For, theſe *Nazarenes* believe, that *God* dwells in their *Temples.*)

He was temperate to a Miracle, in the Midſt of *Royal* Dainties; not ſuffering his Palate to betray his Vertue. He ſcorn'd thoſe Pleaſures which debaſe the Mind. And, took more delight in the noiſe of Drums and Trumpets, and the Roaring of Cannon, than in the ſoft Blandiſhments of Love. He was adorned with many other Vertues, which gained him the Love of all, and more eſpecially, the Favour of Heaven. Yet, after all his Victories, Succeſſes and Triumphs, all that can be now ſaid of him is, *He is Dead.* Thus paſſes away the Glory of the Greateſt Potentates.

God preſerve our *Invincible Sultan*, ever Glorious, Proſperous, Renowned and Immortal.

Paris, 17th. *of the* 5th. *Moon, of the Year* 1643.

LETTER

LETTER XIV.

To the Kaimacham.

I Am plac'd as an *Echo* in *Paris*, to remit to the *Ottoman Port*, the *Sanctuary* of the *World*, whatſoever makes a Noiſe in *Chriſtendom*. I have ſent a *Diſpatch* to the *Venerable Muſti*, as alſo to the *Principal Secretary* of *State*, containing the News of the Death of *Lewis* XIII. King of *France* and *Navarre*.

I need not repeat here, what I have ſaid to them; Becauſe I know, they will communicate to thee my Letters.

Yet ſuffer me to ſay ſomething of this Great *Monarch*, who, had his Nature been more durable, would in all probability have exceeded all his *Royal Progenitors*, both in his Conqueſts abroad, and his Abſolute Sway at Home. Of which he gave an early Preſage, appearing at the Head of Armies, at thoſe Years when other Princes are but learning the Rudiments of War in the *Academy*.

When he was little more than Twelve Years of Age, he began to diſcover his Valour and Conduct, in ſubduing the Rebels of *Poictou* and *Bretaigne*, leading an Army againſt them in his own Perſon.

Yet, that Succeſs, did not diſcourage others of his Subjects, from attempting freſh Inſurrections againſt him. *Fate* decreed, that

he ſhould gather the Laurels which compoſed his Crown, from amongſt Briars and Thorns; His whole Life being one continued *Series* of War, either at Home or Abroad, and ſometimes both.

But, that which moſt exercis'd his Patience, was, the frequent *Inteſtine* Broils and Inſurrections of his own Subjects, of which he ſaw no leſs than Ten during his Reign, ſome of them headed and abetted by the *Princes* of the *Blood*; Nay, as if Heaven had cut him out for the Toils of War, when all Things elſe were in a Poſture of Peace, his own *Mother* and *Monſieur* his *Brother*, ſeveral Times call'd him into the Field, by taking up Arms againſt him.

When Victory had erected *Obeliſks* and other Monuments of Honour to him in *Italy* and *Spain*, and had cut Triumphal Arches through the *Alps* and *Pyrenean* Mountains, for the Conquerours Return; when he had made the *Rhine* to flow with *German* Blood, and had every where both by Sea and Land left Tokens of his matchleſs Fortune; coming to his own Country, inſtead of Trophies and Honours to welcome home their Sovereign, his Ears were always grated with the unwelcome News of *Civil Wars* in his own Kingdom.

Yet, he that conſiders, need not wonder at theſe Convulſions of the *State* in *France*, or any other Kingdom ſo populous as that is. In the *Oeconomy* of the *Univerſe*, though it be governed by an *Eternal Providence* which cannot

cannot err, yet we see the *Elements* at war with each other, and that perpetually; and out of this restless Strife and Quarrel, arises the Health and good Constitution of the *Natural* World. So is it in the *Politick* World; *No Kingdom* or *Commonwealth* can subsist without Purgations of her peccant and superfluous Humours; which War effects, as the most Appropriate and Natural Remedy in such Cases.

Neither had *Lewis* any great Reason to be angry at these Disorders, since through his Prudent Management, they furnish'd him both with the Opportunity and Means to reduce this Kingdom to an entire Obedience, which his *Predecessors* could never accomplish. Thus, they say, the Palm, the more it is oppressed with Weights, shoots up the higher.

Kingdoms and *Empires*, like *Natural* Bodies, have their proper Time of Growth; and the *Genius* of each Nation, stimulates it with a strong Desire and Appetite of enlarging its Dominions, which it never ceases to pursue, till it be arrived to the Meridian and Height of Grandeur; though it be often interrupted and retarded in its Course to Maturity, by *State* Fevers and other Maladies.

Thus *France*, during the Nonage of her growing *State*, felt various Shocks and Fits; often threatned with a Dissolution by the high-wrought Blood of potent Factions. Yet, in her Constitution, she had Antidotes as well as Poysons: And, her wise Kings, had skill

to check and curb a Popular Diſeaſe. But, none e'er rooted out the Cauſe, till this great *Lewis* took the Cure in Hand. He has awakned all the *Vital* Powers of *State*, and rowz'd the very Soul of *Government*. 'Tis he alone, has cruſh'd the laſt Head of that Factious *Hydra*, which for ſo many Reigns, had exercis'd the Arms of his *Royal Anceſtors*.

Wouldſt thou know, by what Methods he has accompliſh'd this Great Work? I'll tell thee in a Word; by Rigour and Severity. He fleec'd the *Rich Plebeians* of their Gold, and kept the *Poor* in that Condition, by continual Taxes and Impoſitions.

Yet, he was a *Prince* of that admirable Temper in his Government, that he acquired the Epithet of *Juſt*.

His *Queen* is now *Regent*, according to the *Law* of *France*, the *Dauphin* being but Four Years of Age.

The *Sovereign Arbiter* of *Fate*, grant to the Glorious *Sultan*, Victory over all his Enemies, that ſo, theſe *Weſtern* Nations, when their Courſe is run, may be ſubdued to the *Sacred Empire* of the *True Believers*.

Paris, 17th *of the* 5th *Moon*,
of the Year 1643.

LETTER

LETTER XV.

To the Venerable Mufti, Succeſſor *of the* Prophets, *and* Meſſengers *of* God.

THY laſt Letter, has confirmed the Effects of the former; and given me a freſh Teſtimony, of thy *Paternal* Affection and Friendſhip: It is an evident Sign, that thou takeſt Care of poor *Mahmut*, when with an Authority full of Tenderneſs, thou reproveſt his Faults, without leaving him Occaſion to deſpair. Such Reprehenſions, are a Sovereign Balm to a wounded Spirit; and, I hope, after an Application ſweetned with ſo much Clemency, I ſhall never do any Thing which may merit or need the Diſcipline requiſite to a Gangrene.

If I was negligent in performing the *Penance* thou before enjoynedſt me, I will now endeavour to make reparation. If the Account I gave thee, of the *Religion* of theſe *Weſtern* Part, was too Superficial and Brief; I will now enlarge, and preſent thee with the Chief Obſervations and Remarks I have made during my Reſidence here, and my Captivity in *Palermo*.

I need not acquaint thee, with that which cauſes the Greateſt Rupture between the *Roman* and *Greek* Churches; *Cyril* the *Patriarch*,

has said enough to thee on that Subject. Thou knowest, that the Grand Quarrel between them is about the *Supremacy*, which the *Roman Prelate* claims over all the *Churches* in the World, by a *Divine* Right. But, neither *Cyril*, nor the *Friars* of *Jerusalem* with whom he contested, would inform thee, that this Supremacy where ever it resides, is only founded in *Right* of the *Empire*. They would make thee believe, That the *Christian Bishops* were, from the Beginning, *Sovereigns*, Established by *God*, *Princes* Independent of the *Imperial* Sceptre; concealing, that the First Founders of their pretended *Monarchy*, were poor Fishermen, who never dream'd of such a Grandure, as their Successors were afterwards invested with, by the Liberality of the *Roman* and *Grecian* Emperours. It would be a Reproach to themselves, if they should let thee know, how Holy and Harmless were the First *Patriarchs* of *Byzantium* and *Rome*, who refused the Honours and Dignities of the World, and were only Ambitious of Excelling one another in Vertue and a Pious Life. Their very Addresses to thee, are a Contradiction to the Examples of their Predecessors, each Party offering Treasures of Gold, thinking to bribe the Incorruptible Judge with the glittering Dirt. Assuredly, the Seeds of an Irreconcilable Discord are sown in these *Infidels*; they are setled upon the Lees of Error, till the *Day* of *Judgment*.

As to the State of Controversie between them, it is certain, that while *Rome* was the *Capital*

Capital Seat of the *Empire*, the *Roman Bishops* had the Superiority granted them; but, when the *Imperial Residence* was translated from thence to *Byzantium*, by *Constantine the Great* (from whom it derives the Name it now bears of *Constantinople*) then the *Ecclesiastical* Supremacy was also transferr'd to the *Patriarch* of that City; who enjoys it to this Day, through the Favour of our Munificent *Sultans*, who succeed the Ancient *Emperours* of *Greece*. This Superlative Power, the *Popes* of *Rome* would not recognize in any other but themselves, being loath to part with the Authority they once possess'd; whence proceeded the *Schism* between the Two *Churches* of the *East* and *West*. And, while the *Patriarchs* of the *Graecians*, shelter'd their new acquir'd Honour, under the Protection of the *Emperours*; the *Popes*, partly by Artifice and partly by Force, made themselves *Lords* of *Rome* and the Adjacent Territories, taking Advantage of the *Absence* of the *Emperours*, the *Pusillanimity* of the *Senators*, and *Discord* of the *Citizens*. Supported with this *Princely* Estate, they *Excommunicate* all the *Churches* which did not submit to them, as the *Sovereign Prelates* of the *Christian* World; publishing severe *Edicts* against the *Greek Church*, and doing every Thing that might confirm the World, in the Belief of their Authority and Grandure. The *Potentates* of *Europe*, frightned with the Thunder which the *Roman Pontifs* used, and induced by other Reasons, did Homage to them, acknowledging their

their *Sovereign* Juriſdiction in the *Weſt*. In this State they have continued ever ſince, without yielding in any Thing to the *Patriarchs* of *Conſtantinople*.

There have been great Endeavours uſed on both Sides, to gain their reſpective Ends; and, ſeveral *General Councils* were called, that is, an Aſſembly of the Chief *Biſhops* and *Doctors* of both *Churches*, to examine and decide the Difference. And, ſometimes the *Fathers* of the *Greek Church*, have ſubſcribed a Submiſſion to the *Pope*; but, as ſoon as they return'd home, they have Recanted, and the Breach render'd as wide as ever. They accuſe the *Romans* of Partiality, and ſay, That the *Councils* were pack'd; yet, both Parties ſeem to give an extraordinary Deference to theſe *General Councils*, believing, That the *Holy Ghoſt* is there preſent, and guides them into all Truth. The *Councils* which they eſteem *Infallible*, have *contradicted* each other: This Repealing what That had Decreed, and a Third Diſannulling that Repeal. The *Councils* believe themſelves above the *Pope*, and the *Pope* exalts himſelf above the *Councils*. Sometimes they have Two or Three *Popes* together, all claiming that, which can be the Right but of One. In fine, they have involved themſelves in ſuch a Labyrinth of Diſputes and Cavils, and are entangl'd in ſuch a Circle of Abſurdities, that the ſoberer part of *Chriſtians*, begin to queſtion the Authority both of *Popes* and *Councils*: Inſomuch, as it being generally known, that the laſt Aſſembly of this

this Kind, was manifestly over-ruled by the Agents of the *Court* of *Rome*, people spar'd not to pass this Jest on it, and say, *That the* Holy Ghost *was sent from* Rome *to the* Council *of* Trent *in a* Cloak-bag; intimating thereby, the many Instructions and Advices which were continually transmitted from *Rome* by the Post, to the *Fathers* sitting in that *Council*, whereby all things were determined according to the *Pope's* Pleasure, and to the Advantage of the *Roman Court*.

'Tis certain, the *Christians* now a-days, have abated much of that *Blind Obedience*, which they formerly paid to the *Roman Pontiffs*: they begin to see with their own Eyes, and not with those of their *Priests*. There was a Time, when many Kings were made to hold their *Crowns* in Fee of the *Roman Prelate*, who pretended a Right to dispose of all the *Kingdoms* and *Empires* of the Earth, as *Vicar* of *God*. But, the *Kings* of *England*, *Sweden-land*, and *Denmark*, with some *Princes* of the *German Empire* and the *States* of *Holland*, have taught others the Way to stand upon their Guard; so that, though the *Emperour* of *Germany*, *Kings* of *France*, *Spain* and *Poland*, with the *Princes* of *Italy*, profess an Obedience to the *Holy Father*, yet 'tis rather out of a *Maxim* of *Policy*, than any real Perswasion of Religion.

The *Spaniards* seem the most superstitiously Devoted to the *See* of *Rome*; yet, they will not endure the *Excommunication*, which the *Pope* pronounces against their King, above the

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The Space of one Day: It seems, upon some old Difference between them, it is usual for the *Holy Father* to *Excommunicate* this *Sovereign* once a Year, that is, on the *Thursday* before *Easter*, which is the same as our *Feast* of *Beiram*. Now, as I am told, the *Spanish Ambassador* next Day, presents the *Pope* with a Gennet or Horse, upon which the Censure is taken off. This is an *Ecclesiastick* Juggle; and the *Court* of *Rome*, use a great deal of such *Holy Legerdemain*, to keep the Sons of the *Church* in their Obedience.

The *French Church*, though in all Things agreeing and professing an entire Obedience to the *Roman*, yet claims to her self some Immunities and Privileges, which the *Court* of *Rome* is very loath to grant. Hence it comes to pass, that there arise frequent Contests between the *Popes* and the Kings of *France*, which are generally accommodated to the Advantage of the Latter; the *Pope* not being willing to try the Force, of *THE LAST REASON OF KINGS*: This is a *Motto*, engraven on the *French* King's Cannon, which he has threatned to carry to the Walls of *Rome*, if the *Pope* should entrench on the *Gallican* Rights.

But, though they thus disagree in some Niceties of State, yet they and all the Rest of the Nations, within the *Roman* Communion, have but one *Form* of *Divine* Service, which they call the *Mass*, and it is the same with the *Grecian Liturgy*. On *Festival* Days, it

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is solemnized with Variety of Choice *Musick* and *Singing*; with Innumerable Wax-Tapers, burning at Noon-day. I have seen at such a Time, Sixteen *Priests* before the *Altar*, all Vested in most costly Silks, embroidered with Gold and Pearls.

They have also many *Chapels* and *Altars* in the same *Church*, and sometimes they Celebrate *Mass* on all the *Altars* together: differing herein from those of the *Greek Communion*, who have but one *Altar* in a *Temple*: For which they plead Antiquity, it never having been known, that the *Primitive Christians* had any more. On the other side, the *Romans* plead Conveniency, for the Multitude of their *Altars*; that the *Pope* has a power to dispense with the Ancient Rites and Traditions in such Cases; and, that nothing was more reasonable, than that their *Altars* should be multiplied, as the Number of their *Proselytes* and *Priests* encreas'd.

I will not pretend to decide this Controversie; permit me only to say, that the *Faithful Mussulmans*, have more reason to require several *Preachers* at the same time in our *Magnificent Mosques*, where it is impossible for all the Auditors in so vast an Assembly, to hear and understand the *Law* Expounded by one Man, though it be performed in the Vulgar Tongue: Whereas, their Service is celebrated in a Language, whereof the Multitude are utterly ignorant. It matters not much, whether they are near the *Priest* at the *Altar*, or afar off, since they understand not a Word

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he says; and, the *Græcians* judge it sufficient to be present at this their Daily *Sacrifice*, tho' it be at the very Porch of the Temple.

Another Difference there is also between these Two *Churches*; the *Roman* allows not a *Married Priest*, unless in some extraordinary Cases, and then the *Pope's Dispensation* must be procured. But, *Concubinage* is connived at, though forbidden by the *Canons* of the *Church*: Whereas thou knowest, that all the *Græcian Papa's*, marry and get Children.

The *Spaniards*, among all the Nations within the *Roman Pale*, are reckon'd the *Best Catholicks*, but the *Worst Christians*; the *French* are said to be, the *Best Christians*, but the *Worst Catholicks*; and, the *Italians*, are accounted neither *Catholicks* nor *Christians*.

I know not what reason they have to state the Difference so between the Two Former; but, the Character of the Latter, suits in one Respect with the usual *Proverb* of that Country; it being common in the Mouths of *Italian Gallants*, to say, *He that is a* Christian *is a* Fool.

The Devouter sort of *Catholicks*, pay a great Reverence and Devotion to the *Reliques* of their *Saints*. I could not reprehend them for this, if I were sure of Two Things, That all those whom they esteem as *Saints* were really such; and, That all the *Reliques* they keep with so much Veneration in their *Churches*, did really appertain to the Persons under whose Names they go. For, then it would

would be no more, than what the *True Believers* practise throughout the World; and it is well known, That when a piece of the Garment of our *Holy Prophet*, was dipt in the Water which they cast on the Flames of *Constantinople*, the Fire immediately ceased, to which before no Stop could be given by all the Industry and Endeavours of Men. Assuredly, the Bodies of the *Prophets* and *Messengers* of *God*, are *Holy*, and have a Power of Sanctifying whatever they touch, producing often Miraculous Effects; but, the Avarice of Men may abuse this Truth to their own private Ends; and, the *Christians* themselves will not believe all to be *true Reliques* of *Saints*, which their Crafty *Priests* shew for such.

There be innumerable other *Sects* of *Christians*, which are neither in *Communion* with the *Roman* nor the *Grecian Churches*; but, accusing them of *Idolatry*, separate themselves from their Society, and form Distinct Congregations. These are not known in *France*, saving only the *Hugonots*, otherwise called *Protestants*: Which last, is a *Term* comprehending all that have Revolted from the *Roman Church*, and was first assumed by the *Lutherans* at *Ausburgh* in *Germany*.

In *England* and *Holland*, there are abundance of these *Sects*, some of them newly sprung up, others of longer Date. And, all thus far agree with the *Mussulmans*, that they use not *Pictures* or *Images* in their *Temples*; so, that were they rightly instructed in the

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Holy Alcoran, it would not be a Thing altogether impracticable, to perswade them to *Circumcision*. There is a *Sect* which they call *Socinians*, who seem to preach out of the very *Book* of *Glory*, denying the *Divinity* of *Jesus*, the *Son* of *Mary*, the *Christians Messias*; even as our *Divine* now *given* does in several *Chapters* and *Versicles* of the *Alcoran*.

The *Christian Church*, seems to be a stately Building, whereof *Prelacy* is the Corner-Stone; if this were removed, all would fall to the Ground. That which they call the *Hierarchy*, if it could once be dissolv'd or pull'd down, we should soon see all *Christendom* laid in Ruines. This *Hierarchy* is a Gradual Subordination of *Arch-Bishops*, *Bishops* and *Priests*; the Inferiour depending on the Superiour, and all deriving their Orders and Dignities from their *Chief Patriarchs*. These are the Links which compose that Chain, that fastens *Christendom* together; were this but once broke, the United Interest of *Europe* would soon fall into pieces. The Way must be, by beginning at the lowermost Link: Could but the *Priests* be render'd Independent on the *Bishops*, and on each other, it would be a fair step toward the dismantling of the Out-works, these *Priests* drawing infinite Numbers of People after them; as it is apparent in *Geneva*, *Holland*, *Switzerland* and other Places, where they have quite abolish'd the *Order* and *Authority* of *Bishops*: And it is observable that none of these forementioned Countries since that Time, have ever been

been Instrumental in opposing the Victorious Arms of the *Ottoman Empire*: As, if, with the Downfal of *Episcopacy*, the Charm were dissipated, which had for some Ages precipitated these Nations (among others) to a rash and Obstinate Resistance of that Force, which is destin'd by *Fate*, to Conquer and Reform the World.

Weigh this Thought well, and thou wilt find, that the *Order* of *Bishops*, is Essential and Necessary to the Good Estate of *Christendom*; and, that the only Way for the *Mussulmans* to undermine all *Europe*, will be, to supplant this *Order*, and Introduce an *Ecclesiastick* Independency among the *Priests*; by which means, every one shall assume to himself, not only his proper Fragment of the torn Dignity, but the whole Fundamental Power of a *Bishop*; taking upon him to do those Offices, which before it was not accounted Lawful for any but a *Mitred* Head to perform. Hence, in Time, will follow innumerable Inconveniences, Distastes, and Broils; and, perhaps, as many *Schisms*, as there are particular *Priests* to head them: Since, every one will be apt to think himself capable of dictating to all the Rest, and judge it below him to receive the Law from any. Thus, will there be a clear Stage, for Ambition, Avarice and Lust, to act their Parts on; and when, by the Craft of designing Men, the Superstition of Bigots, and the Easiness of the Credulous, the greatest Part shall be so divided, that it will be difficult to find Two Men of the

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ſame Mind in *Articles* of *Faith*; It will then be eaſie, either by the Intelligible Reaſons in the *Alcoran*, or the more Cogent Arguments of the Sword, to plant the *True* and *Undefiled Faith* in theſe Countries. The *Creator* of all Things haſten his *Holy Prophet*'s Return, that all Nations may embrace his *Law*, aſſert his *Unity*, and be incorporated into the *Glorious Empire* of the *Ozmans*.

Paris, 10th. *of the* 6th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1643.

LETTER XVI.

To the Kaimacham.

SInce the Death of King *Lewis*, all Men's Eyes and Hearts are fix'd upon the *Dauphin*; who, though he is very Young, yet is he a *Prince* of a forward *Genius*, and promiſing Aſpect, giving ſignal Proofs of a *Martial* Spirit.

One Day, ſeeing the Guards, as they were exerciſing their Arms, he diſcovered an extraordinary Complacency, and ſaid to thoſe that ſtood by; *I had rather be a Souldier, than a* King: Imagining, from the Softneſſes he is accuſtomed to in theſe Infant Years, that the Life of a *Soldier*, is incompatible with that of a *King*.

Since that Time, he haraſſes his Tutor and Attendants

Attendants, with perpetual Tattle about Guns and Swords. And, *Cardinal Mazarini*, not to baffle or check such Generous Inclinations, has cull'd out a Companion for him, agreeable in Temper, only a Year or Two elder.

These Young Sons of *Mars*; bestow their Time partly in shooting with little harmless Engines, made on purpose for the *Dauphin*'s Recreation, in Imitation of Guns; sometimes with Bows and Arrows; at other Times, they fence with Files adapted to their tender Arms, and childish Skill. In these Kind of Exercises, the *Dauphin* grows a great Proficient; and it is look'd upon, as an *Omen* of his future Warlike Deeds.

A *Spanish Astrologer*, has calculated his Nativity. He Prophesies strange Things of this Young *Prince*; As, that he shall excel all his *Royal Ancestors* in Feats of Arms; That he shall make the Crown of *France Imperial*, having subdued *Spain*, *Italy* and *Germany*; That he shall shake the *Ottoman Empire*, but, in the End, shall be deposed by his own Subjects.

I know not what Credit may be given to the *Professors* of this *Science*, in regard the Ancient Rules of *Astrology*, on which the *Chaldeans*, and other *Eastern Sages*, grounded their Predictions, are now either wholly lost, or so corrupted and obscured by the Comments and Glosses of later Authors, that there are hardly any Footsteps of the Original *Maxims* to be trac'd. Yet, without troubling

bling *Astrologers*, *Prophets*, or *Wizards*, one may presage from the Natural *Genius* of the *Dauphin*, that when he comes to feel his Strength, he will not be idle, but follow his Father's Steps, who, before he was Thirteen Years of Age, appear'd at the Head of Armies.

The *Omnipotent* guard our Glorious *Sultan*, and the *Empire* Established by his own Hands, and, may his Blessing descend on the *Royal Offspring*; that the Young *Sultan Mahomet*, may perform greater Things, than are propheſied of the *French Dauphin*.

Paris, 6th. *of the* 7th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1643.

LETTER XVII.

To the Vizir Azem, *at the* Port.

I Remember, I promiſed to send thee farther Advices of the War between *Spain* and *Portugal*, since the late Revolution in those Parts.

The *Island* of *Tercera*, was the only Place that held out against the *New King*, when all others, with Expressions of extraordinary Joy for their Deliverance from the *Castilian* Yoke, submitted to and acknowledg'd *D. Juan de Braganza*, as the *Lawful Heir* of that *Crown*.

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The Resistance which the *Governor* of this *Island* made, obliged the King to send thither a certain Number of Ships of War, to block up the Place, and hinder the Importance of any Provisions. And, this course prov'd successful; for, though the *Spaniards* attempted several Times to relieve it, yet their Vessels were either taken by the *Portuguese* Fleet, or sent back again without doing their Errand. So that at length, *Don Alvaro de Viveiros*, the *Governor*, finding himself reduced to great Streights for want of Necessaries, without any Hopes of being relieved, was forced to Capitulate and Surrender.

The *New King* has made an *Alliance* with the *Suedes*, which is of no small Advantage to him; having thereby established a Commerce with that Country, and furnishing himself from thence with Powder, Horses, Arms and all other Provisions of War.

He has also made a *Treaty* with the *Hollanders*, but not with so good Success as the former. Thou hast heard what Possessions the Kings of *Spain* and *Portugal* have acquired in *America*, they being the first Discoverers of that *New World*. It happened, that about the Time of the late Revolution in *Portugal*, the *Hollanders* of *Brasil* took from the *Portuguese* the Towns of *Angola*, St. *Thomas*, *Maragnon* and other Places belonging to *D. Juan de Braganza* in those Parts. The Knowledge of this coming to the *Portuguese Court*, caused the King to send his *Ambassador* to demand of the *States* the Reason of this Breach.

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They answer. It was done before the News of the *Revolution* had reached the *West-Indies*. This, with some Acts of Hostility in the *Oriental* Parts, has lessen'd the good Understanding which was between them.

In the mean Time, the Spight and Hatred of the *Castilians*, encreased daily; much Blood was spilt on the Frontiers of *Portugal*, which obliged *D. Juan* to establish Six Places of Strength, quartering in them an Army of Thirty Thousand Men. The *Spaniards* to oppose these Forces, had likewise Four or Five Armies in *Castile*. There were many Skirmishes and Encounters, Stratagems and Ambuscades on both Sides; and, it was hard to determine who had got the Advantage, till Fortune seem'd to favour the Cause of the *Portugueze*.

They had a Valiant and Expert Commander, who was *Governour* of one of their Frontier *Provinces*; His Name is, *Fernand Telles de Menezez*. This *Hero* animated by the Justice of his Cause, and spurr'd on by the Natural Ardour of his Spirit, pierc'd into the Bowels of *Old Castile*, took the Towns of *St. Martin* and *Elge*, demolishing the Castle belonging to the latter, which also commanded all the Country thereabouts; and, being encounter'd by Two Thousand Five Hundred *Spaniards*, he fell upon them and cut them all in Pieces. He also render'd himself Master of a strong Place call'd *Valverde*, which he stor'd with all sorts of Ammunition, and left a *Portugueze* Garrison in it.

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They were no leſs Victorious in another *Province*, from whence the *Portugueze* Armies ruſh'd into the Adjacent Territories of *Spain*, taking the Towns of *Arocbes*, *Villar de Rey*, *Codicere*, *Anzinaſola*, and other Places of Note, without any Reſiſtance, ſave that of a few *Caſtilian* Troops, moſt of which they took Priſoners, with a Booty of three Hundred *Spaniſh* Gennets. After this, they took *Chelles* by Storm, one of the moſt conſiderable Towns in that Part of *Spain*. Nor was the King of *Portugal* only thus ſucceeſsful near Home, but his Affairs proſper'd alſo abroad. The Kings of *Goa* and *Maroc* ſought his Alliance, with other Princes in the *Eaſt-Indies*; and, in General, all the *Potentates* in *Chriſtendom*, excepting only *Spain*, made Friendſhip with *D. Juan de Braganza*, and eſpouſed his Intereſts.

There has been a General Aſſembly of all the *Eſtates* of *Portugal*; wherein, the People have teſtified their Joy and Satisfaction in their *New King*, by offering him, together with their Lives, the Diſpoſal of their Fortunes, to be imployed for the Service of the *Crown*, and the Releaſe of his Royal Brother *Dom Duartus*, of whom I formerly made Mention in one of my Letters.

Thou wilt not perhaps think me troubleſome, if I relate to thee how the *Spaniards* uſed this unfortunate Prince after they had Impriſon'd him: Neither is it altogether impertinent, to let thee ſee, how ſpighteful this Nation is in their Revenges, and now Cruel in the Execution of their Reſentments.

After *Dom Duartus* was delivered into the Hands of the *Marquiss Castel Rodrigo*, the *Spaniards* gave him not the Entertainment and Respect due to a Prince, but used him like a Slave or Malefactor, causing him to be lodged in a mean dark Chamber, his Hands to be chained every Night, his Robes to be taken from him, none of his Domesticks suffered to come near him, and doing all the Indignities to him that their Malice could suggest, as proper means to render his Imprisonment intolerable, and his Life a Burden. If thou askest me, for what Crime it was they thus punished him, I can tell thee of none, unless it were one, to be so nearly related to the King of *Portugal*.

But, this is not the only Example of the *Spanish* Cruelty; they executed their Revenge on poor unarm'd Peasants in the Field; the *Duke d' Alva* causing Three Hundred *Portuguize* Husbandmen, as they were labouring in the Vineyards, to be murdered in cold Blood, sacrificing them, as he said, to the *Ghosts* of the slaughter'd *Castilians*. And, it was attributed to their under-hand Insinuations, that four *Portuguize* Ambassadors, with Three and Fifty of their Train, were barbarously put to Death by the *Japoneses*, against the Law of Nature, and the Sanction of all Nations. Such Violences have never been practis'd in the *Ottoman Empire*; the *Sanctuary* of the *Earth*, has not been profan'd by an Injustice of so deep a Die.

There has been lately discover'd, a Second Conspiracy against *Dom Juan de Braganza*, wherein were concerned *Dom Joseph de Mene-*

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zez, *Governour* of St. *Julien*, the moſt Important Fortreſs of all the Kingdom, and *Dom Franciſco de Lucena*, *Secretary* of *State*. Theſe held a private Correſpondence with the *Duke d' Olivarez*; and, it was agreed between them, that the *Governour* of *Badaioz*, a Subject of the King of *Spain*, ſhould be put in Poſſeſſion of St. *Julien's Fort*, which is the very Key of *Lisbon*, and that other Places of Strength ſhould be delivered up to ſuch *Spaniſh* Officers as *Olivarez* appointed. But, a Letter which was ſent from *Dom Juan de Garay*, *Governour* of *Badaioz*, to the *Governour* of St. *Lucies-Fort* in *Portugal*, being by Miſtake carried to the Hands of the *Count d' Obidos*, a *Portugueze General*, and a faithful Friend to the King, diſcovered the Intrigue, and the Traytors were ſeized and brought to Condign Puniſhment.

I cannot at preſent ſend thee any more News of the *Portugueze* Affairs. *God* grant thee a long and happy Life in the Favour of the *Grand Signior*.

Paris, 20th. *of the* 7th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1643.

LETTER XVIII.

To Dgnet Oglou.

THOU wilt wonder when I tell thee, I am melancholy for want of Solitude. That which adminiſters Occaſion of Sadneſs to others, is the only Cure of my Grief. Yet, this will not ſeem a *Paradox*, when thou conſidereſt, that Converſation is the Air of the Soul, and that he who values the Health and Eaſe of his Mind, ought to chuſe ſuch an Element for it to breathe in, as is pure and ſerene, which is very Difficult to find in any Society. This is the Reaſon, that I never think my ſelf more alone, than when I am confin'd to ſome Kind of Company.

Thou haſt obſerved, that moſt Men will engroſs all the Talk to themſelves; this is very Irkſom. Yet, I ſhould not grudge them the Monopoly, were their Diſcourſe pertinent and agreeable; but, to be forc'd to hearken to all their empty Tattle of Hawks and Hounds, Garbs and Faſhions, with an endleſs Jargon of Things leſs to the Purpoſe than the former, which will keep their Tongues employ'd ſometimes two or three Hours together; renders their Converſe more troubleſome, than that of the Spark, who pick'd up *Horace* in the Streets of *Rome*.

Others are of a quite contrary Humour; and, thou mayſt as ſoon get a Word from the

the *Mufti*, as from them. They ſit like Statues, as if they emulated the Character of *Griuli Eben Sagran*, one of the *Vizirs* of the *Bench*, who in ten Years that he had ſat in the *Divan*, was never obſerved to ſpeak a Syllable.

Yet, this ſort is more tolerable than the other, who with their Everlaſting Chat, rock the Company aſleep, and take from them the very Power of Thinking.

However, I prefer the Retirement of my Chamber, to both theſe Inconveniences. There I can enter into my ſelf, and by retreating from all Commerce with my Senſes, I find a private Back Way to converſe with the whole Univerſe. Think not this a *Chimæra*, or that *Mahmut* pretends to extraordinary Illuminations; 'tis nothing but what every Man may experience, who will but take the Pains to be throughly acquainted with Himſelf. If he can but gain a familiar Acceſs to the inward Apartments of his own Breaſt, he will ſoon find a Poſtern there, which will readily open and let him into the moſt retired Cloſets of Nature. From thence he may ſally forth, and take a better Survey of the World, than he can by his Eyes. Here he will behold all Things undiſguiſed, and in their true Quantities and Qualities. And, which is more admirable, he will be able, without the Help of *Opticks*, to ſee himſelf enjoying this Felicity, and to know that he ſees it, which is a ſufficient Conviction, that he is not in a Dream.

Wouldſt thou improve thy Knowledge,

affect not a Multitude of Books; there are but few worth the Reading. What is the whole Creation, but one Great Library, every Volume in which, and every Page in those Volumes, are impress'd with Radiant Characters of infinite Wisdom? And, all the Perfections of the Universe, are contracted with such unimitable Art in Man, that he needs no other Book but himself, to make him a complete *Philosopher*. Thou wilt say, that this requires too great an Abstractedness of Mind, and is very painful. I tell thee, my dear Friend, I am extremely subject to Melancholy; whose Effect, thou knowest, is to render one very thoughtful, and those Thoughts rack the Soul with intolerable Anguish. Yet I do not fly from them, as generally Men are accustomed, neither do I seek to drown them in Wine, or chase them away with any Sociable Divertisements. My usual Way is, to bid them Battel, oppose Thoughts against Thoughts; and, with the Dint of Reason, to subdue this peevish Humour. To this End, I hunt up and down for my Enemy, and rummage every Corner of my Soul, pursuing the Cause of my Sadness, with such Arguments as these: Why should I be melancholy, who possess Nothing that I fear to lose, and yet enjoy all that I could wish for, were I without what I now Possess? I am a *Mussulman*, and therefore under the Protection of *God*: I serve his *Vicegerent*, the *Grand Signior*, faithfully, and find Acceptance with the *Bassa's* of the *Port*: I am in *France*, yet cannot call

it

it a *Foreign* Country, ſince Innocence and Vertue naturalize a Man in all Parts of the World. I cannot ſay I am unfortunate, ſo long as I have no Vice, for which I need either to Blush, or grow Pale. If I am ſlander'd, this ought to be an Occaſion of Joy, ſince it ranks me with Men of the Greateſt Merit, who could never eſcape the Calumnies of the Envious. And, I have reaſon to Triumph, in that I find no Inclination to revenge my ſelf, but rather to pity my Traducers. If any Man ſhould play the *Satyriſt* with my Deformity, and rudely deſcant on my Ugly Countenance, or the Diſproportion of my Limbs; there is no more Reaſon to be grieved at this, than to be affronted at the Wind for blowing off my Hat, or the Rain for wetting my Cloaths, or a Dog for barking at me as I go along the Streets, the one being as Natural as the other.

Thus I argue with my-ſelf, Dear *Oglou*, when aſſaulted with Melancholy; theſe are the Remedies which I apply to that black Diſtemper of the Mind: And ſometimes I go farther, if theſe will do no good: I then ask my ſelf, whether it be the fear of Death that thus perplexes me? And here begins my Cure. This kindles the Brighteſt Spark of Reaſon, which in a Moment diſperſes all the Miſts. The diſmal Pageantry of *Chimera's* vaniſhes, and all the Tragick Pomp of Grief ſtreight diſappears. Not, that I would have thee think I am fond of dying, but I conſider *Death* as the *unavoidable Fate* of all Men;

and, that therefore it is reasonable to be chearful, since that which no Man can escape, will one Time or other, release me and every Man from the Miseries of this Life. This Thought recovers me from the worst Effects of Melancholy; and, I believe, the *Damned* themselves would sometimes be in a good Humour, if they had but the least Glimpse of Hope, that they should one Day be deliver'd from their Torments. For, whatsoever sorts of Men there are in this Life, I cannot think, *there be any* Stoicks *in Hell*.

And now I have entertained thee with Company and Solitude, with Books and Men, with Life and Death, with Earth and Hell; let us take one Step farther, and refresh our selves with the Remembrance of Heaven, the Joys of the Bless'd in *Paradise*; which, certainly is the best Relief of Anxious Thoughts, the most perfect Cure of Melancholy, the Guide of Life, and the Comfort of Death.

God grant, that thou and I may see each other, and drink together in the *Arbours* of *Eden*, and kiss the *Daughters* of *Paradise*.

Paris, 14th. *of the* 8th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1643.

LETTER

LETTER XIX.

To the Testerdar, *or Lord Treasurer.*

Kingdoms and *Empires* (like Men) have their Lucky and Unlucky Seasons. *Spain* seems for a considerable Time to have been under a Cloud, as if her *Guardian Fate* began to droop, and were not strong enough to check the rising Grandure of *France*.

It has been an old Observation, *That those whom* God *consigns over to Ruine, he first infatuates*. It was a Grand Oversight in *Don Francisco de Melo*, to constitute the *Duke* of *Alburquerque*, *General* of his *Horse*. For, he thereby so disgusted the *Spanish* Officers in his Army, that emulating the Honour of this young *Portuguese*, the greatest Part of them deserted, in the very Nick of Time, when their Presence was most necessary to confirm the *Battalions*, already shrinking from the furious Onset of the *French*.

This gave the young *Duke* of *Anguien*, an intire Victory, and has crowned him with glorious Laurels; while *Don Francisco de Melo*, by this ill Conduct, has quite lost his Reputation, and is forced to resign up his *Commission* to another.

This Battel was fought before *Rocroy*, and may be reckoned as a Parallel with that Bloody Battel of *Leipsick*, between the *Imperialists* and *Swedes*, on the 7th. of the 9th.

Moon, of the Year 1631. A Day which was remarkable at *Constantinople*, on the Account of that terrible Lightning, which surprized the late *Sultan Amurath* in his Bed. Many other extraordinary Events signalized this Day in *England*, *France*, *Germany*, and other places, which occasioned the great *Astrologer Herlicius*, to call it, *a Day of Blood*.

Such another was this Unfortunate Day to the *Spaniards*, at the forementioned Battel of *Rocroy*; where they lost an infinite Number of Men, with all their Field-pieces and a Hundred and Fifty Colours.

He that created the *Moon* and the *Constellations* in *Heaven*, to distinguish the Times and Seasons, guard thee from the Influence of Malignant Stars, and from the Destroyer, who ranges the World on certain *Critical* Days.

Paris, 12th. *of the* 9th. *Moon*, *of the Year* 1643.

LETTER

LETTER XX.

To the Vizir Azem, at the Port.

IT is Time, it is high time, most Sage *Minister*, for the *Ottoman* Sword, the Sword of Justice to be unsheathed, not against an open Enemy, but against its professed Friends and Subjects. The Head of the *Bassa* of *Cyprus*, is become a Burden to him; as likewise, those of *Mitylene*, *Scio* and *Lemnos*. They plot Mischief against the Throne that is established in Equity; they are ungrateful to their Sovereign, who hath exalted them; they are become unworthy of the Honours, with which they are dignified.

I could hardly believe the first Reports of this Treason, till I were at length fully convinced by undeniable Testimonies, that it was too true.

Yet, it is a Secret even in the *French Court*. I alone have discover'd this Mystery, by the Means of a *Jew* and a *Grecian*, both my Agents in those Parts, and Men whom I can confide in.

The Business is this. The *Bassa's* and *Governours* of the *Isles* before-mentioned, have conspired together to divide themselves from the Body of the *Ottoman Empire*, and to make the *Islands* of the *Ægean* Sea, a *Commonwealth* Independent on the *Throne* which governs the *World*. The *Bassa* of *Cyprus*, is the Ring-

leader

leader of this Conspiracy, and that *Island* is to be the *Capital Seat* of their *New Republick*.

The *Governours* of the Five Greater *Isles*, are to be called, *the Sovereign Counsellors of State*. By these, all the Affairs of the *Archipelago* are to be managed. Only the *Bassa* of *Cyprus* shall be supreme, and have the casting Voice in all Cases of Dispute.

The enclosed Papers, contain the perfect Model of their New Government, the Articles and Propositions on which this Rebellious designed *Commonwealth* is to be built, with the Names of the Chief Conspirators subscribed.

Permit me, Sage *Minister*, to set before thy Eyes, the Occasions of these Treacherous Designs.

It has been the Custom of the *Port*, to connive for a considerable time at the Oppressions, Rapines, and Exactions of the *Bassa's* and *Governours* of *Provinces*; to suffer them to haras the People under their Jurisdiction; to pillage and spoil them of their Moneys, Goods and Estates, till they have amass'd together vast Sums of Money. And then, it has been as usual for the *Sultans*, upon the least Complaint, to send the Bow-String to the Criminal *Bassa*.

Whatever may be pleaded in Defence of this Method in former Times, my Opinion is, that it may prove dangerous now. And, if I may be permitted to speak freely, I have Reason to think, that this was one Ground of the designed Treason in the *Isles* of the *Ægean* Sea.

Formerly,

Formerly, those who were removed to these Commands, were not so well versed in the *Maxims* of *Policy*, nor so apprehensive of the *Cabinet Secrets* of *State*. But now the Aga is refined, Men are more subtle, jealous and selfish than they were. Nature teaches all Men to preserve their Lives with utmost Diligence.

The *Bassa* of *Cyprus*, who is the Ring-leader of this Conspiracy, has been let alone in a long Course of Tyranny and Oppression over his Subjects; by which means, he has heap'd to himself prodigious Treasures. His guilty Mind told him, that Complaints would be made against him, and that one time or other he must be strangled. He knew, that his Gold would be thought better to become the *Sultan's Seraglio* than his own; and, that he had been long enough in his Office, to serve the Politick Ends of State.

Revolving these things in his Mind, he quickly concluded, that the Crimes he had been guilty of in his Government, would draw upon him inevitable Ruine, unless he prevented it by committing greater. And that, as Oppression of his Subjects had made him Rich, so Treason against his Sovereign must make him Safe. He communicates his thoughts to some of his trusty Friends and Confidents. They encourage him to proceed, representing to him the Natural Strength of the *Island*, seconded by Abundance of strong Forts and Castles. That the Soldiers might easily be won to his Party by Money, and the Inhabitants might

might be pacified by some Publick Restitutions, and other Acts of Indulgence.

Thus was the Foundation laid of this formidable Treason, which soon gathered Strength by the Accession of more Conspirators, till at length all the *Isles* aforesaid were engaged in the Disloyal League.

I will not presume to dictate what is to be done in this Case. I leave that to thy Oraculous Sentence. But, permit me to suggest my Thoughts, of a proper means to prevent the like Miscarriages for the future. And that is by executing timely and Impartial Justice. It seems to me, not only a Reflection on the *Justice* of the *Imperial* Sword, but also on the *Politicks* of the *Royal* Cabinet, to suffer a *Bussa* to grow Rich by Oppression of the People under his Command. For, when he has thus plunder'd his Subjects to fill his own Coffers, he has armed himself with the very Sinews and Nerves of Rebellion; Money being that, which gives Life and Motion to all great and bold Undertakings.

Therefore, it will be better, not to countenance the least Oppression in these Great Men, whereby they may at once be tempted, through the Conscientiousness of their Crimes, and strengthen'd by their ill gotten Wealth, to Rebel against their Lawful *Sovereign*. Let *Aleppo*, *Sidon*, *Algiers*, *Tunis* and *Tripoly*, be Precedents of this Kind. By *Justice* the *Throne* is best and most securely established: nothing unjust and violent is permanent.

God overthrow the Devices of these Trayt-

tors,

tors, and crown our *Glorious Sultan* with Success.

Paris, 26th. *of the* 9th. *Moon, of the Year* 1643.

LETTER XXI.

To Chiurgi Muhammet Bassa.

I Have been in this City very near Six Years, and it will be expected, that in all this Time I have made some profitable Remarks, on the *Nature* of the *French*, the *Intrigues* of the *Court*, the *Policy* of the *State*, the *Discipline* of their *Armies*, and the *Strength* of the *Kingdom*.

Some Observations I have already communicated to the *Ministers* of the *Divan*, and to others of my Friends at the *Sublime Port*. All my Letters are made common to the *Happy Slaves of him who rules the World*. Thou hast heard of the Death of a Potent King, a Great Queen, and a Mighty Favourite: Now let us change the *Scene*, and pass from the Melancholy *Themes* of *Death*, the Unavoidable *Fate* of *Mortals*, to the sprightly Joys of Life, the blooming Years of an Infant King, who takes an early Leap from his *Cradle* to a *Throne*. Thou wilt not expect I should speak much of him, who as yet can say but little of himself.

himself. However, in passing by this *Little Great one*, it would be ill Manners not to pay him a Salute or *Congè*; who, though Young, seems no Novice in *Punctilio's* of *Courtship*, as appears by his Address to the *Bishop* who Baptized him; (if thou knowest not what that means, it is the *first Ceremony* whereby they are made *Christians*, and, it answers to our *Circumcision*.) As soon as the *Mystery* was performed, this Young Prince, with an assured Countenance, and becoming Gravity, spoke thus to the *Prelate*: *My* Father, *I humbly thank you, and shall be eternally obliged to you: My Parents gave me only an Earthly Crown, but you have made me Heir of the Kingdom of Heaven.*

There were present, the *Queen*, the *Princess* of *Conde*, *Cardinal Mazarini*, with Divers other Persons of *Quality*. The whole Assembly were astonish'd at the Child's Expression (being but about Four Years of Age;) taking it for an *Omen* of his Future Piety and extraordinary Actions. He discovers a prompt Wit in all his Discourse, using but few Words, and those very apposite. His whole Deportment is graceful, and surprizingly regular; attended with a Discretion, which is not look'd for, but from those of Riper Years. In fine, *Nature* seems to have fitted him for the *Empire* to which he is born.

In the mean Time, as if *Infant Governours* were now become fashionable, there are several made *Bishops* and *Abbots*, while they are yet in the Cradle. This the *Inferior Cler-*

gy

gy ſtomach, and the *Laity* grumble, ſaying, That there are like to be good Times in *France*, when thoſe who are ſtyled the *Fathers* of the *Church* are *Babies*. This is *Cardinal Mazarini*'s Policy, to faſten the *Nobility* to the Intereſts of the *Crown*, by thus honouring their Children with the Principal Dignities of the *Church*. And, thou wilt ſay, he is a Wiſe Man in ſo doing, when thou conſidereſt, how great a ſhare the *Biſhops* and other *Eccleſiaſticks* have, in the Wealth of the Land. And that he could not do the King a better Service, than by diſpoſing of theſe Preferments, to ſuch as would not only thereby be obliged to Loyalty themſelves, but would alſo link the *Families* to which they belong, to the *Royal* Cauſe.

Thou wilt better comprehend the Policy of this *Miniſter*, in thus endeavouring to ſecure the *Dignified Clergy*, when thou weigheſt their Strength, and conſidereſt their Numbers.

There are in *France* 12 *Archbiſhopricks*, 104 *Biſhopricks*, *Convents* of the *Greater Order* 540, *Convents* of the *Leſſer Order* 12320, *Abbies* 1450, *Nunneries* 67; 700 *Friaries*, 259 *Seminaries* of the *Order* of the *Knights* of *Malta*, 27400 *Pariſh-Churches*, *Hoſpitals* 540, Private *Chapels* or *Oratories* 9000. To fill all theſe, they reckon 226000 *Religious*, or *Derviſes*, beſides 130000 *Pariſh-Prieſts*.

It has been uſual, to take an Eſtimate of the Glory and Riches of a *Prince*, from the Number of his People, but, I would not have thee think the *French* King the Wealthier,

for

for this Prodigious Number of *Devotees*; The greateſt part of which, he has more reaſon to look upon, as an Army of Enemies, than Subjects. Indeed, the Intereſt of the *Arch-Biſhops*, *Biſhops* and *Pariſh Prieſts*, is twiſted with that of the *Crown*; but, the *Monks* and *Friars* are the Creatures of the *Pope*, and all of them together are not maintained with leſs Coſt, than the Fourth Part of the *Revenues* of *France*, out of which in former Times, there went Yearly a Million of Crowns to the *Court* of *Rome*.

I cannot perceive, wherein conſiſts the Policy of cheriſhing ſo many Neſts of Spiritual Leeches, who ſuck the very Blood and Vitals of the Nation: One would think, it were ſufficiently dreined by the *Royal Cuſtoms*, Taxes and Impoſts.

Theſe Kings have Monopoliz'd all the Salt of the Kingdom into their own Hands, which they compel their Subjects to buy of them at their own Rates. To this End, they have Officers in all Parts, who vend it for them. It looks, as if they took care to preſerve their Subjects from Corruption, and were afraid, leſt they ſhould putrefie alive; there being not a Man in all their Dominions, who is not obliged to take the Quantity which the Officers Impoſe on him, except in ſome particular Provinces, which for reaſons of State, or by Treaty, are exempted. The Revenue which ariſes to the King from this Commodity, amounts to near Three Millions of Crowns Yearly. He hath Eight Millions more coming

coming in by Subsidies, from the Peasants; besides many particular Imposts on Flesh, Wine and other Commodities. Yet, he loses a considerable Part of his Revenues, by Farming them out to his Subjects, or Mortgaging them in Time of War for ready Money. He has no less than Thirty Thousand Officers, that are wholly employed in collecting his Revenues, whose Pensions and Salaries lessen the King's Income by above half; so that, out of Fourscore Millions of Crowns, which are Yearly squeez'd from the People, scarce Thirty Millions come entire into the King's Coffers.

Thou wilt wonder at the Improvidence of these *Infidel* Kings, and at the same time condemn their Tyranny and Injustice, who oppress, plunder and ruine those that furnish them with all Necessaries for Humane Sustenance, to enrich (not themselves, but) a Company of greedy Caterpillars; for, such, and no better, are those who gather their Revenues. It is not so in the *Sacred Empire* of the *Ozmans*, where *Justice* has erected her *Throne*, and *Oppression* dares not shew her *Face*.

But, the *French* seem born for Slavery, they bear it so patiently, without ever aspiring after a Redemption. The *Christians* exclaim against our *Janizaries*, accusing them of Insolence, Oppression, Rapine, and all the Vices to which a Licentious Souldiery are usually addicted; but, these are Trifles, to what the *French Dragoons* commit, when quarter'd upon the poor Country-people: they Rob them

of

of all they have, practising a Thousand villainies, to which the *Janizaries* are wholly Strangers; Adulteries pass for Gallantry with them, and Rapes are counted but the Excesses of an Immoderate Passion; the Husband must stand quietly, whilst his Wife is in the Arms of a Domineering *Hector*; the Father must behold his Daughter deflowr'd, without discovering the least Regret. These are the Methods by which this People are mortified, and they seem to be stupid under their Calamities, not having Courage enough left to meditate a Redress, unless it be by becoming Soldiers themselves; for, of such as these, is the *Infantry* of *France* composed. Hence, it is not to be admired, that they are esteemed the feebleſt, baſeſt and moſt deſpicable Soldiers of any in *Europe*; ſince, not the purſuit of Honour, nor Love to their Country, induces them to take up Arms, but deſpair of living otherwiſe, being reduced to the moſt rigorous Extremities on this ſide Famine.

Live thou in the Honour with which *God* and our *Emperour* have inveſted thee, and conſerve thy Vertue; which will raiſe thee yet Higher. Forget not to have *Mahmut* ſometimes in thy Thoughts, who loves thee with a true Heart, and ſerves thee with Alacrity.

Paris, 15th. *of the* 10th. *Moon,*
of the Year 1643.

LETTER

LETTER XXII.

To Egry Boinou, *a* White Eunuch.

THE *French* Kings ſteer their Courſe by other *Maxims* of Policy, than thoſe which are practis'd at the *Sublime Port*. It ſeems, they are not apprehenſive of any Ambitious Deſigns in the *Princes* of the *Blood*; ſince, they not only allow them *Liberty*, but alſo load them with *Honours*.

Thou haſt formerly heard me ſpeak of *Henry* the IV. this King's Grandfather, and of the paſſionate Love he bore to Ladies. Among the Reſt of his Miſtreſſes, none poſſeſs'd a larger ſhare of his Affections, than the *Dutcheſs* of *Beaufort*; by her he had two Sons, the Eldeſt is called *Alexander*, the other, *Ceſar*. They are both now Living, and enjoy Great Preferments; the Firſt, being made *Grand Prior* of the *French Knights* of *Malta*, which is a Dignity next to that of *Maſter* of the *Order*, who commands the whole *Iſland*. It is obſervable, that this *Alexander*, during his Father's Life-Time, had attained no higher than to be made a *Knight*; but, as ſoon as his Brother *Lewis* XIII, came to the *Crown*, he procured him the Honour he now has. The Second Brother alſo, is made Governour of *Bretaigne*, and married to the *Duke* of *Mercœur*'s Daughter. By which means, he is become one of the Richeſt *Peers* in *France*.

King

King *Henry* had also two other Sons, one of his own Name, whom he got on the *Marchioness* of *Verneville*; He is now a *Bishop* and *Abbot*, which are considerable *Dignities* in the *Church*. The other Son they call *Antoine*, whose Mother was the *Countess* of *Morret*. He also is invested with the like *Ecclesiastical* Honours as his Brother *Henry*. These Four Brothers, though by the *French* esteem'd as Bastards (because born of the Kings *Concubines*) are nevertheless intrusted with the Offices and Preferments already mention'd, without any Jealousie that they will be guilty of sinister Practices to embroil the *State*, or gain the *Crown*. And, if I may speak freely, there seems to be more of Humanity and Justice in this Course, than in that cruel Custom of our *Sultans*, who no sooner ascend the Throne, but all their Brethren are immediately Sacrific'd to their Suspicion and the Ends of *State*; or, if they chance to escape the *Bow-String*, are detain'd their whole Lifetime in a close Imprisonment, which is worse than Death.

Lewis XIII. has also left another Brother behind him, born of the same Mother as himself. They call him, the *Duke* of *Orleans*; a Man of a daring Spirit, and great Resolution. He is but newly come to the *Court*, having been banished for some Enterprises against his Brother.

It was the Opinion of the *French*, that this *Prince* would have a share in the *Regency*; but, *Lewis* would by no Means consent to it,

to

to the Prejudice of his Queen, whom he left entirely poſſeſs'd of the *Sovereign* Power, till the Young King comes of Age. However, as yet, ſhe holds a ſeeming Correſpondence with the *Duke* of *Orleans*, and the *Prince* of *Conde*; by whoſe Mediations, ſeveral *Grandees*, who were Priſoners of *State*, are now releaſed, and make their Appearance at the *Court*.

From hence thou may'ſt gather, that Things are not managed here with ſuch Rigour and Severity, as at *Conſtantinople*, where the Commands of our *Invincible Emperours* are impetuous, and Execution ſwift.

There is a *Biſhop* to whom the *Queen-Regent* ſeems to be inclined. He has the Character of a very good Man, but they ſay, he is too ſimply Honeſt for a *Courtier*, and that *Cardinal Mazarini* will over-reach him. However, that *Prelate* has the *Queen*'s Ear at Preſent, and his Creatures extol him for a Man of great Abilities. 'Tis ſaid, the *Queen* has writ to the *Pope*, deſiring a *Cardinal*'s Hat for him: And ſome whiſper, that he will be made the *Prime Miniſter*, in the Room of *Mazarini*. To ſpeak my Sentiment, I wiſh he were; for there ſeems not ſo much Reaſon to apprehend from his Counſels any notable Deſign againſt the *Ottoman Port*, as from thoſe of the *Cardinal*, whom I look upon as a *Second Richlieu*. Here are ſeveral Intereſts on Foot; the whole *Court* is divided into Factions, ſtriving to undermine and ſupplant each other.

It is not here as in *Turkey*, where the greateſt *Baſſa's*

Bassa's are but the *Sultan's* Slaves. The *Princes* of *France*, are equal to some *Sovereign Kings*; and upon the least Grudge, will raise Armies, and give the King Battel, if he does not come to their Terms, and make a satisfactory Composition. Neither dares the King put any of them to Death, for fear of the People, who generally take their Part, being greedy of Novelties and prone to rebel.

Wouldst thou know, by what Means the *Nobility* of *France* arrive to such a dangerous Power? I tell thee, in a Word, the Kings themselves have put a Sword into their Hands, which they spare not to draw, when their Ambition or Discontent prompts them to it. They are freed from all Tribute and Homage; have the Command of whole *Provinces* committed to them, in which are great Numbers of Walled Towns, Forts and Castles. These great Charges, procure them the Esteem and Veneration of the People living under their Government; who honour them as Kings, and readily take up Arms in their Vindication.

The *Queen-Regent* is fearful, lest they should take Advantage of her Son's Minority; and, under Pretence of Reforming the *State*, or serving the King's Interest, they should involve the Kingdom in *Civil Wars*. She keeps a strict Watch over the *Duke* of *Orleans*, and observes the *Prince* of *Conde's* Motions: Her Guards are doubled, and she neglects nothing that may assure the Interests of the *Crown*.

Thou, who standest by the *Silent Fountain*, and art near the Person of the *Grand Signior*, think

think of doing *Mahmut* some good Office, who loves cordially, serves faithfully, and prays fervently for the Health and Long Life of our *Glorious Sultan*, and wishes thee thy Fill of Happiness.

Paris, 27th. *of the* 10th. *Moon,*
of the Year 1643.

LETTER XXIII.

To the Captain Bassa.

HERE are arrived several Hundreds of *Slaves*, who have Manumitted themselves by a Bold Adventure; an Exploit, which, to give them their due, has something in it of Bravery. The Place of their *Captivity*, was *Alexandria*; thou knowest the Circumstances of that *Haven*: What Hazards will not the desire of Liberty put Men upon? There were several Thousands of *Franks* in the City, whom the Restraint and Rigors of Servitude, had made weary of their Lives. Among the rest, a Native of *Boulac*, who having been bred up in the Art of distilling *Strong Water*, his *Patron* hired him a Shop, furnishing him with all Materials and Necessaries to prosecute his Calling, in hopes of very profitable Returns. To this Man's Shop, there was a great Resort of all the *Franks* in the City, by

for this Prodigious Number of *Devotees*; The greatest part of which, he has more reason to look upon, as an Army of Enemies, than Subjects. Indeed, the Interest of the *Arch-Bishops*, *Bishops* and *Parish Priests*, is twisted with that of the *Crown*; but, the *Monks* and *Friars* are the Creatures of the *Pope*, and all of them together are not maintained with less Cost, than the Fourth Part of the *Revenues* of *France*, out of which in former Times, there went Yearly a Million of Crowns to the *Court* of *Rome*.

I cannot perceive, wherein consists the Policy of cherishing so many Nests of Spiritual Leeches, who suck the very Blood and Vitals of the Nation: One would think, it were sufficiently dreined by the *Royal Customs*, Taxes, and Imposts.

These Kings have Monopoliz'd all the Salt of the Kingdom into their own Hands, which they compel their Subjects to buy of them at their own Rates. To this End, they have Officers in all Parts, who vend it for them. It looks, as if they took care to preserve their Subjects from Corruption, and were afraid, lest they should putrefie alive; there being not a Man in all their Dominions, who is not obliged to take the Quantity which the Officers Impose on him, except in some particular Provinces, which for reasons of State, or by Treaty, are exempted. The Revenue which arises to the King from this Commodity, amounts to near Three Millions of Crowns Yearly. He hath Eight Millions more coming

coming in by Subsidies, from the Peasants; besides many particular Imposts on Flesh, Wine and other Commodities. Yet, he loses a considerable Part of his Revenues, by Farming them out to his Subjects, or Mortgaging them in Time of War for ready Money. He has no less than Thirty Thousand Officers, that are wholly employed in collecting his Revenues, whose Pensions and Salaries lessen the King's Income by above half; so that, out of Fourscore Millions of Crowns, which are Yearly squeez'd from the People, scarce Thirty Millions come entire into the King's Coffers.

Thou wilt wonder at the Improvidence of these *Infidel* Kings, and at the same time condemn their Tyranny and Injustice, who oppress, plunder and ruine those that furnish them with all Necessaries for Humane Sustenance, to enrich (not themselves, but) a Company of greedy Caterpillars; for, such, and no better, are those who gather their Revenues. It is not so in the *Sacred Empire* of the *Ozmans*, where *Justice* has erected her *Throne*, and *Oppression* dares not shew her *Face*.

But, the *French* seem born for Slavery, they bear it so patiently, without ever aspiring after a Redemption. The *Christians* exclaim against our *Janizaries*, accusing them of Insolence, Oppression, Rapine, and all the Vices to which a Licentious Souldiery are usually addicted; but, these are Trifles, to what the *French Dragoons* commit, when quarter'd upon the poor Country-people: they Rob them

of

for this Prodigious Number of *Devotees*; The greatest part of which, he has more reason to look upon, as an Army of Enemies, than Subjects. Indeed, the Interest of the *Arch-Bishops*, *Bishops* and *Parish Priests*, is twisted with that of the *Crown*; but, the *Monks* and *Friars* are the Creatures of the *Pope*, and all of them together are not maintained with less Cost, than the Fourth Part of the *Revenues* of *France*, out of which in former Times, there went Yearly a Million of Crowns to the *Court* of *Rome*.

I cannot perceive, wherein consists the Policy of cherishing so many Nests of Spiritual Leeches, who suck the very Blood and Vitals of the Nation: One would think, it were sufficiently dreined by the *Royal Customs*, Taxes, and Imposts.

These Kings have Monopoliz'd all the Salt of the Kingdom into their own Hands, which they compel their Subjects to buy of them at their own Rates. To this End, they have Officers in all Parts, who vend it for them. It looks, as if they took care to preserve their Subjects from Corruption, and were afraid, lest they should putrefie alive; there being not a Man in all their Dominions, who is not obliged to take the Quantity which the Officers Impose on him, except in some particular Provinces, which for reasons of State, or by Treaty, are exempted. The Revenue which arises to the King from this Commodity, amounts to near Three Millions of Crowns Yearly. He hath Eight Millions more coming

coming in by Subsidies, from the Peasants; besides many particular Impoſts on Fleſh, Wine and other Commodities. Yet, he loſes a conſiderable Part of his Revenues, by Farming them out to his Subjects, or Mortgaging them in Time of War for ready Money. He has no leſs than Thirty Thouſand Officers, that are wholly employed in collecting his Revenues, whoſe Penſions and Salaries leſſen the King's Income by above half; ſo that, out of Fourſcore Millions of Crowns, which are Yearly ſqueez'd from the People, ſcarce Thirty Millions come entire into the King's Coffers.

Thou wilt wonder at the Improvidence of theſe *Infidel* Kings, and at the ſame time condemn their Tyranny and Injuſtice, who oppreſs, plunder and ruine thoſe that furniſh them with all Neceſſaries for Humane Suſtenance, to enrich (not themſelves, but) a Company of greedy Caterpillars; for, ſuch, and no better, are thoſe who gather their Revenues. It is not ſo in the *Sacred Empire* of the *Ozmans*, where *Juſtice* has erected her *Throne*, and *Oppreſſion* dares not ſhew her *Face*.

But, the *French* ſeem born for Slavery, they bear it ſo patiently, without ever aſpiring after a Redemption. The *Chriſtians* exclaim againſt our *Janizaries*, accuſing them of Inſolence, Oppreſſion, Rapine, and all the Vices to which a Licentious Souldiery are uſually addicted; but, theſe are Trifles, to what the *French Dragoons* commit, when quarter'd upon the poor Country-people: they Rob them

of

of all they have, practising a Thousand Villainies, to which the *Janizaries* are wholly Strangers; Adulteries pass for Gallantry with them, and Rapes are counted but the Excesses of an Immoderate Passion; the Husband must stand quietly, whilst his Wife is in the Arms of a Domineering *Hector*; the Father must behold his Daughter deflowr'd, without discovering the least Regret. These are the Methods by which this People are mortified, and they seem to be stupid under their Calamities, not having Courage enough left to meditate a Redress, unless it be by becoming Soldiers themselves; for, of such as these, is the *Infantry* of *France* composed. Hence, it is not to be admired, that they are esteemed the feeblest, basest and most despicable Soldiers of any in *Europe*; since, not the pursuit of Honour, nor Love to their Country, induces them to take up Arms, but despair of living otherwise, being reduced to the most rigorous Extremities on this side Famine.

Live thou in the Honour with which *God* and our *Emperour* have invested thee, and conserve thy Vertue, which will raise thee yet Higher. Forget not to have *Mahmut* sometimes in thy Thoughts, who loves thee with a true Heart, and serves thee with Alacrity.

Paris, 15th. *of the* 10th. *Moon,*
of the Year 1643.

LETTER

LETTER XXII.

To Egry Boinou, *a* White Eunuch.

THE *French* Kings ſteer their Courſe by other *Maxims* of Policy, than thoſe which are practis'd at the *Sublime Port*. It ſeems, they are not apprehenſive of any Ambitious Deſigns in the *Princes* of the *Blood*; ſince, they not only allow them *Liberty*, but alſo load them with *Honours*.

Thou haſt formerly heard me ſpeak of *Henry* the IV. this King's Grandfather, and of the paſſionate Love he bore to Ladies. Among the Reſt of his Miſtreſſes, none poſſeſs'd a larger ſhare of his Affections, than the *Dutcheſs* of *Beaufort*; by her he had two Sons, the Eldeſt is called *Alexander*, the other, *Ceſar*. They are both now Living, and enjoy Great Preferments; the Firſt, being made *Grand Prior* of the *French Knights* of *Malta*, which is a Dignity next to that of *Maſter* of the *Order*, who commands the whole *Iſland*. It is obſervable, that this *Alexander*, during his Father's Life-Time, had attained no higher than to be made a *Knight*; but, as ſoon as his Brother *Lewis* XIII, came to the *Crown*, he procured him the Honour he now has. The Second Brother alſo, is made Governour of *Bretaigne*, and married to the *Duke* of *Mercœur*'s Daughter. By which means, he is become one of the Richeſt *Peers* in *France*.

King

King *Henry* had also two other Sons, one of his own Name, whom he got on the *Marchioness* of *Verneville*; He is now a *Bishop* and *Abbot*, which are considerable *Dignities* in the *Church*. The other Son they call *Antoine*, whose Mother was the *Countess* of *Morret*. He also is invested with the like *Ecclesiastical* Honours as his Brother *Henry*. These Four Brothers, though by the *French* esteem'd as Bastards (because born of the Kings *Concubines*) are nevertheless intrusted with the Offices and Preferments already mention'd, without any Jealousie that they will be guilty of sinister Practices to embroil the *State*, or gain the *Crown*. And, if I may speak freely, there seems to be more of Humanity and Justice in this Course, than in that cruel Custom of our *Sultans*, who no sooner ascend the Throne, but all their Brethren are immediately Sacrific'd to their Suspicion and the Ends of *State*; or, if they chance to escape the *Bow-String*, are detain'd their whole Lifetime in a close Imprisonment, which is worse than Death.

Lewis XIII. has also left another Brother behind him, born of the same Mother as himself. They call him, the *Duke* of *Orleans*; a Man of a daring Spirit, and great Resolution. He is but newly come to the *Court*, having been banished for some Enterprises against his Brother.

It was the Opinion of the *French*, that this *Prince* would have a share in the *Regency*; but, *Lewis* would by no Means consent to it,

to

to the Prejudice of his Queen, whom he left entirely poſſeſs'd of the *Soveraign* Power, till the Young King comes of Age. However, as yet, ſhe holds a ſeeming Correſpondence with the *Duke* of *Orleans*, and the *Prince* of *Conde*; by whoſe Mediations, ſeveral *Grandees*, who were Priſoners of *State*, are now releaſed, and make their Appearance at the *Court*.

From hence thou may'ſt gather, that Things are not managed here with ſuch Rigour and Severity, as at *Conſtantinople*, where the Commands of our *Invincible Emperours* are impetuous, and Execution ſwift.

There is a *Biſhop* to whom the *Queen-Regent* ſeems to be inclined. He has the Character of a very good Man, but they ſay, he is too ſimply Honeſt for a *Courtier*, and that *Cardinal Mazarini* will over-reach him. However, that *Prelate* has the *Queen*'s Ear at Preſent, and his Creatures extol him for a Man of great Abilities. 'Tis ſaid, the *Queen* has writ to the *Pope*, deſiring a *Cardinal*'s Hat for him: And ſome whiſper, that he will be made the *Prime Miniſter*, in the Room of *Mazarini*. To ſpeak my Sentiment, I wiſh he were; for there ſeems not ſo much Reaſon to apprehend from his Counſels any notable Deſign againſt the *Ottoman Port*, as from thoſe of the *Cardinal*, whom I look upon as a *Second Richlieu*. Here are ſeveral Intereſts on Foot; the whole *Court* is divided into Factions, ſtriving to undermine and ſupplant each other.

It is not here as in *Turkey*, where the greateſt *Baſſa's*

Bassa's are but the *Sultan's* Slaves. The *Princes* of *France*, are equal to some *Soveraign Kings*; and upon the least Grudge, will raise Armies, and give the King Battel, if he does not come to their Terms, and make a satisfactory Composition. Neither dares the King put any of them to Death, for fear of the People, who generally take their Part, being greedy of Novelties and prone to rebel.

Wouldst thou know, by what Means the *Nobility* of *France* arrive to such a dangerous Power? I tell thee, in a Word, the Kings themselves have put a Sword into their Hands, which they spare not to draw, when their Ambition or Discontent prompts them to it. They are freed from all Tribute and Homage; have the Command of whole *Provinces* committed to them, in which are great Numbers of Walled Towns, Forts and Castles. These great Charges, procure them the Esteem and Veneration of the People living under their Government; who honour them as Kings, and readily take up Arms in their Vindication.

The *Queen-Regent* is fearful, lest they should take Advantage of her Son's Minority; and, under Pretence of Reforming the *State*, or serving the King's Interest, they should involve the Kingdom in *Civil Wars*. She keeps a strict Watch over the *Duke* of *Orleans*, and observes the *Prince* of *Conde's* Motions: Her Guards are doubled, and she neglects nothing that may assure the Interests of the *Crown*.

Thou, who standest by the *Silent Fountain*, and art near the Person of the *Grand Signior*,

think

think of doing *Mahmut* some good Office, who loves cordially, serves faithfully, and prays fervently for the Health and Long Life of our *Glorious Sultan*, and wishes thee thy Fill of Happiness.

Paris, 27th. of the 10th. Moon, of the Year 1643.

LETTER XXIII.

To the Captain Bassa.

HERE are arrived several Hundreds of *Slaves*, who have Manumitted themselves by a Bold Adventure; an Exploit, which, to give them their due, has something in it of Bravery. The Place of their *Captivity*, was *Alexandria*; thou knowest the Circumstances of that *Haven*: What Hazards will not the desire of Liberty put Men upon? There were several Thousands of *Franks* in the City, whom the Restraint and Rigors of Servitude, had made weary of their Lives. Among the rest, a Native of *Brabant*, who having been bred up in the Art of distilling *Strong Waters*, his Patron hired him a Shop, furnishing him with all Materials and Necessaries to prosecute his Calling, in hopes of very profitable Returns and To this Man's Shop, there was a great Resort of all the *Franks* in the City, by

which Means he improv'd his Trade, and thriv'd mightily. He was a Bold Fellow, and took a particular Pride in great Attempts; and though he might have lived very happily, and enrich'd himself by his own Occupation, yet he had another sort of *Chymistry* to practise; being resolved, to draw his Fellow-Slaves, (who were now become his Customers) off from the Lees of Despair, and elevate them to a Resolution of seeking their Freedom. He often harangu'd them on this Subject, and a strict Intelligence was held between all the *European* Slaves in that City. At length, it was agreed amongst them, to seize a certain Vessel, that lay in the Harbour, and commit themselves to the Winds and Waves. This was carried on with so much secrecy, and so dextrous a Conduct, that unsuspected, above two Thousand of them got aboard, and put to Sea. The Wind favouring them, they first arrived at *Candia*, where they Landed some Hundreds of their Crew; after this, they touch'd at *Malta*, where they disposed of others; then at *Livorno* in *Italy*; and lastly, came safe to *Monsenisa*, where the Remainder came ashore. These are Natives of *France*, *England*, *Scotland*, and *Holland*, with Two *Spanish* Priests.

The Inhabitants of *Paris*, are very Charitable to them, especially the Merchants, who traffick in the *Levant*, of which there are great Numbers in this City. The *Clergy* also, have made a Collection for them; and, 'tis said, the *Queen Regent* has ordered her Minister to distribute three Thousand Crowns among them. The *Jesuits* rail bitterly against the *Mussulman*,

curſing

curſing our *Holy Prophet*, and thanking their good Stars, for thus fortunately redeeming them from an *Inſupportable Slavery*. I cannot ſee, wherein they merit Blame in all this; it being Natural for all Men, to covet Liberty, and to rejoice when they have eſcaped any Misfortune. I proteſt, I cannot be angry with them in my Heart for any Thing, but the *Blaſphemies* they vomit againſt the *Meſſenger* of God. The reſt, are Actions as Natural, as to Eat and Drink. *Self-Preſervation* being common to all Animals, there ſeems as much Reaſon to condemn a Bird that chirps and triumphs, when ſhe feels her ſelf upon the Wing, ranging the Balmy Air, being newly releaſed from the Cage; as, to find fault with theſe Fellows, for rejoicing that they have eſcaped the Confinement and Hardſhips of *Captivity*.

However, it was an unpardonable Neglect of the Guards who belong to that City, to ſuffer theſe *Infidels* thus to give them the ſlip. So culpable a Remiſneſs, may coſt ſome of them their Heads.

The *Great God*, whoſe Power is manifeſted in the *Ocean* as well as on the *dry Land*, furniſh thee with as favourable Winds as theſe *Fugitives* had, when thou ſaileſt to execute the Orders of the *Grand Signior*.

Paris, 20th. of the 11th. Moon, of the Year 1643.

LETTER XXIV.

To Mustapha Guir, *an* Eunuch Page.

THIS *Court* has within these Three Days put on another Face, than it had ever since the *Royal Obsequies* were perform'd. One would hardly think it the same, were it not for the *Mourning* they still wear, on the account of the late *King's* Death. This is a Formality used all over *Christendom* in such Cases, and serves for a *Disguise* to *Hypocrites*. The *French Grandees*, make use of it to mask their several *Political* Designs. They wear *Black*, the *Emblem* of *Sadness*, to denote their Grief for the *Dead Monarch*, and yet they feast and revel, to the end they may send more of the *Royal Blood* after him. The Matter I am going to inform thee of, is *Tragical* in it self; and had been worse, but for the Prevention of *Providence*.

Three Days ago, the *Princes* of the Blood with divers of the *Prime Nobility*, were invited to a Feast by the *Queen's* Order. The Place where 'twas kept, is called the *New Castle*. It is needless for me to describe the Magnificent Entertainment; thou mayst conclude all Things were performed with Great State and Majesty. They Banqueted with Wine to Excess; insomuch, as the *Duke* of *Orleans* about Midnight, walking through a Gallery was so Inebriated with the Juice of the Grape

that he fell asleep on a Couch, which stood about the middle of the Walk; he was wrapt in his Cloak, a Garment well known in the *Court*, by the large Diamond that button'd it before: but no Body came by that way, till two Hours afterwards, a certain *French Lord* passing to his Lodging, took Notice of a Man asleep on the Couch, and drawing nearer, knew it to be the *Duke*. Wondering what should be the meaning of it, he inquired of the *Duke's Page*, that stood not far off, who told him, *His Master was overcome with Wine*. The *Lord*, not thinking it convenient to leave a *Prince* of the *Blood*, in such a Place at that Time of the Night, caused his Servants to take him up and carry him to his own Lodgings; who for the greater Conveniency, left his Cloak behind upon the Couch. As soon as they were gone, the *Duke's Page* puts on the Cloak, and being also tyred with watching, laid himself down to sleep. The *Duke*, not long after awakes, and call'd for his *Page*, not knowing where he was. The Servants of the *French Lord*, immediately ran to the *Page*, but found him dead upon the Couch, being stabb'd through the Heart. Thou may'st imagine what a Surprize the whole *Court* was in, when this Accident was known. Next Morning strict Inquisition was made into this Affair, but nothing brought to light; only 'twas observ'd, that about Three a-Clock in the Morning, an unknown Person was seen by the *Centinels*, to be let into *Cardinal Mazarin's* Apartment. The Business is hush'd up

up; yet People spare not to whisper, that the *Cardinal* was privy to the Murder; adding, that the Blow was given by Mistake, the *Page* being supposed to be the *Duke*, as he lay wrapt up in that Remarkable Cloak. It is common in these *Infidel* Countries, for great Men to hire Ruffians to execute their Revenge. And these Fellows are as prompt and dextrous at a private Murder, as our *Mutes* are to execute the Pleasure of the *Grand Signior*, when he commands them to strangle any Offending *Bassa*. But they will have half the Price of their Villainy before-hand, and the Residue when 'tis accomplish'd. Thus is innocent Blood become a Merchandice: They Traffick for Assassinations, and, a Man cannot call his Life his own, since at that very Instant, it may be bought by another. I have not heard that such a detestable Wickedness has ever been practis'd in the *Empire* of the *Musselmen*, much less in the *Seraglio's* of our Sultans, which are the Mansions of Justice and Vertue.

One of the *Grandees* of *France*, (whom they call the *Duke* of *Beaufort*) takes incessant Paine to find out the Author of this Murder. He is a mortal Enemy of *Cardinal Mazarini*, and would give half the Revenue of his Dukedom, could he remove him out of the Kingdom. He insinuates very plausible suspicions into the Minds of the *Courtiers*, to render him odious. He dares not openly accuse him of being Accessary to the *Page's* Death, having no Evident Proofs against him, but

but he endeavours to create in all Men a Belief, that he had a hand in it. He has consulted a *Magician*, who has shew'd him the Figure of the Murderer in a Glass, and by another Effect of his Enchantments, has presented him with a Picture drawn from the *Magical* Portraiture in the Glass, which the *Duke* has caused to be imitated by the Skilfullest Masters in *France*, sending the Copies in great Numbers to all Parts of the Kingdom, with Orders to the Governours of Towns and Cities, especially such as are on the Frontiers and Sea-Coasts, to cause all Travellers to be brought before them, and confronted with the Picture; that so (if possible) the Murderer may be discover'd, who will not fail to be put to all the Tortures they can invent, to draw a Confession from him. *That* Cardinal Mazarini *had contrived the Murder of the Duke of* Orleans, *though by Mistake it was executed on the Page.* But the *Cardinal* is even with him, having accused him to the *Queen*, of designing to Murder him; whereupon, the *Duke* is sent Prisoner to the *Castle* of the *Wood of Vincennes*. This makes the Creatures of *Beaufort*, to murmur and say, There is a higher Hand than the *Cardinal's* alone, in the Contrivance of this Murder. Libels are scatter'd up and down the Streets, and 'tis said, that the *Ghost* of the *Page* has been often seen to walk in the Royal Apartments.

In the mean Time, I wait all Opportunities to do the *Grand Signior* some effectual Service, snatching every Contingency which I may

may advance the *Ottoman* Interest. Neither am I forgetful to oblige my Friends.

The *Great God*, preserve thee from untimely Death, and give thee Favour with the *Sultan*.

Paris, 30th. *of the* 11th. *Moon*, *of the Year* 1643.

LETTER XXV.

To Pestelibali, *his Brother.*

WHEN I wrote last to thee, I thought I should have taken a further Journey than thou: *Asia* was the designed Stage of thy *Travels*: but I look'd on my self at that time, as bound for another World: And therefore, having no hopes of ever seeing thee again in this, I gave thee a solemn Adieu. It is now Four Years since that Letter was writ, during which, thou hast seen many strange Things in the *East*, while I have observ'd some Remarkables in the *West*. Thou art return'd safe to *Constantinople*, and I am still alive in *Paris*. I am overjoy'd to hear I have a Brother living; I hope thou wilt not be sorry, that I have hitherto escaped the Stroke of Death. We two are the only surviving of all our Race; let us love one another, as though there were Nothing else in the World for us to love. As for our Mother, I know not whether she be on Earth or in *Paradise*. The last Letter she sent me, expres'd her Grief for the Death

of her second Husband, since which, Eighteen Moons are elapsed, and I have heard Nothing of her. I desire thee, if thou hast any Tenderness for Mamma, to certifie me whether she be living or dead. Perhaps she is married again, and may be removed into some unknown Country. I am perplex'd with a Thousand Anxieties about her.

Remember, That the Tribe to which we belong, was none of the most Obscure in Arabia. Let us imitate the Virtues of our Forefathers, without medling with their Vices. In such a Family, it will not be difficult to find some good Examples, and such as are worthy to be follow'd. Let us learn Temperance from One, Prudence from Another, Magnanimity from a Third, and the Rules of Piety and Justice from them all. This I take to be a proper Method to acquire an Excellency in Virtue, and to root good Habits in us; it being certain, that Practical Examples have more Influence on Men, than the most pithy and sage Instructions. Who can reflect on the Incomparable Modesty of Joseph, my Father's Brother, and not be charm'd? Thou may'st remember, with how sweet a Grace of Mildness and Condescention all his Actions were adorn'd. He was esteem'd the most Polite Man in those Parts. From him we may learn, to bear Injuries patiently, and not to grow peevish at the Impertinences of the Vulgar; not to be of a rugged Temper, Fierce or Revengeful, but to be always of an even Deportment, pursuing all Men with Civilities and good Offices:

the very Nature of which, brings its own Reward along with it (if there were no other) the Mind being fed with an Incomprehensible Complacency, after such Generous Performances.

Mr. Locke, our Countryman, was a Man of singular Government and Moderation. He was neither vainly fond of his Friend, nor Humorous or Cold. He rejected Flatterers, and was not concern'd at Slanderers. He was neither Superstitious, nor Prophane; Liberal without Pride, Frugal without Avarice, and in all Things he carried himself with exquisite Sobriety and Reason.

Such Men as these, we ought to set before us as Patterns of a good Life; and, in following their Steps, we shall honour the Family from which we descend.

In perusing thy Letter, I find thou hast made some profitable Remarks in thy Travels. Thou hast been at the Court of several Great and Illustrious Princes, and returnest Home enrich'd with a Treasury of Jewels, of a far higher Price than Rubies and Diamonds. The Knowledge which thou hast purchased, is a Merchandize for Kings, and will render thee acceptable to the Sovereigns of the Earth. Thou hast improv'd much in a little Time, and made near the Improvement of thy Experience all the Day of thy Life.

It will be a kind Office, if thou wilt gratify thy Brother with some of those choice Observations thou hast made. I have a particular Desire, to be inform'd of many Things in the Levant. Our Cousin Hoof, is covetous of his

Memoirs,

Monsieur, he will not impart any thing to me, though he has likewise travers'd all the East. I would fain know the Age and Character of the present Mogol. Here is a Portuguese in the City, with whom I sometimes converse. He has been at Indostan, and says, That the present Emperor of that Country, is a Man of no great Abilities, suffering his Affairs to be managed by the Conduct of Women. That he has more than ordinary Familiarity with one of his Daughters; That he has Four Sons, whom he has made Sovereigns of Provinces: They are Princes of Active Spirits; and, he says, 'tis fear'd, they will one Day depose their Father.

He tells a Remarkable Story of the Great Mogul's being once in Danger of his Life; which, because it has something in it very extraordinary, I will in Brief relate it to thee.

It happened, that this Prince was riding on one of his Elephants in the Province of Cashemire, when suddenly the Beast grew raging mad; (it seems it is the Nature of these Animals, when they are stung with Lust, at certain times of the Year, to fall into a kind of Phrenzy, which, if not timely obviated, will last Forty Days:) He, whose Office it was to manage the Elephant, perceiving that the King's Life was in apparent Danger, through the Furious Humour of the Beast, had not time to say any more to the King, but only these Words; *There is but this only way to save your Life, that I sacrifice mine to the* Elephant, *which I freely do, as an unfeigned Testimony of my Loyalty.* With that,

that he cast himself at the *Elephant's* Feet, which immediately took him up with his Trunk and kill'd him, and so became pacified. The King astonished at so surprizing an Accident, and to testifie his Gratitude for so unparallel'd a Fidelity, sent for this Man's Sons, and having ask'd them, whether they could have Resolution enough to follow their Fathers Example in such a Case, to which they all answering, *That his Majesty might see it immediately, if he pleas'd to give but the Word*; the King caus'd Rich Vests to be bestowed on every one of them, with other Presents, and made them the *Chief Masters* of his *Elephants*, throughout the *Empire*. The *Portugueze* added, That in token of Thankfulness to Heaven for so signal a Preservation, the *Emperor* gave Royal and Munificent Alms to all the Poor in that *Province*, vowing, never to ride again on an *Elephant*, since it had cost him the Life of one of his most Faithful Servants.

If thou hast met with any Instances of so Remarkable a Vertue, Insert them in thy Letter; for, whatever may be in the *East*, a Man may live whole Ages, in these *Western* Parts, before he shall find such unshaken Fidelity in a Servant. The *King Eternal* cast an Eye of favour on thee, and reward thee for the Love thou bearest to our Glorious *Sultan*.

Paris, 15th *of the* 12th *Moon*, *of the Year* 1643.

The End of the Second Book.

LETTERS

Writ by

A SPY at *PARIS.*

VOL. II.

BOOK III.

LETTER I.

To Ibrahim Haly Cheik, *a Man of the* Law.

HERE is a Man come to this City, if he may be called a Man, who pretends to have lived above these Sixteen Hundred Years. They call him the *Wandring Jew.* But some say, he is an *Impostor.* He says of himself, that he was *Usher* of the *Divan* in *Jerusalem*, (the Jews call it the *Court of Judgment*) where all *Criminal Causes* were tryed,

tryed, at the Time when *Jesus*, the Son of *Mary*, the *Christians Messias*, was Condemned by *Pontius Pilate*, the *Roman President*. That his Name was *Michob Ader*; and that, for thrusting *Jesus* out of the Hall with these words, *Go, why tarriest thou?* The *Messias* answered him again; *I go, but tarry thou till I come*; thereby condemning him, to live till the *Day* of *Judgment*. He pretends to remember the *Apostles* that lived in those Days, and that he himself was *Baptized* by one of them; that he has travelled through all the *Regions* of the *World*, and so must continue to be a Vagabond till the *Messias* shall return again. They say, that he heals Diseases, by touching the Party affected. Divers other *Miracles*, are ascribed to him by the *Ignorant* and *Superstitious*. But the *Learned*, the *Noble*, and the *Great*, censure him as a Counterfeit or a Madman. Yet there are, who affirm, that 'tis one convincing Argument of the Reality of his Pretence, that he has hitherto escaped a Prison, especially in these Countries, where the Authors of all Innovations are severely punished. He has escaped the *Inquisitions* at *Rome*, in *Spain*, and in *Portugal*, which the Vulgar will have to be an evident *Miracle*.

One Day I had the Curiosity to Discourse with him in several Languages; and, I found him Master of all those that I could speak. I conversed with him Five or Six Hours together in *Arabick*. He told me, that there was scarce a true History to be found. I asked him

him, what he thought of *Mahomet*, the *Prophet* and *Lawgiver* of the *Muſſulmans*? He answered, That he knew his Father very well, and had been often in his Company at *Ormus* in *Perſia*; That *Mahomet*, was a Man full of Light and a Divine Spirit, but had his Errors as well as other Mortals, and that his chiefeſt was, in denying the *Crucifixion* of the *Meſſiah*; for, ſaid he, *I was then preſent, and ſaw him hang on the Croſs with theſe Eyes of mine.* He accuſed the *Muſſulmans* of *Impoſture*, in making the World believe, That the *Tomb* of their *Prophet*, hangs miraculouſly between Heaven and Earth, ſaying, That he himſelf had ſeen it, and that it was built after the manner of other Sepulchres. Thou who haſt been at the *Holy Places*, knoweſt whether this be true or falſe. He upbraids the *Perſians* *Mahometans* with *Luxury*, the *Ottomans* with *Tyranny*, the *Arabians* with *Robbery*, the *Moors* with *Cruelty*, and the *Muſſulmans* of the *Indies* with *Atheiſm*: Nor does he ſpare to reproach the *Chriſtian Churches*: He takes the *Roman* and *Greciſh* with the *Pompous Idolatry* of the *Heathens*. He accuſes the *Ethiopians* of *Judaiſm*, the *Armenians* of *Hereſie*, and ſays, that the *Proteſtants*, if they would live according to their Profeſſion, would be the beſt *Chriſtians*.

He told me, he was in *Rome*, when *Nero* ſet Fire to the City, and ſtood triumphing on the Top of a Hill to behold its Flames. That he ſaw *Saladine's* Return from his Conquests in the *Eaſt*, when he cauſed his Shirt to be

carried

carried on the Top of a Spear, with this Proclamation, *Saladine*, Lord *of many rich Countries, Conqueror of the* East, *ever Victorious and happy, when he dies shall have no other Memorial left of all his Glories, but only this poor Shirt.*

He relates many remarkable Passages of *Solyman the Magnificent*, whereof our Histories are silent, and says, he was in *Constantinople*, when *Solyman* built that *Royal Mosque*, which goes by his Name. He knew *Tamerlain* the *Scythian*, and told me, that he was so call'd, because he halted with one Leg. He pretends also to have been acquainted with *Scanderbeg*, the Valiant and Fortunate *Prince* of *Epirus*. He seem'd to pity the insupportable Calamity of *Bajazet*, whom he had seen carried about in a *Cage* by *Tamerlain's* Order. He accuses the *Scythian*, of too Barbarous an Insult on the Unfortunate *Sultan*. He remembers the Ancient *Caliphs* of *Babylon* and *Aegypt*, the *Empire* of the *Sarazens*, and the *Wars* in the *Holy Land*. He highly extols the Valour and Conduct of the Renowned *Godfrey* of *Bullogne*. He gives an accurate Account of the Rise, Progress, Establishment, and Subversion of the *Mamalukes* in *Aegypt*. He says, he has washed himself in the Two Head-springs of the River *Nile*, which arise in the most *Southern* Part of *Aethiopia*. That its Encrease is occasion'd by the great Rains in *Aethiopia*, which swell all the Rivers that fall into the *Nile*, and cause that vast *Inundation*, which has so much

puzzled

puzzled *Philosophy*, to find out the Origin. He says, that the River *Ganges* in *India*, is broader and deeper than the *Nile*; that the River *Niger* in *Africa* is longer by some Hundreds of Miles. And, that he can remember a time, when the River *Nile* overflowed not till Three Months after the usual Season.

Having professed himself an Universal Traveller, and that there was no Corner of the Earth, where he had not been present, I began to comfort my self with the hopes of some News from the *Ten Tribes* of *Israel*, that were carried into Captivity by *Salmanasser* King of *Assyria*, and could never be heard of since. I asked him several Questions concerning them, but found no satisfactory Answer. Only he told me, that both in *Asia*, *Africk*, and *Europe*, he had taken Notice of a Sort of People, who (though not *Jews* in Profession) yet retained some *Characteristicks*, whereby one might discover them to be descended of that Nation.

In *Livonia*, *Russia*, and *Finland*, he had met with People of distinct Languages from that of the Country, having a great mixture of *Hebrew* Words; that these abstained from Swines Flesh, Blood, and Things strangled. That in their Lamentations for the Dead, they always used these Words [*Feru-Jeru Masco Salem.*] By which he thought, they called to Remembrance *Jerusalem* and *Damascus*, those two Famous Cities of *Palestine* and *Syria*. In the *Circassians* also, he had

traced

traced some Foosteps of *Judaism*; their Customs, Manner of Life, Feasts, Marriages, and Sacrifices, being not far removed from the Institutions of the *Mosaick Law*. But what is most remarkable, he said, that he had conversed with professed *Jews* in the *North* Parts of *Asia*, who never so much as heard of *Jesus*, the Son of *Mary*, or of the Revolutions in *Judea* after his Death, the Siege and Destruction of *Jerusalem*, or any other Matters wherewith all Histories abound concerning that Nation. He said moreover, that these *Jews* had only the *Pentateuch*, not having heard of the rest of those Books which compose the greatest Part of the *Old Testament*; and, that this *Pentateuch*, was written in a sort of *Hebrew*, far different from that which is now commonly spoken, by the rest of the dispersed *Jews* throughout the World. That the number of these *Jews* was infinite. And finally, he thought, that these (if any) were the true Posterity of those *Ten Captive Tribes*.

Having mentioned the Destruction of *Jerusalem*, I ask'd him where he was at that time? He told me, in the *Court* of *Vespasian* at *Rome*, and that he had heard the *Emperor* say, when he understood the *Temple* of *Solomon* was burnt to Ashes, *He had rather all Rome had been set on Fire*. Here the Old Man fell a weeping himself, lamenting the Ruines of that Noble Structure, which he described to me as familiarly, as if he had seen it but Yesterday. He says, that *Josephus*

wrote

wrote partially of the *Seditious* in the City, being related to one of the Chief *Ring-leaders*, whom therefore he spar'd, being loath to stain the Reputation of his own *Family* to all Posterity.

I tell thee, Sage *Cheik*, if this Man's Pretences be true, he is so full of Choice *Memoirs*, and has been Witness to so many Grand Transactions for the space of Sixteen Centuries of Years; that he may not unfitly be called, *A Living Chronology*, the *Prator Notary* of the *Christians Hegira*, or *Principal Recorder* of that which they esteem the *Last Epocha* of the *World's Duration*.

By his Looks, one would take him for a *Relick* of the *Old World*, or one of the *Long-liv'd Fathers* before the *Flood*. To speak modestly, he may pass for the *Youngest Brother* of *Time*.

It would be endless to tell thee how many other Discourses we had of his Travels and Memoirs; till tired with his Company, and judging all to be a Cheat, I took my Leave.

I tell thee, he seems to be a Man well vers'd in all Histories, a Great Traveller, and one that affects to be counted an Extraordinary Person. The Common People are ready to adore him; and, the very Fear of the Multitude, restrains the *Magistrates* from offering any Violence to this *Impostor*.

Live thou in the Exercise of thy Reason, which will not permit thee to be seduced into Errors, by the subtle Insinuations of Men.

Continue

Continue to love *Mahmut*, who Honours thee without a Fiction.

Paris, 4th. *of the* 1st. *Moon, of the Year* 1644.

LETTER II.

To the Selictar Aga, *or* Sword-Bearer.

JEalousie, the Bane of Publick Alliances, as well as of Private Friendships, has carried the Arms of *Suedeland* into *Denmark*, at a Time when least expected.

All *Europe* was alarmed at the News of this *Surprizing Invasion*; it being thought, that the *Suedes* had Work enough cut out for them in *Germany*.

However, few could penetrate into the Reasons which induced them to respite the *Imperialists*, and at the same Time carry the War into the Dominions of King *Christian*; who, by his Mediation, and other good Offices between the *German Emperour* and that Crown, merited another kind of Return, than an *Hostile Invasion*.

But the Peace-maker has most Times a thankless Office. I have seen a Gentleman, endeavouring to part or pacify Two of his Friends, encountring in the Streets of *Paris*, and

and has received the Point of one of the Rapiers in his Heart for his Kindness. So fared it with the King of *Denmark*, who was accepted of by both Parties, as Umpire of the Quarrel; and had sent his *Ambassador* to *Munster*, where he treated so successfully with the *Imperialists*, that he brought them to Terms very advantageous to the *Swede*; yet, the first Overtures of his Mediation, gave so great a suspicion to that Nation, that while the *Danish Ambassador* was actually concluding a Peace for them, they commence a War, or rather translate it from the *Provinces* of the *Empire* to *Scania*, entring that Country with Twelve Thousand Men: And, to shew the World they were in Earnest, they privitely treat with the *Hollanders*, to assist them with a *Fleet* and *Men*, which was granted them under the Command of *Admiral Martin Tyet*.

At the same Time, *General Torstenson* entred *Holstein*, where he advanced with admirable Success, took *Kiel* by surprize, and, passing forward, possessed himself of *Jutland*, driving King *Christian* into a Corner of his Dominions; for, now he had only *Zealand* and *Fionia* left, which are Two *Islands*; the former whereof, commands the Passage into the *Baltick Sea*.

Here, the King of *Denmark* finds himself beset with Difficulties and Dangers, by Sea and Land; yet, in regard his greatest Strength lay in his Shipping, he wholly applies himself to rig and man out a good *Fleet*. At

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the same Time, he informs his *Allies* of this Unjust War, and made passionate Complaints to the *Emperour*, for whose Sake all this befell him, imploring his Friendship and Aid in so great a Calamity. The *Emperour* sends *Gallasso* with Forces, who entring the Territories of *Hambugh* and *Lubeck*, a *League* was Negotiated between the *Emperour* and the *Danish* King. But by the Artifices of the *French* and *Holland Ambassadors* at *Copenhagen*, the King was dissuaded from making an Alliance with the *House of Austria*.

However, the *Dunkirkers* offered King *Christian*, to maintain a Considerable *Fleet* in the *Sound*, at their own Charge, which he seemed to accept of.

All the *Ministers* endeavour to play their own Game, and abuse the Goodness of the Unfortunate King. Whilst in the mean Time, he loses Ground in *Holstein*; *General Torstenson* having taken *Christianopyx*, a very strong Place.

What will be the Issue of these Transactions, Time will manifest; but, were not this King Master of an Extraordinary Vertue, he would sink under so many pressures, being a Man of a Great Age. But, *God* supports whom He pleases.

Paris, 10th. *of the* 1st. *Moon*, *of the Year* 1644.

LETTER

LETTER III.

To Cara Haly, the Physician at Constantinople.

THOU hast seen many in the Arms of Death, wrastling with the *Grim Monarch of Shadows*, who by the Privilege of an excellent Constitution, have disengaged themselves from his Clutches, and stood an open Defiance with him for some Years afterwards. But I question, whether thou hast ever known any, whom that Conqueror has once laid in the Dust, that recover'd again.

In a Village about half a League from this City, there died a Man (or at least he seem'd to die) about a Week ago. He was stretch'd forth into the Posture fittest for his Coffin, by the Hands of two old Women. His Relations and Friends, flock'd about the Body, to pray for his Soul, as is the Custom of the *Christians*. The House was fill'd with Tears and Sighs, and a mournful Cloud sat on every Brow. He lay thus for the space of Thirty five Hours, Dead in the Supposition of all his Family. When the Watchers who sate by, were suddenly astonished to hear him sneeze, they ran away at first, as People affrighted at some Ghastly Vision, and alarm'd the whole Neighbourhood with the News. *Physicians* were sent for, who causing him to be laid in a Warm

a Warm Bed, and using proper Applications, he recover'd his Senses, and by Degrees his Speech: they are in Hopes to restore him to perfect Health again. He relates to his Visitants, many strange Things, that he has seen and heard during the Five and Thirty Hours that he was thought to be Dead. He says, he has been before the *Throne* of *God*, and has seen all the *Orders* of *Angels*; that he was commanded to return back again to his Body, to warn Men of the approaching *Day* of *Judgment*. He preaches Repentance and good Works, to all that come near him. Hence it is, that the devouter sort of People resort to his House in *Pilgrimage*, esteeming him a *Saint*. They say, he has anticipated the *General Resurrection*, to give a fresh proof of it to this unbelieving Age, and to evince, that it will come to pass before he shall quit his Body. He Propheſies, the Converſion of the *Jews* to be near at Hand, and, that the *Muſſulmans* ſhall embrace the *Chriſtian Faith*.

Such as are fond of Novelties, and ſuperſtitiouſly inclined, believe what he ſays, to be as true as the *Alcoran*; but, the *Learned* impute it all to the Fumes of Melancholy, to which he was always naturally prone. For my Part, who believe that *Mahomet*, the *Meſſenger* of *God*, was the laſt, and *Seal* of all the *Prophets*, look for none after him; nor am I credulous of every one, who pretends to a *Divine* Commiſſion. Yet, when I am in Company with ſuch as are this Man's Admirers, I talk as they do, and ſeem what I am not, that

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I may the better acquit my ſelf what I really am. Beſides, it is not Prudence, to provoke the Fury of Bigots, by oppoſing their Sentiments.

They relate a Story, of a Man who died in this City, ſome Hundreds of Years ago; and, 'tis upon Record, That this Perſon during his Life Time, was eſteemed a *very Holy Man*, but after his Death, while they were performing his Funeral Obſequies, and carrying the Body round the *Church* in *Proceſſion*, he ſuddenly ſtarted up from the Bier on which he was carried, pronouncing theſe Words with an Audible Voice, *I am arraigned before the Judgment Seat of* God. All that heard him ſpeak, were aſtoniſhed at ſo ſurprizing an Event, and the *Prieſts* who ſang the *Hymn* of *Reſt* to his *Soul*, for a while deſiſted. But again going on with their Proceſſion and Hymns, he aroſe the Second Time, and ſaid aloud, *I am tryed at* God's *Tribunal*. This put another ſtop to the Solemnity, till after ſome Deliberations, they reſolved to proceed a Third Time, when he ſtarted up again, and ſaid, *I am condemned by the juſt Sentence of* God. This put a final Stop to the Funeral Ceremonies. They would no longer chant a *Reſt*, to the *Soul* of him, whoſe dead *Body* aroſe, and pronounced him *Damned*. Neither would they bury his *Body* in *Conſecrated* Ground, whoſe *Soul* they knew was lodg'd in *Hell*, by a Voice from the Dead. There is an *Order* of *Derviſes*, called *Carthuſians*, who, they ſay,

are a ſtanding Monument of the Truth of this Relation. For, one *Bruno*, being touch'd with Compunction, at ſo tremendous an Accident, immediately forſook the Society of Men, and led a Contemplative Life in exquiſite Silence, Abſtinence, Faſting and Prayer, enjoyning all his Followers to do the like. Who are now ſpread into moſt Parts of *Chriſtendom*, having Magnificent Monaſteries, Great Immunities, and are eſteem'd the *ſtricteſt Order* of the *Roman Church*. They are ſerved in the Markets before the King himſelf. If any *Derviſe* of another *Order* deſires to come into this, he may; but from this there is no Return. They dig a part of their own Graves every Day, having every one a Cell and a Garden to himſelf. They converſe with one another but once a Week. And if when they are walking in the *Cloyſters* of their *Monaſtery*, they happen to ſpy a Stranger, they ſcud away into their Cells, as Conies into their Holes, at the ſight of a Dog. They never taſte of Fleſh, and are obliged to pray Eight Hours in Four and Twenty.

This *Order* has afforded Eminent Scholars and Stateſmen; but now 'tis like to have Men of another Character for its Proſelytes; for, ſince the Reſurrection of this *new Prophet*, I mentioned in the beginning of my Letter, the Rabble are all turning *Carthuſians*.

Thou who art acquainted with the Nature of *Eſtaſies* and *Trances*, wilt know what to judge of this Man's Raptures. The great *Cardan*, could fall into them when he pleaſed; and, I have heard of a Learned *Mahometan Derviſe*

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in the *Indies*, that had the Art of with-drawing his Soul from the Body, at which times he beheld *Divine* and *Celestial* Things, not by way of *Contemplation*, but real *Intuition*. We must acknowledge these to be the Favourites of *Heaven*, Friends of *Nature*, and privy to the Secrets of *both Worlds*.

I desire thee, to write me some News of my Friends; for, I can hear nothing from them. Which makes me think my self among the Dead, and quite forgotten. If thou still retainest thy wonted Chearfulness, thou art happy. Sadness is the Bane of the Soul, from which, I pray *Heavens*, preserve both thee and me.

Paris, 26th. *of the* 1st. *Moon*,
of the Year 1644.

LETTER IV.

To William Voſpel, *a* Chriſtian Recluſe *of* Auſtria.

I Am a *Chriſtian* as well as thou, and yet I cannot find a Reaſon to live after thy Manner. Not, that I reprehend thy Choice, but I conſult my own Happineſs. I could willingly embrace a *Monaſtick* Life, were it not for the *Vow* of *Obedience*. Thoſe of *Chaſtity* and *Poverty*, are not ſo frightful. But, to be abſolutely reſigned to the Will of a *Superiour* (who may be a Thouſand Times more Vicious than my ſelf) is far more irkſome, than to be a *Slave* in *Turky*. There, a Man may pave himſelf a Way to many Enjoyments in the midſt of Captivity, and ſweeten his worſt Condition, with the Hopes of Freedom one Time or other. But here I muſt be condemn'd to an everlaſting Servitude, and ſuch an one, as renders it a Crime, ſo much as to think of Pleaſure, or dream of a Releaſe. I muſt be for ever confin'd, to obey one that perhaps is not Maſter of himſelf; to humour all his Caprices; to give the Lye to that Senſe and Reaſon, with which *God* and *Nature* have endued me: to make Black and White, Good and Evil, Reciprocal Terms; though every one knows, they are perfect Contradictions. In fine, I muſt reſolve in all Things,

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(not excepting my very Thoughts) to be conducted by him, who for ought I know, follows no other Guide but his own Irregular Passions. What will then become of me, after such an unreasonable Forfeiture of my Native Liberty? I will tell thee in one Word; from a Rational Creature, I shall be changed to a Brute; from a Man to a Sot; and, having now some Sparks of Vertue, I shall then be made the Rendezvous of all Vice.

Think not, that I go about to make thee hate the Manner of Life thou hast chosen: Though I esteem thee miserable, do not judge so of thy self. Thou may'st find a great deal of Pleasure in that Restraint, which to me would be the most Insupportable Calamity in the World: And, it may be as easie for thee, to submit to the Will of another, as 'tis hard for me to comply with my Own. I am of so wavering a Constitution, that I cannot without great Difficulty please my self, much less could I be able to humour the Extravagancies of a Soul different from Mine. I have observed, that should I follow the Motions of my own proper Inclination at all Times, I should do many Things whereof I might afterwards repent: why may not the Case be the same, or worse, if I blindly obey the Will of a Stranger? Am I sure, that he is a Good Man? Or, if he be so to Day, how do I know but that he may be otherwise to Morrow? Nay, what Security can be given me, that if he be a *Saint* this Hour, he will not be a *Devil* the next, since, the Temper of Man varies as often, and

ſuffers as many Alterations, as the Elements do, out of which he is compounded? Where then can be the Reaſon, of giving my ſelf wholly up to any Man's Diſpoſal all my Life Time? Is it not ſufficient to obey the *Sovereign Prelate*, who commands the whole *Church*, yet impoſes not the Dictates of his own Will as a Law, but governs all *Chriſtians* according to the *Ancient Traditions*, *Stated Canons*, and *Decrees* of the *Apoſtles*, *Fathers* and *Councils*? Whereas, thoſe who Preſide over the *Convents* of the *Religious*, many Times rule arbitrarily, commanding their Subjects to do thoſe Things, which are diametrically oppoſite to the very Fundamental Rules of *Chriſtianity*, and contrary to the *Law* of *Nature*. The more I think on't, the greater is my Averſion for this private, blind Obedience.

Thou wilt ſay, that a *Regular Life* is the Way of Perfection. I grant it; but cannot a Man lead a *Regular Life*, unleſs he be immur'd in a *Convent*? Or be *Perfect*, if his Mind be not ſquar'd to the Retirements of a *Cloyſter*? I will tell thee my Sentiments freely, and without a Maſque. The Nature of every Thing, is its Perfection: There are Perfect *Sinners*, as well as Perfect *Saints*. Thus we ſay, ſuch an one is a Perfect Drunkard, Fornicator, Cheat, Tyrant or the like. I ask thee, Whether this ſort of Perfection may not be (I wiſh I could ſay, is not too often acturally) found, within the Walls of a *Religious Houſe*? On the other hand, doſt thou think it impoſſible,

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to find the Perfection of Vertue, in the mix'd Life of the World? Be not a *Cynick*, nor condemn Things whereof thou hast made no Experiment. Remember, how many Kings and Queens, Princes and Nobles have been *Canonized* for *Saints*, who in the midst of so many Splendors, kept their Eyes undazled. Whose Ears, never let in the Blandishments of Flatterers, nor the malicious Whispers of the Envious. Whose Hands were never polluted with innocent Blood, nor their Thirst quench'd with the Tears of Widows and Orphans. But, in all Things, they conserv'd an inviolate Purity, Modesty and Integrity of Manners. These Persons were perfect in the midst of Imperfections, and Regular in the Height of Humane Disorders; *Saints* upon *Earth*, and *Angels* among Men.

Assuredly, 'tis not impossible for a Man (let his Condition be what it will, Publick or Private, Servile or Free) to conduct himself evenly and by a Rule, through all the *Meanders* and *Mazes* of Humane Life. I must confess, This is very difficult, and all Men have not that *Divine* Art. Few can walk on Pinnacles, and not make false Steps; such is our Life, and happy is he that makes the fewest. Yet, there is a Dexterity, with which whosoever is acquainted, need not go to a *Monastery*, to enquire the way to Bliss.

Thou wilt perhaps accuse me, of too much Bluntness and ill Manners, in thus Declaiming against that Kind of Life, which thou hast enter'd into. But, pardon the Freedom I take

with my Friend; and rest satisfied, That tho I affect not a *Recluse* Life my self, yet honour I those, who having once engaged themselves therein, persevere with Constancy; from which I shall never perswade thee, or any Man to depart.

Paris, 1st. *of the* 2d. *Moon*,
of the Year 1644.

LETTER V.

To Mustapha Berber Aga.

A *French* Merchant, lately come from *Ispahan*, brings Intelligence, that the *Chan* of the *Vibeck Tartars*, is arrived at that City, to crave aid of the present *Sophi* of *Persia*, against his Rebellious Children who have deposed him, and bereaved him of one of his Eyes. The *Sophi* has given him a Royal Reception, going himself in Person, above a League out of the City to meet him, accompanied with all his *Nobles*. This Gentleman came away, before the *Tartarian Prince* had succeeded in his Design. But, it was generally supposed, that *Cha Abbas* would assist him, with a considerable Army of *Horse* and *Foot*, as also with Money to carry on the War.

This King is not Thirteen Years of Age, yet takes upon himself the Management of Publick

lick Affairs. He is addicted to drinking of Wine a great Lover of Muſick and Women. Of a Noble Inclination, yet ſomething too Paſſionate. He commanded the Belly of one of his *Pages* to be ript up, for breaking a Cryſtal Baſon which he much admired. Yet afterwards, repenting of what he had done, he cauſed him to be honourably buried, and a ſtately Tomb to be erected over him. He alſo enquired out ſuch of his Kindred as were living, to whom he gave large Penſions.

There has been little of Action in theſe Parts, ſince the Signal Defeat that was given to the *French*, by the Forces of *John de Wert*, and *General Mercy*. Four *French Mareſchals* were taken Priſoners, with all the Chief Officers, Six Thouſand Soldiers, beſides their Ammunition and Baggage.

In this Action, 'tis ſaid, the *Spaniſh Horſe* behaved themſelves very bravely, ſpurr'd on with an Ambition, to recover the Glory they ſeem'd to have loſt in ſo many Battels. They ruſh'd into the *French* Quarters, with a Fury which ſoon put them into Diſorder, and afterwards diſpoſed them to quit the Field.

Before this Battel began, 'tis ſaid, there were ſeen Two Armies of Birds fighting in the Air; which engaged ſo furiouſly, that the Ground was cover'd with their Dead Bodies. And, that Morning, when one of the *French Mareſchals* was going out of his Tent, with a Piſtol in his Hand, in order to try it, the Barrel Split and tore his Hand in Pieces. Theſe are now looked upon as Prodigies, and O-

minous Signs of the Loss they afterwards sustained: but, had the Victory been on their Side, no Body would have taken Notice of them.

The *God* that gives Victory when, and to whom he pleases, grant, that the *Ottoman* Arms may be ever successful against the *Infidels*.

Paris, 25th. *of the* 2d. *Moon*,
of the Year 1644.

LETTER VI.

To the Vizir Azem, *at the* Port.

THOU that art the Principal Support of the *Ottoman Empire* under the *Grand Signior*, oughtest to be informed of all Things which may either threaten Damage, or promise Assistance, to the Throne which rests on *thy* Shoulders.

I pass away some of my Time among Seamen; especially such as sail in the *Levant*; their very Breath, is a Relief when I am Chamber-sick, or stifled with the close Vapours of *Paris*. I fansie, their Lungs transport hither the Breezes of the *Mediterranean*, or the more wholesome Airs of *Asia*. I talk so familiarly with them in their *Marine Dialect*, that they scruple not to take me for a *Tarpaulin*,

Tarpaulin, and therefore entertain me without Reserve, as one of their Crew.

This very Evening, I was with some of these *Retainers* to *Neptune*. Among the Rest of the Discourse I had with them, we touched upon the *Dardanells* which guard the *Hellespont*. They taxed the *Christian* Princes with Cowardise, or, unpardonable Negligence, that they have never attempted to force their Passage through that Channel into the *Propontis*, and block up the *Imperial* City by Sea, and set it on Fire; especially the *Royal Seraglio*, from whence are issued out the Decrees of Life and Death to the whole Earth.

I told them, they were mistaken in the Strength of those *Castles*, which command that Important Avenue. And, that no Ships ever durst venture within their Reach, without Leave. When one of them started up, and made me this Answer: *Sir, we have Vessels impenetrable as Rocks, which dare come to an Anchor, under the very Walls of those Superannuated Forts, and defie all the* Turkish *Artillery, to remove us thence. We only want a Commission from our King, to try the Experiment.*

I tell thee, Supreme *Minister*, I found too much Reason in his Answer, to make room for a Reply. Wherefore, dissembling for a while, the Agony I was in for the Welfare of the *Sublime Port*, I took my Leave of the Company, and immediately set Pen to Paper, to let thee know what is in the Hearts of these *Infidels*.

Ham-

I am not vers'd in the Art and Method of Fortification; yet, pardon an Errour of Loyalty and Zeal, if I commit it, in proposing to thee the Necessity of erecting Platforms all along the opposite Shores of the *Hellespont*, to strike Terrour, and prevent the Enemy from attempting that, which in all probability would not fail of Success.

Thou that art all Wisdom, wilt know how to make a right Use of this Hint, from the faithful *Mahmut*, who never thinks himself Happy, but when he does some acceptable Service to the *Invincible Sovereign* of the *Sea* and *Land*.

Paris, 14th. *of the* 2d. *Moon*, *of the Year* 1644.

LETTER VII.

To Oucoumiche *his Mother*, *at* Grand Cairo.

THOU may'st better imagine than I can express, the mighty Joy I felt, when I first opened thy Letter, and read the Name of her that conceiv'd me, written by her own Hand; whereby I am assur'd, that thou art yet alive and in Health. Believe me, it came in a seasonable Time, to rescue me out of a dismal Melancholy, which had seized my Spi-

rits.

rits. Surely, *Fate* directed thy Pen, and *Providence* timed the Arrival of the Veſſel which brought me this happy News from *Africk*, in the ſaddeſt Hour of all my Life. Juſt as the Meſſenger knock'd at my Chamber-Door (where I ſate overwhelm'd with doleful Thoughts) the whole World ſeem'd to me a vaſt Wilderneſs or Deſart, inhabited only by Beaſts of Prey, where the Great and Strong, devour thoſe whoſe Weakneſs cannot arm them in their own Defence. A mere Stage of Tragedies, the Shambles of cruel Butcheries and Murders. In this Figure, did my troubled Imagination repreſent the *Earth*, with all the *Race* of *Adam* dwelling upon it. If I could propoſe to my ſelf ſuch a Thing as a Friend in the World, I know not how long 'twould be, before that very Perſon whom I had greateſt Reaſon to eſteem as ſuch, might prove my Mortal Enemy; of ſo brittle a Compoſition is the Fidelity of Man. I looked upon my Life, not as my own, but altogether lent me; I eſteemed not only Men, but Beaſts, and the very inanimate Things, my Creditors, for the Permiſſion I had to breathe. I thought my ſelf highly indebted to the Fire, that it did not burn me to Death in my Sleep; and no leſs to the Winds, that they did not blow the Houſe down where I lodge, and bury me in its Ruins. For, where would be the Injuſtice, if any of thoſe Elements which are the Ingredients of my Life, ſhould become the Inſtruments of my Death? I conſidered, that as I neither made my ſelf, nor

knew

knew how I came to be what I am, so I was ignorant when and by what means I should cease to be. Perhaps, I might be struck with a *Thunderbolt* from *Heaven*, or swallowed up by some greedy *Chasm* in the *Earth*. A Tile from a House, might put a stop to the Motions of this Machine of Flesh; or, a Fall from a Horse, might break its Master-Springs. My present *Station* I looked upon as Precarious, since those very Persons who appointed me this *Employment* to serve one Turn, would not Scruple to take off my Head to serve another.

In these melancholy Thoughts was I almost drown'd, when thy Letter came and struck a Light out of the midst of Darkness. I was now ready to die with Excess of Joy, who before was half killed with extreme Sadness.

But tell me, my Dear Mother, in the Name of our *Holy Prophet*, what Motive induced thee to quit the wholesome Air of *Greece*, for the noisome and pestilential Vapours of *Ægypt*? Is *Cairo* a more eligible Seat than *Constantinople*? Or, because thou hast lost thy *Second Husband*, wilt thou be wedded to an Incurable Grief, and think no *Mourning* sufficient, unless thou go in Pilgrimage to his very Grave, there to dissolve in Tears, and mingle thy self with his Ashes. He died in *Cairo*, and is there interr'd; and thou mightest have liv'd in *Scio*, or any part of *Greece*, without blemishing thy Widowhood. People will say, thou aimest at the Fortune of the *Ephesian* Widow, who found

2

a *living Husband*, in the Sepulchre of her *dead one*; but I, who know thy Vertue, have other Thoughts of thee, yet, I cannot approve thy thus becoming Tenant to a Charnel-House. Therefore, the best Advice I can give thee, is, to return to the *Imperial* City again, to the Company of thy Friends and Acquaintance; or, at least, return to thy self, and be not transported with an extravagant Sorrow, for one whom thou shalt never see again. Tears cannot recover the Dead, nor can thy warmest Sighs inspire him with Breath. He is divorc'd from thee by an Irrevocable Law; and whilst thou art in vain lamenting for him on *Earth*, he may be celebrating new and joyful *Nuptials* in *Heaven*, being espoused to some of the *Beautiful Daughters* of *Paradise*. Be perswaded then, that he has quite forgot thee, having engaged himself in fresh Amours above; that he is in the Arms of some *Surpassing Beauty* of *Eden*, and that thou hast no more Interest in him. Let this Consideration, asswage thy Grief, cure thy Fondness, and make thee begin to think of another Husband. Those who make their first Visits to the *French* Widows, after the usual Formalities of Condoleance are over, take the Liberty to tell them, *That they must live by the Living, and not by the Dead.* This comfortable *Proverb*, is often used, even before the *Funeral* Solemnities are finish'd; and, thou hast now passed away above Two Years since thy Husband's Death, in fruitless Mourning. 'Tis Time to consult thy future Happiness

pineſs, and abandoning thy Commerce with the *Dead*, to become ſociable with the *Living*.

The *Great Creator*, who is *God* of the *Living*, and not of the *Dead*, inſpire thee to take ſuch Meaſures, as may beſt comply with the Ends for which he made thee; and, repleniſh thy Latter Days, with double the Bleſſings of the Former.

Paris, 22d. of the 4th. *Moon*, *of the Year* 1644.

LETTER VIII.

To Muzlu Reis Effendi, Principal Secretary *of the* Ottoman Empire.

IT is no ſmall Satisfaction to me, that ſince the Death of *Cardinal Richlieu*, I have ſtarted no Reaſons to apprehend any Deſigns in this *Court*, againſt the *Empire* of the *True Believers*. The *French Grandees*, have paſs'd away a whole Year, without giving much Trouble or Alarm to the reſt of the World. Every one minds his own Affairs, and all puſh forward to get neareſt the *Queen Regent*. The Miſunderſtandings between her, and the *Duke* of *Orleans*, encreaſe daily. And, this divides the *Court* and *City*, into Two Factions, *Cardinal Mazarini*, ſeems to be the

Man.

Man destin'd to balance the Authority of both Parties. He Spins his Fortune, with as fine a Thread as his Predecessor; being sensible, that though the *Court* love him not, yet they cannot subsist without him. He Inherits the *Memoirs* and *Instructions* of *Cardinal Richlieu*, and his *Spirit* too, as well as his *Ministry*; being a Man, of an Invincible Courage, and exquisite Forecast. The Greatest Enemy he has, is a *Lady* of the *Court* (for, I will not compare the Malice of the *Duke* of *Beaufort* to that of Woman) they call her, *Madam de Chevereux*; a Person of a keen Wit, and good Judgment; a professed Enemy to all that had any Dependance on *Cardinal Richlieu*. And, I could never learn any other Ground of her Hatred to *Mazarini*, but his being the *Creature* of that *Minister*.

The late King had conceived an Irreconcilable Aversion for this Lady, suspecting her to be Instrumental in carrying on a Private Correspondence between his Wife (the now *Queen-Regent*) and the *Spaniards*. To avoid the Consequences of his Anger, she fled into *Spain*, but is lately returned to this *Court*. 'Tis said, the *Queen* received her with all the outward Marks of Affection at first, but suddenly grew cold and estranged, when she began to attempt against *Cardinal Mazarini*. This made the Lady unite her Interest with that of the *Duke* of *Beaufort*, who very well matches her in the Imperiousness of his Temper, and his *Hatred* of the *Cardinal*. They both agree in their Endeavours to ruine him; but,

but, I believe the Female Perſecution to be the moſt dangerous. The *Duke* has made too great a Noiſe, to do any conſiderable Execution on a Man, who has the Wit to conceal his Reſentments, and ſtrike before he is perceiv'd. In a word, the *Duke* finds himſelf in a Priſon, while the *Cardinal* is every Day more and more eſtabliſhed in the *Queen*'s Favour.

In the mean while, I inſinuate my ſelf into all Men's Company, from whom I can hope for any Intelligence. Among the Reſt, I have obſerved a *Courtier*, who often goes between the *Grandees*, and ſeems to be entruſted with great Secrets; he is very ſparing of Words, and makes his Shoulders do the Office of his Tongue. I have ſometimes enter'd into a Diſcourſe with him about the *Queen*, the *Cardinal*, and others; but all his Anſwers are compriz'd in *Italian Rhetorick*, a Shrug and a Grimace. This ſilent Language, ſpeaks very efficaciouſly to me, and I eſteem him worthy to be courted, who knows ſo well how to bridle his Tongue. I ply this *Politician* every Day with Addreſſes, and tell him a great deal of *Feigned* News, that I may tempt him to utter ſome that is *True*. He is a great *Friend* of *Madam de Chevereux*, often waits on the *Queen*; ſometimes viſits the *Cardinal*; and is every Day converſant, with one or other of the *Nobles*. If I can win this Man, I hope to penetrate farther into the *Myſteries* of the *Court*.

The

The *God*, from whom nothing is hid, ſo diſpoſe of all *Humane* Events, that the *Empire* of the *Muſſulmans* may be eſtabliſhed, notwithſtanding the Cabals and Plots of the *Infidels*.

Paris, 16th. *of the* 5th. *Moon*, *of the Year* 1644.

LETTER IX.

To Signior Lorenzo del' Caſa Bianca, *a* Genouſe *at* Marſeilles.

THOU ſendeſt me ſtrange and ſurprizing News, that the *Malta* Gallies have taken the Eldeſt Son of the *Grand Signior*, and Heir of the *Ottoman Empire*, Captive at Sea, as he was ſailing to *Egypt*.

I tell thee, if ſuch a thing were true, the *Grand Signior* would not fail to ſend ſuch a Force, as ſhould dig up the very Foundations of that *Iſland*, and caſt it into the Sea.

But I can reſolve thee, that there is nothing more of Truth in this Story, ſaving, that about Ten Veſſels of the *Grand Signior's*, bound for *Alexandria* (on Board of one of which was *Sultan Mahomet's* Nurſe, with her Son, much about the Age of *Sultan Mahomet*) were taken by Six Gallies of *Malta*, whereby

whereby the *Malteſes* were enriched with a great Treaſure of Silver, Gold and Jewels, beſides Slaves.

This Intelligence I have received from my Correſpondents at *Conſtantinople*. Men that are no Strangers to the *Seraglio*, but ſuch as have the Ear of the *Prime Vizir*.

They ſay indeed, the *Grand Signior* took a particular Phancy to this Nurſes Child, often play'd with it, and ſeemed to careſs it with more Complacency, than his own Son *Sultan Mahomet*; which gave ſo great a diſguſt to the *Sultaneſs*, the Mother of *Mahomet*, that ſhe procured the Baniſhment of the Nurſe and her Child, who in their Voyage to *Alexandria*, were taken Captives by the *Malteſe* Galleys, as has been ſaid; and this is the Ground of the Report.

However, *Sultan Ibrahim* is ſo exaſperated againſt the *Malteſes* for this Depredation, that he has ſworn by *God* and *Mahomet*, never to ſheath his Sword, till he has revenged the Injury, by laying waſte the *Iſland*, putting the *Knights* to Death, and leading the Inhabitants into Captivity.

He has vented his Rage already on the Captain *Baſſa*, cauſing him to be ſtrangled, for not guarding the Seas better; and, 'tis ſaid, he threatens a War with *Venice* on the ſame Account, becauſe the *Malteſe* Galleys, after this Pyracy, put a Shore in *Candia*, where they recruited their Veſſels, with all neceſſary Proviſions.

In

I expected the Silks last Week, which I wrote for, and the Oil of *Calabria*. Send them by the first Opportunity.

Paris, 28th. *of the* 5th. *Moon*, *of the Year* 1644.

LETTER X.

To Dgnet Oglou.

ALL *Europe* rings with the Report of the *Sultan*'s Son being taken Captive by the *Malteſe* Galleys. No doubt, but thou haſt heard ſuch a Diſcourſe among the *Franks* at *Conſtantinople*; and, thou knoweſt the Intrigues of the *Seraglio*. It is pleaſant, that the *Kuzlir Aga*'s Slavé, ſhould have no Father for her Child; that he himſelf ſhould adopt it for his own; that the Mother of it ſhould be preferred to be Nurſe to *Sultan Mahomet*; that *Sultan Ibrahim*, ſhould ſingle out this Fatherleſs Son of an *Eunuch*, to ſport with him, take him in his Arms, and treat him with all the Endearments that are Naturally ſhew'd by Parents to their own Children.

The *French* Ladies laugh at this Story, and ſay, That the *Seraglio* begins to grow more Civiliz'd, and to exchange the *Severity* of *Conſtantinople*, for the *Gallantries* of *Paris*.

But,

But, let them laugh that win; the *Maltese* have most reason to caress themselves for their good Fortune in such a Prize.

They say, the *Grand Prior* treats his Young Captive with a most profound Attach and Veneration; imagining, he has in Custody the Heir of the *Ottoman Empire*: for, they know not the true Secret, but are possessed with a real Belief, that Young *Sultan Mahomet*, is in their Hands.

Let what I have said, be as the words of thy Nurse, when she prated a thousand Impertinencies to thee, within a Month of thy Nativity. In fine, be trusty to thy Friend.

Paris, 10th. *of the* 6th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1644.

LETTER

LETTER XI.

To the Reis Effendi, *Principal Secretary of the* Ottoman Empire.

IT is not unknown at the *Divan*, how the *Princes* of *Italy* have worried one another these Two Years. I dispatch'd long ago some *Memoirs* of the Feuds between the *Barbarini's* and the *Duke* of *Parma*. The *Pope* upholds the Former, making the Quarrel his own, in Defence of the *Ecclesiastick State*: The *Venetians*, the *Grand Duke* of *Tuscany*, the *Duke* of *Modena*, with the *French* King, interest themselves in the Cause of the Latter. He is a *Prince* of an Active Spirit, and darts up and down like Lightning through the *Pope's* Territories. If he has lost *Castro*, *Montalto*, and other Places of Strength in this War, it is but by Way of Exchange; having possessed himself of as considerable Holds belonging to his Enemies. Yet, the *Barbarini's* sheltring themselves under the Protection of *Pope Urban*, seem to triumph and promise themselves an entire Victory; using the Artifices of Superstition, to weaken the *Duke's* Credit. And because some of his Vessels (which carried above a Thousand Souldiers) were cast away, they would perswade the credulous World, that *Heaven* fights against him. They likewise had designed, to build a Fort and a Bridge over the River *Po*, to open a Way to them-

themſelves into the *Confederates* Country, and to ſhut it up to all Invaders of their own; but were prevented by the *Venetians*, who ſent Ten Thouſand Men to ſtop the Building of the Bridge, or to demoliſh it, if built.

In the mean while, the *Confederates* though they ſeemed to eſpouſe the *Duke*'s Quarrel, yet triffled with him, protracting their Aſſiſtance, and diſputing about *Punctilio's*; every one reſtraining the Conditions of their Friendſhip, within the Limits that would beſt ſquare with the Intereſt of their own *State*. They had all Armies on foot, but could not agree how to diſpoſe of them. The *Venetians* demanded ſuch a Poſt, as might be moſt advantageous to that *Republick*. The *Duke* of *Toſcany*, would have the main Body of their Forces ſo quartered, as to cover his Dominions. Thus, each Party purſued their own Claim, while their Enemies gained Time, and put themſelves in a Poſture, either to march into the *Territories* of the *confederates*, or, defend the *Eccleſiaſtick State*.

Certainly, it is Fatal to the *Chriſtians*, to be thus divided among themſelves, even when they have greateſt Cauſe of Union. Yet, the *Duke* of *Parma*, the very *Soul* of this *Confederacy*, breaks through all their Demurrs and Heſitations, impatient of fruitleſs Delays; ruſhes into *Ferrara*; takes *Bondeno*, abandoned by the Garriſon; after that, *La Stellata*, a Place of greater Strength; but, proceeding forward, the *Barbarini's* encamped not far from *Ferrara*, the better to obſerve the Progreſs

greſs of the *Confederates*, and ſo put a ſtop to the Motions of the *Duke*. He and his Friends had Twenty Thouſand Men in the Field, to which the *Venetians* not long after, added Six Thouſand more. They were in different Bodies; and as they quarter'd themſelves, ſo the *Papal* Forces remov'd their Camp. Several Skirmiſhes paſſed between them, but no great Execution done.

In the mean while, the *Venetians* were not idle by Sea, having ſeveral Barks and Galleys full of arm'd Men, Coaſting along the *Pope*'s Territories. They took Five Forts on the Shore; and, piercing farther into the Country, made themſelves Maſters of *Arriano*, a great Town, and ſacked *Codegoro*, putting all to the Sword, and laying the Place in Aſhes.

On the other ſide, the *Barberini's* ſeized on *Spilimberto*, *Vignivola*, and ſome other weakly guarded Towns on the Frontiers of *Modena*, and killed Two Hundred of the *Confederates*, who had inveſted *Crevalcuore*. *Cardinal Antonio*, on the *Pope*'s Side, has the Management of the War; a Man of an aſpiring *Genius*, and very ſubtle. He, perceiving the *Duke* of *Toſcany* incenſed at the late Loſs, had taken the Field, with a conſiderable Army; ſends Six Thouſand Men to oppoſe him, but they were raw and undiſciplin'd Souldiers, and could not hinder the *Duke*'s Forces, from ſeizing an Important Paſs, and reducing the City of *Pieve*, *Monteleone*, *Caſtiliano del Lago* and *Paſſiniano*.

While the *Sons* of *War* were thus buſied in

the Field, the *Agents* of *Peace* were not wanting on all Sides, to accommodate the Differences that threatned all *Italy* with fatal Consequences. But, they did no more than amuse one another with Ambiguities, Subterfuges, and Evasions; while the *Barberini's* sought to gain Time, and draw the King of *Spain* to countenance their Interest. The *Venetians*, sensible of this underhand Dealing, protested by their Ambassador at *Madrid*, that they would unite with the *French Crown*, if his *Catholick Majesty*, should by indirect Ways strengthen the *Barberini's*. The King, apprehensive of such a League, forbears to meddle in an Affair which might be so Injurious to *Spain*, and gives Instructions to his Ambassadors at *Rome* and other *Courts* of *Italy*, to mediate a Peace, which might be advantageous to the *Confederates*.

The Treaties however came to nothing, and the Mediators finding themselves eluded, suspended their Negotiations, and gave fresh Opportunity to the Men of Arms to play their Parts. *Cardinal Antonio* assaulted *Nonantola* with Four Thousand Men, but was defeated by the *Venetians*, who slew several Hundreds of his Souldiers, and took Two Hundred Prisoners. After this, the *Confederates* plunder'd all the Country of *Ferrara*, and took *Vergato*, defended by Eight Hundred Men. In the Surprizal of *Bazano*, they kill'd above Two Hundred of the Enemy; and, marching forward, took *Monteria*, *Serravalle*, and other Places; while *Cardinal Barberini's* Forces, were cut off at *Borgo St. Sepolchro*, where he lost Eight Cannon,

non, Four Petards, with Abundance of Provisions.

It would be an endless Task, to recount all the Skirmishes and Battels, that have passed between them. I only inform thee of the most Remarkable, that thou may'st insert them in the *Register* of the *Ottoman Empire*.

To conclude this Letter, it will be worth thy Observation, that the *Pope* falling Sick, and his Death feared, did much conduce to put an End to these Differences. For, the *Barberini's*, now being apprehensive of the Advantage his Death would give the *Confederate Princes*, were very forward to embrace any Overtures of *Peace*: So that by the Dexterity of the *French Ministers*, it was at last concluded, and all Differences adjusted; the *Duke* of *Parma*'s Territories being restored to him, the *Censures* of the *Church* taken off, and the *Ecclesiastick State* put in the same Condition it was in at the Beginning of the War.

I shall continue to send thee such Intelligence, as may be serviceable to thee in that Eminent Station thou enjoyest in the *Empire* of the *True Believers*. And, shall think my self a very happy Man, if I can by any Means acquire thy Favour.

Paris, 23d. *of the* 6th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1644.

LETTER XII.

To Lubano Abufei Saad, *an* Ægyptian Knight.

ONE would think that there were yet ſome of the Ancient Race of *Gyants* on Earth. Here is a Man come to this *Court*, full Eight Foot high, a *Finlander* by Nation; he looks like ſome Poſthumous Birth of the Sons of *Titan*. He is Maſter of prodigious Strength, and challenges any Two the ſtouteſt Men in *France*, to throw him a Fall. I have ſeen him take Two Boys of Ten Years of Age on the Palm of each Hand, and lift them up from the Ground together, with his Arms ſtretched out to the full Length, and walk Sixty Paces with them in this Poſture; at the End of which Stage, he ſet them down again on their Feet, without the leaſt Violence or Straining. There are none ſo hardy, as to accept of his Challenge; for, they know he will not ſuffer them to come nearer than the Extremity of his Arm. And, ſuch is the monſtrous Strength of his Hand, that he will either infallibly throw them down, or ſtifle them with his Graſp. He talks of Travelling into *Turkey*; if he does, I hope he will have more Diſcretion, than to venture within the *Seraglio*, leſt he incurr the Fate of the renowned *Muſcovite* Wreſtler, in *Sultan Amurath*'s Time. Thou remembreſt that Tra-

gedy,

gedy, which made all the Brave and the Generous, condemn *Amurath*'s Cruelty. He was a Stout *Prince* himſelf; and, it look'd like Envy in him, to puniſh the Efforts of Courage in his *Slaves*, with ſo unrelenting a Rigour. But, he was himſelf a Slave to his Paſſions; and, Jealouſie had the Predominance in his Temper. That Vice betrayed him to horrid Violences, of which thou art not ignorant, having been privy to ſeveral of his Amours.

This puts me in mind of a *Spaniſh Cavalier*, who had a very Vertuous and Beautiful Wife, which, thou wilt ſay, are Two rare Companions. He kept a *Moor* in his Houſe, whom the *Lady* had one Time caus'd to be ſeverely beaten. The *Moor* ſecretly vow'd Revenge. He had an Intrigue with one of the *Lady's* Women, to whom he imparted his Mind. They conſpired together, to accuſe the *Lady* of Lightneſs, and Infidelity to her Husband's Bed. The *Cavalier*, their Maſter was naturally Jealous, as generally are all the *Spaniards*; theſe Two poſſeſſed him with a Belief, that the *Gardiner* had frequent Acceſs to his *Lady's* Chamber, and undertook to make him an Eye-Witneſs of it. Whereupon, one of them goes privately to the *Gardiner*, and tells him, that the *Lady* would ſpeak with him. Whilſt the other runs to the *Lord*, and *bids him make haſt*; *for, that the* Gardiner *was at that Inſtant with his* Lady. The Impatient *Cavalier* haſtens up Stairs, and meeting the *Gardiner* coming out

of the Door of his Chamber, ſtabs him to the Heart, without any farther Expoſtulation; and, ruſhing furiouſly into the Chamber, ſerves his Wife in the ſame Manner. But, coming down again, the Maid ſtruck with Remorſe at ſo black an event, fell down at his Feet, confeſſing her Crime, and declaring, that her *Lady* was Innocent. The *Spaniard*, raging Mad, at a Conjunction of ſo many Misfortunes, ſtabs the *Maid* and the *Negro*; and laſt of all, to complete the *Tragedy*, kills himſelf.

I have often wonder'd, that ſome ſuch fatal Conſequences did not attend the Jealouſie of *Sultan Amurath*. He ſpared not to rip up the Bellies of his *Pages*, for the Sake of Two or Three *Melons*; and, 'tis a Miracle, that he did not ſacrifice half the *Slaves* of the *Seraglio*, on the Account of his *Miſtreſſes*.

Thou art now in a better Station, and free from Reſtraint. Act according to Reaſon, and let not Paſſion byaſs thee one way nor other.

Paris, 5th. *of the* 7th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1644.

LETTER

LETTER XIII.

To the Kaimacham.

THOU haſt often required an Account of the *Parliament* of *France*, which is the *Supreme Court* of the Kingdom. Though the Name be known at the *Sublime Port*, yet the *Miniſters* are unacquainted with the Power and Authority of this *Senate*.

When it was firſt inſtituted it conſiſted of Twelve *Peers*, an Hundred *Biſhops*, and all the *Prime Nobility* of the Land; who had power to give Audience to Foreign *Ambaſſadors*; to adjuſt all Differences of the Subjects. In fine, it might then be called the *Sovereign Tribunal*, from whence there could be no Appeal. Three Foreign Kings have ſat as Members of this *Court*. It was in thoſe Days Ambulatory, following the King whitherſoever he went; but now it is always aſſembled in *Paris*, in the *Palace* which *Philip the Fair* built for his own Dwelling Houſe. This *Parliament*, is divided into Seven *Chambers*, whereof, that which they call the *GREAT CHAMBER*, is the Chief. There belong to this *Chamber*, Seven *Preſidents*, Twelve *Counſellours*, the King's *Cadi*, or Attorney, with a great Number of *Advocates*, and Men of the Law. The *Preſidents* and *Counſellours* are cloath'd in Scarlet, which ſtrikes an awful Reverence into all that approach their Pre-

ſence. Some call this, the *Golden Chamber*; and well they may, ſince that glittering Metal, is thought to be the Umpire of moſt Cauſes that are tryed in this *Court*. He that brings moſt Gold, is ſure to have his Buſineſs firſt diſpatched, and to come off Conqueror. For, as their preſent Power is little elſe but a mere Formality, ſo is alſo their Juſtice. The Kings of *France*, have gradually ſo clipt their Original Authority, that now they ſeem to be but the Shadow of their Ancient ſelves. They never pretended to meddle with *Eccleſiaſtical* Affairs; that was always out of their Juriſdiction. The *Muſti* of *Rome*, claims this Prerogative as his Right. From whence thou mayeſt obſerve, how maim'd and imperfect is the Royalty of *Chriſtian* Kings, who cannot puniſh their own Subjects, if *Clergy-men*, without the *Pope*'s Permiſſion. Yet, though this *Chamber* cannot meddle with the *Eccleſiaſticks*, they have a Privilege to diſpoſe of the *Regency*, during the King's Minority; as is evident in the late *Queen-Mother*, *Mary de Medicis*, and the preſent *Anne* of *Auſtria*, who were both by the *Parliament* declared *Regents*. They alſo confirm all the Kings *Edicts*; neither does he proclaim *War* without their Conſent, or eſtabliſh any *Alliance*.

There are alſo beſides this, Six other *Chambers* of *Parliament*; Five whereof, are called *Chambers* of *Inqueſts*, and they conſiſt of Two *Preſidents*, Twenty *Counſellours*, and a convenient Number of *Lawyers*. The Sixth *Chamber* is a Collection out of all the Reſt, and

and contains no leſs than Two Hundred Officers. Here, all *Criminal* Cauſes are tryed; which are either immediately, or by Appeal brought before them. As in the Chambers of *Inqueſts*, Controverſies of the *Civil Law* are decided.

It is a pleaſant Sight, to ſee the Men of the *Law* all in their *Habits*, which are very Glorious and Rich. Indeed, all the Citizens of *Paris*, are extremely Gallant in their Apparel. But, I cannot be reconciled to their laviſh Cuſtom, of changing the Faſhion of their Clothes almoſt with every *Moon*. This Vanity has been forbid in all well-ordered *Commonwealths*. And, thou knoweſt, our *Eaſtern* People would as ſoon be ſtript of their Skins, as change the Faſhion, which has been in uſe for immemorable Ages. Here they have no Diſtinction of Dreſs, the Noble and Vulgar, Rich and Poor go all alike. You cannot diſcern a *Slave* from a *Prince* by his Garb.

Paris is divided into Four Parts, the *City*, the *Univerſity*, the *Town*, and the *Suburbs*. It is about Three Leagues in Circuit; ſeated advantageouſly enough, but wanting Fortifications. *Henry* IV. had added ſome Strength to it, had he not been apprehenſive of the Seditious Humour of the Inhabitants, who in time might make an ill Uſe of his Kindneſs, and ſhut thoſe Gates againſt him, which he ſhould build for their Defence againſt a Foreign Enemy.

The *Court* is generally at St. *Germain en Lay*

one of the King's Royal Manſions, ſeated on the Top of a Mountain, which commands a Proſpect of a large and beautiful Valley. I have been there often, that I might be the better able to penetrate into the Conduct of *Cardinal Mazarini*, who is never from the *Queen-Regent*. I have already tranſmitted to the *Sublime Port*, ſuch Intelligence as I could gain of this *Great Miniſter*'s Intrigues. I will now entertain thee with a Glimpſe of this *Palace*, that thereby thou may'ſt conjecture at the Magnificence of the Kings of *France*.

It is divided into Two Parts, the *Old* and the *New*. The Former was built by *Charles* I. the Latter by *Henry* IV. That may boaſt of its Antiquity, but this is ſo Majeſtick and Coſtly a Structure, as ſufficiently demonſtrates, that *Modern Architects* come not far ſhort of the *Ancient Romans*. The Rooms are all lofty and large, the Roofs and Ceilings admirably contriv'd and adorn'd; the whole conſiſts of ſo many Courts, that it rather looks like a Town than the Seat of one Family.

But pardon me, Illuſtrious *Kaimacham*, if I tell thee, that none of the Kings of the *Eaſt*, can match this *Monarch* in the Gardens belonging to this *Palace*. I ſaw there ſuch a Charming Variety of Delightful Objects, as made *Art* ſeem to ſurpaſs *Nature*, and even to out-do it ſelf. In a Word, the *Chriſtian Princes*, are very ingenious in the Contrivance of their Pleaſures, and make all the Elements contribute to their Recreations. Thou haſt often ſeen the Artificial Fireworks which are exhibi-

exhibited at *Conſtantinople* at our *Feſtivals*, and on all Occaſions of Publick Joy. But, thou haſt never beheld ſuch *Water-works*, as are expoſed in the Gardens of this Palace every Day. There, by the mere Force of this Liquid Element, Inſtruments of *Muſick* are ſet at Work, which afford a Harmony little Inferiour to the beſt Conſorts in the World; and, which extremely adds to the Pleaſure, one may at the ſame Time behold ſeeming *Muſicians* playing on them, and keeping as exact Time with their Fingers on the Keys of Organs, Strings of Viols and Lutes, as if they were living Perſons. There you may ſee, all Manner of Mechanick Trades exerciſed by Statues, who do every Thing with a proper Action, and are very eager at their Employments, ſo long as the Water gives them Motion; when that ceaſes, they all return to their Primitive Inactivity. From hence you paſs to a ſeeming Sea, with *Tritons* moving on *Dolphins*, and ſounding their Shell-Trumpets before *Neptune*, who is drawn in a Chariot by Four *Tortoiſes*. The Story of *Perſeus* and *Andromeda*, is alſo acted to the Life by mere *Statues*. But the moſt Ingenious Piece of Workmanſhip, is, *Orpheus* playing on a Viol, while the Trees move, and Wild Beaſts dance round about him. This is ſo coſtly an Invention, that, as one of the *Overſeers* of the *Water-works* told me, a String of *Orpheus*'s Viol being broken, coſt the late King *Lewis* Thirteen Hundred Crowns to repair it again.

We *Mahometans*, are apt to value our ſelves

too high, on the Score of our *Princes* Grandure. We boaſt, we flouriſh, and are guilty of a Thouſand Inſults, deſpiſing and putting the reſt of Mankind under our Sandals; as if none of the *Race* of *Adam* underſtood the World but we, or had the Wit and Power to carve out to themſelves the ſame Felicities we enjoy. The *Monarchs* of the *Eaſt*, ſtyle themſelves, *The only Happy ones*, *Poſſeſſors of infinite Treaſures*; *Kings of the World*, *Shadows of God*, and what not! The *Great Mogol*, with his *Omrah's* and *Raja's*, pride themſelves in their *Elephants*. So do the *Kings* and *Mandarins* of *China* and *Tunquin*. The *Sophi* of *Perſia*, ſwells at the Sight of his immenſe Treaſures of Gold and precious Stones; glorying, that the very Shooes of his Horſes, are of the moſt exalted Metal; alſo the Mangers wherein they feed, and the Nails whereby they are faſten'd to the Ground. The *Cham* of *Tartary*, rejoices in the Multitude and Strength of his Horſes, his Winged Chariots and Waggons, and, that when his Armies riſe and ſit down, the Earth trembles with their Weight and Motion. 'Tis true indeed, the *Grand Signior*, who is the *Wiſeſt* of the *Wiſe*, and the *Greateſt* of theſe *Great Ones*, is not guilty of this Vanity. He is deſtin'd by the *Lord* of the *Univerſe*, to chaſtiſe the Follies both of the *Eaſt* and the *Weſt*. Yet, his *Slaves* cannot forbear *Rhodomontado's*. I have heard ſome of our huffing *Janizaries*, tell the *Greeks* of *Conſtantinople* and *Pera*, that the *Royal Seraglio* is the moſt Magnificent Fabrick in the World, and that the

the Garden belonging to it, is a perfect *Transcript* of *Paradise*. Thou wilt not approve such Brags as these, when thou considerest, how expert the *Infidels* are in Building; and, that they spare no Cost to erect such Edifices, whose very Ruins may proclaim to future Ages, the Magnificence of their Founders. And, as to their Gardens, they are so regular and beautiful, adorn'd with so many Delicacies of *Nature* and *Art*, that one would think, they were made by some Traditional *Disciples* of *Adam*; and, that they had their Rules, from the *Primitive Planter* of the *World*.

The *French* King, has other Houses and Gardens of Pleasure round about *Paris*, where the *Court* interchangeably divert themselves during the *Summer*.

I humbly kiss the Hem of thy Vest, craving thy Protection against the Malice of my Enemies.

Paris, 16th. *of the* 7th. *Moon,*
of the Year 1644.

LETTER

LETTER XIV.

To the most Illustrious Vizir Azem, *at the* Port.

SInce the Losses which the *German Emperor* has received from the Arms of *Ragotski*, I am inform'd by *Nathan Ben Saddi*, that the *Emperor* designs to send a splendid Embassy with extraordinary Presents to the *Sultan*, in Hopes to prevail on him, not to protect that Prince.

'Tis true, *Ragotski* is of a violent and changeable Nature, and therefore no great Confidence is to be reposed in him. Yet, I take it to be the Interest of the *Sultan*, rather to win him by Offices of Kindness and Friendship, than to make him his Enemy, by deserting him in this Juncture.

He is at the Head of a Potent and Formidable Army, has taken *Solnock*, *Breden*, *Mernatz*, together with the strong Castle of *Sendar* near *Cassovia*; and many other Places of less Importance, whereby a Way is laid open for his Army to over-run all *Hungary*, if assisted with the *Ottoman* Forces. Thus will he do the Office, which, they say, the *Jackall* performs to the *Lion*, that is, to hunt out the Prey, and secure it for his *Master* and *Sovereign*.

Besides, the Fortune of this Prince, seems to invite our farther Assistance; for, he has had

had great Succeſs all along this War; whereas the *Ottoman* Forces no ſooner appear'd on the Frontiers of *Moravia*, but Six Thouſand of them were encountred by the *Germans*, and routed.

Should the *Sultan* deſert him now, he may be compelled to reſign himſelf, with all *Tranſylvania*, to the Protection of the *German Emperor*. It is not ſafe to run the Riſque of ſuch an Event; *Tranſylvania* cannot ſupport it ſelf. Either the *Sultan* muſt continue his Protection, or the *Germans* will ſoon find the Way, to plant their Garriſons in the four *Capital* Cities, and reduce the whole Country under their Obedience.

Paris, 27th. *of the* 7th. *Moon, of the Year* 1644.

LETTER XV.

To Aſis Baſſa, *at the* Port.

THE *Pagans*, in painting *Fortune* Blind, diſcovered but the Dimneſs of their own Sight. And 'twas a double Errour, to offer *Sacrifice* to her, that could not diſcern her *Votaries*. Yet, in my Sentence, the *Chriſtians* are more to blame, who term her Inconſtant, Partial, Bawd, Whore, and what not? Theſe

These are Prophanations of *Providence*, and impious Scandals cast on *Eternal Destiny*, *Fortune* and *Chance*, are but Nick-names of *Fate*, since there is nothing absolutely Casual in the World. They see the Vertuous persecuted, while the Vicious insult and flourish; and they tax Heaven with unequal Dispensation of Rewards and Punishments; as if with *Epicurus*, they thought the Adorable *Numen*, took no Care of Things on this Side the *Empyræum*, and rested in an Eternal Ignorance of Humane Affairs.

Doubtless, the *Infidels* are in an incurable Error. They pore on the Outside of Common Events, and look no farther; they behold not the *hidden Chain* of *Causes*, nor the *Invisible Hand*, which disposes all Contingencies with admirable Order and *Decorum*. Hence it is, that what comes not to pass but by the certain *Decree* of *Fate*, appears to these Buzzards, only as an Accidental Occurrence, and the mere Effect of *Chance*.

But thou, who art instructed in the Doctrines of Truth, wilt have other Thoughts of that, which befell a Poor Man not long since in these Parts. This Person was Charitable to Excess; for, he gave away all that he had, to relieve the Necessities of others, chusing rather to throw himself naked upon *Providence*, than to deny an Alms to any One that ask'd him; so long as he had any Thing to bestow. Being at length, by his constant Liberalities, reduced to a very indigent Condition, he was forced to betake himself

himſelf to Digging for his Livelihood. Yet, notwithſtanding he gained his own Bread with hard Labour, he ceaſed not to ſhew his wonted Kindneſſes to the Poor, giving them whatſoever he could poſſibly ſpare from his own Neceſſities. One Day, as he was digging in a Field belonging to the *Duke* of *Montmorency*, he found ſeveral Earthen Pots full of Gold, ſuppoſed to be buried there in the Time of the *Civil Wars*. The good Man carries this huge Treaſure by Degrees home to his Houſe, with all imaginable Privacy. And, having diſtributed the greateſt Part of it in Works of Charity, he was going with his laſt Reſerve to the Houſe of a decayed Gentleman, to whom he gave a ſufficient Sum to repair his ſhatter'd Fortunes, being all that he had left: When, as he returned homeward, he found a Jewel in the High-way, which being ſold, yielded him Ten Thouſand Crowns. A Noble Bank for new Liberalities, and a convincing Argument, that there was ſomething more than *Chance*, which thus ſtrangely recruited his Purſe, that it might never ceaſe to be opened in Largeſſes to the Poor.

Who will not ſay, That *Fate* had a Hand in the Death of that Souldier, in the *Duke* of *Anguien*'s Army, who maliciouſly and wrongfully accuſed his Comrade, of raiſing a Mutiny? For, the incens'd *General*, took a *Fuſee*, and diſcharged it at the innocent Perſon, thinking to have killed him on the Spot; but, it prov'd otherwiſe, the Bullet paſſing through ſome

Part

Part of his Body, and through half a dozen Tents, ſmote the Slanderer in the Pan of the Knee, which put him into ſo violent a Fever, that he died in Two days; while the other (whom before his Death he confeſſed to be Innocent) lives yet a Witneſs of this Remarkable Stroke of *Divine Nemeſis*.

The *faithful Watchman* of the *Sublime Port*, *Mahmut*, ſalutes thee with humbleſt Obeiſance, and wiſhes thee in all Things, a favourable and benign *Deſtiny*.

Paris, 12th. *of the* 8th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1644.

LETTER XVI.

To Nathan Ben Saddi, *a* Jew *at* Vienna.

SINCE I came to this City, I have learned the Art of making Watch[illegible]; which I exerciſe not for Lucre, but to comply with a *Precept* of the *Alcoran*; wherein alſo I find no ſmall Diverſion, it being a Relief to Melancholy to be in Action.

Should the *Eccleſiaſticks* of the *Latin Church*, be made ſenſible that I practice a *Mechanick* Trade, they would think me a Scandal to their Profeſſion, ſince I wear the Habit of a *Clerk*,

Clerk. They esteem it next door to *Sacrilege*, for a *Gown-Man* to condescend to the Labours of the *Laity*. They would pull my *Cassock* over my Shoulders, should they catch me in this Honest Crime; forgetting, that the *Primitive Professors* of their *Religious Orders*, got their Bread by making of *Baskets*.

The Box I send thee, contains some of my Merchandice; being designed as Presents for some of the *Ministers* of the *Port*, and my other Friends at *Constantinople*. I desire thee to take Care in sending it safe, that the Watches may receive no Damage by Water.

It is reported here, That the *Emperour* is Sick; thou wilt do well to inform me of the Truth. I hear also, That *Prodigies* have been lately seen at *Vienna*, which the *French* interpret, as Fore-runners of his Death, and Signs of approaching Desolations in *Germany*. I am not credulous of all Things, which the Vulgar say on such Occasions. Yet I cannot deny, but that the *Angels* who preside over *Kingdoms* and *Empires*, may be the Monitors of Mankind, and by raising unusual Spectacles in the Elements, may warn Mortals of future Alterations. This was the Opinion also of thy Country-man *Josephus*, who says, That immediately before the *Destruction* of *Jerusalem*, there was a *Voice* heard in the *Temple* of *Solomon*, supposed to be uttered by *Angels*, saying, *Arise, let us go hence*; as if the *Guardian Spirits* of that City, were then forsaking their *Charge*.

In

In this Place not long ago, were ſeen Three Suns together, or at leaſt the Appearance of ſo many. This the *Superſtitious* conſtrued as an *Omen* of ill Luck. While the *Court-Flatterers* ſaid, they repreſented the *Duke* of *Orleans*, the *Prince* of *Conde*, and *Cardinal Mazarini*, who now have united their Intereſts, after a long Time of Animoſities and Miſunderſtandings. I look upon this *Apparition*, to be only a *Natural* Production, reſulting from the Reflexion of the Sun-beams on a bright Cloud. It is eaſie to ſolve ſuch *Phænomena*, without a *Miracle*. Yet ſome, I confeſs, have the Stamp of a *Supernatural* Power in their very Front. I my ſelf once ſaw Two mighty Armies marſhall'd in the Air, who acted all the Bloody Tragedies of War, and made *Arabia* deaf with the Noiſe of their Artillery; yet, not a Cloud at that time to be ſeen. But I remark'd no extraordinary Event to follow it. 'Tis hard to trace the *Omnipotent* in ſuch Myſterious Works, or learn the Drift of *Providence*.

I deſire thee to uſe thy utmoſt Diligence, to penetrate into the Deſigns of the *Court* where thou reſideſt. 'Tis an Honourable Poſt, to ſerve the *Greateſt Monarch* in the World. Be Faithful and Vigilant, ſo may *God* and the *Grand Signior* heap greater Favours on thee. Adieu.

Paris, 21ſt. *of the* 8th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1644.

LETTER

LETTER XVII.

To Solyman Aga, Chief Eunuch *of the Women.*

I Perceive by thy Letters, that our *Heroick Sultan* is very Industrious to take off the Scandal of Impotence, which the Ladies at his first Accession to the *Throne* fastned on him, having now seen a Fourth Son, born to him in the *Seraglio*. The Multitude of *Subjects*, is the Glory of a *Monarch*, and a strong Defence in Time of War; and, the Multitude of the Prince's Children, is the Security of his People both in War and Peace.

The *Sultan*'s Adventure, as he was going to *Scutary*, puts me in mind of an Accident, which befell one of the Ancient Kings of *Ægypt*; who, as he was walking in the *Royal* Garden at *Memphis*, spyed an Eagle flying toward the Place, where he was; at which Sight he stood still, gazing on the King of Birds; till at length the Eagle arriving to that Part of the Air which was over his Head, lets fall a Woman's Shooe at his Feet. The King surprized at this Accident, takes up the Shooe; and, surveying its exquisite Symmetry and Form, thence took his Measures of the Lady that had worn it, and suddenly grew enamoured of the unknown Fair; proclaiming through all *Ægypt*, great Rewards

Rewards to any that could discover the Owner of that Shooe. At length, a certain Beautiful Courtezan of *Naucretis*, named *Rhodope*, was proved to be the Mistress of it; who being brought to the King's Presence, he took her to his Bed, making her the Partner of his *Empire*.

This Lady had a much better Fate, than the tall *Armenian* Woman, with whom *Sultan Ibrahim* fell in Love on the like Occasion: For, *Rhodope*, after she had enjoyed her Honour many Years, at last died peaceably in her Bed, and was Entombed in one of the *Pyramids* of *Ægypt*: Whereas, thou tellest me, that this *Armenian*, soon after her Exaltation to the *Sultan*'s Embraces, was strangled by the *Queen-Mother*'s Command. I tell thee, it was a Bold and Cruel Act; and, were the *Sultan* sensible how she was Murdered, he would not spare to vent his Indignation against her that bare him.

Paris, 2d. *of the* 9th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER

LETTER XVIII.

To Dgnet Oglou.

ONE would think it an eaſie Matter, for a Stranger to conceal himſelf, in ſo vaſt and Populous a City as is *Paris*. Eſpecially, one who makes ſo mean and contemptible a Figure, as does the ſuppoſed *Titus* of *Moldavia*. I little thought, that the *Lowneſs* of my *Stature*, and the *Deformity* of my *Body*, would have attracted any Curious Eyes; but, that my very *Habit*, would have protected me from all Suſpicion, and, that I might have paſs'd an Age undiſcovered, amongſt the Infinite Crowds of People, who throng both the Houſes and Streets of *Paris*. Yet, there are ſome Critical Moments of our Lives wherein *Fate* delights to ſports with us, to throw Stumbling-Blocks in our Way, to entangle us in Difficulties and Perils. This is a neceſſary Diſcipline of *Heaven*, to rowze Men from the Lees of Security, and Confidence in their own Strength and Abilities, and to inſtruct us, *That* Providence *alone can extricate us out of the Labyrinths we often fall into.*

I was walking Yeſterday before the *Great Temple* of this City, which is dedicated to *Mary* the *Mother* of *Jeſus*; when, on a ſudden, I was accoſted (by one whom I little imagin'd to have ſeen in *Paris*) with theſe Words; *Mahmut?*

Mahmut! How came you by this Habit? *What makes you in this* Place? *Are you a* Christian, *or do you thus disguise your self for other Ends?* Thou may'st easily imagine, what a Terror seized me, when I knew that he who spoke to me, was my *old Master* at *Palermo*. It brought to my Remembrance all the cruel Blows and Stripes I had received, during that irksome Captivity; and I could almost have phansy'd my self ready for the *Bastinado*. However, dissembling my Confusion, I answered briskly, *Sir, you are mistaken in the Person; my Name is not* Mahmut, *but* Titus. *I am a* Christian *and a* Catholick; *if you are such your self, you have no Reason to upbraid my* Habit, *since I wear it as a Badge of my* Profession, *being a* Student, *and* Candidate *of the* Priesthood.

This Answer, instead of satisfying him, did but augment his Jealousie; and, being of a Passionate Temper, he broke out into fierce Language, calling me, *Turk, Infidel, Slave, Dog*, and all the ill Names his Fury could suggest. He spoke so loud, that it was taken Notice of by the People as they walked by, who began to gather about us, to learn the Occasion of so much Noise. I then condemn'd my self, for not rather owning my self to him, and inviting him to some more retired Place, where I might give him an Account of my Circumstances. I look'd upon my self as a dead Man, and would gladly have sustained Seven Years of Servitude again in *Sicily*, to have been rid of the Fear I was now under, of a more terrible Punishment.

While

While I was in this Confusion of Spirit thinking of Nothing but Racks and Tortures, the Noise of the Rabble, who flock'd about us, had alarm'd the People that were at their *Devotions* in the *Church*, who came running out, to enquire the Cause of such a Tumult: Among the Rest, a *Friar*, eminent for his Learning and Vertue, and who had a particular Esteem and Friendship for me, perceiving the Matter, came up close to me, and taking me by the Hand, spoke aloud these Words: *Sirs, forbear to Injure a Stranger in the* Court *of the* Mother *of* God. *I know this Man very well, and will be Responsible for him; he is a* Catholick-Clerk, *and* Servant *of the* Living God. The Rabble gave a great Shout at the End of this Harangue; and had not my *Sicilian* Master made a narrow escape, they would have endangered to tear him in Pieces. I know not what became of him afterwards, but I attended the *Friar* into the *Temple*, where we staid during the *Celebration* of their *Mass*; and, then he conducted me through the inner Parts of the *Temple*, by private ways into the Lodgings of the *Priests*; whence we issu'd out by a *Postern*, and, taking Boat, we cross'd the River *Seine* into the Fields. The *Friar* congratulated my Escape from the Hands of the Multitude; and, I return'd him a Thousand Thanks, for lifting me out of the Mire.

Thou seest, Dear Friend, that the *Arabian Proverb* speaks not in vain, when it says; *That the Habitation of Danger, is on the Bor-*

ders of Security: And, *That a Man never runs greater Hazards, than when he least fears them.*

He that turns the Scales of Life and Death, Good and Evil, grant, that some happy Emergency may always arise, to divert the Perils which thou shalt incurr in this Uncertain Life.

Paris, *7th. of the 9th. Moon, of the Year* 1644.

LETTER XIX.

To the Kaimacham.

THIS *Court* is now in *Mourning*, for the Death of the Chief *Musti*, or *Pope*. And indeed, there seems to be more than mere Ceremony in it, he having all along favoured the *French* Interest. He had almost pass'd the Twenty Second Year of his *Pontificate*; which few of the *Popes* have done since *St. Peter*, a *Disciple* of their *Messias*, from whom they pretend to derive their *Succession*. Their *Histories* say, that this *Peter*, was the *Musti* of *Rome* Five and Twenty Years, and that since him not one, whether he was elected Young or Old, has enjoy'd the *Sovereignty* so long. Those that have approached nearest to it, were *Adrian* I. *Sylvester* I. and this *Urban* VIII. who is now dead. It is reported, that

at

at their *Coronation*, the *Master* of the *Ceremonies*, kneeling down, burns Flax before him that is elected, and with a loud Voice, repeats these Words Thrice: *O Holy Father! think not you are to live here as long as did* St. Peter; *but let this Flame put you in Mind, of the Vanity of the World, and how swiftly the Glory of it passes away.*

Cardinal Pamphilio succeeds him in the *Roman Chair*, and has given himself the Name of *Innocent* X. it being the Custom always at their Promotion, to assume the Name of some *Holy Man* (a strange Piece of Hypocrisie, as if that was sufficient to atone for their own wicked Lives.) But, none of them has presumed to take the Name of *Peter*, out of Respect to the *First Vicar* of *Jesus*. This *Pamphilio* is above Threescore and Twelve Years of Age, by whose Exaltation the Family of the *Barberini's*, to whom he was a profess'd Enemy, begin to fall into Disgrace. *Cardinal Antonio*, one of that Family, is taxed with embezelling the Treasures of the *Church*, committed to his Trust.

He flies to *France* for Succour; and though he had no great Reason to expect *Cardinal Mazarini's* Friendship, having formerly opposed his Interest at the *Roman Court*, in the Time of the late *Pope Urban*; yet this *Cardinal*, by an Excess of Generosity, has espoused his Cause, and engaged his Master, the King of *France*, in his Quarrel.

What will be the Issue of this Contention, Time will evince. But, Men begin to talk

already, That the King of *France*, will carry a War into *Italy*, which will ſhake the Walls of *Rome* it ſelf.

Thus, there is no Stability in Humane Affairs; but *Time* and *Providence*, perpetually ſtart new Events.

God grant that thou may'ſt live to ſee the *Ottoman Creſcent*, on the Top of St. *Peter's* Church in *Rome*.

Paris, 6th. *of the* 10th. *Moon*, *of the Year* 1644.

LETTER XX.

To the Vizir Azem, *at the* Port.

THE great Preparations which *Sultan Ibrahim* is making by Land and Sea, affords a Subject of Diſcourſe to all *Chriſtendom*; but adminiſters a ſpecial Occaſion of Jealouſie, to the *Republick* of *Venice*.

They look on his declared Intentions to Invade *Malta*, only as a Cover or Cloak to his real Deſigns upon themſelves; being confirm'd in their ſuſpicion, by the Compliaints which the *Sultan* made to *Soranzo*, their *Reſident* at the *Port*, when he delivered himſelf with an Air, that expreſſed far deeper Reſentments than his Words.

Nor can the Artificial Strains of Courteſie which

which are used toward the *Resident*, blind or cancel the apparent Affront and Contempt which he received from the *Kaimacham*; who refused to give him Audience after some hours Attendance, though at the same time *Prince Ragotski*'s Envoy, was admitted at the first Word.

These Considerations, with others of like Nature, have sufficiently alarm'd the *Venetians*; so that they are making all the seasonable Preparations that are requisite, to oppose the Torrent of the *Ottoman* Fury and Rage, which they apprehend is to be poured on them. This, they perform with all imaginable Diligence and Secresie, being neither willing to give a just Ground of Jealousie to the *Sultan*, nor yet to be surprized unprovided.

There have lately been extraordinary Consultations in the *Senate* about these Affairs, some disapproving these Warlike Preparations, others promoting them: One Party judging, that a Peace ought rather to be purchased with a Tender of Gold: A contrary Side pleading that such a Purchase would be both dishonourable and disadvantageous; since upon every new Disgust, the *Ottomans* would commence, or at least, threaten a War, on purpose, to erect a continual Mart for Peace, the Sale thereof being like to prove so profitable to them. Among the rest of the *Senators*, *Signior Grimaldi* made an *Oration*, of which I have obtained an Authentick Copy; And, it speaks thus:

THIS *Glorious* Republick, *which has flouriſh'd for ſo many Ages, ought not, in my Opinion, to become the Merchandiſe of upſtart Shepherds.* 'Tis needleſs, *to recount our Original, or wipe off the Ancient Duſt of our Primitive Records, that we may be able to tell the World, we are the* Relicks *of* Troy. 'Tis bootleſs, *to put you in Mind, how this moſt ſerene and flouriſhing* State, *laid her firſt Foundations in the Sea, and built her Neſt in the Floods: That the* Nereids *fled to her Shadow; and, the Reſt of the* Sea-Gods, *even* Neptune *himſelf, courted her Alliance and Protection. Suffice it to ſay, that this* Victorious State *thus founded and built, has ſpread her Conqueſts through* Iſtria, Dalmatia, *and* Epirus; *has annexed unto her Government,* Corfu, Cephalenia, Zant, *and* Crete, *with many other* Iſlands *of the* Adriatick, *and* Mediterranean *Seas; and, that this* Virgin Commonwealth, *has preſerved her ſelf undeflowered theſe Twelve Hundred Years. In all which Time, ſhe never ſubmitted to the luſtful Tyranny of any Foreign Conqueror: And, muſt ſhe now become a Common Proſtitute to* Infidels? *be bought and ſold at any Rate? and pay the Price of her own Slavery? Has this moſt* Auguſt Senate, *by a long* Series *of ſucceſsful Wars, been exalted*

to

to the Height of Sovereign Power, and is she now to be brav'd into a base and mercenary Peace, the gilded Mask of abject Slavery? We that have stemmed the Torrent of Ottoman *Invasions, and resisted the Puissance of all* Asia, *must we now pull down our own Banks, and tamely let the proud insulting Enemy in, paving his Way with Gold? Rouze up my* Lords, *the Ancient* Genius *of this Mighty* State, *awaken the old* Venetian *Valour; and, unless you resolve always to bear the* Ottoman *Yoke, now shake it off, and make a War your Choice, rather than your last Remedy.*

The Eyes of all the Western *Nations are fixed on this* August Assembly. *The* Fate *of* Christendom *is now in the Scales; it is in your Power alone to turn the doubtful Balance, it is from your unshaken Valor, the* Christian *World expects a Benefit, which shall be recorded on the Pillars of Eternity. Suffer not your selves, Most Excellent* Lords, *to be cajoled by the specious Pretences of the* Ottoman *Foe, but confide in your own Illustrious Arms, and the Justice of your Cause, which will not fail to attract the Favors of* Divine Providence. *Let not those Laurels, which have been all along sprinkled with the Noble Blood of your Renowned Ancestors, be tamely taken from your Heads, and trampled under the Feet of*

Infidels. *Whom do you fear? A Man supinely lull'd in wanton Pleasures; drown'd in the soft Delights of his* Seraglio; *a fitter Champion for the Fields of* Venus, *than for the bloody Toils of* Mars, *the* harsh *Fatigues of War? But what do you dread! The Bug-bear-Title of* Grand Signior? *It is in our Power, to check his boasting Grandure, and make him sensible, The* State *of* Venice, *has a* Sword *can match the* Turkish Scymitar. *Do but resolve, the Work's half done. I feel already in my Mind, blissful Presages of a lasting Peace, the effect of a* Just *and* Seasonable War, *which is much to be preferred to the* precarious Truce *(for it deserves no better Title) which they design to cheat us with, in Contemplation of our Gold; a* Truce, *which they will break at Pleasure, to Start new Grounds of Composition. Thus, could we drain the* Indies *dry, we must refund our Treasure into the* Ottoman *Coffers, and all too little to satiate their Greedy Avarice, and Tyrannous Demands. Thus would the most* Serene Republick *of* Venice, *be post-pon'd to the* Divan *of* Algiers; *who have already shaken off the* Turkish *Yoke, retaining indeed the servile Name of* Subjects, *but refusing the Tribute they were wont to pay. Let us not suffer that* Barbarous Little State,

thus

thus Nobly to assert their Liberty, *whilst we resign our Necks to the* Yoke. *Our Fleets are numerous, our Soldiers disciplin'd, our Seamen bold and expert, our Treasury full of the Nerves of War. Let us be in a readiness, and, if* Sultan Ibrahim *dare; be the first Aggressor; then beat Drum, sound Trumpet, and every Man to his Post.*

This huffing Harangue of *Signior Grimaldi*, though it met with some Abettors in the *Senate*, yet the Counsel of the Graver and Wiser Heads prevailed; which was, to send Orders to the *Venetian Resident* at *Constantinople*, to sound the Inclinations of the *Sultan*, and if possible, to make a Pecuniary Accommodation.

This Intelligence I receive from a *Jew*, living at *Venice*; one whom I confide in, and who gives me a constant and faithful Account of all the Important Occurrences of that *State*. He is familiar with *Girolamo Pusserla*, and *Bernardino Lupulo*. Two of the *Savatori* who voted for *Peace*; by which Means, he can easily feel the Pulse of the *Venetian State*, nothing of Moment being conceal'd from him by these *Clarissimo's*.

The late Action of *Giacomo da Riva*, *Sopraveditor* of *Tino* against the Ships of *Tripoli* and *Tunis*, is interpreted to be done altogether in his own Defence. I doubt not, but it will be otherwise represented at the *Port*; but, I wish some Mens groundless Discontents, and the private Interest of others, be not improved to the Notion of Publick Injuries, by the

Artifice of ſuch as wiſh not well to the *Ottoman Empire.*

I diſcharge my Duty, in ſending thee the beſt Intelligence I can in this Juncture.

God, the *Supreme Monarch* of the *Univerſe*, diſpoſe theſe Overtures, and all other Humane Events, to the Exaltation of the *Ottoman Empire*, and the Propagation of the *true Faith.*

Paris, 13th. *of the* 10th. *Moon, of the Year* 1644.

LETTER XXI.

To Mirza Muhammed Effendi, Vicar *to the* Mufti.

THE *Jews* have a *Proverb*, *That he who breeds not up his Son to ſome Trade, makes him a Thief.* And the *Arabians* ſay, *That an Idle Perſon, is the Devil's Play fellow.* Therefore, our *Holy*, and *Wiſe Lawgiver*, has commanded all *True Believers*, to exerciſe themſelves every Day in ſome *Manual* Occupation. Neither is the *Sultan* on his *Throne*, any more exempted from Obedience to this *Univerſal Precept*, than he who cleans the Streets. The Soul of Man, is active as Fire, or, to take our Compariſon as the *Hebrews* do, from another Element, it can no more ceaſe from being

ing busie, than Water can withhold it self from running out of every Hole of a Sieve. Men will be always exerting their Faculties one way or other, and there is no *Medium* between Good and Evil. Whosoever is not employ'd in One, must necessarily fall into the other. These are the Points to which all the Lines of Humane Actions tend, the Centers where all our Affairs meet. But, though there be no such Thing as a Mediocrity between these Two Extremes, and every Man is within the Circumference either of Vertue or Vice: Yet, there are certain Steps and Degrees in each; Specifick Differences also, which take their Rise and Proportions from Nature, Morality and Religion. Thus, *Humane* Prudence teaches us, of Two Evils to chuse the least; while the *Divine Oracle* instructs us, Not to stand upon Niceties and *Punctilio's* with Vertue, but to push forward till we arrive at an Heroick Generosity.

As for me, who serve the *Grand Signior* in this Station, I am forced to compound with the *Laws*, and capitulate with the *Severer Precepts* of the *Alcoran*. I tell many a *Lye*, that I may do the more effectual Service to *Truth*: I am compell'd to deny my *Religion*, that I may prepare a Way for others to propagate it. By oblique and remote Fetches of Policy, I accomplish the Direct Intentions of Justice, while I commit little Vices among the *Infidels*, to introduce great Vertues. Thus, making good the Counsel of the *Persian Philosopher*, That it is

necessary)

necessary for him who would reach his Journeys End, sometimes to go round about. And thou knowest what Encouragement has been given me; being assured by the *Sovereign Prelate* of our *Holy Law*, That while I keep in the Orb of my Duty to the *Grand Signior*, I am out of the *Devil's Circle.*

If thou wouldst know how I busie my self at my Hours of Leisure: I make Watches; not knowing how better to spend my vacant Time, than in framing an Instrument whereby I may perceive how Time passes away. This little Engine, points out each Minute, and measures exactly the Succession of Hours; it keeps Pace with Years, yet out-runs not Months. 'Tis the *Journal* of the Sun, a *faithful Record* of his daily Travel through the *Heavens.* In a Word, 'tis the *Secretary* of *Time*; and a *compendious History* of the *First-born Issue* of *Eternity.*

Eliachim the *Jew*, takes some off my Hands; and the Rest I present to the *Grandees*, or any Body whom I would oblige. I have sent some by the Way of *Vienna* to the most *Venerable Mufti*, and to thy self, as also to others of my Friends at the *Sublime Port.* They are all sealed up, with Directions to those for whom they are Design'd. I wish, that this mean Testimony of my Duty and Affection, may be accepted. And that my Superiors would from hence conclude, that I am no bad Husband of my Time.

The *Unchangeable Essence*, who moves all Things, yet is mov'd of None; who sets all the

the *Springs* and *Wheels* of *Nature* a-going; yet remains himself in *Eternal Rest*; beholding all Things past, present, and to come with one undivided Glance; grant, that I may be approved of *Heaven*, while I obey the *Mufti*, and his *Vicar* on *Earth*.

If thou favoureſt the Cauſe of the *Merchant* who brings thee this Letter, thou ſhalt do well. He will inform thee of his Affairs. *God* encreaſe thy Felicity.

Paris, 22d. *of the* 10th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1644.

LETTER XXII.

To Hali Omri Baſſa.

THOU that art exalted from a *Page*, to one of the Higheſt Dignities in the *Empire*, and poſſeſſeſt an Eminent Share of the *Sultan's* Favour, will not be diſpleaſed if *Mahomet*, whom thou haſt formerly honour'd with thy Friendſhip, puts thee in Mind of ſome Qualifications that are requiſite in a Favourite. I know thy Abilities are great; yet he that walks on Pinnacles, will not refuſe the Aſſiſtance of any kind Hand that offers it, nor tax a Man with Preſumption, for endeavouring to preſerve him from a Fall.

It will not be ſufficient, that thou art very

Zealous

Zealous to serve the *Sultan*, to aggrandize his Honour, and prop the Imperial Dignity: Nor, that thou art extremely accurate in managing the Affairs committed to thy Charge: That thou art assiduous and extraordinary careful; not addicted to Recreations and Pleasure: That thou art rigorously Just, deaf to Flattery, and inexorable to Bribes; but in all Things solicitous for thy Sovereigns Interest and Greatness, without any other Byas, save that of untainted Loyalty. (All these, I must confess, are great Vertues in a Statesman and a Favourite; yet, they may become Vices, by their Excess as well as their Defect, and he that steers not his Course in the *Golden Mean*, may soon precipitate himself into Ruin.) But it is also necessary for thee, to have an Eye to the Satisfaction of the Subject, as well as to the Prince's Prerogative. It will not be safe to immolate the People's Interests and Liberties, to the Humours and Caprices of their Sovereign. Neither will he thank or reward thee, for such a dangerous Piece of Zeal. Nay, should he himself command thee to do any thing, which would intrench on their Rights and Privileges, thou oughtest rather to shew thy Fidelity, in humbly remonstrating to him the ill Consequences of such a Proceeding, than by a blind Obedience, to betray both him and thy self to the Publick *Odium*. On thee, to be sure it will fasten, however thy Master may escape; and thou must fall a Victim to appease the incens'd Multitude and save him harmless.

This was the Case of the *Duke d' Olivarez*, the late Minister and Favourite of the King of *Spain*. He was endued, with all the forementioned Vertues requisite in a Statesman; but, his immense Zeal to advance the King's Prerogative, betrayed him to such Measures of Oppression and Tyranny, as were the Occasion of his Ruin.

The *Spaniards* claim certain Franchises and Immunities, which when granted them, they pay a voluntary Homage to the *Castilian* Crown. *D' Olivarez* sought to bereave them of these their Native Customs and Liberties, which by degrees gave so general a Disgust to that apprehensive Nation, that they broke out into an open Rebellion. Hence sprung the Revolt of *Catalonia* and *Russilion*; and, the total Defection of *Portugal*. He thought by Rigour, to drive these People to Extremes, making them fall into Treason, and then taking advantage of their Crimes, to make his Master more absolute. But, these indirect Courses never prospered; and, we now see the *Duke* of *Braganza*, by this Means established in the Throne of *Portugal*, that Kingdom quite rent from *Spain*, and the other *Provinces* in the Hands of the *French*.

The *Spanish* Grandees, sensible of the Male-administration of the Favourite *Duke*, grew disgusted, withdrew from the *Court*, and from their Charges, leaving the King almost destitute of Attendants at Home, or Officers Abroad; yet, none durst discover the Grounds of their Discontent, till the *Constable* of *Castile*

file broke the Ice, on the following Occasion. This *Constable*, is one of the *Prime Nobility* of *Spain*, deducing his *Pedegree* from a *Race* of *Kings*. Him had *Olivarez* made his Mortal Enemy, by proposing a Match between a Son of his, and the *Constable*'s Daughter. This Son, whether Natural or only Adopted, is not certainly known, but, he had lived an obscure and debauched Life, not so much as taken notice of, unless for his dissolute Manners and enormous Crimes, which had once expos'd him to the Sentence of Death, had he not met with better Fortune than he deserved. All the *Nobles* were highly disgusted, when they saw this Prodigal own'd by *Olivarez* for his Natural Son and Heir invested with the highest Dignities of the Kingdom, and made Master of prodigious Riches; especially, since he was no Ways worthy of such Preferment, retaining still his former Vices, and giving every where Proofs of an abject and base *Genius*. To see such an one made *President* of the *Indies*, and at the height of Honour, in a fair Way to succeed the *Duke* in his *Ministry*, irritated the whole *Court*, and drove the *Constable* of *Castile* to Impatience. He utterly refuses the Match, disdaining that his Daughter should be linked to such an Upstart. He remonstrates to the King, the exorbitant Ambition of *Olivarez*. In fine, being seconded by other *Lords* of the *Court*, and by Letters from the *German Emperor*, he so far prevail'd on the King, that his Eyes began to be open'd, and he now clearly saw, that all the Disorders of the Government, ow'd their Origin to the ill Conduct of *Olivarez*.

Where-

Wherefore, taking the Advice of his faithful Counſellors, he baniſh'd him the *Court*, depriv'd him of all Authority, confin'd him firſt to a Place not far from *Madrid*, and afterwards to *Thoro*, a City in *Old Caſtile*.

Thus fell that great Miniſter, through his own Ambition to riſe. Seeking by unwarrantable Methods to ſecure his Maſter's Favour, he incurred the Height of his Diſpleaſure, and brought upon his own Head, an irrecoverable Diſgrace and Ruin.

I ſend thee this Example, as a Teſtimony of my Friendſhip and Fidelity; and, that thou may'ſt inform the *Divan*, of the true Grounds of this Man's Misfortune. The King has now taken the Reins of Government into his own Hands, though, 'tis thought, too late.

I wiſh thee an Encreaſe of Vertues and Happineſs, and that thy Moderation may keep thee ſtedfaſt in the *Sultan's* Favour.

Paris, 4th. *of the* 11th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1644.

LETTER

LETTER XXIII.

To Dgnet Oglou.

IT is, thou knoweſt, a conſiderable Time ſince I was Love ſmitten with the *Beautiful Daria*, who was Fair as an Angel, and diſcreet above any Mortal Creature. It's hard to ſay whether the Beauty of her Mind or that of her Body, ſtruck deepeſt Impreſſions on my Soul. How long were the Nights and how ſhort my Slumbers, and what a general Diſtraction of Thoughts was I in? I could not abide my Chamber, and when I went out, no other Place could pleaſe me. I knew not what I ſaid or thought, whether I dreamt or was really awake, ſtood or ſate, went backwards or forwards, all Poſtures and Places being alike, ſeeing none of them could afford me the Relief I ſought after.

I imagin'd no leſs, but that I muſt thus languiſh on; yet I find, That Time and Abſence have, at length, made Way for Reaſon. Marvel not, dear *Oglou*, I have ſuffered theſe Tranſports. Our Paſſions are not in our Power, we cannot love and hate when and whom we pleaſe. There is a Conformity of Blood, wherein the Stars, they ſay, work Wonders. It's true, no Man can love and be wiſe at the ſame Time; but prithee tell me, didſt ever know any Wiſe Man, who was not one Time or other in Love? Remember thine own Paſſion for the ſame Object, which will

will make thee the easier to excuse mine. I'll tell thee a Story, which I have some-where read; which, if it does not palliate, yet will not aggravate my Weakness.

A certain Country-Man having lost his *Ass*, came to the *Muezin*, or *Cryer*, desiring him to give Notice at the Door of one of their *Mosques*: which he did for Three several *Festivals*. But no News being heard of the Animal, the Owner urged the *Muezin* to continue his *Proclamations*, with the Reward of a fat Pig to the Finder. The *Muezin* being an Arch Wag, and tired with the Fellow's Importunity, one Day when the Ceremonies of their *Superstitious* Worship was ended, and People flockt amain out of the *Mosque*, he made this following *Proclamation*: *If there be any Man here amongst you, who will come forth, and solemnly profess, he never was in Love, he shall have a fat Pig.*

An ungainly loobily Fellow, who was leaning listning on his Staff, bawled out, *That he could safely take his Oath, he was the Person who had never been in Love.* Whereupon the *Muezin* taking him by the Sleeve, presents him to the Country-man, saying, *Here Friend, I have found your* Ass, *the* Pig *is mine.*

Rejoice with me for the Recovery of my Liberty, and believe an experienced Man, when he tells thee, that a Man's Love to his Friend, though it be not so violent and strong as that to his Mistriss, yet is more solid and lasting.

Paris, 12th *of the* 12th. *Moon*, *of the Year* 1644.

LETTER

LETTER XXIV.

To the Invincible Vizir Azem, *at the* Port.

SInce thou, who art the Centre and Source of all Dignity, haſt drawn back one Ray of Honour into thy Self, whoſe Emanation before made ſome of thy Slaves Illuſtrious, with the Title and Power of *Captain Baſſa*: Since thou thy ſelf, I ſay, who art always *Generaliſſimo* by *Land*, vouchſafeſt alſo at this Juncture to become *Baſſa* of the Sea; I wiſh that both Elements may prove propitious to thee, and *Fate* crown thy Arms with the Height of Succeſs. May the *King* of the *Waters*, proclaim a *Neſtrum* where-ever thou ſaileſt, and may the *Winds* pay Homage to the Banner of the *Ottoman Empire*. In a Word, may yielding Waves, and timely Gales, convey thee ſafe and proſperous to *Venice*; and, may *Fortune* always attend that Courage, which never forſook thee when thy Maſter's Honour lay at Stake.

The *Empire* of the *Oſmans*, is highly obliged to *Providence*, for ſuch a Valiant and Experienced Leader of their Armies. There is need of the Reſolution of *Alexander the Great* to encounter with all the Formidable Difficulties and Hazards of this War. Thou art not marching againſt the ſoft and effeminate *Perſians*,

sians, Men drown'd in the Luxurious Debaucheries of *Asia*, and enervated by continual Voluptuousness: But thou must combat with the fierce *Russians*, hardy *Servians*, the valiant Inhabitants of *Dalmatia* and *Istria*. Men inur'd to Toils and Fatigues, and steel'd in Blood and Slaughter. I tell thee, there is no *State* in the World, that takes more Care to breed her Subjects up in all the Discipline of War, than this *Republick*. Thou hast heard of the famous *Arsenal* of *Venice*, wilt thou believe what *Adonai* the *Jew* has told me, concerning that Nursery of War? He is newly come from thence, and says, That this *Arsenal* alone is half a League in Circuit; That there is but one Gate and Channel into it, by which their Vessels pass in and out; That in this Place, as in a Seminary, are bred up an infinite Number of Slaves, who are a little Common-wealth by themselves. Some of these are employ'd all the year round, in making Gallies, Galliasses, Pinnaces, Brigantines and other Shipping, with all Materials belonging to them, as Masts, Oars, &c. Others make Bullets, Chains, Anchors, Cannon, and all kinds of Artillery. A Third sort, are busied in making Ropes, Sails, Shrowds, and such like *Naval* Implements.

He says moreover, that in this Magazine are contained 40000 Pistols; 200000 Daggers, 60000 Partizans; Javelins 100000; Cross-Bows 30000; Long-bows 50000; with 500000 Swords, Musquets 160000; 1000 Cannon, as many Sakers; 500 Culverins. All these are

preserv'd

preserv'd as a Treasure of War, besides Infinite Quantities of all Manner of Weapons and Ammunitions, which are daily carried from hence, to furnish their Ships by Sea, and their Armies and Forts by Land. Thou wilt conclude from hence, That this is a Wise and Martial Nation, and that the Conquest of *Venice* will cost much Sweat and Blood.

Wilt thou hear what this *Jew* says of their Publick Buildings, which are all made of the best Marble? He counts Sixty six Parish-Churches; Fifty two Monasteries; Twenty six Nunneries; Eighteen Chapels; Seventeen Hospitals, and Six Schools. He numbers Fifty six Courts of Justice. Ten Gates of Brass; Four Hundred and Fifty Stone-Bridges; Eighty Thousand Boats, which cannot be served with less than double that number of Watermen. The Inhabitants of this City are computed to be 800000. By all this, thou may'st comprehend the Greatness and Wealth of this *Republick*, and that it is no Inglorious Enterprize to carry on a War against it.

These *Infidels* give a Publick Toleration to *Harlots*; which is practised not only in this City, but all over *Italy*, and brings a vast Revenue into the Treasury. The *Whores-pence* of *Venice*, is said to amount Yearly to 100000 Zechins.

The Multitude of *Jews* also, does mightily enrich that City, who have no less than Nine *Synagogues* there. They are Masters of Infinite Wealth, and engross the greatest Part of the *Levantine* Traffick, whereby *Venice* is become superlatively Wealthy, and has required the Epithete

pithete of *Rich*. This is grown a Fashion in *Italy*, That every City has its peculiar Title, as *Rome* the *Holy*, *Padua* the *Learned*, *Milan* the *Great*, *Naples* the *Proud*, and *Venice* the *Rich*.

One thing extremely pleases me, and had it not a shew of *Idolatry*, I could not but applaud it, as an Argument of the Generosity of this *State*. *Adonai* tells me, That there are no less than 165 Marble, and 23 Brazen Statues, erected by the Order, and at the Charges of this *Republick*, in Honour of the like Number of Valiant Soldiers, who have merited well of the Publick. This is an efficacious Encouragement to Others, a Spur to Vertue, the Cherisher of Martial Ardour. And *Venice* herein seems to imitate the Gratitude of *Ancient Rome*, which never spared any Cost, to honour her *Heroes*, and render their Memory *Immortal*.

God grant thee Victory over these *Infidels*, that at thy Return, laden with the *Venetian* Spoils, thou may'st rejoice in the Royal Caresses and Favour of our Glorious *Sultan*, and that not only *Constantinople*, but all the *Ottaman Empire*, may celebrate Triumphs for the Success of thy Arms.

Paris, 21th. *of the* 11th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1644.

LETTER

LETTER XXV.

To Dgnet Oglou.

IT appears by thy melancholy Letter, thou haſt not forgot the Loſs thou formerly ſuſtainedſt by Fire, but ſtill continueſt to diſturb thy ſelf, with diſmal Apprehenſions of ſpending thy Days in Ignominious Poverty. I am afraid, thou didſt ſet thy Heart too much on thy Wealth, which makes thee ſo uneaſie under thy Misfortune. Perhaps thy Money was thy Maſter, and *God* in removing it from thee, has made thee free, and thereby fitted thee for the *Contemplation* of the *Univerſe*.

Never fear Want, the ſame *Providence* which took Care of thee before thou cameſt into the World, will never be wanting to thee now thou art in it. It is but a Little that we need, and it will not be long before it will be impoſſible for us to want any Thing. Poverty never meets the thinking and induſtrious. And a Man may ſatisfie *Nature*, without the leaſt Obligation to *Fortune*; who, when ſhe ſeems moſt angry with us, ſcarce ever denies us Neceſſaries. The Belly indeed, is a troubleſome Creditor, yet is quieted with a Little. *Seneca* tells us, That *Epicurus* confined himſelf to a narrower Allowance, than that of the ſevereſt Priſons, to the moſt heinous Offender; and, found himſelf at Eaſe

too

too in a ſtricter Diet, that any Man in the worſt Condition needs to fear. But the Miſery of it is, we are governed in all Things by Opinion, and every Thing is to us as we think it to be.

The ſame Great Man tells us, of one *Apicius*, who poiſon'd himſelf for fear of ſtarving, when he had Two Hundred and Fifty *Piaſters* in his Coffers. And, another more *Modern Philoſopher* relates, That a rich Man, an Acquaintance of his, falling mad, ſnatche up a Straw, and complained he muſt periſh with Hunger, for he ſaw there was no Grain in the Empty Husks.

It's ſaid of the *Emperor Galba*, That he was wont to weep, when he ſaw his Table better covered than ordinary. And, I have read of a certain *Chriſtian Muſti*, who was ſo wretchedly covetous, that he would ſteal privately into the Great *Moſque* of *Rome*, and put out the Lamps there to ſave Charges.

But methinks, I hear thee murmuring me an Anſwer, That this was never thy Humour, and theſe Citations make little Impreſſion on a Man, that has had his Houſe and Goods burnt, and narrowly eſcaped in his own Perſon.

Shall I tell thee then, what hap'ned lately in theſe Parts, which will, perhaps, make thee more contented and thankful for thy Life, ſeeing what was theſe poor Peoples Lot, might have been thine.

Certain conſiderable Merchants coming to this Town, and Lodging at an Inn, not far

from my Quarters, the House being full of Guests, they were forced to be content with an upper Room; where, entertaining one another with pleasant Discourse, to pass away the Time till Supper, on a sudden the Kitchin was all in a Flame, unfortunately encreased with combustible Matter lying near the Chimney. Some say, there was great Quantity of Oil and Gun-Powder (an odd Store-House to lay such Commodities in.) However, the Fire appeared so suddenly and violently, that in a Moment all the Floor under them, was seiz'd with it.

These Gentlemen, who were Two Stories high, in a Chamber towards the Street; as soon as they heard the Cry of Fire, began to make towards their Trunks and Port-mantles, which were lock'd up in a large Coffer, the Key of which hung at their *Hostess*'s Girdle. They were for going down to fetch it, but the Fire had, in a Manner, consum'd all beneath them. Whilst they were busied in trying to break open the Coffer, and to take out every Man his own, their Chamber became instantly so full of Smoak, as was like to Choak them. They could neither save themselves by going up or down, the House being all over in a Flame. Moreover, their Neighbours seeing their own Houses in Danger, were so concerned for themselves, that they had no time to Pity Others. So that, few People attempted to succour these poor *Gentlemen*, who, on their side, endeavoured with great Pieces of Wood, to force a Passage; but the Walls and Windows were too Strong to

give

give Way to their Efforts, being secur'd with thick Iron Bars, fastned in the Stones. In this lamentable Condition, having this inexorable Flame before their Eyes, which had already seized on the Chamber, tearing the Hair off their Heads, and stamping on the Ground, they sent forth such dreadful Skrieks, as moved all that heard them to extreme Compassion.

They threw their Gold and Silver into the Streets, in vain crying for Help; the Fire being so encreas'd, that before the People could bring Ladders and other Instruments to break a Way into the Chamber, these poor Wretches miserably perished in the Flames.

Thank *God* thou hast still thy Life and Senses. Turn these last the Right Way, and thou wilt find thou hast lost Nothing.

Paris, 21st. *of the* 12th. *Moon, of the Year* 1644.

LETTER XXVI.

To the Reis Effendi, *Principal Secretary of the* Ottoman Empire.

THE *Spaniards*, are the Proudeſt People in the World. They ſtrut like Cranes, as they go along the Streets, and Walk by Rules of *Geometry*. Here are many of them in this City, ſince the Revolt of *Catalonia* and *Rouſſillon*. The *French* accuſe them of Uncomplaiſance and ill Manners, in that they will not change their Habit or Gate, in a Country ſo averſe from Formality.

They are extremely addicted to *Rhodomontado's*; as thou wilt eaſily gueſs by this which follows: *Lewis* XIII. asking a *Spaniſh* Officer, who was a Priſoner of War, Why the Kings of *Spain* went not in Perſon to the Wars, as the Kings of *France*: He Anſwer'd, *If the King, my Maſter, ſhould lead his own Army into the Field, the whole Earth would tremble* under him.

Another being ask'd; Why the *Spaniſh* King in his Style, boaſted, *That the Sun was his Helmet*, replyed, *Becauſe that* Luminary *never ſets on all my Maſter's Territories*. But the *French man* wittily retorted, *He will neither ſet, nor riſe on any of your Maſter's Dominions ere long, if the* Great Lewis *goes on with his Conqueſts.*

In

Indeed, to pass from *Jest* to *Earnest*, this Victorious King, continually pares away some Part or other of the *Spanish Monarchy*. I have acquainted the *Ministers* of the *Divan*, with the most important Passages of this War, except the taking of *Graveling*, which I did not then think so considerable a Place, as I am since inform'd it is. 'Tis a Sea-Town, lying on the Northern Shore of *France*, and commanding the *Narrow Seas*, between the *Continent* and *England*. Some say, that it is one of the strongest Towns in *Europe*. The *French* King, by the Conquest of this Place, is in a condition to give the Law by Sea, to all the *Northern* Nations.

The *Great God* who protects the *Ottoman Empire*, set Limits to the Conquests of this *Christian* King, and so continue the Wars of these *Infidel* Princes, that neither any One of them may be in a Condition, nor All of them together be agreed, to make Head against the Arms of our *Invincible Sultan*.

Paris, 17th. *of the* 1st. *Moon*,
of the Year 1645.

LETTER XXVII.

To Dicheu Huſſein Baſſa.

THOU haſt already in the *Divan*, heard of the preſent Convulſions of the *Engliſh State*. I communicated to the *Vizir Azem*, what Intelligences I had received of the *Troubles* of that *Kingdom*. Beſides, the *Imperial City* is full of Strangers of all Nations, who maintain Correſpondences with their ſeveral reſpective Countries: Whence it comes to paſs, That whatſoever is done in the moſt remote Corners of the Earth, is ſoon known to the *Miniſters* of the *Sublime Port*, which is the *Sanctuary* of the *Whole World*. But, I ſhall gratifie thee, in unveiling the Interiour of thoſe Events, which have made ſuch a Noiſe. Thou art naturally curious in thy Reſearches; and, I ſhall preſent thee with ſome additional Remarks, which I have made on the *Engliſh* Affairs, ſince I wrote to the *Supreme Miniſter* on that Subject.

I acquainted him, that the late *Cardinal Richlieu*, had a hand in Embroiling that *Iſland*, as he had in exciting the *Tumults* of *Catalonia*, and promoting the *Revolution* of *Portugal*. The part which he acted, was by Proxy. He had his Agents there, to blow up into a Flame, the Sparks which lay ſmothering in the Breaſts of that Diſcontented People. Thoſe of the *Latin Church*, reflect it as a Judgment on the *Engliſh*

Engliſh Nation, that they have never been free from Conſpiracies, Seditions and Rebellions, ſince the Time they ſhook off their Obedience to the *Roman Muſti*; which was, in the Days of King *Henry* VIII. As if that Revolt in Point of Religion, had been the Source of all the following Tumults and Diſorders in the *State*. 'Tis certain, *Religion* has great Influence on Mens Morals, and where a Liberty of innovating is once allow'd, it makes continued Progreſſions. Some *French Antiquaries* ſay, that the *Engliſh* embrac'd the *Roman* Communion for the Space of Seven Hundred Years; and, that during ſo long a Time, they never had any *Civil Wars*, but ſuch as were made on the Account of Succeſſion to the *Crown*. But, that after they had chang'd their *Faith*, they were always reſtleſs, ſtill hatching ſome Alteration in the *Government*. I know not how far theſe Obſervations are juſtifiable, Men being generally partial to their own Cauſe. But, the preſent Stirs in that *Iſland*, ſeem to owe their Increaſe, if not their Birth, to the Latitude which the Subjects take in Matters of *Conſcience*. Whilſt every Man carves out to himſelf ſuch a *Religion*, as beſt pleaſes him; without being accountable to the *State*, or paying any *Tribute*, as is the Practice of the *Ottoman Empire*. Hence, it is few Mens Ambition, to conform to the *Religion* of the *Prince*; but, every *Sect* endeavours to perſwade both Prince and People, to ſubſcribe to their Sentiments; and, the moſt potent Party, threatens all the Reſt with

the ill Consequences of War, in Case their Tenets be not establish'd. Among all the *Religions* which divide the Inhabitants of that *Island*, there is none for which they have so general an Aversion, as that which they call the *Roman Catholick*, though it were once the *Establish'd Religion* of the Country. This is now become the publick Eye-sore; and, the rest of the *Sects*, though they are at immortal Difference with each other, yet all join Heart and Hand to oppose this Common Bug-bear. The *French* say, That the *Protestants* are like the *English Mastiffs*, Two of which, I remember, were presented to *Sultan Amurath*, by the *French Ambassador*, with this Character of them, *That though when they quarrel'd they would fight with each other to Death, yet should a Bear be let loose upon them, in the Midst and Heat of their Fury, they would soon become Friends; and turn the Battel upon their Savage Enemy.* Such, they say, is the Humour of the *English Sectaries*; and, the Factious have improved it so far, as to fasten the *Odium* of the Vulgar on the King himself, by suggesting, That he designs to introduce the *Roman Religion* into that Country; whereas, according to the Relation of Travellers and knowing Men, he is a zealous *Protestant*. This is the Pretence of taking up Arms against him: An Artifice, by which *Rebellion* is generally usher'd in; whilst the Defence of *Religion*, is made a Cloak for *Sacrilege* and *Treason*.

The *Infidels* have found out a Way to divide a Man from himself, by *Metaphysical* Niceties,

Niceties, a *Science* wherein the *True Believers* are happily ignorant. They are actually in Arms against their *Sovereign*, yet they declare they fight for him: Maintaining their *Rebellion* by this *Sophistry*, *That they fight against his Natural Person, to defend his Political*; as if they could separate one from the other. Some thinking Men say, 'tis well if they do not divorce his *Soul* from his *Body* by the Help of these Juggling Distinctions.

His *Viceroy* in *Ireland*, has already lost his Head, for no other Crime, but his Loyalty to his Master, who is blam'd for giving Consent to the Execution of so faithful a *Minister*. Yet, the Curious pretend to trace the Footsteps of *Justice* in this Man's Destiny, since he fell a Sacrifice to the same *Democratick* Principles, whereof he had formerly been a zealous Patron, having been observed to be once a great Opposer of the *Royal Prerogative*. If this be true, it seems as if *Nemesis* her self had brought him to his Punishment.

Thou wilt wonder at the Presumption of these People, in divesting the King of the *Military* Power by Sea and Land, and assuming it themselves. Especially, when thou considerest, that this is the *Essential Prerogative* of *Sovereignty*, without which it is but an *Empty Title*.

Our Invincible *Sultans* are possessed of such an uncontroulable Authority, as cannot be transferr'd to any *Subject*, or to *all the Subjects* of so vast an *Empire* put together; but is only communicated at the *Imperial* Plea-

ſure, as Rays from the Sun, whoſe Emanations, though they are immenſe and infinite; yet do they not in the leaſt, diminiſh or weaken that Immortal Fountain of Light. But, the *Engliſh* have not that Veneration for their *Prince*, as is found in the *Muſſulmans*: They eſteem Him but the *Truſtee* of the *Commonwealth*, the Creature of the Populace, having imbib'd the *Principles* of *Ariſtotle*, *Cato* and other *Democratick Philoſophers*; who teach, That the *Sovereign Power* is Originally in the *People*, and but tranſmitted from *them* to the *Prince*, by way of *Deputation* and *Credence*. My Letter to the *Prime Vizir*, will inform thee what the *Engliſh Parliament* is. At this Time, as I'm inform'd, it conſiſts for the moſt Part of Men of this Stamp: Yet they do not openly profeſs theſe *Antimonarchick* Tenents; but, under the Mask of *Loyalty*, amuſe the credulous Multitude with ſpecious Pretences, *Of making the* King *the moſt* Glorious Monarch, *and his* Subjects *the* Happieſt People in the World. But, 'tis thought he will rather confide in his *Arms*, the *Juſtice* of his *Cauſe*, and the *Protection* of *God*, than ſuffer himſelf to be any longer cajoll'd by their falſe *Rhetorick*.

He has given them Battel once, wherein they ſay, the Victory was in an even Balance, and neither Side could claim it.

The *Rebels* have put to Death the *Engliſh Mufti*, whom they call the *Archbiſhop*. They ſtruck off his Head with an Ax, in the open Street, on the 10*th*. Day of the 1*ſt*. Moon of the Year 1644.

Before

Before I conclude this Letter, I shall relate to Thee a Passage, which happen'd in this King's Infancy, worthy of Remark: In former Ages, there were a Sort of *Philosophers* or *Prophets* in *England*, whom they call'd *Druids*, and *Bards*. These instructed the People in the *Belief* of a *God*, the *Immortality* of the *Soul*, and other *Principles* of *Natural Religion*. They foretold Things to come, and had acquir'd so great a Reputation, that the Kings of that Country would undertake no Affair of Moment, till they had first consulted these *Oracles*. 'Tis said, there are yet living some of that *Prophetick* Race in the Mountains of *Scotland*. One of which, a Man of great Sanctity and Wisdom, being an Hundred and Twenty Years old, came to visit this King's Father; at which Time he saw this King, being then an Infant in his Nurse's Arms, whilst his Elder Brother and Heir of the *Crown* stood by. The Old Man, after his Compliments to the Father, takes the Infant Prince in his Arms, and bestows his Benediction on it, in these Terms, *Hail, Royal Babe, Heir of Two* Crowns; *thou shalt Reign a long Time* happily; *but in the End, a* Flower-de-luce *shall be thy Bane.* The *Nobles* that were present, thinking that the Extremity of Age had bereav'd him of his Reason, were ready to thrust him away; offering to take the Child from Him, and telling Him, *That he mistook; for, this was not the* Heir *of the* Crown, *but his* Brother *who stood by.* But he, with a composed Look and an assured Carriage, made Answer, *That what he spoke, was Truth*; adding withal, *That the Elder*

Elder Brother should die before his Father; and, That this should live to inherit the Kingdoms *of* Scotland *and* England. The Event has made good some Part of his *Prophecy*; for, his Elder Brother dyed at Twelve Years of Age, and he at this Day poſſeſſes thoſe Two Kingdoms; but, how *the* Flower-de-luce *ſhall be his Bane*, Time muſt evince. It is thought, That by it is meant, the *French* King; becauſe that is the *Arms* of the *Royal Blood* of *France*. It is hard to determine of future Events; yet there are ſome, who obſerving the Influence which this *Court* has had on the *Engliſh* Commotions, and how far *Cardinal Richlieu* had engaged King *Lewis* XIII. in Revenging the Affronts which were given to his Siſter the *Queen* of *England*, by that Inhoſpitable Nation, make no Difficulty of interpreting this *Prophecy*; but conclude, That the Unfortunate King of *England*, will at length fall a *Victim* to the *French* Reſentments, though his own *Subjects* be Inſtrumental to his Ruin.

I will continue my Intelligence of the *Engliſh* Affairs, as I receive them. In the mean while, I pray the Great *God*, to protect the *Muſſulman Empire* from *Sedition* and *Treaſon*, and keep the *Subjects* of *Sultan Ibrahim* in their *due Obedience*.

Paris, 25th. *of the* 3d. *Moon*, *of the Year* 1645.

LETTER

LETTER XIV.

To Bajazet Ali Hogia, Preacher to the Seraglio.

HERE are to be met within these *Western Parts*, infinite Numbers of People, who not only despise and vilifie our *Law*, but *their own*, and openly scoff at all *Religions* in the World. These are known by the Name of *Libertines* or *Atheists*, which is to say, People that profess themselves Enemies to the Belief of a *God*. A lewd and unthinking Herd of Animals, who dare not be alone, lest they should come to the Remembrance of themselves, and be Wiser.

These People are in some sort, like *Ninus* that great *Assyrian Monarch*, who vaunted, He never saw the Stars, nor desired it; Worshipp'd neither Sun nor Moon, never spoke to his People, nor took any Account of them, but was valiant in Eating and Drinking.

He was said to have this Inscription on his Tomb:

I WAS FORMERLY NINUS, THE GREAT LORD OF THE WORLD, AND LIVED AS THOU DOST, BUT AM NOW NOTHING BUT DUST. ALL THE MEAT I HAVE EATEN,

EATEN, ALL THE HANDSOM WOMEN I HAVE ENJOY'D, ALL THE WORSHIP THAT WAS PAID ME, AND ALL THE RICHES I WAS POSSESS'D OF, HAVE FAIL'D ME; AND WHEN I SET FORWARD FROM THIS WORLD INTO THE INVISIBLE STATE, I HAD NEITHER GOLD, NOR HORSE, NOR CHARIOT. I AM NOW, I SAY, BUT THE DUST THOU TREADEST ON.

Such another was *Sardanapalus*, one of the Successors of *Ninus* in that *Monarchy*, and in the Corruption of his Manners. An effeminate Prince, a Slave to his Lusts, and not worthy of an *Imperial Crown*. It was not to his Vertue or Courage that *Nineveh* was obliged, for sustaining a Siege of Eight and Twenty *Moons*, but to the Impregnable Strength of her own Walls. For, so soon as he was told, that the *Oracle* was fulfill'd, and that the River *Euphrates* was join'd in League with his Enemies, and had by an unusual Flood, broke down a considerable Part of the Walls in which he trusted; all his Bravery vanish'd; he shew'd he was a Coward and kill'd himself for fear of Death. Yet such was the sordid Impotence of his Spirit, that even in this Way, he durst not die alone; but, taking his Concubines and nearest Attendants, with all his Gold and Jewels, he forced them to accompany him into the Hollow of a Funeral Pile, which he fired with his own Hands, and

and burnt his Servants with Himself. I do not esteem it an Effect of Courage, to make Death a Sanctuary from the inevitable Miseries of a hated Life. But, to be either willing to die, in the Height of humane Enjoyments, or to be resolved to live and out-brave these very Calamities, which would tempt any Man to die, is the peculiar Mark of an Heroick Resolution.

However, thus died *Sardanapalus*, having desired, that a *Monument* might be erected to his Memory, with this Inscription;

SARDANAPALUS LIV'D MUCH IN A LITTLE TIME, HAVING ALWAYS GRATIFIED HIS SENSES: HE BUILT TWO CITIES, ANCHIALA AND TARSUS, IN ONE DAY; PERFORMED THE TASK OF MANY YEARS, IN FOUR AND TWENTY HOURS. ADVISES THEE, READER, TO IMITATE HIS EXAMPLE; EAT, DRINK, AND ENJOY THYSELF; FOR AFTER DEATH, THERE IS NEITHER PLEASURE NOR PAIN.

These were but *Pigmies* in *Atheism*, in Comparison of others. *Dionysius*, the *Sicilian Monarch*, was a *Gyant* in *Infidelity*. He not only committed *Sacrilege*, but, made it his Pastime. He droll'd upon the *Gods*, while he robb'd their *Temples*; into which he never enter'd without a *Jest*, nor departed from

from their *Altars* without a *Satyr*. He put a *Woollen Garment* on the *Image* of *Jupiter Olympius*, instead of the *Golden Robe* with which King *Hiero* had cloath'd it; and, excus'd the *Sacrilege*, by saying, *Exchange was no Robbery*, and, *That he consulted the Ease and Health of the* God, *both for* Summer *and* Winter. He play'd the *Barber* to the *Statue* of *Æsculapius*; and, shav'd off his *Golden Beard*, saying, *That since* Apollo *his* Father *was beardless, it was but good Manners for the* Son *to be so too:* When he came into a Rich *Temple* in *Syracusa*, and saw in the Hands of *Mars*, a Sword, whose Hilt was thick set with Diamonds, Emeralds and Rubies, he made a mock Obeisance, and took the Sword from the extended Arm of the *Image*, saying, *The* God *of War presented him with that Sword, as an Earnest of his future Victories, and, he should be very ungrateful and impious, not to accept the Gift of the* Deity. It was a nasty Affront which *Nero* put upon the *Syrian Goddess*, when he caused his Excrements to be thrown in her Face.

These were Royal *Atheists*, and no Body durst controul their Impious Pranks. The *Libertines* now a-days are more modest and politick. They dare not violate *Temples*, nor prophane the *Altars* of the *Christians* openly, but secretly they undermine all *Religion*, and dispute People out of their *Faith*.

Some of these *Atheists* maintain the World to be Eternal. Others hold, that it came by a fortuitous Concourse of Atoms; which, after

after an Eternal Dance in an Infinite Space, at last jumbled together into that exquisite Order we now behold and contemplate. They profess themselves *Disciples* of *Epicurus*, yet wilfully corrupt the *Doctrines* of that Vertuous *Philosopher*; who, though he taught, That the *Supreme Felicity* of Man consisted in *Pleasure*, yet never meant that of the *Body*, but the purer Joys and Tranquility of the *Mind*, arising from a Life lead according to *Reason*. Whereas, these *Modern Epicureans*, place their highest Contentment in the Satisfaction of their Sensual Appetites. A Jolly Crew, who number their Days by Debaucheries, and reckon that Hour misspent, wherein they have not drawn some Line of Voluptuousness. And, as if they had consecrated Themselves to *Bacchus* and *Venus*, Women and Wine, divide the most important Actions of their whole Lives.

They are professed Enemies to the *Doctrine* of the *Resurrection*, of Good and Evil *Spirits*, of the *Day* of *Judgment*, of *Heaven* and *Hell*. They esteem *Religion* only as an Invention of *Politicians*, to reduce the World under some Form of Government; and spare not to call *Moses*, and *Jesus* the Son of *Mary*, *Impostors*, as well as *Mahomet* our *Holy Lawgiver*. They laugh at *Miracles*, and ridicule *Prophecies*; and, you had as good talk to them of a *Man* in the *Moon*, as of an *Apparition* from the *Dead*.

These Sort of *Libertines*, are not only to be found in the *Court* of *France*, but in General all

all over *Europe*. The *Contagion* is *Epidemick*, the *Infection* has spread it self through *Clergy* and *Laity*, *Nobles* and *Vulgus*; insomuch, as he passes for a Man of no Wit, who has not a Spice of *Atheism*.

This will not seem strange when thou shalt know, that even among their *Mufti*'s themselves, there have been some *Lucians*; who esteem'd *Religion* but an *Old Wife*'s *Tale*, and us'd the most important *Articles* of their *Faith*, but as Instruments of Ambition and Avarice, to aggrandise themselves and fill their Coffers. *Leo X.* a famous *Roman Pontiff*, will be recorded to all Posterity, for that *Sarcasm* of his on *Jesus*, the *Messias* of the *Christians*; *How much are we enriched, by this* Fable *of* Christ? Indeed, if we reflect well on the *Maxims* and *Practices* of that *Court*, it will not be hard to conclude, That *Gold* is the *Great God* of the *Romans*, and the *Ultimate Object* of their *Adoration*, since that alone can open or shut *Heaven* and *Hell*; no Piety or Vertue, no Prayers or Tears, Alms or Penances being available, unless made so by the meritorious Adjunct of this powerful Metal. Neither need the most enormous Sinners despair of Pardon, if they have but *Pluto* for their *Proctor*, and *Gold* for their *Apology*; there being certain *Rates* set upon all *Sins*, which if paid, those of the deepest Dye are as readily absolv'd, as the smallest *Peccadillo's*.

This Spiritual Merchandise of Souls in the *Supreme Court* of *Christendom*, has in no small Degree contributed to the *Atheism* of the Age.

While

While Religion is thereby render'd Cheap and Vile, a meer Artifice of Government, a Stratagem of the *Prieſthood*, to keep Fools in Awe and Subjection. And therefore, ſuch as have a better Opinion of themſelves, and would be thought Men of Senſe, take Occaſion to carp at the very Fundamental Principles of all Religion, and to diſpute againſt the *Being* of a *God*. Rather than tamely couch under the Luggage of manifeſt Impoſtures, they like wild Colts, throw off the Yoke even of natural Religion and common Morality: And, becauſe they have too much *Senſe* to be abus'd with *Religious Umbrages*, and too little *Faith* to ſwallow all the *Pious Frauds* of the *Church* for undoubted *Oracles* of *Heaven*, they will have no *Faith* at all, nor give any Credit to the Dictates of Correct Reaſon; but, turning *Scepticks* in all Things, are ſtedfaſt to Nothing but the Satisfaction of their Luſts; looking upon it as ill Husbandry of the preſent Time, to ſquander away the leaſt Moment on the Thoughts of a Future Life.

But thou, *Venerable Hogia*, who haſt been preſent at the *Myſteries* of the *Holy Sepulchre*, and kiſs'd the Floor of *Abraham's Oratory*, are happy in the Poſſeſſion of a blameleſs *Faith*. Thou haſt renounced the vain Pleaſures of Senſe; and, thy Life, is one continued *Series* of Abſtinence, Prayer, Faſting, Alms and other good Works. Having been bleſs'd, with frequent Viſions of *Paradiſe*, and Anticipations of the *Immortal State*; pray that *Mahmut* may perſevere in the *Faith* of a *Moſſul-*

man,

man, and the Integrity of a *Loyal Slave* to the *Grand Signior*.

Paris, 25th. of the 3d. *Moon*, *of the Year* 1645.

LETTER XXIX.

To Egry Boinou, *a* White Eunuch.

I Cannot forget the Time, since thou and I sate together in the *Chiosc* at *Scutari*, and entertained each other with the Stories of the Ancient *Greek Poets*. The Prospect which that Gallery afforded, renew'd our Memory of several Nations Strife about the Birth-place of *Homer*; and, from thence gave us Occasion, to discourse and make Comparisons between Him and *Hesiod*, *Orpheus*, and the Rest of the celebrated *Poets*, *Philosophers*, and *Sages* of the *East*. I remember, we passed by Degrees from one Subject to another, till at length we fell upon the *Translation* of their *Heroes*, and the *Genealogy* of their *Gods*. Thou wilt say, I have a good Memory, should I now rehearse the *Series* of our Conversation on this Point. But, I will not be so troublesome for the sake of Applause. Though I often think over thy Sentiments with infinite Delight, yet I will not repeat them here, lest I tempt thee to throw away my Letter, before

before thou haſt half read it. Only give me leave to put thee in mind, How thou didſt then vindicate the *Infant* World, for placing thoſe Excellent Souls in *Heaven*, who had been Illuſtrious Benefactors to Mankind on *Earth*: And, that though after-Ages fell into the Crime of *Idolatry*, by giving Divine Honours to the firſt Inventors of Arts and Sciences, and by ſacrificing to the *Manes* of departed *Heroes*; yet, it was thy Opinion that thoſe who firſt conſecrated them to *Immortality*, and a Fame that ſhould know no End, did but perform the Rights of Gratitude, execute the Dictates of Innocent Nature, without ever dreaming of the Religious Ceremonies which their deluded Poſterity ſuper-induc'd.

To do thee Juſtice, this was a Noble Thought, full of Humanity, and exactly ſquaring with unbyaſs'd Reaſon; and, I muſt confeſs, I owe the frequent Cure of my Melancholy, to the Force of this generous Sentiment.

The *Chriſtians*, eſpecially here in the *Weſt*, out-go the *Jews* in the Superſtitious Narrowneſs of their Principles; and, as the latter confined Salvation to the Lineage of *Jacob*, ſo the former reſtrain it to the *Latin Church*. I have often convers'd with ſome of their Learned *Derviſes*, on the Theme of the *Pagans* Salvation, but can by no Arguments beat them off from their inveterate Prejudice. They will not allow ſo much as one of the *Heathens* to be ſaved, and but a Hundred and Forty Four Thouſand

ſand of the *Jews*, accounting Twelve Thouſand of every Tribe. This is the ſevere Arithmetick of the *Weſtern Religion*, whoſe Profeſſors thereby render themſelves greater *Infidels* than thoſe they damn. 'Tis to be hop'd, there is a larger Calcule with *God* for the Number of the *Bleſſed*, or elſe one would think, *Hell* would be too populous, and the *Devil* would be forced to make frequent Decimations, and ſend Colonies abroad, to make Room for the ever freſh Glut of his new Gueſts.

For my Part, who was Educated in the impartial Rudiments of Truth, in the ſerene Principles of the *Mahometan Faith*, I believe, That there are ſome ſaved of all Religions; and that at the *Day of Judgment*, there ſhall be erected a *Fourth Banner* for ſuch to reſort to, who never heard of *Moſes*, *Jeſus* or *Mahomet*. Aſſuredly, there is no Malice in the *Omnipotent*, and he will not damn Men for their Involuntary Ignorance of his *Revealed Laws*, provided they live up to the genuine Dictates of *Nature* and *Reaſon*, which are the trueſt Standards of Vertue and Poſitive Religion.

The *Chriſtians* have a *Heaven* for their *Saints*, and a *Hell* for *Sinners*; in this they agree with the *Muſſulmans*. They have a *Limbo* for *Infants*, that die unbaptized; and, *another* for the Vertuous *Iſraelites*, who lived before the *Meſſias*. Their Charity had been complete, had they provided a *Third*, for juſt and Vertuous Men of all Religions; whom it

is

is too hard to damn on the Score of what they know not, so long as they unblameably practise whatsoever Good they know. The *Chapter* of *Prisons* in the *Alcoran*, seems to contain a more equal Distribution of Justice, when it assigns a *Middle-Place*, between *Paradise* and *Hell*, to those who have led an indifferent Life, equally checquer'd with Vertue and Vice. They there shall behold the *Joys* of the *Blessed*, and the *Torments* of the *Damned*; yet shall neither taste of the One, nor feel the Other; but pass their Time in a tedious Neutrality, between the *Height* of *Bliss*, and the *Depth* of *Misery*.

But, what *Mussulman* will question the Salvation of the *Gentiles*, when the *Book* of *Glory* it self tells us, That *Alexander* the *Great* was an *Holy Prophet*; and yet we know, he neither was of the Seed of *Abraham*, nor was he so much as Circumcis'd.

My Converse with the Learned *Dervises* in this City, has taught me some of their *School-Distinctions*; among which, they use a pretty one in the Damnation of Unbaptized Infants; teaching, That such are damn'd to the *Pain of Loss*, but not to the *Pain of Sense*. I am apt to think, this Distinction may very well be adapted to the Case of many Men, who as their Vertues are not of that Heroick Stamp, as to carry them directly to *Paradise*; so neither are their Vices of so black a Tincture, as to sink them immediately to *Hell*. I believe, there are Proportionate Rewards and Punishments, for all Sorts and Degrees of Vertue and Vice;

Vice; and that the Souls of the Departed are marshall'd and disposed in Receptacles agreeable to their proper Rank and Quality. And, if I can but get to *Virgil*'s pleasant Greens and shady Woods, the fortunate Mansions of Innocent and Just Men; I will not envy the *Heroes*, nor desire to be canoniz'd among the *Gods*. *Elyzium* or *Paradise* are much One to me: I seek not the Name, but the Nature of *Bliss*. Provided I may but gain a Place of Rest and Refreshment, and be admitted into agreeable Company, I will not complain, nor disturb the Peace of the *Blessed*, with an Ambitious Quest of the Highest Dignities in *Heaven*; as if a Man could not be Happy, unless he be made a *Vizir* of the *Bench* above.

Let thou and I, dear *Egry*, live in such an exact Conformity of Manners here, that when we go hence, we may by the *Divine Numen*, be both disposed in the same Apartment and Society, carry our Friendship along with us to that other World; and let us make a Covenant, That whosoever dies first, shall soon appear to the Survivor, and give him a true Account of his State, if it be in the Power of the Dead to perform such Bargains.

In the mean Time I counsel thee to make much of this present Life; not by sordid Voluptuousness and Vice, from which I know thy natural Aversion; but by borrowing from each Element, an Occasion of improving thy Science and Vertue. This is the Way to be raised above the Elements, in which at present

ſent thou art a Sojourner; and, to attain thy Native Skies, and Kindred Stars, where the Renown'd *Poets*, *Philoſophers*, *Law-givers*, and other Vertuous Men, are gone before us, expect our Coming, and are ready to welcom us to the Rights of their happy Society. Adieu.

Paris, 13th. *of the* 4th. *Moon, of the Year* 1645.

LETTER XXX.

To the Selictar Aga, *or* Sword-Bearer.

IT is apparent, that the *States* of the World are void of Compaſſion, and that they are altogether actuated by a Principle of Intereſt.

Monſieur la Tuillerie, Ambaſſador from *France* to the King of *Denmark*, arrived at that *Court* with ſpecious Pretexts of Mediation, promiſing to do his utmoſt to accommodate the Differences between the Two *Crowns* of *Denmark* and *Suedeland*, with all poſſible Advantages to the former. But, when the Buſineſs came to the Tryal, when he ſaw King *Chriſtian* advancing into the Field againſt *Guſtavus*, with an Army of near Twenty Thouſand Men, which in all likelihood would have given the *Suedes* occaſion to

repent their rash and unjust Incursions; he charmed the good-natur'd old King, with such fair Promises, and subtle Insinuations, that he caused him to retreat at the Moment of giving Battel.

In the same Manner dealt *Galasso* with the King, who did but make a show with his Forces, without doing any effectual Service. For, when he might have compelled the *Swedish General*, either to Fight or Retire, he suffered him freely to pass through *Holstein* and return into *Germany*.

The Curious and Inquisitive, lay the Blame of this Treachery on *Cardinal Mazarini*, whose Pistoles, they say, had corrupted *Galasso*, and made him run counter to his Master's Instructions.

But, in my Opinion, this is an unjust Censure of the *Cardinal*, who was afterwards known to be Instrumental, in spurring on the *Hollanders* to compose these Quarrels: Which at last was accomplish'd, by the dextrous Mediation of this Great *Minister*.

I wish the Differences between our glorious *Sultan* and the *Venetians*, were as well adjusted with Honour to the *Ottoman Empire*.

Paris, 13th. *of the* 4th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1645.

LETTER

LETTER XXXI.

To the Reis Effendi, Principal Secretary *of* State.

THE Wars of *Germany* and *Sueveland* are the Principal Subject of Diſcourſe all over *Europe*; eſpecially in this *Court*, which has a great Intereſt in the good Succeſs of the *Sueviſh* Arms; the Houſe of *Auſtria*, being the moſt formidable Enemy, that *France* has in the World.

General Torſtenſon marches about, like another *Scanderbeg*; Victorious where-ever he ſtrikes. 'Twas to his own Ruin, that *Galaſſo* ſuffer'd him to paſs quietly through *Holſtein*; when, in Conjunction with the *Daniſh* Army he was in a Condition to give him Battel, or compel him to retire.

No ſooner was *Galaſſo* ſeparated from the *Danes*, and Encamped near *Magdeburgh*; but, *Torſtenſon* began to obſerve his Motions, and lay down not far from him, between whom there paſſed many Skirmiſhes, which very much leſſen'd the *German Army*. Beſides, they were extremely incommodated for want of Proviſions; ſo, that at his return to *Bohemia*, he could preſent the *Emperor* but with a few of his Men, and give but a ſhallow Account of the Loſs of the Reſt.

In the mean Time, *Coningſmark* and *Pa-*

penheim, Two other *Suediſh* Commanders, are not idle, having taken *Staden* and *Boxtehaven*, with moſt of the other Important Places in the *Archbiſhoprick* of *Bremen*.

Thus the *German* Affairs decline apace; and, the *Suedes*, who not long ago were obſcure and ſcarce regarded, begin to make a conſiderable Figure in the World.

I ſhall ſend thee a conſtant Account, of what is moſt Remarkable. *God* augment thy Felicity.

Paris, 27th. *of the* 4th. *Moon, of the Year* 1645.

LETTER XXXII.

To Berber Muſtapha Aga.

THE Bloody Battel of *Jankow*, has unpercht the *Emperial Eagle*, which can no longer endure the Smoak of *Suediſh* Gun Powder.

The *German Court* is removed in a great Fright to *Prague* in *Bohemia*, there to curſe the Avarice of the Souldiers; whoſe greedy Deſire of the *Suediſh* Prey, betray'd the *German* Army to the Swords of their Conquerors.

This Battel was fought, on the Sixth Day of the Third *Moon* of this preſent Year. *Goetz*, one

one of the *Imperial Generals*, was kill'd in the first On-set; which so Inflamed *Baron John de Werdt*, that with Four Thousand Men, he brake into the *Left Wing* of the *Suedes*, putting them into an Irrecoverable Disorder. The *Germans* seeing their Enemies retreat in much Confusion, fell to plundering the Baggage. *General Torstenson*, turning their Covetousness to his Advantage, lets them alone till they were all entangled and loaden with Booty; then suddenly falls upon them, and turn'd the Fortune of the Day to his own Side.

There were above Three Thousand of the *Imperialists* kill'd upon the spot, and Four Thousand taken Prisoners; among which, were the *Generals*, *Hatsfeldt*, *Mercy*, *Broy*, *Zaradeskie*, and Seven other Principal Commanders.

By this Fatal Stroke, the *Suedes* have opened to themselves a Passage into *Moravia*, *Austria*, and *Hungary*. So that, in Time they may extend their Conquests, even to the Confines of the *Ottoman Empire*.

I pray the *Great God*, to continue the Wars between these *Infidel Nations*; that so, not attending to the General Interest of *Christendom*, but weakening each other, they may at Length become a Prey to the *True Believers*.

Paris, 9th *of the* 5th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1645.

LETTER XXXIII.

To Osman Adrooneth, *an* Astrologer *at* Scio.

I Know not whether it be an Effect of the Stars, or the Sport of *Spirits*, that has happened here lately; whether it proceeds from *Heaven* or *Hell*, *Nature* or *Magick*, *Art*, *Chance* or *Destiny*; the Marks it has left behind are very Terrible, and the Astonishment is not yet off from the Peoples Hearts.

Three Days ago, I was riding from *Paris* to St. *Germain en Lay*, where the *Court* resides. When I was got about Half-Way on the Road, there arose a sudden Blast of Wind, which rushing vehemently among the Trees, made an uncouth Noise, and struck me with some Surprize and Horror: But, my Amazement was soon encreased, when I perceived the Hedges and Trees that grew along the Road side, torn up and carried away by an Invisible Hand. I was afraid, my Horse and I should have been taken up for Company. For, this Whirlwind passed very near us, twisting in all that was in its way; and, swiftly moving in a Circular Figure, it grew to such a Bigness, by the continual Addition of Trees, Hedges, Stones, Earth, &c. that it seemed like a flying Wood.

I tell thee, though I was not without some Appre-

Apprehenſion of Danger, yet hitherto this was the pleaſanteſt and moſt diverting Spectacle that ever I ſaw in my Life. Trees are a very grateful Object on the Earth, but they are much more ſo in the Air; and, eſpecially at that Height and Diſtance, they affect the Eye with unſpeakable Delight. I was raviſhed to ſee a moving Foreſt, almoſt as high as the Clouds. The penduleus Gardens of *Babylon*, would have appear'd but a Triſle, in Compariſon of this Noble Scene.

I followed it with my Eye as far as I could, till at length my Sight was intercepted by a thick Shower of Rain, which drove me into a Houſe for Shelter. Where, before I came away, I was informed, that what I eſteemed ſo delightful, proved very Tragical to the Neighbouring Villages. Falling down from that Height I left it at, and ſcattering its former Load, it fell violently into the Groves and Orchards, tearing up ſome Thouſands of Trees by the Roots, and carrying them away like Chaff in the Air, throwing down many Hundreds of Houſes, removing others from the Foundations, and doing the poor Husbandmen ſuch irreparable Damages, as the like has not been known in the Memory of Man.

Common Humanity taught me to pity theſe *Infidels*; and, the Natural Principle of Self-preſervation; made me bleſs my ſelf, That I had eſcaped ſo imminent a Danger. But tell me, Thou who art converſant in the *Secrets* of *Nature*, who knoweſt the *Influ-*

ences of the *Stars*, and the *Hidden Force* of the *Elements*, What is the Cauſe of theſe wild Fits and Convulſions of the Air? The Superſtitious here ſay, the *Devils* are let looſe at ſuch a Time from their *Infernal* Priſons, to keep a *Carnaval*, and play their wanton Pranks in open Light, there being no *Holidays* in *Hell*. Others believe *Magicians* are at Work; and, by the Force of Spells, raiſe Hurricanes and Storms. But, the Learned ſay, That theſe are only the Effects of *Nature*, proceeding from *Meteors* and *Exhalations* in the Air. I, for my Part, never puzzle my ſelf with a vain Search after that which cannot be demonſtrated. If theſe *Hurricanes* be *Natural*, then 'tis certain, *Nature* does not diſcover her Power at all Times, nor in the conſtant *Series* of her Works; but, has her Reſerves, and Times of State, wherein ſhe diſplays her Self with greater Pageantry, to create Reſpect: Since the unthinking Part of Mankind, is ſooner taken with ſuch unuſual Events as make a Noiſe, than with the Ancient ſtanding Miracles of the Creation, the ſilent and regular Motions, exquiſite Order, and never ceaſing Activity of the Sun, Moon and Stars. Thus, we are never ſenſible of the Heat that is within us, or the Circulation of our Blood, becauſe we are always habituated to feel it from our *Embryo*.

I tell thee, Sage *Oſman*, if I have any Dread upon me, it is of *Earthquakes*; becauſe they take from us all ſure Footing. From Thunder, Lightning, and all the Storms in open Air, *Ti-*

berius's

berius's Remedy may ſecure us: Nay, the very Beaſts will be our guides to ſome ſafe Den or Cave: But, from an Earthquake there's no Retreat; that undermines and blows us up without any warning, neither have we Time or Means to eſcape. This makes me always think, I walk upon a Cobweb; ſo thin and brittle is this outward Cruſt of Earth we tread on.

He that Founded the *Earth*, and has admirably kneaded this *Globe* together with Water, grant us a Refuge in Time of Danger, and an *Eternal Sanctuary* in *Paradiſe*.

Paris, 1ſt *of the* 6th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1645.

LETTER XXXIV.

To the Kaimacham.

I Need not Apologize for my long Silence, *Eliachim* assures me, he has acquainted *Nathan Ben Sadi* with the Occasion of it, by whom the News of my Imprisonment might be transmitted to the *Sublime Port*. When I was first seized upon, I had not the Liberty to send for *Eliachim*, or see any Body that I desired to speak with. But, that honest *Jew*, soon heard the News, and writ to *Vienna* to prevent any *Dispatches* that might come from thence, or from *Constantinople*. He has now fully convinced me of his Fidelity, which I so long suspected; and, I dare trust him henceforward, with the most important Concerns of my *Commission*. His Sagacity and Conduct in this Occurrence, is worthy of Acknowledgment and Reward; having dextrously blinded *Cardinal Mazarini*, who is an *Argus*: baffled his severest Scrutinies, and been highly Instrumental in procuring me the Liberty I now again enjoy.

The *Arabian* Proverb says, *The* Camel *that Travels often to* Mecca, *will return Lame at last*. I had for a long Time essayed, to penetrate into the Drifts of this *Cardinal*, as well as those of his Predecessor *Richlieu*, yet found nothing but Riddles. One might as soon

soon trace *Arethusa* in her Wandrings under Ground, or pursue a Man in the Intricate Mazes of *Dædalus*, as discover the Intrigues of this *State-Serpent*. His Designs are a perfect *Labyrinth*. However, walking one Day in one of their *Churches*, I cast my Eye on a Stone in the Pavement, just before the *Image* of the *Virgin Mary*, which, by the perpetual kneeling of many Thousand Votaries, was worn away half a Cubit. The Sight of this made me conclude, That there is no Difficulty so great, which by assiduous Industry, and constant Resolution, may not be overcome. Chear'd with this Thought, I determin'd with my self, never to faint, or give over my most strenuous Endeavours, to unlock the Cabinet of this *Great Minister*, wherein I knew all the *Secrets* of *Europe* were laid up. I left no Stone unturn'd, to compass my Design. I haunted the *Court* daily, and follow'd the *Cardinal* like his Shadow. I insinuated with his Followers and Creatures, Flatter'd the Soft and Ambitious, presented Gifts to the Covetous; was Merry and Frank with some, Reserv'd and Grave with others: In fine, I so aim'd to comport my self with every One, that I might win All. At length, knowing that there was a private *Agent* from *Prince Ragatski* come to this *Court*, my Zeal for the *Grand Signior*, suggested to me, That if I could wind my self into this Man's Acquaintance, I should be able to unravel some *great Secret*, and do an Acceptable Service to the *Ottoman Empire*.

Opportunities are seldom wanting to the Watch-

Watchful and Diligent. I had acquaintance enough at the *Court*. And appearing often in the Retinue of *Mazarini*; and, the *Cardinal* ſometimes ſingling me out, and Diſcourſing with me, in the Preſence of the *Tranſylvanian*, this Stranger took more than ordinary Notice of me: Which gave me Occaſion to addreſs my ſelf to him, in Hopes to accompliſh my Purpoſe. But, *Fate* had otherwiſe decreed. The *Agent* remember'd my Face, and told me in the *Sclavonian* Tongue, That he had ſeen me in the *Grand Signior's Seraglio*. It is not hard for thee, Illuſtrious *Kaimacham*, to conceive the Diſorder I was in at this Challenge. But, reſuming Courage, I replyed, *That it was poſſible he might have ſeen me there; for, I had formerly ſerved a* German Ambaſſador *at the* Ottoman Court, *in Quality of* Secretary. He ſeem'd ſatisfied with my Anſwer, diſſembling his farther Thoughts: But, as I afterwards perceiv'd, I owe my Confinement to this fatal Interview. No doubt, but he remark'd the particular Station I was in at the *Seraglio*, when he came thither to Negotiate for *Prince Ragotski*, in *Sultan Amurath's* Time. For, before I went to Bed that Night, I was ſent for to *Cardinal Mazarini*, and ſtrictly Examined about my Country, my Religion, my Buſineſs at *Paris*, and other Matters; and, was ſent away Priſoner to the *Baſtile*, (which was formerly a *Cittadel*, erected to awe this Town, but not being found ſerviceable in that Kind, is ſince made a Priſon.) That which moſt puzzles

puzzles me, is, That I was not confronted Face to Face, with this *Transylvanian*. My Confinement was very close, being denyed the Use of Pen, Ink and Paper, and the Access of any of my Friends. Indeed, I knew not what use to make of those Materials, nor durst I write to any Body, lest I should have brought them into the same Snare, and done my self a greater Disservice. All my Comfort was, That I had left no Writings in my Lodgings, which could discover the Affairs of my *Commission*. 'Tis true, when I was search'd they found the *Alcoran* in my Pocket, which gave a mighty Jealousie to the *Cardinal*; but, I excused it by saying, I kept that Book, that I might not forget my *Arabick*; in which, the *Cardinal* knew I was well skill'd, having formerly seen a *Translation*, which I made out of that Language for *Cardinal Richlieu*. Besides, they found in my Chamber *Plutarch*'s *Lives*, the *Annals* of *Tacitus*; *Livy*'s *Roman History*; a *Philosophical Treatise* of *Averroes*, and a small *Tract* of St. *Augustine*, one of the *Christian Fathers*: Which made it appear, as reasonable to conclude me a *Pagan* or a *Christian*, for having their Books by me, as a *Turk* for having the *Alcoran*.

I still persisted, in asserting my self to be *Titus* of *Moldavia*, and that I was a *Christian* (*Heaven* forgive the Perjury!) I had a *Friar* sent to me, who exhorted me to a Confession of my Sins, thinking this way to pump the *Mighty Secret* from me. But, this turn'd

to my Advantage; for, calling to mind a Learned and Ingenuous *Friar*, with whom I had convers'd, and contracted some Friendship, I signified my Resolution to confess my self to him. This is a Privilege could not be denied me, it being lawful for every Man, to chuse his own *Confessor*. The *Friar* was sent for: And, this being the only time I was like to speak to any of my Friends without Witnesses, I improv'd the Advantage; and, to make my *Confession* seem the more sincere, I accused my self of what I ne'er was guilty of, telling him with a well counterfeited Sorrow, That the true Reason of abandoning *Moldavia*, was, because I had murdered a near Kinsman there. My *Confession* ended, and *Absolution* granted, the *Friar* embraced me, and told me, That he would do me all the Service he could, in order to my Release. I expressed my Gratitude in the best Terms I could, and begged of him to visit me often, since he was the only Person would be allowed to do me that kind Office. I will not detain thee longer. Sage *Bassa*, in Expectation of the Issue.

This honest *Friar* was as good as his Word. He was admitted to see me almost daily, without Suspicion. I trusted him with *Eliachim*'s Acquaintance; which render'd him very Serviceable; for, he often brought me Money from the *Jew*, when he knew not how otherwise to convey it to me. In a word, between them both, they so wrought on the *Cardinal*, that after Six *Moons* Imprisonment, I was

I was releas'd, and am now in more Credit than before.

The Great God grant, that the Malice of the *Infidels*, may always turn to the Advantage of the *True Believers*; and that from their Jealousies, occasions may arise to promote the Interest of the *Ottoman Empire*.

Paris, 24th *of the* 7th *Moon, of the Year* 1645.

LETTER XXXV.

To the Reverable Muti.

AT length I am releas'd from a tedious Imprisonment, the Occasion of which the *Kaimacham* will acquaint thee with. Had this happened in *Spain*, my Usage had been much worse. And for this Reason, I esteem *France* the Noblest and Freest Kingdom within the Pale of the *Latin Church*; that it never would submit to the Tyranny of the *Inquisition*. Which is a Kind of *Ecclesiastical Divan*, or *High Court of Judicature*, where Crimes against the *Church* and *State* are tryed. It was first erected, at the Instance of one *Dominick*, who for this meritorious Project, was afterwards canonized a *Saint*. The original Design of it was to extirpate the *Moors* and *Jews* out of *Spain* and *Portugal*. But now, 'tis made a Trap for all Strangers, and especially

ally those they call *Heretick*. Whosoever falls into it, is commonly fleec'd of his Estate, and not seldom thous'd out of his Life. For, the first Thing the *Holy Fathers Inquisitors* do, is, to make a zealous and devout Inspection into the Possessions of the Prisoner. If they find him Rich, that is sufficient to make him Criminal; and, the *good* Fathers, will take a *pious* Care to dispose of his Wealth. They have their Spies in all Companies, who inform them of Men's Words and Actions. These Hounds, are always upon the Scent; and will smell a *Heretick* out, if he breaths within the Purlieu of their Hunt. A Man dares not say, *his Soul is his own* in these Countries; nor, claim the Privilege to exercise his Reason. The Inhabitants live in a most abject Slavery to the *Priesthood*, and Travellers must drag the Chain, bridle their Tongues, and curb their Actions for their own Security. But, in *France*, the *Inquisition* is abhorr'd, and, an Immortal Aversion conceived against the Tyranny and cruel Practices of the *Spaniards*. The People are of more generous Tempers, the Laws not so rigorous, and yet they come far short of the Justice of the *Ottoman Empire*. Though my Confinement was tedious, yet 'twas tolerable; and, if I could not be happy in a Prison, so neither was I properly miserable.

When Evil surprises us, we commonly affright our selves, by beholding it in its gross Bulk, our scattered Spirits, are astonished at an infinite Bugbear. Whereas, if we take a more particu-

particular Survey of the dreadful Object, anatomize and view it Piece by Piece; we find, that the greatest part of what so dismay'd us, had no other Existence, than in our own Imagination. Thus, when I was first seized by *Cardinal Mazarini*'s Order, I presaged to my self no less than insufferable Tortures, an ignominious Death, and (which affected me with the most sensible Grief) the Discovery of my *Commission*, and the Affairs of the *Sublime Port*. When I first enter'd the Prison, I bid adieu to all Joy and Comfort in this *Life*, and thought of Nothing but preparing my self for that *Other World*, where I hope to be renewed again to immense Pleasures, the Delights of *Paradise*, as a Reward of my sufferings for that *Law*, which was brought down from *Heaven* by the *Angel Gabriel*.

These were my first Thoughts in Prison; but, when Sleep had composed my Spirits, and Time had render'd me more familiar with the Place of my Restraint, I began to think, it was not impossible to live, and even to regain my Liberty. However, I resolved to alleviate the Grief of my Restraint, by contracting my Desires within a narrower Compass, and circumscribing my Wishes within those Walls which confined my Body. I framed to my self Felicities, out of the Contemplation of my Misery; and, by considering what I enjoyed, I pacified my Discontent for what I wanted. I was not so close shut up, but that I could at Pleasure let in fresh Air, and take a Prospect of the City and adjacent Fields, as my

my

my Window. This made me reliſh my Priſon with ſome Degree of Content. The Want which moſt afflicted me, was, that of Fountain Water; which I durſt not ſo much as ask for, in ſuch Quantities as are requiſite to the Cleanneſs of a *Muſſulman*, leſt I ſhould have confirmed them in the Suſpicion, which was the Occaſion of my Impriſonment. For, I was ſure, my Actions would be narrowly obſerved. The ſame Caution, made me not refuſe to eat of Swines Fleſh, and drink freely of Wine, when once invited to the *Governour's* Table. 'Tis true, I had great Scruples and Fears upon me. But, I comforted my ſelf with thoſe Paſſages in the *Alcoran*, which ſeem to indulge us this Liberty in Caſe of Neceſſity, by aſſuring us, That *God* is the *Merciful of the Merciful*, and that he requires not unreaſonable Performances of his Creatures. Otherwiſe, I ſhould have thought every Morſel I ſwallow'd of that execrable Meat, would have choak'd me, and every Draught of Wine, have been my Poiſon. Tell me, *Great Oracle* of *Truth*, whether in this I have not ſinned? I think my ſelf not Innocent, till thou haſt pronounced me ſo. However, this Frankneſs in Eating and Drinking, with the *Chriſtians*, without the leaſt Reſerve or Niceneſs, contributed ſomething to their better Opinion of me. Men are generally ſo wedded to their own Cuſtoms, that he looks like a Monſter, who thwarts them, and does not comply with the preſent Mode. And, the *French*, have a *Proverb*, *That when a Man's at* Rome, *he muſt live like the* Romans.

I be-

I believe, I was invited to this *Collation*, in Order to a Discovery; and, had I refused to eat and drink what was before me, it had, no doubt, been a convincing Argument to these *Infidels*, That I was a *Musulman*.

If I have sinned in this Point, I humbly crave thy *Absolution* and *Prayers*; but, if I have done well, inform me, that so I may have *Peace* of *Conscience*.

Paris, 24th *of the* 7th *Moon*, *of the Year* 1645.

LETTER

LETTER XXXVI.

To Mehmet, *an* Eunuch Page *in the* Seraglio.

THOU hast long ago heard of my Imprisonment at *Paris*: let not the News of my Releaſe be unwelcome to thee. If thou didſt then Sympathize with my Sufferings, now take a Share in my Joy. I believe, thou haſt Friendſhip enough to do both; and, I am willing thou ſhouldſt divide the *One* with me, as well as the *Other*.

I will not therefore make thee melancholy, with a Rehearſal of my Fears and Apprehenſions, my Wants and Diſcontents, with other doleful Circumſtances of a Priſon. I am now at Liberty. Let Sadneſs vaniſh. Yet, I have not ſo forgot my late Grief, as to be now exceſſive in my Joy; ſince I am liable to the ſame, or a Worſe Diſaſter again. It is never good to be ſecure, while we are ignorant what's the next Portion that *Fate* is tempering for us. Moderation keeps a Man upon his Guard; and, if any Stroke of Misfortune be aim'd at him, if he is aware of the Blow, and ſo can either dextrouſly ward it off, or at leaſt take Honourable Quarter: Whereas, he that ſuffers himſelf to be diſſolv'd, and his Mind unbent with Proſperity, is taken Captive by Evil, without being able to make any eaſie Conditions

tions for himself. I love to have my Eyes open, and to look round the whole *Horizon* of Contingencies: I watch for the very Possibilities of Misfortune, that so I may not be catch'd napping by a Calamity, but be always in a State to Fence, or make Composition.

I will now tell thee with more Freedom than I did the *Mufti*, what happened to me during my Imprisonment. The *Governour* of the *Citadel* where I was confin'd, invited me one Day to a Banquet. I need not give thee an Inventory of the various Dishes, with which his Table was furnished: Our Entertainment was generous, he regal'd me beyond the Expectation of a Prisoner; and, had there not been a design in it, I should have admired the Bounty of this *Infidel*. But, his Treat was a Snare, and contrived for a *Test* of my *Religion*. Whether I was a *Disciple* of *Mahomet* or *Jesus*. Thou knowest, the *Christians* eat Swines Flesh, and drink Wine, which the *Mussulmans* have in Abomination. We had Plenty of both at this Feast, and I durst not be squeamish at either. I tell thee, though I eat of the one with little Pleasure, yet I drank of the other without any Disgust. These *Nazarenes* imitate the Ancient *Græcians* at their Banquets, in drinking of *Healths* to such as they most esteem. The *Governour* plied me with *Glasses*, and I quaffed liberally. Policy and Self-preservation, taught me to begin the Debauch; and, the Charms of that temping Liquor, would not suffer me to shrink to the End.

The

The Wines of *France* are very delicate, and we had choice of the Best. The Pleasure I enjoyed at this Banquet, had almost reconciled me to the *Disciples* of *Hali*; and, I could have wish'd, our *Prophet* had been in a better Humour, when he forbid us the Juice of the Grape. He promises us Rivers of Wine in *Paradise*, and, while I was in my Cups, I thought he might connive at us, for taking a Glass or two sometimes on Earth. If thou hast not yet tasted this Enchanting Liquor, I wish thee to abstain as long as thou livest; for otherwise, thou will find it very difficult, to overcome the Desires of it, or to live without it. For my Part, I greedily longed for it, before ever I tasted it, because it was forbid: And now I have often had my Fill of it, my Appetite is encreased. The more I drink, the greater is my Thirst after it, which is never like to be quenched, till I shall drink at the Original Fountains of Wine in *Paradise*.

I do not think it is so great a Sin, as our *Doctors* would make us believe; since, the *Divine Lawgiver* prescribes Abstinence from Wine, rather as a Counsel, than a Command. If thou art of another Opinion, I Censure thee not. The late *Sultan Amurath* was of my Mind; and many *Grandees* at the *Port*, count it no *Heresie*. All the Danger lies in the Excess. I am no Advocate for Drunkards.

Let these Things be spoken like Words in a Dream, which cannot be remembred again. Thou hast Prudence enough to take Care, that this Letter fall not into the Hands of such

as ſhall diſpoſe of it in the Wall of the *Hazoda*. It is evident that I love thee, in that I thus frankly diſcloſe ſuch Paſſages, as I would not have others be privy to.

After all, I declare I ſhould eſteem my ſelf much more happy, might I exchange *Paris* for *Conſtantinople*, and the moſt delicious Wines of *Europe*, for the wholeſome *Sherbets* of *Aſia*.

May *Heaven* fulfil my Deſire, to ſee thee once again, with the Reſt of my Friends at the *Seraglio*. Continue thy Affection to *Mahmut*, who loves his Friends without Hypocriſie. Adieu.

Paris, 24th. *of the* 7th. *Moon,*
of the Year 1645.
according to the Chriſtian *Style.*

The End of the Second Volume.

Mahmut the Turkish Spy

Ætatis suæ 72.

THE

Third Volume OF LETTERS

Writ by a

Turkish Spy,

Who lived Five and Forty Years, Undiscover'd, at

PARIS:

Giving an Impartial Account to the *Divan* at *Constantinople*, of the most Remarkable Transactions of *Europe*; And discovering several *Intrigues* and *Secrets* of the *Christian* Courts (especially of that of *France*) continued from the Year 1645, to the Year 1682.

Written Originally in Arabick, *Translated into* Italian, *and from thence into* English, *by the Translator of the* First Volume.

The Fourth Edition.

London: Printed for *J. Hindmarsh* at the *Golden Ball* over against the *Royal Exchange* in *Cornhil*; and *R. Sare* at *Grays-Inn-gate* in *Holborn*. 1694.

TO THE READER.

OUR *Arabian* having met with ſo kind Entertainment in this *Nation*: ſince he put on the *Engliſh* Dreſs, is reſolved to continue his Garb, and viſit you as often as Convenience will permit.

He brings along with him many Foreign Commodities, to gratifie the Various Expectations of People: His *Cargo* conſiſting of Jewels and other Rareties, which are the Genuine Product of the *Eaſt*; and ſome Kinds of Merchandiſe, which he has purchaſed here in the *Weſt*, during his Reſidence at *Paris*.

It will be Pity to affront this Honeſt *Stranger*, by raiſing Scandals on him, as if he were a Counterfeit, and I know not what. This will appear Inhoſpitable, and Unworthy of the *Engliſh* Candor and Generoſity.

To ſpeak without an *Allegory*, in this *Third Volume* of *Letters*, as in the former

Two, you'll find an Exact Continuation of *Modern History*, acquainting you with all the Memorable Sieges, Battels and Campagnes, that were in *Europe*, from the Year 1645, to 1649. As also, with all the Remarkable *Negotiations* and *Transactions* of *State*, *Embassies*, *Leagues* and *Overtures* of *Princes*; the *Policies* and *Intrigues* of *Publick Ministers*, especially those of *Cardinal Mazarini*; the Great and Stupendous *Revolutions* and *Civil Wars*, in *England*, *China*, *Naples*, *Turky* and *Paris*, the Prodigious Rise of a Poor Young Beardless *Fisherman*, to the Height of *Sovereign Power*; the Dismal *Tragedies* of an *English King*, and a *Chinese Emperor*; with the Murder of a *Turkish Sultan*. And, all these intermix'd with Proper and Useful Remarks, Pleasant and Agreeable Stories; couch'd in a Style, which being peculiar to the *Arabians*, cannot be match'd in any other *Writings* that are Extant.

If his *Philosophy* will not abide the Test of our Learned *Virtuosi*, yet it may pass Muster in a *Mahometan*; since it is taken for granted, That the Men of that *Faith* rarely apply themselves to such Studies; or, at least, not in the Method us'd in *Christian Schools*. They may have the

same

ſame *Idea's* of *Natural* Things as We: but they expreſs themſelves in a different Manner.

As for his *Morals*, they are Solid and Grave, and ſuch as could not be reprehended even in a *Chriſtian Writer*, if we reduce what he ſays to *Univerſals*. For, abſtracting from the Particular Obligations he had to his *Native Religion*, and to the *Grand Signior*, whoſe *Slave* he was; there will be found little Difference, between his *Ethicks* and ours. He every where recommends Loyalty, Juſtice, Fortitude, Temperance, Prudence; and all thoſe other Virtues, which are requiſite to fill up the *Character* of a *Hero*, or a *Saint*.

And, who will not bear with him, for Patronizing the *Religion* and *Intereſt* in which he was bred; it being Natural for all men, to adhere to the *Notions*, they have ſuck'd in with their *Mothers Milk*? In this alſo, he ſhews great Moderation; and a more unbyaſs'd Temper, than one would expect from a *Turk*: Which may, in Part, be aſcrib'd to his Studying in the *Chriſtian Academies*, his Converſation with the Learned'ſt Men in *Paris*, and ſome of the moſt Accompliſh'd Perſons in the World. Hence it was, that he was

accus'd by his *Superiors* at the *Ottoman Port*, of Inclining to *Chriſtianity* or *Atheiſm*; as he takes Notice, in his *Apology* to a *Religious Dignitary*, in the Firſt *Letter*, of the Third *Book* of this *Volume*, Pag. 255, to which the Reader is referr'd for farther Satisfaction.

In his moſt Familiar *Letters*, ſuch as this laſt mention'd, and others to his Intimate Friends, you will find ſome Expreſſions, diſcovering a certain Fineneſs and Strength of Thought, which is not very Common in *Chriſtian Writers*. Which is an Argument, That the *Mahometans* are not all ſuch Block Heads, as we take 'em for.

And, though his *Picture*, which we have affix'd to Our *Tranſlation*, ſince we had the *Italian Tomes*, repreſents no Extraordinary Perſon, yet you know *Juvenal*'s Remark, *Fronti nulla Fides*. And, it has been a Common Obſervation of one of the Greateſt *Philoſophers* in this Age, *That by his Outward Aſpect, no Man would gueſs, what an Illuſtrious Soul lodg'd within.*

If you would know, how the *Italian* came by this *Picture* (for, in his *Preface*, he aſſerts it to be the True *Effigies* of this *Arabian*), he ſays, That being acquainted with the *Secretary* of *Cardinal Mazarini*, and

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and frequenting his Houſe, he ſaw a *Picture* hang in his *Cloſet*, with this *Inſcription* at the Bottom, TITUS DE MOLDAVIA, CLERICUS. *Ætatis ſuæ* LXXII. He ask'd the Gentleman, who this *Titus* was, who inform'd him, That he was a great *Traveller*, and underſtood many *Languages*, eſpecially the *Sclavonian*, *Greek* and *Arabick*; on which Account, *Cardinal Richlieu*, and his Succeſſor *Mazarini*, had made great Uſe of him; and, That the Latter had caus'd that *Picture* of the *Moldavian* to be drawn, and hung up in his *Cloſet*, from whence he had it. Our *Italian* being ſatisfy'd, after ſome Diſcourſe about him, That this *Stranger* was the very *Arabian*, whoſe *Writings* he had ſo happily found, got leave of the Gentleman, to have a Draught of the *Picture* taken, by a Skilful *Limner*, which he afterwards plac'd in the *Front* of his *Tranſlation*.

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To the Reader.

There needs no more be ſaid, but to acquaint the Reader, That we are going forward with the *Engliſh Tranſlation* of theſe *Letters*, as faſt as we can. So that in all Probability, you may expect a *Fourth Volume* before *Chriſtmas*. Wherein you will find, more Particular Remarks on our *Engliſh* Affairs with Political Diſcourſes, on the Original and Diſſolution of Governments. As alſo many Curious Paſſages during the *Wars* of *Paris*, which have not hitherto come to Publick View. In fine, you will there be inform'd of all the *Remarkable Events*, that happen'd at that Time, either in *Peace* or *War* on the whole *Globe*.

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Writ by

A SPY at PARIS.

VOL. III.

BOOK I.

LETTER I.

Mahmut, *an* Arabian *at* Paris, *to* Nathan Ben Saddi, *a* Jew *at* Vienna.

I Believe, the News of my Impriſonment, might fill thee with Doubts of thy own Liberty; and, make thee careful to avoid at *Vienna*, ſuch a Misfortune as befel me at *Paris*. Yet, if thou wert much ſurprized at this Accident, it is an Argument, that thou art but a Novice in the

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World, and art yet to learn the firſt Rudiments of Uſeful Wiſdom, which teach us, *That there is no Stedfaſtneſs in Humane Affairs.*

There has Nothing happen'd to me in this, which I was not before provided for; neither did the Suddenneſs of the Event, make me change Countenance. I ſmil'd at the fulfilling my own Preſages, and, went to Priſon as unconcern'd, as I would have gone Home to my Lodging. Not, that I would have thee think, I was inſenſible of a Loſs ſo afflicting as that of Liberty; but, my Chains did not appear ſo very formidable, having made them familiar to my Thoughts long before.

When I firſt came to *Paris*, I look'd on my ſelf, but as a Priſoner at large; owing the Freedom I had to walk about, only to the Careleſneſs of the *State*, and the Favour of *Deſtiny*. So that when that Indulgence was retrench'd, no new thing happen'd to me. What I had expected for Seven Years together could not ſeem ſtrange when it came to paſs.

By what I have ſaid, thou may'ſt learn to prepare thy ſelf for the Worſt Events, which commonly ſteal upon the ſecure and unthinking; being wrapt up in greater Darkneſs and Silence, than the Moments which bring them to Light. Theſe ſlide away without our Advertiſement; unſeen, unheard: Neither can our Watches or Dials, inform us any thing of them, till they are paſs'd. So, there is no *Index* to point out to us, the *Hidden*

Hidden Decrees of *Fate*, till they are accompliſh'd; no *Ephemeris* of *Deſtiny*, but our own Experience.

Thou, and all thy Nation, are ſuſpected by the *Chriſtians*: They eſteem you Enemies of their *Intereſt*, as well as of their *Law*. They deſpiſe and vilifie you, calling you, *The accurſed of God*. Yet they admit you, as Members of their Common-wealth. They receive you to the Protection of their Laws, and entruſt you with their Secrets, that they may ſerve themſelves of your Mony. Thus are you become Banquers for your ſworn Enemies: And, while you profeſs an Eternal Obedience to the Injunctions of *Moſes*, you make underhand Leagues with the *Diſciples* of *Jeſus*. I do not accuſe your Commerce with theſe *Infidels*; but, I ſay, you have Reaſon to be upon your Guards, when you are environ'd with ſo many Millions of Enemies. They are not ignorant of the Intimacies betweeen the *Miniſters* of the *Sublime Port*, and thoſe of thy Nation: It is common in the Mouths of the *French*, *That the* Jews *are the* Turks *Intelligencers*. Thou oughteſt therefore, to have a ſpecial Regard to thy Conduct, that no imprudent Action may expoſe thee to the Jealouſie of the *State* where thou reſideſt. That *Court* is full of Eyes; and, thou haſt need of a ſtricter Veil, than what thou weareſt in the *Synagogue*. The very Walls of thy Houſe, will betray thee; and, thy Domeſticks, may prove thy greateſt Enemies: Yet ſuſpect none more

than thy ſelf. This will not ſeem harſh Counſel, if thou reflecteſt Twice on it; there being nothing more certain, than, That it is not ſo eaſie to defend ones ſelf from him in whom we confide, as from one we are jealous of: and, every Man is apt to put too much Truſt in himſelf. I believe, thou art faithful, and abhorreſt Treachery; yet, at the ſame Time, thou mayeſt be remiſs and weak: What could not be extorted from thee by an Open Enemy, may be diſcovered by the Inſinuations of a Pretended Friend. Thy own good Nature may cajole thee; and therefore, 'twill be no ſmall Point of Wiſdom, *to beware of thy ſelf.* As for Contingencies, I adviſe thee not to be perplex'd about them, or be uneaſie. Thou canſt not avoid the Inevitable Appointments of *Heaven*: Only, be ready for the Worſt that may happen: ſince, thou canſt never be certain of any Thing.

Thy Predeceſſor *Carcoa*, was a Man of exquiſite Fore-caſt; always on his Watch, prying into the dark Orb of Futurities; yet, an Accident ſurprized him once, of which his ſtricteſt Caution never gave him Warning. I read it in one of his Letters to the *Kaimacham*, which thou ſenteſt me from *Vienna*. The Story is this. As he was one Day writing *Diſpatches* to the *Port*, a certain tame Bird, which he kept for his Divertiſement, ſnatches from the Table, the Paper on which he was writing to the *Tefterdar*? and the Window being open, flies with it out into

into the Streets. The Paper was dropt in the Garden of the *Auguſtin Friars*, at the very Moment when the *Spaniſh Ambaſſador* was walking there with the *General* of that *Order*. 'Tis true, the Letter was unfiniſh'd, no Name ſubſcribed, and ſo *Carcoa* eſcap'd an imminent Hazard of his Life. But, the Secrets therein contain'd, gave a vaſt ſuſpicion to the *Imperial Court*, it being ſoon carried to the *Principal Secretary* of *State*, and by him communicated to the *Emperor* and *Divan*. Strict Inquiſition was made throughout the City for the Author of that Letter. A Reward of a Thouſand *Rix-Dolars*, promis'd to any that would diſcover him. The Bird was ſeen by many, to fly along with a Paper in her Bill; but, from whence ſhe came, none knew. Nor had any curious Eye, attended her uncertain Motions back: No man divining, That that Paper was deſigned to tranſmit to the *Ever Happy Port*, the moſt important Counſels of the *German Empire*. Neither was *Carcoa*'s Hand taken Notice of, having lived very privately, and uſed another Character in his common Dealings. But how near was he to a Diſcovery, when he ſays himſelf in his Letter, That he wanted but Five Words to the Concluſion, where he would have ſubſcribed his Name! From hence thou mayeſt learn, That a *Mariner* in a Tempeſt, amongſt Rocks and Sands, runs not greater Hazards, than he who acts in thy *Station*.

However, thou may'ſt now continue thy Advices to *Paris*, but obſerve the Directions of *Eliachim*, who brings thee this Letter. He will inform thee, of whatſoever is neceſſary for thee to know; taking this Journey on Purpoſe, to prevent the wakeful Jealouſie, and active Inquiſition of *Cardinal Mazarini*, from whom Nothing can be hid, that's truſted to the *Poſts*. Receive him with ſingular Honour; he is an incorruptible Friend of the *Ottoman Port*. From him thou ſhalt learn the ſafeſt Methods of our future Correſpondence. He is the *Apollo* of thy Nation; and, his Wiſdom and Fidelity, will be recorded in the *Regiſter* of that *Empire*, which ſhall know no earlier Period, than the *Moon*, whoſe *Creſcent* is her *Arms*, and the *Happy Omen* of her *Encreaſing Luſtre*.

When thou beholdeſt that *Noble Enſign* of *Mahomet*, on the Top of the Chief *Temple* of *Jeſus* in *Vienna*, let it augment thy Veneration of our *Law*, and convince thee, That all Nations muſt ſubmit to the *Meſſenger* of *God* and *Seal* of the *Prophets*. Be Faithful and Wiſe, and thou canſt not miſs of Happineſs.

Paris, 28th. *of the* 7th. *Moon, of the Year* 1645. *According to the* Chriſtian *Style*.

LETTER

LETTER II.

To the Kaimacham.

SInce my Releaſe, I have inform'd my ſelf of ſome Paſſages, to which I was a Stranger during my Reſtraint. The *Tranſylvanian Agent*, continues ſtill at this *Court*; and, his *Negotiation* is not now a *Secret*. *Monſieur Croiſſy* is gone *Ambaſſador Extraordinary* to *Prince Ragotski*, on the ſame Errand, from this *Crown*. The Subject Matter of both their *Embaſſies*, is a League. *Cardinal Mazarini* ſuſpected Tergiverſation in that *Prince*, and that he would privately Treat with the *Emperor*, if the *Grand Signior* ſhould withdraw his Aſſiſtance and Protection from him; or, if he himſelf ſhould grow weary of the War. Wherefore *Monſieur Croiſſy*, according to the *Cardinal's* Inſtructions, would not ſign the *League*, till *Ragotski* had call'd Home his *Ambaſſadors*, who were treating with the *Imperialiſts* at *Tyrne*, and ſent away the *German Envoy* from his Camp.

The *League* being concluded, he inſiſted on the Neceſſity the *Prince* lay under, of marching his Army nearer to *Torſtenſon*, the *Swediſh General*, that ſo they might ſupport one another againſt the *German* Forces.

This was the Pretence; but, in Reality,

it was design'd to engage the *Transylvanians*, beyond the Power of a Retreat, and to post them under the Eye of the *Suedish General*; who soon after possessed himself of *Tyrne*, the Place appointed for Treaty between the *Imperialists* and *Prince Ragotski*.

It is a Town in the Lower *Hungary*, not far from *Presburgh*. The *Suedes* entred this Place the 17th. of the 5th. *Moon*, but left a Garrison in it of Seven Hundred *Hungarian* Horse, and Three Hundred Foot, according to their *Articles* with the besieged.

These were soon forc'd to quit the Town by *Count Forgatsch*, an *Imperialist*, the *Suedes* and *Transylvanians* being march'd a great Distance off: And, 'tis said, this *Hungarian* Garrison, yielded not unwillingly to the *Imperial* Arms.

'Tis certain, *General Torstenson* puts but small Confidence in the *Hungarian* Soldiers: For, above Six Hundred of the Common Sort deserted him, the 29th. of the 5th. *Moon*, and the rest raised such frequent Tumults and Mutinies, that their Commanders stood in more Fear of them, than of their Enemies. It's reported likewise, That there has been lately no good Understanding between *Ragotski* and *Torstenson*, about the designed Siege of *Presburgh*: The former seeming too much to favour the *Hungarians* and being rather inclin'd to carry his Arms into the *Emperor*'s Hereditary Countries. Yet he would not consent, that

Presburgh

Presburgh ſhould be in the Hands of the *Suedes*.

The *French* ſay, that the *Prince* is humorous and wavering, yet of a fair Intention; but, that the greateſt Part of his Officers, are corrupted by the *Emperor*: And, that therefore, both they and the Common Soldiers, were for Peace; only his Wife, his Son, and ſome few of his Counſellors, perſuaded him to adhere to the *Suedes*.

They add, that the *Young Prince*, being inſtructed by his Mother, one Day in a full Aſſembly of the Chief Commanders, made the following *Oration*, *Ragotski* himſelf being alſo preſent:

"PErmit me, moſt Serene and Illuſtrious "Prince, my Royal Father, to perform "the Part of a Dutiful Son, a Faithful "Counſellor, and a Loyal Subject. The *Law* "of *Nature* and of *Nations*, entitles you to "my *Obedience*; and, the particular Honour "you have done me, in admitting me to "your Cabinet, obliges me to exemplifie "it, in an humble Remonſtrance of my "Sentiments, at a Time when the Inte-"reſt of *Tranſylvania* calls for freedom of "Advice.

"It is with no ſmall Complacency, "that I now behold you encompaſſed "with a Circle of *Hero's*, whoſe Valour "and Fidelity may give ſuch a Luſtre to "your Victorious Arms, as ſhall eclipſe the "Glory of the *Roman* and *Grecian* Con-

"querors. The *Alexanders*, *Cæſars*, *Scipio's*
"and *Hannibals*, ſhall no longer draw the
"World into an Admiration of their ob-
"ſolete Atchievements. The *Regiſter* of
"your *Deeds*, ſhall foil their *antiquated*
"*Hiſtories*; whilſt *Plutarch*, *Tacitus* and *Livy*,
"muſt veil to *Modern Pens*, the *Recorders* of
"your *Matchleſs Actions*.

"Let not the Crafty Inſinuations of the
"*German Court*, warp your Reſolutions, and
"cajole you with the deceitful Umbrages of
"*Peace*, only to gain Time, that they may
"more ſucceſsfully carry on the War. Nei-
"ther ſuffer your ſelves already in Part Vi-
"ctorious, to be amus'd with feigned Trea-
"ties, and Overtures which you cannot but
"ſuſpect. We are now in a Condition to
"give the Law; and, ſhould *Fortune* turn
"the Scale, it will ſtill be in our Power
"to make our own Terms of Compoſition.
"The *Alliance* of *Sueden* and *France*, have
"rais'd us to a Capacity of braving all *Eu-*
"*rope*: Whilſt the One with a Potent Army
"on the *Rhine*, the Other on the *Danube*,
"keep the *Imperialiſts* in ſuch perpetual
"Action, that it will be impoſſible for them
"to Barrier *Germany* from our Conquering
"Arms. Now is the Time to raiſe *Tranſyl-*
"*vania* above the Title of a *Tributary Pro-*
"*vince*, and reſtore this *Kindom* to her An-
"cient Renown. If we miſs this Opportu-
"nity, we muſt for ever be *Slaves* to the
"*Turks* or *Germans*. Let us not ſeek any
"longer Protection, but from the Juſtice of

"our

" our Cauſe and the Dint of our Swords.
" Let not *France* and *Sueden* boaſt of their
" *Turenne*, their *Torſtenſon*, as if no other Na-
" tion could furniſh the World with ſa-
" mous *Generals* ! Whilſt *Prince Ragotski* lives,
" and lives at the Head of ſuch an Army,
" your Fidelity and Courage, ſhall render
" his Name more terrible than that of
" *Tamerlain*, and his Attempts more proſpe-
" rous than thoſe of *Scanderbeg*. And our
" Poſterity ſhall be oblig'd, to raiſe *Pyra-*
" *mids* to your Honour; and from, your pre-
" ſent Atchievements, to date a New *Epo-*
" *cha*, the Eternal *Memoir* of *Tranſylvania's*
" Redemption.

'Tis ſaid, that *Ragotski* was not very well pleas'd with his Sons *Speech*, ſuſpecting that he held ſome private Correſpondence with *Torſtenſon*, for whom he had no great Affection. Laſt *Moon* he inſiſted earneſtly on the Mony and Men promiſed him by *Rebenſtock*. But, *General Torſtenſon* thought it ſufficient, that he himſelf was ſo near him with his Forces. Yet leſt he ſhould take an Occaſion of Diſcontent, he ſent him a Supply of Mony; though he was not without ſome Apprehenſions, that the *Prince* having receiv'd it, would underhand treat with the *Emperor*.

'Tis ſaid here, that a *Chiaus* was arrived in the *Tranſylvanian* Camp, expreſly forbidding *Ragotski* to enter into the *Hereditary Provinces* of the *Emperor*. But, that he, truſting

truſting to the Strength of his Army (which conſiſts of Five and Twenty Thouſand *Germans*, *Tranſylvanians*, *Hungarians* and *Wallachians*) was reſolved to purſue his firſt Reſolution.

Thou knoweſt what Reaſons the *Port* had, to ſend him this Prohibition. The *French* ſay, 'twas out of Fear, that he would join with the *Emperour*'s Forces.

By this thou may'ſt know, what Opinion the *Infidels* entertain of the Meaſures taken by the *Sovereign Divan*. They deſcant at Liberty, whilſt I ſend up *Vows* to *Heaven*, for the Exaltation of the *Ottoman Empire*.

Paris, 4th. *of the* 8th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1645.

LETTER

LETTER III.

To the Inſtructed in all Knowledge, the Venerable Muſti.

HAil, *Holy Interpreter* of the *Sacred Law*; may the *Divine Light* guide thee beyond the Errors of *Humane Frailty*. I am amongſt *Infidels*, Enemies to the Truth; who yet ſeem as certain of being in the *Right*, as thou art ſure they are in the *Wrong*. They hate us with an Inveterate Hatred. I muſt diſſemble my Reſentments; whilſt, with the loweſt Proſtrations to the *Unity*, I celebrate his Glorious Mercy, who has ſent us ſuch a *Star*, to guide our *Feet* into the *Way* of *Peace*.

The *Chriſtians* ſcoff at the *Faithful People*, as divided into ſeveral *Sects*. Would my Death could wipe out theſe Reproaches, and vindicate the Honour of the *Holy Profeſſion*. I could retort, that Error ſhews it ſelf infinite in them; but, I muſt hold my Peace, and reſtrain my ſelf, leſt my Zeal tranſport me beyond Diſcretion: Remembring, I am not ſent here to Diſpute, but to act ſecretly for my *Great Maſter*, whoſe *Empire* be extended over all the *Habitable World*.

Theſe poor Wretches, boaſt much of their *Traditions*, their *Sacred Synods* and *Fathers*; as if we ever wanted *Holy Men*, working *Wonders*, and penetrating into the *profoundeſt Myſteries*,

Myſteries, by only wiping their *Eyes* with the *Duſt* of their *Feet*.

They talk much of *Faith* and *Reaſon*; at which I ſmile, as knowing it to be only *Education*. Yet, as the *Worſt* of People have ſomething that is *Good*; ſo, theſe are not wholly deſtitute of *Devotion*. They pray often, but not ſo often as the *True Believers*; it being, as thou knoweſt, a juſt Exception againſt a Witneſs amongſt us, *That he prays not Six times a Day*. They pray to Men and Women deceaſed; whereas, thou knoweſt, there is no *Deity* but One. They faſt often, but not ſo ſtrictly, as the aſſiſted with the Vertue of the *Supreme Diſpenſer* of *Graces*. They are Charitable; but, this hinders 'em not from excluding all from the *bleſt Abodes*, who are not of their *Belief*: Whereas, thou affirmeſt (who art the *Reſolver* of all the *Problems* of *Faith*) That it will go well at the *Laſt Day* with all Honeſt People; ſeeing theſe have all the *ſame Object* of *Worſhip*; and, their *Different Religions*, are but as ſo many *Different Ways*, which lead a Man to the *ſame Place* of *Reſt*, like *various Roads* to the *ſame City*.

Theſe *Chriſtians* whip themſelves often with ſmall Cords; which Humour, they ſay, was ſet on Foot by an *Hermit's* Preaching and Example. Not many Countries diſtant from that where I am, there happen'd ſuch an odd Inſtance of this Extravagant Zeal (which was to be heightned, it ſeems, with the Fumes of Wine) as plainly juſtifies our

Prophet

Prophet's Wiſdom, in charging the *Faithful* to avoid it. It was particularly the Cuſtom of ſeveral People in this Place, in their *Proceſſions* to whip themſelves, till the Blood ſtreamed down their Frocks; which were ſo made, as to cover their Faces, and leave only their Backs bare. One of theſe *Zealots*, diſtruſting the Firmneſs of his Conſtitution, had taken ſuch large Draughts of this intoxicating Liquor, that reeling up and down with his Whip in his Hand, and his Head againſt the Walls, he was followed by all the Boys of the Town hooting after him; which ſo leſſen'd the Repute of this *ſottiſh Religion*, as made 'em abſtain for the future, from this pompous Uſage of it. What low Thoughts have theſe People of the *Almighty Lord* of *All*; when, allowing him to be *Omnipotent*, yet repreſent Him to themſelves and others, as delighting in Cruelty; Whereas, thou knoweſt, this Paſſion is only to be found amongſt the Weak and Miſerable.

That the *Divine Preſerver* of Men, may continue thee long for the Edification of his *Elect*, are the paſſionate Wiſhes of the meaneſt of thy Servants, *Mahmut*.

Paris, 4th. *of the* 8th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1645.

LETTER

LETTER IV.

To Muſtapha, Berber Aga.

WOuld to *God*, I could converſe with thee Face to Face in the *Seraglio*, as in former Times. I vent many paſſionate Wiſhes to *Conſtantinople*, that happy Reſidence of my beſt Friends, the Nurſery of my Childhood, the School of my Youth; and, I hope, the future Repoſitory of my Old Age. When I think of that City, 'tis with a Paſſion hardly ſecond to that, which I cheriſh for the Place of my Nativity. In *Arabia*, 'tis true, I firſt ſaw the *Light* of the *Sun*, but, 'twas in *Greece* I receiv'd the more friendly *Illuminations* of the *Moon*, the *Splendors* of the *True Faith*; which, though they diſcloſe not to us, ſo clear a Proſpect of the *Earth* and all its Gayeties; yet, they preſent us with an unveil'd Diſcovery of the *Heavens* and *Stars*; ſhewing us *Paradiſe*, with its glittering Inhabitants, the purpl'd *Colonies* of *True Believers*, *Champions* and *Martyrs* of the *Eternal Unity*. In the *Deſart* I left my Father; or rather, he left me before I found my ſelf, being but an Infant when he died; but, in the *City* I found Friends, which is not a leſs endearing Title. He gave me but my Birth, whereby I entred on the Stage of Miſeries; with which he ſoon after left me to ſtruggle,

before

before I could diſtinguiſh Miſery from Happineſs. But, they gave me Education, which taught me how to ſhun thoſe Evils, which are the Natural Conſequences of our Birth. So that in the Main, I am more indebted to them than to him. Let it be how it will, I cannot ceaſe to love them, and often wiſh my ſelf with them. This is Second Nature. And, becauſe I cannot have my Deſires fulfill'd in that, I gratifie my ſelf by often writing to them. Should I make Compariſons, thou wilt ſay, I am a Flatterer. Suffice it to tell thee, That thou art one of the Number, whoſe Remembrance affects me with ſenſible Complacency. Yet, I cannot write to thee nor any of my Friends, ſo often as I would, without entrenching on the Obligations I have to the other *Miniſters* of the *Sublime Port*. I ſend *Diſpatches* to all by Turns, ſacrificing my Private Regards, to the *Expectations* of the *State*, and the *Pleaſure* of my *Superiors*.

Had I been at Liberty, I could have ſent thee the earlieſt News, of the Slaughter which the *Germans* made Three *Moons* ago, in the *French* Army at *Mergentheim*. 'Tis not too late now to ſay ſomething of it. The *Imperialiſts* owe that Triumph to the Candor of *Turenne*, and the degenerate Craft of the *Duke* of *Bavaria*; who to lull the *French* in a Fatal Security, ſent an *Agent* into *France*, to negotiate a *Peace*, with deceitful Overtures and Umbrages; commanding alſo, that none of his Soldiers, ſhould dare to call the

French

French their Enemies. Yet, ſome lay the Blame of this Overthrow, on the *Suedes*: whoſe unſeaſonable Suſpicion of a *Private Treaty* between the *French* and *Germans*, hindred *Torſtenſon* from joining the former; and, expos'd *Turenne*, with his raw and unexperienced Forces, to the Numerous Army of Veterane *Imperialiſts*.

'Twas a Fatal Engagement, and the *French* loſt many brave Men; beſides an Hundred and Fifty Commanders taken Priſoners, Fifteen Hundred of the Common Soldiers, Fifty Enſigns, with many Waggons, and Four Mules laden with Mony.

It is reported, that whilſt *Turenne*, in the general Retreat and Flight of his Army, betook himſelf to *Mergentheim*, as he lay on his Bed the firſt Night, one of his Officers was coming to alarm him with the News of the *Germans* Approach to that Town, but unfortunately ſtumbled at his Chamber-Door; With the Noiſe of which, *Turenne* awaked: and, fearing ſome Attempt on his Life, leap'd off his Bed with his drawn Sword; and, making toward the Door, juſt as the Officer open'd it, he run him into the Heart. By which Miſtake, he himſelf, and the Troops that were in the Town with him, had like to have fallen into the Hands of the *Bavarians*. But receiving Notice of their Approach accidentally by ſome other means, he withdrew his Troops out of the Town by a contrary Road, and eſcaped the Purſuit of his Enemies.

This

This Victory has given new Courage to the *Imperialiſts*; and has not much diſpirited the *French*, who are by this Loſs, enflamed with greater Ardors, meditating a ſpeedy Revenge. The *Genius* of this *Court*, ſeems to be undaunted, breathing Nothing but War.

I ſhall not fail to ſend thee ſuch Intelligence, as will demonſtrate, That *Mahmut* paſſes not away his Time in vain.

I pray the *Sovereign* of as many *Empires*, as there be *Worlds*, to diſtinguiſh thee, by ſome particular Mark of his Favour, from the Crowd of thoſe he makes Happy.

Paris, 4th. *of the* 8th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1645.

LETTER V.

To Shaſhim Iſtham, *a* Black Eunuch.

AT length thou haſt condeſcended to beg my Pardon, for the Calumnies thy Tongue has loaded me with. I am not ill pleaſed with thy Letter. It abounds with elegant Expreſſions of thy Sorrow, for an Offence to which thou hadſt no Provocation. Thy Submiſſion, though late, abates my Reſentment; and, if thou performeſt thy Promiſe, 'tis baniſh'd. The firſt Crime ſo ingenuouſly

nuously acknowledg'd, claims a Title to Forgiveneſs: Let Eternal Oblivion ſeal it. I am not by Nature revengeful. I rather bluſh for Shame, than grow pale with Anger, at him that injures me. Yet Self-Preſervation will rouze our Choler; which is the moſt active Humour, and precipitates many to violent Courſes. The Effect it has on me, is, to put me on my Guard, leaſt he who has wrong'd me, without any Signs of Repentance, ſhould continue his Malice to my Deſtruction. But, thou haſt diſpers'd all my Suſpicions, by thy ſeaſonable Addreſs; and, if I cannot pronounce thee Innocent, I will believe thou art not Incorrigible. The beſt Advice I can give thee, is, henceforwards to attend to thy own Affairs, and refrain from thoſe of others; remembring the *Arabian* Proverb, *He that peeps in at his Neighbour's Window, may chance to loſe his Eyes.* There is a great deal of Wiſdom couch'd in theſe ſhort Sentences. They are not the product of *one* Man's Experience, nor of a *few*; but, they are the Reſult of *Univerſal* Obſervation. And our Country has been happy above others in the choice of her *Proverbs*. This that I mention'd is peculiar to the *Eaſt*: Yet, I can produce an Inſtance, whereby 'twas lately verified in the *Weſt*.

There is hardly a Night paſſes in this Populous City, wherein ſome Murder is not committed in the Streets. Two Nights ago, a Man was found dead on the Ground, whereupon a Tumult was gathered about his Bleeding Carkaſe.

kaſe. Amongſt the reſt, a Fellow came crowding in, inquiſitive what ſhould be the Matter. Thoſe who ſtood by, beholding his Cloaths bloody, which he was not ſenſible of himſelf, ſeized on him as the Murderer. His wild Looks encreaſed their Jealouſie; and, the incoherent Words with which he endeavoured to excuſe himſelf, rendred him Guilty in the Judgment of the Rabble. They carried him before a *Cadi*, by whom he was ſtrictly examin'd: He ſtoutly deny'd the Fact; and, no Proof could be brought againſt him, but his ſtained Cloaths. 'Tis the Cuſtom here, to put to the Torture, Perſons ſuſpected of Capital Crimes, in Order to draw a Confeſſion of the Truth. This they did to this poor Wretch; and, in the Extremity of his Pains, he acknowledg'd, he had kill'd his Wife that Evening, but was altogether Innocent of this poor Man's Death, who was Murder'd in the Streets. All the Torments they inflicted, could force no other Confeſſion from him, ſave that which his real Guilt prompted him to make. For which, he was condemned to Death, according to the Laws. Thou ſeeſt by this, that had he gone about his Buſineſs, without prying into other Mens Matters, he might have eſcap'd a Diſcovery. But, that medling Itch of the Imprudent, betray'd him (not without the particular Direction of *Fate)* to a Death, which indeed he merited, but not on the Score of the murder'd Man, whom he went out of his Way to ſee.

Thou

Thou wilt ſay, this Story is not applicable to thy Caſe; ſince, thou haſt never yet embru'd thy Hands in any Man's Blood. I tell thee, what I have ſaid, was not deſign'd as a Reflection on thy paſt Offence (let it be forgotten;) but, as a Caution for the future, not to engage thy ſelf, in Matters out of thy Sphere. For, a buſie Body, is never without Troubles.

Above all, I counſel thee, to practiſe the Government of the Tongue, which is a great Vertue, eſpecially in the *Courts* of *Princes*. The *Arabians* ſay, *That a Wiſe Man's Soul, repoſes at the Root of his Tongue; but, a Fool's is ever dancing on the Tip.*

Thou haſt no Reaſon to take in ill Part, the Freedom with which I adviſe thee for thy Good: unleſs, thou thinkeſt thy ſelf too Old to learn. But, I have a better Opinion of thee, than to rank thee among *Pythagoras's* Aſſes.

I have ſaid enough for a Friend; too much for an Enemy. It is in thy own Choice to make me which thou pleaſeſt. Adieu.

Paris, 4th. *of the* 8th. *Moon,*
of the Year 1645.

LETTER

LETTER VI.

To Zelim *of* Rhodes, Captain *of a* Galley.

THOU haſt never vouchſafed to acknowledge the Advice I ſent thee ſome Years ago, of a *Chriſtian's* Deſign againſt thy Life. Perhaps he wanted an Opportunity, to put his Revenge in Execution that Way; and therefore, the Caution I gave thee look'd like a falſe Alarm. Thou truſteſt in thy Courage, the Strength of thy Veſſel, the Multitude and Fidelity of thy *Slaves*, and thinkeſt thy ſelf invulnerable. But, let me tell thee, That neither thy Courage, nor thy Veſſel, can defend thee from the *Stroke* of *Deſtiny*; and thou haſt no greater Enemies than thoſe who eat thy Bread. Whether it be, the Continuance of thy Cruelty; or, the Natural Regret of Servitude has rend'red them ſo, I know not; but, if what I am inform'd of be true, thou art the miſerableſt Man in the World. Wert thou only in danger to loſe thy Life by a Stab, a Bullet, or the ſwift Effects of Poiſon, it would be a Happineſs, in Compariſon of the Method that is now taken to deſtroy thee: And, the Inviſible Death which thou wert formerly to receive from a *Prayer-Book*, would have been ſoft as the Stroke of *Cupid's* Arrow, in Reſpect

ſpect of the *Tragical* and *Unheard of Fate*, which is now preparing for thee. Think not I go about to amuſe, or, affright thee with *Chimera's* and *Tales*, ſuch as Nurſes uſe to awe their Children into Compliance and good Manners. What I tell thee, is Matter of Fact; and, confirm'd by many Letters from *Italy*, to ſeveral eminent *Merchants* in *Paris*. I have ſeen ſome of them, and hear that the reſt agree in the ſame Relation.

They give an Account, That at *Naples*, on the Second of the laſt *Moon*, Three *Witches* were ſeized, and accuſed of practiſing *Diabolical Arts*; of enchanting ſeveral Perſons; of doing great Miſchief; and in fine, of having private Commerce with the *Devil*. They ſtoutly denied all at firſt, and made very ſubtle and plauſible Apologies. Inſomuch, as the *Inquiſitors* were almoſt perſuaded of their Innocence; till it was ſuggeſted, That their Houſes ſhould be ſearch'd. *Officers* were ſent accordingly; who, after a narrow Scrutiny, found ſome *Magical* Books, ſeveral Vials of ſtrange Liquors, Pots of Ointment, with an *Image* of *Wax*, reſembling a Man, but partly melted. There were imprinted on the Breaſt of the *Image*, ſeveral unknown Characters, Figures and *Magical* Symbols; And, on the Forehead was to be read, *ZELIM EBEN SAGRAN*. All theſe were brought, and expoſed before the *Inquiſitors* (of whoſe *Office* thou art not ignorant.) Great Deliberation was had about this unuſual Emergency. The *Images* and

and *Cheiks*, were ſent for and conſulted. The *Witches* were examined apart; and put to the Torture, as is the Cuſtom in Capital Crimes. Admirable was their Conſtancy for a conſiderable time; but, at length, overcome by the Continuance and Sharpneſs of their Pains, they confeſs'd they had for ſome years practis'd *Magick Arts*, convers'd with *Familiar Spirits*, rais'd Tempeſts, Earthquakes, and done other wicked Feats. Being examin'd about the *Image* of *Wax*, they declar'd, That it was the *Image* of a *Turkiſh Captain* of a *Galley*, whoſe Name was written on the Forehead: And, that they were hired, by certain *Italians*, who had been *Slaves* in the *Galley* of the ſaid *Captain*, to bewitch him to Death, in the moſt lingring Method they could invent: That, in Order to this, they had made this *Image*; That every Night they met together, with a *Fourth* of their Gang, (who was not to be found) and made a Fire of the *Bones* of *Dead Men*, which they ſtole from the *Graves* and *Charnel-Houſes*: That they laid this *Image* down at a convenient Diſtance before this Fire, repeating certain *Magical Words* and *Charms*; and, as this *Image* gradually melted, ſo the Body of the ſaid *Turkiſh Captain*, did inſenſibly waſte and decay. And, to add to his lingring Death an intolerable Torment, they baſted the melting *Image* with the Oils, and other Liquors, which were contain'd in the Vials and Pots: That, by this Means, he was

perpetually rack'd with moſt pungent and acute Pains in his Bowels, Head, and all Parts of his Body; raging under moſt violen Fevers, inſatiable Thirſt, and want of Sleep. Finally, That this lingring kind of Death would continue, as long as they pleas'd to protract the Diſſolution of the *Waxen Image.*

This *Confeſſion*, though extorted from the *Witches* in the midſt of inſufferable Torments, yet was delivered without any Inconſiſtencies, and with all the Demonſtrations of a real *Penitence.* And being ſeconded with the Teſtimonies of many Credible Witneſſes, who had overſeen them in ſome of their *Nocturnal Ceremonies*; the *Inquiſitors* moved with a juſt Horror of ſo nefandous Abominations, ſentenc'd them, *To be burnt, and their Aſhes to be ſcatter'd into the Sea.* Which was accordingly executed, on the Sixth of the laſt *Moon*, in the Preſence of infinite Spectators.

The News of this Extraordinary Event, is freſh in the Mouths of almoſt all the Inhabitants of this City; Yet, no Man, I dare ſay, hears it with that Concern for the *Turkiſh Captain*, as I do. Even thoſe among the *Chriſtians* who abhor *Witchcraft*, would nevertheleſs rejoice, if not only thou, but all the *Muſſulmans* were deſtroy'd with *Enchantments*; ſince, they can never hope, it will come to paſs by the Succeſs of their Arms.

Ian

I am not credulous of every Story that is related of *Witches* being ſatisfy'd, That *Superſtition* and *Ignorance*, has liſted many in that *Infernal* Number, who were Innocent and never deſerv'd it: Some having been forc'd by Racks and Tortures, to confeſs themſelves Guilty of practiſing *Enchantments*, when, after their Execution, there have appear'd evident Proofs to the contrary. Yet I cannot be ſure, but that there have been ſome in all Ages and Nations, who have entred into Leagues and Aſſociations with *Devils*, and have been enabled thereby, to perform Things above the Power of *Nature*. However, I have a Particular Deſire to hear from thee, and to be inform'd, Whether thou haſt experienc'd the Effect of their *Enchantments*. If thou haſt not, bleſs thy Stars, that thou wert born and bred a *Muſſulman*, againſt whom the *Magick* of the *Infidels* cannot prevail; and, that thou haſt ſwallow'd the *Impreſſion* of *Mahomet's Seal*, which is of Force to diſſolve and make invalid, all the *Charms* of *Men* and *Devils*. But, if thou haſt felt the Force of their *Enchantments*, and pineſt away with unaccountable Pains and Languors; then, think with thy ſelf, That thou art defective in keeping ſome *Point* of our *Holy Law*; That *Mahomet* is angry with thee, withdraws his Protection, and expoſes thee to the Malice of *Evil Spirits*. Neither perſuade thy ſelf, That becauſe the *Three Witches* are put to Death, thou ſhalt preſently recover thy former Health and Eaſe again.

For, ſo long as there is a *Fourth* living; and out of the Reach of *Juſtice*, thou art not ſafe. Nay, if ſhe were taken and Executed too; ſo long as thy Enemies are yet alive, who firſt employ'd theſe *Hags*, thou art ſtill at their Mercy. They will ſearch every Corner of *Italy*, and of all *Europe*, but they will find Inſtruments of their Revenge. They will rummage *Hell* it ſelf, to gratifie their Fury. The beſt Counſel I can give thee in this Caſe, is, To pacifie thine Enemies, by extraordinary Acts of Civility to the *Chriſtians*, whereever thou meeteſt them; by uſing thy *Slaves* mildly, and giving them their Freedom, after a limited time of Service; without exacting a Ranſom, which neither they, nor their Relations and Friends can ever be able to pay. This will abate the Rancour of the *Infidels*, and turn their Revenge into Kindneſs and Love. Thou wilt every where be free from Dangers; and, thoſe very Perſons, who now ſtudy all Means to take away thy Life, will then hazard their own to preſerve thee from Death.

Think not, that I go about to perſuade thee to change Temper with thy *Slaves*, and from the Reſolution and Bravery of a *True Muſſulman*, to ſink into the abject Timerouſneſs of a *Chriſtian*. Be fearful only of *thy ſelf*, and ſtand in Awe of none more than of thy *own Conſcience*. There is a *Cato* in every Man, a *ſevere Cenſor* of his *Manners*; and he that reverences this *Judge*, will ſeldom do any thing he need to repent of. Let not the *Authority*

of

of thy *Station*, tempt thee to be Cruel or Unjuſt; but, in all things, *Do as thou wouldſt be done unto.* This is a *Precept* engraven on every Man's Heart; and, he whoſe Actions write after this Copy, will always be at *eaſe here*, and tranſcendently *happy hereafter.* Follow this *Rule*, and thou wilt experience the *Effect.* Adieu.

Paris, 1ſt. *of the* 9th. *Moon, of the Year* 1645.

LETTER VII.

To the Invincible Vizir Azem.

IF One may judge of future Events, by applying to them the Symptoms of Things paſt; and, if a Man may compare one Kingdom with another; I ſhould think that *France* will in time extend the *Limits* of her *Empire*, as far as any of the *Four Great Monarchies*, that have been recorded in *Hiſtories* for their *Univerſal* Sway. I will not ſay, as far as the wide-ſtretch'd *Empire* of the ever victorious *Oſmans*: Yet, the *Genius* of this Nation, ſeems in ſome Manner to inſpire the *French* with as ardent a Thirſt of Glory and Conqueſt, as that which has in all Ages, appear'd to be the *Inſeparable Vertue* of the *Muſſulmans.* They preſs forward to the

Mark, for which they take up Arms; that is, to ſubdue all before them, and lay Kingdoms, Provinces, and Cities at the Feet of their *Sovereign*. They are not diſcourag'd at Difficulties and Loſſes. The Checks and Oppoſitions they meet with, do but animate them with new and freſh Vigors. So that it is become a ſure Prognoſtick of ſome great Succeſs to that Nation, when at any time they receive ill News from their Armies. In this, their Courage ſeems to be of the Quality of *Naptha*; which, by pouring on of Water, takes Fire; although, thou knoweſt, theſe two *Elements* be contrary to each other. So, this Warlike People, inſtead of being dejected, or made timerous by any Defeat given to their Armies, are rather inflam'd with more active and valiant Reſolutions; as will appear, by the Repulſe given them by the *Duke* of *Bavaria*, not many *Moons* ago.

As ſoon as that News arrived in this City, one would have expected to have ſeen ſome Tokens of Fear in the People; but, it wrought a contrary Effect. No Tears of Women and Children, no compaſſionate Sighs for their ſlain Husbands, Fathers or other Relations; no down-caſt Looks, or ominous ſhaking of Heads; no melancholy Whiſpers or portentous Stories, were murmur'd in the Ears of the Multitude: But, all Things appear'd lively and proſperous; the very Women exciting the Young Men to liſt themſelves Soldiers, and the Boys in the Streets making all

all their Paſtime conſiſt, in imitating the *Men of Arms*, and learning the *Diſcipline* of *War*. There was no need, to force Men to the Field. No ſooner was the King's Intention to raiſe New Forces divulg'd in the *Provinces*, but Thouſands came voluntarily and took up Arms; chuſing rather to ſeek Honourable Deaths in the Toils and Hazards of War, than to lead Inglorious Lives at Home, in the ſoft Enjoyments of Peace.

Theſe Things appear'd to me, as certain Preſages of the Riſing Greatneſs of this *Monarchy*, and an Evident Sign, that the *French* Nation in this Age, ſhall out-do their *Anceſtors* in *Warlike Deeds*.

The Stage of that Bloody Combat, between the Forces of the *Duke* of *Bavaria*, and thoſe under the Command of *Mareſchal Turenne*, was *Mergentheim*. Since which there has been a more fierce Encounter between the *French* and *Imperialiſts* at *Allerſheim*. Wherein the former, have recover'd the Honour they ſeem'd to have loſt in the *Spring*, owing much to the Bravery of the *Landgrave* of *Heſs-Caſſel*; who, with his Regiments, had a conſiderable Share in the Actions of this Day; and therefore, has been preſented with Magnificent Gifts by the *Queen-Regent*. The *Bavarians* loſt in this Battel, above Two Thouſand Common Soldiers, beſides many Officers of Note. On the *French* ſide, the *Duke* of *Enguien* (who had newly join'd his Forces to thoſe of *Turenne*) was wounded in the Arm, with Two

other Commanders. *Monſieur Grammond* was taken Priſoner; but, honourably treated and ſent away with Preſents by the *Duke* of *Bavaria*, together with Inſtructions about a Neutrality; who is exchang'd for a *German* of equal Quality. The *French* have alſo loſt in this Battel, above a Thouſand of the Common Soldiers; ſo that their Victory coſt them dear.

The *Duke* of *Enguien*, notwithſtanding his Wounds, marches on the next day with his Army to *Norlingben*, offering to that Town a Neutrality, and Liberty for the Garriſon to march out, which conſiſted of Three Hundred *Bavarians*. But receiving a fierce Anſwer from the *Governor*, he cauſed the Approaches to be made in order to an Aſſault, which was begun that very Night, and a Breach made in the Walls; upon which, the Inhabitants were forc'd to intercede with the *Duke*, that there might be a Ceſſation of Violence till the next Morning, promiſing that then the Soldiers ſhould ſurrender at Diſcretion; which was done accordingly.

There he tarried Eight Days, to refreſh his Army. Then he marched to *Dunkenſpule*, which was defended by a Garriſon of Five Hundred *Bavarians*. He tooke this place by Storm, yet gave Quarter to the Soldiers, who laid down their Arms, and yielded themſelves Priſoners. Leaving a Garriſon of Three Hundred *French* in the Town, he remov'd his Forces toward *Heilbrun*. But, in regard this Place was defended by Fifteen Hundred Men,

Men, he forbore to assault, and only Quarter'd his Army in the Neighbouring Villages.

Since that time, which was about the middle of the last *Moon*, there has been no considerable Action between the *French* and the *Germans*. Yet, those who pretend to be vers'd in *Military* Affairs, laugh at the ill Conduct of the Arch-*Duke Leopold*; who, when he had the *French* shut up in a Narrow *Streight*, through which it was impossible for them to pass, but by single Files, neglected that Opportunity to cut them off; deferring the Victory (whereof he was too secure) till the next day, by Reason of the present Weariness of his Soldiers. In the mean time *Turenne*, with his whole Army, pass'd the *Streight* in the dead of the Night, and came to *Philipsburgh*.

This Oversight of the *General*, is much talk'd of; because, had he pursu'd his Advantage, he had not only entirely defeated the *French*, but, in all Probability, falling with the whole Force of the *Empire* on the *Swedes* he had likewise vanquish'd them, and so put an end to the War. But, it seems, as if the *Inscrutable Providence* had determin'd to infatuate the Minds of the *Germans*, and reserve those Two Potent Nations, their Enemies, to be a farther Scourge to the *Empire*.

Adieu, *Great Guardian* of the *Eternal Monarchy*, and believe *Mahmut*, when he solemnly swears by *Mount Sinai*, and by the

Tenth Night of the *Moon*, that he adores thy consummate Virtue and Wisdom, which never fail thee in Extremities.

Paris, 8th. *of the* 9th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1645.

LETTER VIII.

To Cara Hali, *a* Physician *at* Constantinople.

I AM weary of writing News of Battels and Sieges to the *Grandees*; and, I know, thou seldom troublest thy self with the Care of Foreign Transactions. Besides, I have no certain Intelligence of Moment to communicat. But, I can acquaint the with something more agreeable to thy Studies and *Genius*.

Here is a Man in this City, who was not born Blind, but by some ill Hap lost the Use of his Eyes. Yet, *Nature* seems to have recompens'd that Misfortune, in the Exquisitenels of his *Feeling*. Thou wouldst say he carried Eyes in his Fingers Ends; since he distinguishes those things by his *Touch*, which are the only proper Objects of *Sight*. Believe me I think there can be no Deceit or Confederacy, whereby he might blind others,

thers, inſtead of being ſo himſelf. I ſaw him muffled up with a Napkin which cover'd all his Face, then divers Pieces of *Eaſtern* Silks of various Colours, were laid on the Table before him. He felt them attentively, and told us the Colour of each Piece exactly. I, who was never over-credulous of extraordinary Pretences, ſuſpecting that either the Fineneſs of the Linen which veil'd his Face, might give him ſome Glimpſe of the different Colours; or, that ſome By-ſtander, with appointed Signs, might inform him; caus'd all the Company to withdraw, except a Learned *Derviſe*, who was intimate with me. We threw a thick Velvet-Mantle over his Face, which reached down to his Navel, girding it about his Waiſte, ſo as to leave his Arms at Liberty. Then I procur'd ſmall Shreds of Silks, ſuch as I could conceal in the Palm of my Hand: Theſe I caus'd him to touch with his Fingers, brought up as high as his Chin, ſo that 'twas impoſſible for him to ſee them, had he had the Uſe of his Eyes: Yet, he made not the leaſt Miſtake in five ſeveral Colours. We chang'd the Order of the Silks, and ſometimes gave him the ſame Piece four or five times together; yet, as ſoon as he had felt it, he readily told us, 'Twas the ſame Colour.

I tell thee, O learned *Hali*, ſuch an uncommon Experiment, afforded me Matter both of delight and wonder. I concluded from hence, That *Nature* is no Niggard in her Gifts, but ſupplies the defects of one Senſe,

Senſe, by the ſuperabundant Accuracy of another. We ask'd this blind Perſon, by what Diſtinction he thus knew one Colour from another, without the Help of his Eyes. He was not able to expreſs the particular Manner of this diſcriminating Senſation; but only told us in General, that he felt as much Difference between the *Red* Silk and *Black*, as he had formerly done, during the Enjoyment of his Eye-Sight, between the *Silks* of *Perſia*, and the *fine Linen* of *Europe*: Which, thou knoweſt, are as different to the Touch, as fine Paper and Vellum.

Thou that daily pryeſt into the Faculties of Humane Bodies, art beſt able to judge whether this Man's Excellency, lay in the Tenuity and Fineneſs of his Skin, the Subtlety of his Spirits, or ſome unuſual powerful, yet delicate Energy of his Soul; or, whether it conſiſted in all theſe together.

The *Derviſe* who was with me, ſeemed not much to admire at this rare Quality of the Blind Man: Telling me moreover, that about Ten Years ago, in his Travels, he had ſeen a Blind *Statuary* at *Florence*, who undertook to make the Reſemblance of an *Image*, in the Chief *Temple* of that City; which he finiſh'd ſo much to the Life, that his Work could no otherwiſe be diſtinguiſh'd from the Original than by the difference of the Materials, *that* being Alabaſter, *his* white Clay; which he ſo temper'd and moulded with his Fingers, as he continually felt of the other, that no Lineament was left unexpreſs'd.

Indeed

Indeed, when I reflected on our *Mutes* in the *Seraglio*, and the unaccountable Sagacity with which they apprehend those Words which they never heard, I ceas'd to be surpriz'd at what I had seen the Blind Man perform, or what the *Dervise* had said of the *Statuary*. I remember in *Sultan Amurath*'s time, there was a *Mute*, in whom the *Grand Signior* took infinite Delight. For, Besides a Thousand pretty Gestures and Tricks, with which she us'd to divert that *Prince*, he often made her his *Secretary*, employing her in Writing Letters to his *Bassa's* and others, whilst he dictated to her by Signs. Although she could never receive the Sound of Words, nor utter any that were articulate; yet I have seen her transcribe a whole *Chapter* in the *Alcoran*, containing a Hundred and Seventy *Versicles*, in as fine a Character, as the most celebrated *Scribes* of the *Empire*; and, when she had done, would explain what she had thus written, by Signs, which made it evident that she perfectly understood the *Alcoran*.

These are rare Gifts, my Friend; yet, were all the *Mutes* Educated with as much Diligence and Care, as was *Saqueda*, (so was she call'd) 'tis possible they would attain to greater Perfection. I have been told, that her *Tutor*, one of the Learned'st Men in *Arabia*, bestowed twenty Years in Teaching her this Method of Reading, Understanding and Writing.

This

This puts me in mind of a Man, who was bred a *Mahometan*, but being taken Captive by the *French*, embrac'd their Religion; not in his Heart, but only in outward Profeſſion. When I firſt came to *Paris*, I fell into his Company by accident, and underſtanding that he was an *African*, I deſired to ask him ſome Queſtions; but he was Dumb, ſo that I had almoſt laid aſide my Hopes of converſing with him; till perceiving that he mov'd his Lips, and open'd his Mouth as one that was Talking. I offer'd him Pen, Ink and Paper; making Signs to him, that I would gladly know his Mind in Writing. He accordingly writ in *Moreſco*, That he was ſtruck Deaf and Dumb about Eighteen Years ſince; telling me alſo, the Place of his Nativity, and how he came hither. I took the Pen, and in the ſame Language, expreſs'd my Compaſſion of his Misfortunes. When he ſaw that I underſtood *Moreſco*, he writ again, ſignifying to me, That if I open'd my Mouth wide at the Pronouncing of every Syllable, he could underſtand my Meaning by the Poſture of my Lips and Tongue. I found his Words true, to my no ſmall Admiration; for, he would write down what I had ſaid. We convers'd together often; and at length I procur'd his Eſcape, in the Retinue of a *Chiaus* that was returning from hence to *Conſtantinople*.

I beſeech the *Wiſe Architect* of *Nature*, and *Repairer* of *Humane Defects*, either to continue

continue to us the Uſe of our Sences, or to ſupply that Want, by ſome Superlative Endowments of the Mind.

Paris, 20th. *of the* 9th. *Moon, of the Year* 1645.

LETTER IX.

To Uſeph Baſſa.

THOU wilt ſay, I am unmindful of my Duty, in not Congratulating thy *New Honour* before this; and, that I forget the good Offices which formerly paſs'd between us in the *Seraglio*. I tell thee, my Obligations are infinite, not only to thee, but to many others of my Friends at the *Port*: It is impoſſible for me to acquit my ſelf of ſo many Engagements. As for the *Dignity* to which the *Sultan* has rais'd thee, I receiv'd the firſt News of it within theſe fourteen Days. And, I dare affirm that none of thy Friends, or of thoſe whoſe Dependance is on thee, could with greater Complacency, behold thee Veſted by our moſt *Auguſt Emperour*, than I read the Letter which conveyed to me this welcome Inligence.

Long mayſt thou Live to enjoy the Bleſſings which thy good Fortune has heap'd on thee. Yet I counſel thee to enjoy them ſo, as not

to

to forget thou muſt die. Let not the *Grandeur* of thy *Station*, render thee proud and wilful: But remember, when thou art ſurrounded with a Crown of adoring Suppliants, That *Death* ſhall level thee with the *Meaneſt* of thy *Slaves*. Thus the Ancient *Philoſophers*, ſpar'd not to perform the Office of Monitors, to their *Kings* and *Princes*: and, I hope, thou wilt not take in ill Part, the wholeſome Advice of *Mahmut*, who diſcovers a Temper void of Hypocriſie, in the Freedom he aſſumes. If thou giveſt Ear to Flatterers, they will Complement thee to thy Ruin; and when thou art on the Brink of a Precipice, they will perſuade thee there is no Danger, though, if thou goeſt on, they know thy Fall is inevitable. They will pride themſelves in the Dexterity of their Malice, and inſult over thee with ſcornful *Sarcaſms*, whom not long ago they idoliz'd.

The Eminent Command thou haſt, requires thy frequent Preſence in the *Sovereign Divan*: And that thou mayſt not ſit there, only as an Auditor of other Mens Counſels, and incapable of making one in the Number of thoſe, who become Remarkable by their Orations, or Reports of Foreign Events; I will now entertain thee with ſome Paſſages, which have happen'd in *Europe* ſince the beginning of this Year, whereof the other *Baſſa's* may poſſibly be ignorant.

The *Diet* of *Francfort*, which had continued for three Years, was diſſolv'd on the

11th.

12*th*, of the 4*th*. *Moon*. This may be known at the *Port*, while they remain Strangers to the Reaſon of it. There are a Sort of *Chriſtians* in *Germany*, whom they call *Evangelicks*. Theſe are oppoſite to the *Roman Church*, both in *Religion* and *Intereſt*; and their Cauſe is chiefly eſpous'd by the *Dukes* of *Saxony* and *Brandenburgh*. It was to comply with theſe, that an *Aſſembly* was appointed at *Oſnaburgh*; but the *Emperour* and the *Catholicks*, were either for continuing that at *Francfort*, or tranſlating it to *Munſter*. While the contending Parties were bickering, and ſtriving to gain their ſeveral Ends, the *Deputy* of the *Duke* of *Bavaria*, tired out with ſuch intolerable Delays, departed from *Francfort*; whom the reſt of the *Deputies* follow'd. And this thou may'ſt report for the true Occaſion of the *Diſſolution* of that *Diet*.

Thus at the beginning of the Year, the Diſputes which theſe *Infidels* rais'd about Safe Conduct, Exactneſs of Titles, Priority of Addreſs, and many other vain *Punctilio's*, hindred them from coming to any Concluſion, about a *Peace*, which was the principal Cauſe of their Aſſembling. And this is a Folly peculiar to the *Nazarenes*, that in all *Publick Aſſemblies* the very Strength and Vitals of their Counſels, are ſpent in a vain adjuſting of *empty Ceremonies*.

It is credibly reported here, That the King of *Poland* earneſtly ſollicits a Match with Queen *Chriſtina* of *Suedeland*. It ſeems, he had

without any positive answer, or effecting any thing in it. In the second *Moon* of this Year, that Queen sent an *Ambassador*, to give the King of *Poland* an Account, that she had taken the *Government* upon Her. While he tarried in the *Polish Court*, there were not wanting such; as by the King's Order, fitted his Inclination, in Reference to this Affair. It was propos'd to him, That this *Match* would be a happy Occasion to Unite the two *Kingdoms* in a firm and durable *League*; That the *Evangelicks* in *Poland*, would be much eas'd thereby; That *Uladislaus*, was not much decay'd in his Natural Vigour; That *Suedeland* might in the mean while be govern'd by the *Council*. With many other Propos'als and Encouragements to this Purpose: Among which, I must not omit, that it was suggested, how easie 'twould be for two such Potent *Crowns*, in *Conjunction*, not only to humble the *Germans*, but also to put a stop to the Victorious Arms of the *Ottoman Empire*. But, all this came to Nothing; that wary Queen suspecting that there was a deeper Design in the Courtship of this Old Fox: And, that by such a *Match*, the *Kingdom* of *Suedeland*, in Default of the *Issue-Royal*, might be subjected to a *Foreign Crown*.

However, it is easie to apprehend from this, That if the *Poles* maintain at Present their Accord with the *Sublime Port*, 'tis for want of Strength to break it; and, that they only wait an Opportunity, to make some Potent and Firm *Alliance*, which may second the Designs formed by that *Court*, against the *First*

Throne

Throne on *Earth*, whereof thou art One of the *Principal Pillars*.

Remain firm in thy *Station*; and, let neither the Tempeſts of War, nor the Convulſions of State, which are the too frequent Products of Peace, ſhake thy Conſtancy. But, above all, ſuffer not thy *Integrity*, which is the *Baſis* of all *Vertues*, to be undermin'd by *Bribes*.

If thou followeſt this Counſel, *God* and his *Prophet* ſhall Eſtabliſh thee, al Men will Honour thee, thy *Sovereign* ſhall Exalt thee; and *Mahmut* will rejoice to ſee thee in time become the *Atlas* of the *Eternal Empire*.

Paris, 5th. *of the* 10th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1645.

LETTER

LETTER X.

To Ichingi Cap' Oglani, Præceptor *to the* Royal Pages *of the* Seraglio.

THERE is a vaſt Difference betwee thy Letter, and that of *Shaſhim Iſ-ham*. He is Eloquent in the Acknowledg-ment of his Crime; thou Rhetorical in th own Juſtification. Thou haſt plunder'd *De-moſthenes* and *Cicero*, and robb'd 'em of al the *Flowers* and *Tropes* of *Oratory*, to dreſ up a faint, liveleſs Excuſe. Such an artifi-cial Apology, inſtead of cancelling, heighten thy Offence. It might have procur'd thee th Applauſe of the *Academy*; but, it come ſhort of giving me Satisfaction, for the In-juries I have receiv'd at thy Hands. I have Reaſon to eſteem them ſuch, becauſe ſo de-ſign'd, although they took no Effect. For Wrongs of this kind ought to be meaſur'd by the Intention of the Author, not by their Succeſs. The *Miniſters* of the *Divan*, will hardly be prevail'd on to ſuſpect *Mahmut*, who has given ſubſtantial Proofs of his Fi-delity.

Tell me, in the name of *God* and *Ma-homet*, what was the Motive that induced thee to ſlander me? Wherein have I merited this Perſecution at thy Hands? It could not be

be Revenge, becauſe I never gave thee Occaſion: unleſs thou ſtill retaineſt a Grudg on the Score of my Studying in the *Academies*; and that at my Return from *Palermo*, thou wert not able to expoſe me, in the Preſence of the *Muftis*, in any Point of Language or Learning. But I had rather charitably believe 'twas thy Ambition, not thy Malice, which gave Birth to thoſe Calumnies thou haſt vented againſt me. Thou envieſt me the Honour of ſerving the *Grand Signior* in this Station, thinking thy ſelf capable of diſcharging this Office more ſucceſsfully than *Mahmut*. I cenſure not thy Abilities; but I think 'tis beſt for every Man to be content with his own Condition, ſince *Deſtiny* diſtributes the Employments of the World among Men, by Rules into which we cannot penetrate.

Thou art Maſter of the *French* Tongue; but doſt thou think that a complete Qualification for a Man in my Poſt? Art thou fit to Converſe in the *Court* of a *Foreign Prince*, who canſt not govern thy Tongue in *that* of thy *Native Sovereign*? Thou art yet to learn a *Courtier*'s Maſter-piece, which is, To diſſemble even the neceſſary Art of Diſſimulation. That is, as the *Arabians* ſay, *To have a Veil upon a Veil*; or, as the *Italians*, *To have a Maſk with a Natural Face on the Out-ſide.* Thou art ſo far from this, that thou canſt not yet draw perfectly the firſt rough Strokes of a Counterfeit.

To

To ſpeak plain, hadſt thou by an Artificial feigning of Friendſhip to me, made Way to inſinuate thy Story into the Belief of the *Grandees*, thou might'ſt have prais'd me to my Ruin. But to go bluntly to Work without preventive *Encomiums*, diſcover'd at once the Weakneſs of thy Judgment, and the Strength of thy Paſſion; giving the *Miniſters* Occaſion to think, there was leſs of Truth, than of Deſign in thy Accuſations.

For the Future I adviſe thee to mind thy Books and Scholars, and meddle not with *Mahmut*, whoſe Buſineſs is to ſtudy Men. Adieu.

Paris, 5th. *of the* 10th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1645.

LETTER XI.

To the Reis Effendi, Principal Secretary *of* State.

With extream Joy I have received the certain News of the taking of *Canea* by the Invincible *Ottoman* Arms.

I muſt confeſs, when I firſt apprehended the Intentions of *Sultan Ibrahim*, to make War with the *Republick* of *Venice*, I was ap-

to hearken to some thinking Men in this *Court*; who, making their Observations, of the *Sultan*'s indulging himself in Female Pleasures, conjectured from thence (as by a Common Rule) that he would not have discovered such a Martial and Active Spirit, in asserting the Honour of the *Ottoman Empire*. His dext'rous concealing his Designs, even to the very Execution of them, has struck a Damp into all the *Courts* in *Europe*; insomuch, as *Cardinal Mazarini*, this Day told the *Queen-Regent*, That he doubted, lest *Sultan Ibrahim* would prove another *Junius Brutus*, who, being the *Nephew* of *Tarquin*, One of the *Primitive Kings* of *Rome*, for some years, counterfeited an extraordinary Simplicity and Weakness of Spirit: but, having privately secured a Faction to his own Interests, by Popular Arts; he, to gain the *Sovereignty*, chang'd the *Form* of *Government*; procur'd himself to be made *Consul*, and discovered a *Genius*, surpassing in Policy and mature Judgment, all his Predecessors.

Though the *Cardinal*'s Comparison, be disproportionate to the *Grandeur* of the *Sovereign Emperor* of the *World*; who cannot without a vast Injury, be post-pon'd in Virtue, Wisdom or Power, as a *Second* or *Imitator* of any *Prince* upon *Earth*: Yet, the Character holds good in the Main, That he has timely and maturely dissembled, the most Sublime Abilities and Endowments a *Sovereign Prince* is capable of, rendring there-

by

by his Enemies ſecure and careleſs; till at length, all thoſe Illuſtrious Attributes exert themſelves on a ſuddain, breaking forth like the *Sun* from an *Eclipſe*; at once dazling the aſtoniſh'd World, and ſurprizing the Enemies of the *Ottoman Empire*, in the Slumbers which proceeded from the Contempt of his *Sacred Majeſty*.

I thought indeed once, that the *Venetians* would have been in a Condition to have fac'd the *Ottoman Navy*, and diſputed their farther Progreſs on the Seas. I expected no leſs than that they would have made ſome huſſing Attempts on the *Iſles* of the *Archipelago*? that they would have enter'd the *Helleſpont*, brav'd the *Dardanels*, and ſailing forward would have block'd up the *Ottoman Navy* in the *Propontis*, or driven them into the *Euxine* Sea for ſhelter. And, who could have thought otherwiſe, had they been provided for a War? But, our Sage *Emperor*, by Secrecy, which is the very Soul of all great Undertakings, has anticipated their very Fear and leap'd upon the Prey, while the Keepers were aſleep.

Had the *Chriſtian Princes* and *States*, laid aſide their Private *Punctilio's* and Animoſities, when the *Venetians* firſt made their Application to them for Aſſiſtance, it might have prov'd a doubtful War. But, inſtead of generouſly Uniting their Forces in the Common Defence of *Chriſtendom*, they began to divide their Intereſts and Hearts one from another; and that, upon the vaineſt

Motives

Motives in the World; one *State* disputing with another, about Precedency of Posts in the Army; which proceeded to that Height as to frustrate the Main Design: For the *Pope* himself at last, is forc'd to raise the greatest Aids the *State* of *Venice* are like to have; joining his Galleys with theirs, and sending a Thouland Foot on Board, at his own Cost.

Thus does *Divine Providence*, out of the Discords of *Christian* Princes, draw Occasions to enlarge the *Sacred Empire* of the *Mussulmans*; and to spread the *Ottoman* Conquest's o'er the *Western* World.

Paris, 20th. *of the* 11th. *Moon*, *of the Year* 1645.

LETTER XII.

To the Magnificent *and* Redoubtable Vizir Azem.

IT appears that the *Queen* of *France* is very Indulgent to her *Generals*, having call'd Home the *Duke* of *Enguien* from the Toils of War. This *Prince* neglecting the Wounds he receiv'd in the Battel of *Allersheim*, not many Days after, fell into a violent Fever: so that he was carried in a Horse-Litter to *Philipsburg*, with no small Danger of his Life.

As ſoon as he recover'd his Health, he was commanded to return to *France*, and the Charge of the whole Army committed to *Mareſchal Turenne*.

Such Tenderneſs is never ſhew'd to the Invincible *Ottoman Generals*, neither would they eſteem it a Favour, but a Diſgrace. When they go to the Wars, they make no underhand Leagues with the Elements to ſpare their Bodies; but, are reſolv'd to combat with Cold, Heat, Hunger, Thirſt, and all the Hardſhips to which Soldiers are liable, as well as with the Swords of their Enemies. They take no other Armour againſt the Rigorous Froſts of a *Ruſſian* Winter, or the Scorching Sands of a *Perſian* Summer, but an Unſhaken Reſolution, an Invincible Patience, and a Mind incapable of bowing under the worſt Misfortunes. They are not angry with the Weapons of their Adverſaries, when they carve in their Limbs the marks of an Honour, which will far outlaſt the Pain of their Wounds; and, in their Fleſh hew deep Characters, of an Immortal Fame, and a Renown which ſhall know no Period. They are not parſimonious of their Blood, but court their Enemies to ſpill it on the Ground, from whence it will ſpring up in Laurels and Wreaths, to Crown 'em with Triumphs and Glory whilſt they live, and to ſweeten their Memory with the Praiſe of Future Generations.

Thus, Magnanimous *Vizir*, do the *Muſſulman Heroes*, the *Props* of the *Firſt Empire*, manifeſt

manifeſt their Courage, in defying of Dangers and Wounds, and ſcorning to capitulate with Fortune for Eaſe and Exemption from Death. They know, that when they march againſt the *Infidels*, 'tis in Vindication of the *Eternal Unity*: And therefore, inſtead of endeavouring to ſhun, they Court a Death ſo glorious, as that which will immediately tranſport them to the *Boſom* of our *Holy Prophet*, and to the *Inexpreſſible Delights* of the *Gardens* of *Eden*. Where this Truth is firmly rooted, there is no room for Fear to plant it ſelf. But the Caſe is otherwiſe with *Infidels*, who blaſpheme that pureſt *Undivided Eſſence*. They aſſert and believe a *Plurality* of *Gods*, and therefore, in time of Danger, amongſt ſo many *Deities*, they know not whom to addreſs, or whom to confide in. The Apprehenſion of Death, is terrible to them, whoſe Hope is only in this Life; Whoſe Conſciences are ſtained with a thouſand Pollutions, and yet renounce the very Method of being Clean. Who not only err themſelves, but by their evil Example and Influence, (for I ſpeak of the *Princes* and *Great Ones*) draw Innumerable after them, to taſte of the *Tree Zacon*, which grows in the *Middle* of *Hell*.

People ſpeak variouſly of the *Duke* of *Enguien*'s Conduct in the Battel of *Allerſheim*. His Creatures extol his Valour and Experience with *Hyperboles*: Whilſt his Enemies endeavour to leſſen his Reputation. Some ſay, he owes his Revocation to the *Queen*'s diſlike; others attribute it to the extraordinary Concern ſhe has for his Health. But, ſuch as would be eſteem'd

the Wiſer Sort, ſay his Return is voluntary and ſought by himſelf, ſcorning to hold his *Commiſſion* any longer at the Pleaſure of *Cardinal Mazarini*; who, 'tis thought, firſt procured him this Employment, only to have him out of the Way, and take off his Application from the *Domeſtick* Affairs of *France*. Theſe are the Diſcourſes of the People at preſent, who yet perhaps may change their Opinions before the Sun goes down. They will always be cenſuring and diſcanting on the Actions of their *Superiors*; few being willing to think their Tongues were given 'em to lie Idle. It is but a Little Member, but often does Great Miſchief by its Activity. One of the *Ancients* gave no good Character of it, when he call'd it a *Demon*. Yet, we are not bound to believe all that the *Philoſophers* ſaid. *Æſop* gave the moſt impartial Account of this Member, when he ſaid, *'twas the* Beſt *and the* Worſt. Sometimes I ſit ſilent many Hours together; not for want of Company; (for here's a Glut of that in this Populous City) nor, becauſe I know not what to ſay, (for I could ſpeak a great Deal more than 'tis fit for others to hear) but, that I may ſtudy with leſs Interruption, how to ſerve my *Great Maſter*. For much talking enervates the Judgment, and evaporates the Mind into Air. Beſides, by thus practiſing Silence in Private, I learn the Art of reſtraining my Words in Publick, when it is requiſite to promote the Ends at which I aim. 'Tis not for a Man in my Station, to be open and talkative; but to diſtinguiſh Perſons and Seaſons; to underſtand

derſtand the due Stops and Advances of my Tongue; ſometimes to ſay Much in a Little, at other Times to ſay Little or Nothing at all; but ever ſo to ſpeak, as not to lay my ſelf naked to the Hearers; yet to ſeem a very frank, open-hearted Man, in what I Diſcourſe of.

I would not have thee conclude from what I have ſaid, That *Mahmut* uſes any Reſerve to the *Miniſters* of the *Divan*, who are *Mines* of *Science* and *Wiſdom*, and can eaſily diſcern the Heart through the moſt artificial Veil of Words. But it is abſolutely neceſſary for me, to uſe Diſſimulation in this *Court*; ſeeming many times Ignorant of what I really know, that I may not be thought to know more than they would have me. I was never yet ſo indiſcreet, as to publiſh any Secret that was committed to my Charge; whereby I have gained great Confidence, with Men who delight to unboſome their Intelligence. They eſteem me a Man of Integrity, and fit to be truſted. Thus am I made privy to many Intrigues of the *Grandees*, and a Repoſitory of the *Court*-News: whilſt they whiſper in *Mahmut*'s Ear, what is tranſacted in the Royal Bed-Chambers, and private Apartments.

By this means, I came acquainted with an Amour of *Cardinal Mazarini*, which is known but to a few. This *Miniſter* has none of the Worſt Faces, and a proportionate Elegance in his Shape: much addicted alſo to the Love of Women; yet he manages his Intrigues with that Caution and Privacy, as not to expoſe the Honour of his *Function*. Among the reſt, he

had frequent Access to the Chamber of a certain *Countess-Dowager*, her Husband being lately deceas'd. This was not carried so privately, but 'twas whisper'd about that a Man was seen often to come out of this Ladies Chamber a little before day; but no Body knew who it was (for the *Cardinal* went disguiz'd.) At last it came to the *Queens* Ear, who was resolv'd to unravel this Intrigue. She caused *Spies* to be placed at a convenient Distance from the Ladies Chamber-Door, which opened in a Gallery of the *Royal Palace*, with Orders to trace him Home. That Night the designed *Watch* was first set, it fortun'd, that the *Cardinal* being in the *Countesses* Chamber, her Maid, (who was privy to this Amour) overheard these *Spies* talking to each other concerning her Lady; which made her more attentive (being in a Place where she could not be seen) till at length she plainly discovered, That they lay in wait to find out who it was that had been seen coming out of the Chamber. She quickly acquaints the *Countess* with this News. She consults the *Cardinal* what was best to be done to avoid Discovery. In fine, it was agreed between 'em, That the *Countess* should put on the *Cardinal's* Disguise, and he a Suit of her Clothes. That she should go out at the usual Hour of her Retreat, and walk in the Gardens; That, if examin'd, she should pretend, this Disguise was to guard her from the rude Attempts of Men, who if they found a Lady alone in the Night-Time, would not fail to offer some Incivilities; that soon after her Departure, the *Cardinal*

ſhould go forth in her Dreſs, and ſhift for himſelf. This was perform'd accordingly. The *Counteſs* walk'd into the Gardens in the *Cardinal's* Diſguiſe, followed by the *Spies*, whilſt he goes to an Intimate Friend's Houſe, (an *Italian*, whoſe Fortune depended on this *Miniſter*) and changes his Female Accoutrements, for the proper Apparel of his Sex. The *Counteſs* having walk'd about half an Hour in the Garden, was ſeiz'd on by ſome of the *Guards*, under ſuſpicion of ſome ill Deſign. She was carried before the *Queen*, and examin'd. She then diſcover'd her ſelf, begging the *Queens* Pardon, and telling her, That a particular Devotion, had oblig'd her to take that Courſe for ſeveral Mornings; but, if it offended Her *Majeſty*, ſhe would hold her ſelf diſpenſed with, and would forbear. The *Queen* ſeeming ſatisfied with this Anſwer, diſmiſſed her. Thus the Amours of the *Cardinal* and the *Counteſs*, remain'd a Secret; and there are but three Perſons (beſides themſelves) that know any thing of it; among which *Mahmut* is one.

Thou ſeeſt, *Illuſtrious Miniſter*, that the Reputation of my Secrecy, has gain'd me the Confidence of one of the *Cardinal's Privado's*; for I had this Relation from the *Italian*, whom I mentioned, at whoſe Houſe the *Cardinal* chang'd his Diſguiſe. I am not without Hopes, by the Prudent Management of this Diſcovery, to penetrate farther into the *Court* Intrigues. For he that told me this Story, conſider'd not that he made me thereby Maſter of his Fortune; and that it is no longer ſafe for him, to

deny me any Intelligence I require of him. He has put a Key into my Hand, which will open his Breast at my Pleasure.

Yet I need not magisterially claim Discoveries from him, as the only Conditions, on which he is to expect my Concealing what he has already disclos'd. There is a more dextrous and serviceable way to become his *Confessor*, without such an ungrateful Insult; whilst with a well acted Candour, I feign a Relation of such things, as I suspect, yet cannot be certain are true, till attested by himself; professing at the same time, not to believe those pretended Reports I heard. If I shall be so happy, as to do any effectual Service to the *Grand Signior* by this Engagement, it will answer my Ends, and I shall not repent of my Craft.

Mahmut Salutes thee, *Sovereign Bassa*, in the humblest Posture of Adoration, lying prostrate on the Ground, in Contemplation of thy Grandeur. Beseeching *God*, That he would grant this Favour to thee, to live happily, and to die in thy Bed.

Paris, 20th. *of the* 11th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1645.

LETTER

LETTER XIII.

To Egri Boinou, *a* White Eunuch.

THOU giveſt me abundant Proofs of thy Affection and Friendſhip, in frankly telling me what they ſay of *Mahmut* in the *Seraglio*. I do not expect to be free from Cenſure; and am ſo far from being diſcouraged at the Obloquies ſome Men faſten on me, that it adds to my Comfort; it being an aſſur'd Mark of Innocence, to be traduc'd. I am not deſirous, that the *Arabian Proverb* ſhould be verified in me, which ſays, *That he deſerves no Man's Good Word, of whom all Men ſpeak well*. I dread to be Popular at ſuch a Price, and will rather court the Slanders of the Envious, by a ſtedfaſt Perſeverance in my Duty, than lay a Train for the Complements of Flatterers, by favouring Sedition. Thou knoweſt what Reaſon I have to ſay this. There needs no Interpreter between us. Though the *Black Eunuch* has recanted his Aſperſions, yet there are others who perſiſt in their Malice; and it will be difficult for the *Maſter* of the *Pages*, with his beſt *Rhetorick*, to exempt himſelf from the Number.

I have received both their Apologies, and have anſwered them. I wiſh they would reform this Vice; not ſo much for my Sake, who am Proof againſt their Accuſations, as

for their own: For the Injury they intended to do me, will redound moſt to themſelves. Miſery is on him, that perſecuteth his Neighbour.

He that is Merciful and Gracious, who hath ſeparated the Brightneſs of the Day from the Obſcurity of the Night, defend both thee and me from the Malice of Whiſperers, from the Enchantments of Wizards, and ſuch as *breath Thrice* upon the *Knot* of the *Triple Cord.*

Paris, 20th. *of the* 11th. *Moon,*
of the Year 1645.

LETTER

LETTER XIV.

To Muſtapha, Berber Aga.

THOU wilt Laugh at the Hypocriſie and Folly of the *Nazarenes*, when thou ſhalt know the *Articles* agreed upon between the *Elector* of *Saxony*, and *Koningſmark*, one of the *Suediſh Generals*, on the *27th.* of the *8th. Moon.*

The *Suedes* had prevail'd on the Son of the *Elector*, to intercede with his Father for a *Truce*; but the Old Duke would not hearken to any thing of that Nature, till *Torſtenſon* gave Orders to the *Suediſh* Army in thoſe Parts, that they ſhould oppreſs the *Elector*'s Subjects, by exacting from them unreaſonable Taxes and Contributions; and that they ſhould lay Deſolate all the Countries about *Dreſden*, if they refuſed to pay what was demanded of them. Accordingly they took a Caſtle, which commanded a large Valley of Meadows and Cornfields. The *Suedes* burnt the Corn on the Ground, led away the Peaſants Captives, and demoliſh'd many Towns and Villages; yet not without ſome Loſs on their Side: For the *Saxons* one Night ſtole upon them while they were ſecurely ſleeping, and ſlew an hundred and twenty, taking above three hundred Priſoners. Thoſe who were left in Poſſeſſion of the Caſtle, met with no better Fortune; being compell'd in a few Days, to ſurrender this

their

their new Conqueſt, with five Enſigns, and a hundred and fifty Priſoners, which were all carried in Triumph to *Dreſden*.

One would have thought, that theſe Succeſſes ſhould have confirm'd the *Elector* in the Averſion he had already conceiv'd for a *Treaty*, that he would rather have purſu'd his good Fortune with Arms: Eſpecially, when by entring into a Private Separate *Treaty* with the *Suedes* he muſt needs give a great Suſpicion to the *Aſſembly* of the *Deputies*. But the Old Duke doated; and what neither the repeated Solicitations of his Son, nor the continual Ravages which *General Koningſmark* made in his Territories, could procure from him, that he granted to the charming Addreſſes of a Beautiful Lady.

The *Elector*'s Son adhering much to the *Suediſh* Intereſt, and finding all other Means ineffectual to oblige his new Friends; It was agreed upon between him and *Koningſmark*, that he ſhould at leaſt perſuade his Father to a *Truce* of a few Days: That during this Ceſſation of Arms, the Son ſhould invite his Father to a Banquet, where *Koningſmark* ſhould be preſent, with ſome of the Principal *Suedes* in his Army. All this ſucceeded according to their Wiſhes. The good Old Man conſented to a Ceſſation of Arms; and to give *Koningſmark* a Meeting at his Son's Banquet. The *German* Gallantry, and indeed that of all *North-Europe*, conſiſts much in their Exceſſive Drinking: He is eſteem'd the moſt polite Man, who can bear moſt Wine, with leaſt Alteration of his Temper.

per. This they call *Carouſing*. The Son had provided Plenty of thoſe Wines, which grow on the Banks of the *Rhine*, eſteem'd the wholeſomeſt and moſt delicious of all theſe Parts. It is not neceſſary to repeat particularly their firſt Salutes and Addreſſes: Both Parties ſeem'd emulous to exceed in Civilities. They fell to their Wine, with Freedom and Mirth, after the Manner of the Country. When in the midſt of their Glaſſes, whilſt the Heart of the Old *Duke* was elevated with the Juice of the Grape, came into the Room a tall Perſonage all in Armour, and making his Obeiſance to the Company, deliver'd a Letter to *General Koningſmark*. The *General* having receiv'd it, the Stranger was invited by the *Elector*'s Son to ſit down with them. He was Maſter of the Feaſt, and only *Koningſmark* and the Stranger, beſides himſelf, were privy to the Intrigue.

The Stranger unbuckling his Helmet, and pulling it off (for all the reſt of the Company were uncover'd, it being the Hotteſt Day in all the *Summer*) diſcover'd a Face and Hair, much like one of thoſe *Nymphs*, deſcrib'd by *Poets* and *Painters*.

The *Duke* could not withdraw his Eyes from this ſurprizing Beauty, nor fix his roving Thoughts: ſometimes it put him in mind of *Ganymede*, the diſcarded Minion of *Jupiter*; but *Ganymede*, was never ſeen in Armour. Then he thought of *Adonis*, then of the *Babylonian Pyramus*, the *Indian Atis*. In fine, he run over all the Celebrated Youths of the *Eaſt*, to match the Beauty of this Illuſtrious Stranger.

He

He drank and gaz'd, whilſt his Son and *Koningſmark*, were pleas'd to ſee the Bait take. From ruminating on our Sex, he paſs'd to that of Women: And remembring that in ſome former Battels between the *Suedes* and *Germans*, ſeveral Ladies had diſguiſed themſelves in Armour, and followed *General Torſtenſon* to the Field, he concluded preſently, that this was ſome beautiful Female of *Suedeland*.

This thought put the Old *Duke* into a pleaſant Fit of Raillery, yet not without ſome mixture of Paſſion for this lovely *Heroine*. There was ſomthing ſo peculiarly graceful in all her Carriage and Addreſs, as Charm'd the *Elector's* Heart. The Women in thoſe parts of *Europe*, are not ſo preciſe in their Converſation with Men, as in the *Eaſt*. And 'tis a great Point of Education, ſo to adjuſt the *Punctilio's* of their Deportment, as neither to appear too open, nor too reſerv'd. This was her Maſter-piece; for ſhe ſo equally divided the Parts ſhe was to Act, both of a Maid and a Soldier, that neither entrenched on the other, but ſhe acquitted her ſelf with exquiſite Honour and Gallantry.

The next Day after the Banquet, the Son renewed his Mediation for a *Treaty*? but the *Elector* ſeemed cold. All his Thoughts were buſied in ruminating on his Fair Enemy.

Not to detain thee longer in expectation of the Iſſue; The Love of this young *Amazon* had taken ſo deep Root in his Heart, that he would grant nothing but for her Sake, neither could he deny any thing which ſhe deſired.

Thus

Thus by this Stratagem, they accompliſh'd their Aims, and he condeſcended to a *Treaty*, after fourteen Days Debate on the *Articles*: Of which I here ſend thee a True and Particular Copy, that thou maiſt find ſome Divertiſement in the Folly of the *Infidels*. The *Articles* are as follows:

"THAT it ſhould be lawful for the *Duke* to "keep *due Faith* to the *Emperor*; nor "ſhould he be obliged, to admit any thing con-"trary to the *Intereſt* of the *Empire*.

"That the *Elector* ſhould not lend the *Em-"peror* above three Regiments of Horſe, nor "ſhould permit him to raiſe Soldiers in his *Prin-"cipality*.

"That the *Suedes* ſhould have free and ſafe "Paſſage through *Saxony*, provided they came "not within three Miles of *Dreſden*.

"That there ſhould be free Traffick, between "the *Elector*'s Subjects and the *Suedes* by Land "and Water.

"That at the end of three Months, each "Party ſhould be obliged to declare, Whether "they would prolong the *Truce*, or break it off.

"That the *Elector* ſhould again enjoy his Re-"venues, except thoſe which were drawn from "*Leipſick*. That he ſhould pay the *Suedes* ele-"ven thouſand Rix-Dollars a Month, and a "certain quantity of Corn.

"That the *Elector* ſhould do nothing which "might hinder the Siege of *Magdeburgh*.

Theſe

These *Articles*, at first Sight appeared to be equally favourable to the *Saxons*, as to the *Suedes*. But, in Reality, they serv'd only as an Umbrage to deeper Designs, which the *Suedes* had in Agitation. For this was the first Step to draw the *Saxon* off from the *Emperor*'s Party; and *Torstenson* was now secure, that whilst the *Suedes* rushed farther into *Germany*, the *Saxon* would not molest them behind.

For my Part, I neither understand the *Policy* nor the *Integrity* of the *Elector*, in signing these Articles; nor how he can reconcile the *First* of them, with *any* of the *Rest*: To give safe Conduct, and kind Entertainment to the Enemies of his *Sovereign*: To be obliged not to lend him any more Assistance, than his Enemies shall allow, nor suffer him to raise Forces at his own Charges: To be cheated of his own Revenues, and tamely yield to pay a monthly Tribute besides: To be tyed up from succouring one of the Principal Towns in his *Principality*, at that time Besieged by the *Suedes*; this is a new Method of keeping *due Faith* to *Sovereigns*, or of observing common Prudence for ones self. But *Women and Wine cause a Wise Man to stumble*, as the *Arabians* say. And this Old Prince is blessed in a hopeful Son, who is not ashamed to turn *Pimp*, that so he may betray his Father to his Mortal Enemies. But let the *Christians* proceed in their Falshood and Treachery, one against another, while every good *Mussulman*, prostrates himself *Five Times* a Day; and Prays in his Integrity for the Consummation of that time, wherein *God* has determin'd to put a Peri-

a Period to the *Monarchies* of these *Infidels*, and to reduce them to the Faith and Obedience of his *Holy Law*.

I wish some of my Friends, would send me some Relation of what passes in the *East*: I have heard nothing of Moment out of *Asia*, these many *Moons*. I could almost think my self banish'd from the *Eternal Providence*, while I reside among these *Uncircumcised*.

Think sometimes on *Mahmut*; and, if thou canst not relieve his Melancholy, at least pity him, whom all the Honours and Pleasures of these *Western* Parts, would not be able to exhilarate, so long as he apprehends himself forgotten by his Friends at *Constantinople*.

Paris, 20th. *of the* 11th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1645.

LETTER

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Paris, 20th. *of the* 11th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1645.

LETTER

LETTER XV.

To Mahummed Hogia, Derviſe, Eremit, *Inhabitant of the* Sacred Cave *at the foot of Mount* Uriel *in* Arabia the Happy.

THY Remembrance is as the Dew of the Evening, or the Midnight Breezes in Africk, after the ſcorching Fervors of a Summer Day, when neither Trees, nor Houſes, nor higheſt Mountains afford any Shadow. Such are the Employments of State, keeping the Mind in as reſtleſs an Activity, as that which the *Philoſophers* ſay is the Occaſion of Heat. Such alſo is the Refreſhment I find in thinking of thee, whoſe Soul is a Manſion of Tranquility, an *Umbrella* of Temperance and all Vertue. Thither I retreat for Reſpiration from the Fatigues of worldly Buſineſs. Pardon the bold Acceſs of an humble Slave, who cannot be ſo happy as to viſit thee any otherwiſe than by Letters, yet would be miſerable in the want of this Privilege.

Ever ſince I had the Honour to kiſs the Duſt of thy Feet in that *Sacred Retirement*, I was fill'd with Love and Admiration of thy Sanctity. Thrice happy are the Neighbouring Shepherds, whoſe Flocks feed under thy auſpicious Protection. No fierce Lions, nor ravenous Tygers, dare violate that Sanctuary; or,

hunt

hunt for Prey within those Meadows, Consecrated by thy Presence, That Rich and Flow'ry Vale, was first secured, with an Eternal Immunity from Spoil and Rapine, by the Blessing of our *Holy Prophet*. Now that Blessing seems to be redoubled by thy Prayers and Abstinences, who inheritest his Spirit as well as his Abode. 'Twas in that *Holy Cave*, the *Messenger* of *God* fasted for the space of three *Moons*: Thy whole life there, is one continued Abstinence. When thou liftest up thy Venerable Hands to Heaven in Prayer, the Enemies of our *Holy Law* are seiz'd with Fear and Trembling: Thou art the *Guardian Angel* of the *Ottoman Empire*. Thy Body attenuated with twenty years Fasting, is purified almost to *Immorality*: Thou art become a *Denizon* among the *Spirits*. Neither the Beasts of the Earth, nor the Fowls of the Air, nor the Fish of the Sea, will charge thee with their Blood: Thy Table never smoak'd with slaughter'd Dainties. Every Tree affords thee a Feast, and the Meadows regale thee with a Thousand harmless Delicacies. Thy Thirst is allay'd with the Crystal Streams; and, when thou art disposed to Banquet, the *Arabian* Sheep supply thee with *Nectar*. Thus, like a prudent Traveller thou accustomest thy self before-hand, to the Diet of the Country whither thou art going: thou livest the Life of *Paradise* here on *Earth*.

Thou art not privy to the Wickedness of the Age: that Cell guards thee from other Mens Vices: while thy incomparable Humility, defends thee from thy own Vertues. Thou art not

not puffed up with thy Sublime Perfection. Pride is a Serpent, which commonly Poiſons the Root of the faireſt Endowments. But thou haſt cruſh'd this Serpent in the Egg.

In that Solitude, the *Angel* open'd the Heart of the *Sent of God*, and took out from thence the *Devil's Seed-Plot*. When *Mahomet* awaked (for this was done while he lay in a *Trance*) he ſaid, *I am a Worm*. When *Gabriel* ſaw his Humility, he pronounced a Bleſſing on the Place, That whoſoever ſhould dwell in that Cave, *ſhould be Meek as* Abraham, *Chaſt as* Joſeph, *and Temperate as* Iſmael. Thou haſt experienc'd the Effect of his Benediction.

There is another Happineſs alſo attends thy Retirement: Thou liveſt free from Cares and Anxieties: Thou committeſt the Publick Good to the Conduct of thy Sovereign, and thy Private Welfare, to the Protection of Providence; neither diſquieted for the one, nor ſollicitous for the other. Who riſes, and who falls, in the Favour of the *Sultan*; who purchaſes the Government of the *Empire* by their Merits, or who by their Money; whether it be better to remain in the *Seraglio*, or to be made *Baſſa* of *Ægypt*, are Cares that never moleſt thee. Thou canſt ſit in that *Sanctuary* of *Peace*, and pity thoſe whoſe Ambition, and the Love of Glory, has driven into the *Toils* of *War*. Thou canſt behold with Compaſſion, the burdenſom Attendants of the Great; their Labours by Day, and their Watchings by Night; their reſtleſs Thoughts, and buſie Actions; macerated Bodies, and uneaſie Souls:

while

while with indefatigable Pains they purſue mere Shadows, and endeavour to graſp the Wind, or ſecure to themſelves a Bubble, which is no ſooner touched, than it vaniſhes. Thou in the mean time, art filling thy Mind with ſolid Knowledge, and laying up Poſſeſſions which ſhall never be taken from thee: For the Soul carries her Goods along with her, to that *Other* World.

I often wiſh my ſelf with thee; and the Remembrance of what I once enjoy'd in thy Converſation, cannot be effac'd by Diſtance of Time and Place. The farther I am from thee, the more ardently do I long to ſee thee. But even in theſe Innocent Deſires, there is a neceſſary Mortification; ſince we are not born for our ſelves, but to comply with the *Myſterious* Ends of *Fate*. I am appointed to ſerve the *Grand Signior* in this Place: where I endeavour to acquit my ſelf a *Faithful Slave*, and a *Good Muſſulman*. If I fail in the *Firſt*, my *Great Maſter* will puniſh me; if in the *Laſt*, *God* and his *Prophet* will revenge it. Yet I hope every Frailty, will not be eſteem'd a Tranſgreſſion; ſince the Heart and the Hands, go not always together. I often ſtrive to imitate thy Abſtinence, but my Appetites are too Strong for me; I return to my Old Courſe again, like a Bow that is forcibly bent. Yet I ſin not in this, ſince it is not required at my Hands.

Pray for me, *Holy Man* of *God*, that while I aim at the *Beſt* things, I may not fall into the *Worſt*; and by ſtriving to arrive at *Perfection*, I may not crack thoſe Powers which

are

are requiſite to keep me ſtedfaſt in the High way of *Moral Vertue*. I leave thee to t Contemplations, and the Society of thy Co teous *Angels*, who ever wait at the Door of t *Cell*.

Paris, 20th. *of the* 11th. *Moon*, *of the Year* 1645.

LETTER XVI.

To Uſeph Baſſa.

I Formerly acquainted thee, That *Uladiſl* King of *Poland*, ſought *Chriſtina* Queen *Sueden* in Marriage; but that his Propoſal rejected. Now thou mayſt know that *Monarch* has made a more ſucceſsful Am being Married to *Louiſe Marie de Gonza Princeſs of Mantua*. The *Nuptial* Solemni were performed in this City, by the *Ambaſſ* of *Poland*, who was his Maſter's *Proxy*. greateſt Part of the laſt *Moon* was ſpent Masks, Banquets, and *Court*-Revels, to Ho the *Eſpouſals* of this New Queen; who is fi gone towards *Poland*, being attended to Frontiers by a numerous Train of the *Nobil* with all the Ceremonies and Regard due to Perſon of her Rank.

The *French*, who are never ſparing in Words, are too liberal in the Praiſes they beſtow on this Princeſs. For if all were true they ſay of her, ſhe might be liſted in the Number of *Angels*: Whereas, ſome more impartial Eyes have diſcover'd ſuch Imperfections, as ſpeak her yet on this ſide a *Saint*. But ordinary Vertues in *Princes* dazzle the Multitude; borrowing a greater Luſtre from the Nobility of their Blood, and the Eminence of their Quality: Whilſt their Vices are either ſhrouded from the Vulgar, or made to paſs for Vertues, in the Artificial Dreſs, which Flatterers put on them. 'Tis under this Advantage, the New Queen of *Poland* is cry'd up for a *Diana*; though a late *Satyriſt*, vindicates her from being half ſo Cruel as that *Goddeſs*: It being no Secret that a Young *Italian Marquis* had ſomething kinder Uſage than had *Acteon*, when he accidentally encountred this Princeſs, as ſhe was walking alone one Evening in a Grove belonging to her Palace.

I am no Patron of Libels: nor would I ſpeak irreverently of thoſe, whoſe Royal Birth claims Reſpect from all Mortals. But the Stupidity of the *Nazarenes* provokes my Pen, who allow their Women all the uncontroulable Freedom and Opportunities, that commonly give Birth to the moſt irregular Amours, and yet believe 'em Innocent. They are perfect Idolaters of that Sex; not having learned, with the illuminated *Muſſulmans*, that Women are of a Creation Inferior to that of Men, have Souls of a lower Stamp, and conſequently more

more prone to Vice; and that they shall never have the Honour to be admitted into our *Paradise*.

But thou who believest the Doctrines Clear and Intelligible, and hast kiss'd the Garment of the *Sent* of *God*, wilt not suffer thy Reason to be blinded by the Enchantments of these deluding Fair Ones; but so love Women, as still to remember thou art a Man, which is something more Sublime.

Paris, 1st. *of the* 12th. *Moon, of the Year* 1645.

LETTER XVII.

To the Kaimacham.

IT is hard to gueſs, where the *French* Victories will terminate. Either Fear, or the deſire of Novelties, opens the Gates of moſt Cities to them; and when that will not do, the Force of their Cannon makes a Paſſage into the ſtrongeſt Holds of their Enemies, and puts whole *Provinces* under their Subjection.

Their Enemies ſay, that the *French* never Beſiege a Town, but their firſt Aſſaults are made with Bullets of Gold; and when that will neither prevail on the *Governor*, nor win a Party, then they only try the Force of the courſer Metal. Yet this will appear but a Slander, if thou conſidereſt a late Action of the *Duke* of *Orleans*, when he lay down before *Bourbargh*.

He had ſcarce finiſh'd his Trenches, when the next Morning an Arrow was found with a Letter faſtned to it, not far from his Tent. The Letter was directed to the *Duke*, and ſubſcribed by the *Governour* of the Town. The Contents of it were, to ſignifie to him, *That if he would give him Fifty Thouſand Pieces of Gold, and continue him in his Office, he would the next Night open the Gates, and let in his Army*; and *that before Mid-day, he would ſend a Meſſenger to know his Pleaſure*. The *Duke* waited the Arrival of the Meſſenger, who ſeconded what his Maſter had ſaid. But the Magnani-

mous *Prince*, in ſtead of accepting his Offer, ſent him back to his *Maſter* with this Meſſage; *That he came not before the Town as a* Merchant, *to purchaſe it at the Price of a needleſs Treaſon*; *but as a* Soldier, *at the Head of an Army flush'd with continual Victories*: Summoning him forthwith to Surrender at Diſcretion, *That being the only Way to experience his Generoſity.*

This Year has been ſignaliz'd with much Action in *Flanders*, *Catalonia*, and *Italy*. The Field was ſhared among many brave *Generals*.

The *Duke* of *Orleans* had the Command of the Army in *Flanders*, where he took the Forts of *Vandreval*, *Bourgurgh*, *Link*, *Dringhen*, *Bethune*, *St. Venant*, *Guiſca*, *Lens*, *Mardyke*, *Lillers*, *Mening*, and *Armentiers*.

Theſe Places were won by ſeveral Parties under the Commands of the *Mareſchals de Gaſtion*, *de Rantzau*, and the *Duke* of *Guiſe*, who all acted in ſeparate Bodies, under the *Duke* of *Orleans*.

Nor was the *Count d' Harcourt* idle in *Catalonia*, where he ſucceeded in the Charge of the *Mareſchal de la Mothe*. The firſt Effort of his Arms, was the retaking of *Agramont*, which the *Spaniards* had ſeiz'd; a ſtrong City, and which kept a large part of *Catalonia* in Subjection.

From hence he marched toward *Roſes*, one of the moſt Important Places for Strength, under the *Spaniſh* King's Dominions, and govern'd by an experienced Soldier, who fail'd not to defend the Place to the laſt Extremes; but after a Siege of two *Moons*, was compell'd to yield for want of Proviſions. After

After this, the *French General* cut off Seven Hundred *Spaniards*, who were posted to hinder his Passage over a River. The next day the whole Armies meeting in the Plains of *Llorens*, there was a furious Encounter; in which the *Spaniards* lost ten Regiments of Horse on the Spot; the rest threw down their Arms and yielded. The *Marquess* of *Mortare*, one of the *Spanish Generals* was taken Captive; with other Persons of Note; among which was the *Standard-Bearer* of *Spain*.

Yet this was but the Engagement of One *Wing*: For when the Other enter'd the Combat, the Slaughter was dreadful. Of the *Spaniards* were slain six thousand Horse, and sixteen hundred Foot. And three and twenty hundred of them were made Prisoners. The *French* lost not above three hundred in all, and had but a few wounded.

This Battel has brought infinite Glory to the *Count d' Harcourt*. After which there happen'd nothing remarkable in *Catalonia*, save the talking of *Balaguier*, which is like to end this years Campagne on that Side.

Prince Thomas of *Savoy* Commanded in *Italy*, but had no great Number of *French* in his Army, the *Main Body* being drawn off to serve in *Catalonia*. Yet vexed to see the Success of the *Spaniards*, who had possess'd themselves of a Strong Castle, and kept the Field in a *Bravado*, as if he were not able to Face them; he raised some Recruits, and enter'd the *Milanese*, where he took the City and Castle of *Vigevano*. After this, designing to return into *Pie-*

mont, he found all the Paſſages block'd up by the *Spaniards*, who had a far greater Army than his. Yet, aſſuming Courage, he attempted to paſs the River *Moura*; and, the Enemy preſenting themſelves to oppoſe his Deſign, he gave them Battel, and killed Five hundred and three-ſcore of them; among which were Nine Officers of Principal Command and Quality: On his Side, were loſt Two hundred Common Soldiers, and Twelve Officers; among which was his Brother, *Prince Maurice* of *Savoy*. Theſe are the Chief Actions on that Side. As for *Portugal*, there has happened nothing in that Kingdom, worthy of Remark.

I have in this Letter, Sage Governour of the *Imperial* City, obſerv'd the Method thou enjoined'ſt me. I have acquainted thee, with whatſoever has Occurred in the preſent War of *France* and *Spain* during this Year.

'Tis diſcourſed here, that the *Venetians* will lay Siege to *Canea* next *Spring*, in Hopes to recover that Important Place, from the Arms of the Victorious *Ottomans*.

The *Duke* of *Orleans* will be on his March for *Flanders*, toward the latter End of the next *Moon*, reſolving to make an early Campagne; being alarm'd with the late Loſs of *Mardyke*, which the *Spaniards* took by Surprize, without much Bloodſhed; having not the fourth Part of a hundred Men kill'd on their Side. Whereas when the *French* took it from them, it cost Five thouſand Lives of the beſt Soldiers the King of *France* had in his Army.

The Hour of the Post will not permit me to say more, than that I am the humblest of thy *Slaves*.

Paris, 14th. *of the* 12th. *Moon, of the Year* 1645.

LETTER XVIII.

To Dgnet Oglou.

I Will not make trial of the Virtue of Friendship at this time, in the Way that *Philosophers* propose to be used between such as own that Title. I will not complain of the Dolors I undergo, that so by making thy Compassion share them with me, I may ease my self of a Part. It appears to me a pusillanimous, if not an unjust Action, for a Man to transfer his Sufferings, by discovering 'em to his Friend, and designedly throw that upon another, which is scarce tolerable to himself.

I am sick; and Custom has rendred this almost as Natural to me as Health. My Constitution, is not Proof against the envenom'd Arrows, that are shot from the *Stars*. Nor am I Constellated, to resist the Secret Contagions that lurk in the *Elements*. The Herbage of the Field languishes, when poyson'd with Invisible *Atomes* from above; and all the Leaves of the Forest wither, when touch'd with the baneful Emissions of certain *Meteors*,

or scorch'd with the winged Exhalations of the Night. So our Bodies receive a Thousand Impressions from Things without us, and not a few Maladies from our selves. The very Channel of Life, proves many times the Vehicle of Death; while our Lungs suck in unwholesome Airs, and our very Breath becomes our Bane. We have Radical Poysons in our Complexions, which though they do us no hurt, while we let them lie dormant; yet once excited by our Passions and Vices, they become noxious and Fatal, hurrying us into the Chambers of Death by unaccountable Diseases, and Pains which are under no *Predicament*.

This makes me bear my present Distemper with an equal Mind, because I know its Original, and 'tis not in the List of those Maladies which have no Name: whereby I can easily calculate its Duration, and almost point to a Day, when I shall be well again. For, it in the Number of those *Physicians* call *curae*; and the Anguish it inflicts confirms the *Title*.

Take not this for a Complaint; nor what I am about to say, for a *Paradox*, when I tell thee, That I know not which is greater, my Pleasure or Pain during this excruciating Fit. These Affections border so near one upon another, that I find it difficult to distinguish 'em. They seem to be Inn-mates to each other, and blended together in their Roots. Sure I am, they are so twisted and interwoven in my Constitution, that I never felt One without the Other. Every Man may experience, that his strong Desire

Desires, are compounded of these two Passions; and the very Moment of Fruition it self, cannot separate 'em. The Minute of Enjoyment, is but Consecrated to his Loss, while the heighth of his Joy is the Rise of his Grief, since the smallest Particle of time, cannot distinguish the Life and Death of his Pleasure.

Do but reverse this Contemplation, and apply it to my Sickness, and thou wilt find no Riddle in my Words, when I assure thee, That as the Torment of my *Fever* advances, so does my Ease. Pleasure and Pain, sit and shake Hands in my Heart, embrace, and equally divide its *Systole* and *Diastole* between 'em.

Yet I must needs own, I am indebted for this Allay of my Dolors, to the Presence of my Mind; which I suffer not to be torn from it self, or carried away by the violent Motion of my agitated Spirits. Were it not for this, a *Fever* would prove a *Hell* upon *Earth*, and every *Pulse* a Tormenting *Fury*. My very Drink (which is all my Subsistence now) would appear but the loathsome Distillation of that *Tree*, whose *Unpalatable* and *Scalding Gum*, is appointed for a *Beverage* to the *Damned*. The softest Entertainment of my Bed, while awake, would but be a Translation of the Torments of *Ixion* and *Sysiphus*; and the flattering Intervals of Sleep, would but renew the Sufferings of *Tantalus*. Whereas now, whether asleep or awake, my Mind keeping aloft in her proper Sphere, bussed in the Contemplation and Enjoyment of her self and Superior Objects, partakes not in the Fever of my Body; but, as if on the cool top

of ſome high Mountain, ſurveys all the Valleys beneath, without being ſenſible of their raging Heats.

I owe this Tranquility, in the midſt of Bodily Perturbations to the *Examples* of Ancient *Philoſophers*, which, thou knoweſt, have far more Influence than *Precepts*. Ever ſince I read, That *Plotinus* could chaſe away the racking Tortures of the Gout and Stone, by the ſole Force of his Thought, I daily try'd the Experiment, ſpurr'd on by Emulation of his Vertue; as judging it Ignoble in a *Muſſulman*, to give the Palm to a *Pagan* in any Point of Maſculine Bravery.

'Tis recorded of the ſame *Philoſopher*, That by the mere Strength and Majeſty of his Mind, he diſſipated the *Enchantments* of *Apollonius Tyaneus*; and the *Infernal Spirits* confeſs'd they were baffled by that *Thinking Man*. As if his Soul were of the Nature of *Meduſa*'s Head, which turn'd all into Unactive *Statues*, who did but look on it.

Surely, great is the Efficacy of Contemplation, hinted at in the *Arabian Proverb*; which ſays, *He that can ſee his own Eyes without a Glaſs, ſhall be able to move the Bulls Horns.* Which Myſterious Expreſſion, is thus interpreted by the Learned *Avicen*. A *Prophet* or *Spiritual Man*, who always Converſes within, ſhall have power to ſhake the *Foundations* of the *Earth*. Which, thou knoweſt, reſts on the *Horns* of a *Bull*, according to the *Doctrine* of our *Holy Law-giver*.

I need

I need say no more to convince thee, That I am in a *Fever*. My thus expatiating and running from one thing to another (when I thought to have said all in a few Words) will satisfie thee what Temper I am in. Yet recollecting my self with Comfort, that I know my Distemper, I will crave leave to tell thee a short Story, of a Man who was sick for many years, and yet the ablest *Physicians* in *Paris*, could not discern his *Malady*.

This Person, was an *Officer* of the City; whose Business 'twas to arrest Men that were in Debt. He was observ'd, to be the subtlest of all his Brethren, and the most dextrous at plotting another Man's Ruine. This augmented his Estate, and he grew extremely rich. But, in the One and fortieth Year of his Age, he was seiz'd with an unknown Malady, a Distemper to which the most skilful were Strangers. He languish'd Five Years in a Condition which movid all Men to Pity. 'Twill be tedious to recount the Symptoms of his Illness. At length he died; and, according to his own Will, was dissected. The *Physicians* found all Parts of his Body decay'd and wasted; but when they came to his Head, they were above Measure astonish'd, to see a Nest of *Serpents* instead of Brains. This was concluded by all to be the Source of his Distemper; and People descant variously on it. Some say, 'twas a *Judgment* of *God* inflicted on him, for his cruel Subtlety, in trapanning Men out of their Liberties by a Thousand Wiles. Others are of Opinion, That it is a *Natural* Product; it being usual

in some Constitutions, for this Sort of Creatu to be bred out of their Vitals. A *Merchan* that had been in *Peru* told me, That in a *Pro vince* of that *Empire*, there were People, wh by drinking the Water of a certain River, ha *Serpents* often engender'd in their Bowels That he had seen one presented to the *King* o *Spain*, which was taken out of a Dead Man Heart, a Cubit in Length. He said 'twas of Crimson colour, without Scales or Eyes; ne ther was it Venomous. This he asserted so solemnly, and with Imprecations.

I tell thee, dear Friend, if these things true, who can be sure he harbors not some loathsome Inn-mate in his Body: Yet, I wo not have thee grow Melancholy upon it, disturb thy Repose. The day will come, wh we shall all be metamorphosed into *Worms* a *Serpents* in the *Grave*.

In the mean while, live thou happily, in *Favour* of thy *Sovereign*, in the *Enjoy* of thy *Health*, the *Vigor* of thy *Senses*; have sometimes in thy Thoughts, a Man full Infirmities, without murmuring, *Mahom* that loves his Friend in all Conditions.

Paris, 26th. *of the* 12th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1645.

LETTE

LETTER XIX.

To the Selictar Aga, *or* Sword-Bearer *to his* Highness.

I Wish I cou'd time my Letters so, as to gratifie all the *Ministers* of the *Blessed Port*, by making each alternately, the first Relater of some acceptable News, in the Mysterious *Divan*, where all Humane Events are scann'd with Impartial Judgment. But every *Moon* does not present us with Sieges or Battels; neither can I receive Intelligence of all remarkable Events, so soon as they come to pass. What I shall now transmit to thee, is an Account of what has been omitted in my *Dispatches* to the other *Ministers*.

Europe is a Field, fertile in *Rebellions*, *Tumults*, *Disorders*, and *Unnatural Wars*. No Part of *Christendom*, which is not polluted with Treasons, Perfidies, and Massacres; no Corner undefiled with Humane Blood. The Son Conspires the Death of him who first gave him his Life. The Brother lays Trains to ensnare the Partner of his Blood, the Off-spring of her that bare himself. No Bond of Affection or Tye of Consanguinity, is of Force to restrain these *Infidels*, from pursuing each other with Malice. Neither has their Religion any more Influence on their Passions, than the *Fables* of the Ancient *Poets*. In Publick and

Pri-

Private, all things are govern'd by Interest. Thus, while every Man and every *State*, are only byas'd by the narrow Principles of Self-preservation; they abandon the General Good of *Christendom*, and expose it as a Prey to the next daring Invader.

There is no Reason, that we should grieve at this Folly of the *Nazarenes*. 'Tis from their Impiety and Vices, the Vertue and Wisdom of the Victorious *Mussulmans* receive the greater Lustre; who are created to displant these *Uncircumcised*, and instruct the Nations which they possess'd, in the *Faith free from Blemish*.

Yet, Since the Depredations which the *Suedes* have made in *Germany* and *Denmark*, the neighbouring *Crowns* and *States*, notwithstanding their Insincerity, have seemingly interposed their Endeavours, to prevent the worst Effects of a War, so destructive to the Common Interest of *Christendom*. *Deputies* were sent from all Parts, to *Munster* and *Osnaburgh*, with Instructions from their respective *Sovereigns*. They have squander'd away much time in vain Overtures of *Peace*; whilst the *Suedes* daily get Ground on one Side of the *Empire*, and the *French* are not Unsuccessful on the other.

The Enemies of *France*, sensible that they cannot reduce this *Crown* by open Force, have Recourse to Artifice. They endeavour to corrupt her Allies and insinuate into the minds of the *United States* of the *Low Countries*, all those Apprehensions, which may serve to improve

prove the Jealousie they had already conceived of the *French* Neighbourhood. Suggesting, That the *Spanish Netherlands* are the only Bar, which stops the Armies of *France* from overrunning *Holland*, and the rest of the *United Provinces*. In fine, they have prevail'd on them to enter into a Separate *Alliance*, and not to treat in Conjunction with the other *Ministers* at *Munster*.

On the other Side, The *French* by their *Agents* in *Holland*, endeavour to unmask the Artifice of the *Spaniards*; representing, That they have no other Design in these Insinuations, but to breed an ill Understanding between this *Crown* and the *United Provinces*; that so, by their ill Offices, in Time Things may come to a Rupture, and the *States* be depriv'd of the Friendship and Protection of *France*, which alone is able to support that *Commonwealth*, against the Pretensions of their old Enemies, the *Spaniards*. All *Europe* is astonish'd to see, that notwithstanding the utmost Condescensions of the *French Court* to conserve Peace, yet the *States* led by their *Ill Destiny* should embrace the Proposals of *Spain*. This makes a great Impression on all the *Ministers* assembled at *Munster* and *Osnaburgh*, who now conclude, That the *Spaniards* only seek Occasions to perpetuate the War in *Europe*; that whilst the *Princes* of the *Empire* are engag'd in a Defence of their Territories, and the *Suedes* and *French* are busied in pursuing their Conquests, they may pick a Quarrel with their New Friends, whom they have

have depriv'd of a more powerful Protection, and re-eſtabliſh themſelves in the *Revolted Provinces*.

The *Deputies* have had ſeveral Conferences about this Important Affair; and the Reſult of their Counſels, is to ſollicite the *French Court*, to uſe its utmoſt Power, to prevent the ill Conſequences which this *Separate Treaty* will bring along with it.

'Tis diſcours'd here, That *Monſieur de la Tuillerie* will be recall'd from the *Court* of *Suedeland*; being eſteem'd the fitteſt Man to diſſuade the *Hollanders* from this New *Alliance*; He having been already employ'd in ſeveral Negotiations with the *States*, and is well vers'd in the Methods of treating with that Nation.

This ſome judge to be the Reaſon of the *Sieur Chanut*'s being ſent to *Suedeland*, that he may reſide, at *Stockholm*, and continue to act there in the Abſence of *la Tuillerie*.

So nice and delicate in this Affair, that all *France* cannot afford another Man duly qualify'd, to manage it with any Probability of Succeſs. If he ſhew not more Candour in this Negotiation, than he did when he was ſent to mediate a *Peace* between *Suedeland* and *Denmark*, he will receive but ſlender Thanks at his return. But, if he ſucceeds, 'tis ſaid, That *Cardinal Mazarini* has declared, he will merit to be inſtall'd in the *Order* of the *Holy Spirit*. I have formerly ſpoken of this in one of my Letters, as the moſt Eminent *Order* of *Knighthood* in *France*.

I wiſh

with the *Christians* may ever find Difficulties, to obſtruct the Meaſures they take to eſtabliſh an *Univerſal Peace*; and may continue to amuſe and vex one another, till the *Day* of the *Scourge*.

Paris, 20th. of the 1ſt. *Moon, of the Year* 1646.

LETTER XX.

To the Reis Effendi, *Principal Secretary of the* Ottoman Empire.

It is not yet publickly known, what Deſigns have mov'd this *Court*, to order a mighty Fleet to be fitted out to Sea. But it is privately whiſper'd that they will ſail to the *Levant*, to aſſiſt the *Venetians* againſt the *Turks*.

People diſcourſe variouſly, according to the Strength or Weakneſs of their Reaſon; and five Days ago an Old Man went to *Cardinal Mazarini*, pretending to ſpeak by *Inſpiration*: He told him, that 'twas in vain to truſt to their Winged Caſtles, (ſo he call'd the Ships) the Multitude of their Armies, or in the Treaſures of their Money; for a *Decree* was ſign'd in *Heaven*, againſt all the Nations in *Europe*; That the *War* was begun *Above*, between the *Potentates* who have the *Cuſtody* of *Kingdoms* and

and *Empires*; That they should soon see the *Banner* of the *Eternal*, display'd in the *Firmament*; That the *Stars* should fight in their Courses, against the *Wicked Professors* of *Christianity*; That the *Ismaelites* should come out of their Holes, and should flow down like a Torrent from the Mountains of the *East*, overrunning all *Christendom*. In fine, That *Germany*, *France*, *Italy* and *Spain*, should be laid Desolate, their beautiful Cities sack'd, and the Inhabitants led into Captivity; That the *Pope*, with all his *Priests*, should be exterminated; and, that all Nations should embrace *One Law*.

They put him in Prison, but he was found walking next Day in the Streets. The *Keeper* chain'd him in Irons; but, in the Morning he was standing at the Gate of the Prison, Preaching to the People. Some say he is a *Chymist*, and has found out the *Master Secret*: others say he is a *Prophet*: But, most judge him to be a *Magician*. He seems now to have lost his vigor, not being able to release himself from the Chains, which fasten him to the Ground where he lies, Yet he continues to foretel the Ruine of *Christendom*. 'Tis said he will be sent to *Rome*, there to receive *Sentence* of the *Holy Father*, according to his Demerits. I am no Admirer of *Visionaries*; yet there appears something extraordinary, in the Constancy of this Man. Time will demonstrate, whether he be a *True* or a *False Prophet*.

A *Courier* came to this City last Night from *Swedeland*, who brings Letters from *Monsieur Chanut*, which say, that he has received great Encouragement to hope for the Ships which he was to buy in *Swedeland*. Thou hast already heard, that *Monsieur la Tuillerie*, *Ambassador* from this *Crown* to Queen *Christina*, was thought the only proper Instrument, to dissuade the *United States* of the *Low Countries*, from entring into a Separate *Treaty* with *Spain*; and that therefore *Monsieur Chanut*, was sent to reside in his Absence at *Stockholm*, to observe what passes, and to continue the *Alliance* between the Two *Crowns*.

This *Minister* arrived in *Swedeland*, the 15th. Day of the *Moon* of *December*, in the last Year; where *Monsieur la Tuillerie*, had prepared all things ready for a speedy Dispatch of his Negotiation; having the Day before his Arrival, made known to that *Court*, the Pleasure of the *King* of *France*, and the *Queen-Regent*; whose Letters were receiv'd by *Queen Christina*, with all the Marks of Royal Affection; she telling the *Ambassador*, That she infinitely honoured the Persons of the *King* and the *Queen-Regent*; and, that she would give them such Proofs of the Integrity of her Friendship, as would demonstrate, That she was sensible of her Obligations to them, for what they had contributed to the good Success of her Affairs: And, that there was nothing more dear to her, nor more fixed in her Resolution, than to conserve inviolably,

the

the *League* that was between them. She further told the *Ambassadors*, that it was with no ordinary Complacency she now beheld Two *Ministers* of *France* in her *Court*, after she had been without any for a long time. In fine, she assur'd them, that whatsoever could be spar'd from the necessary Defence and Service of the Kingdom, whether Ships, Arms, or Men, should not be wanting to the Aid of the King of *France*.

By this thou mayest perceive, that though the King of *France* has powerful Armies by *Land*, yet he is defective in *Naval* Forces: Or, if he has Ships enough to defend his own Realm by Sea, and to serve as Convoys to his Merchants, it must be concluded, that some Foreign Expedition is design'd, which has put him upon this extraordinary Method to encrease his Fleet.

I thought it highly necessary to acquaint thee with this Passage, that the *Ministers* of the *Port*, August and ever Happy, may consult what Measures to take with this *Prince*, if it be true, that he designs to break the *League* which he made with *Sultan Ibrahim* four Years ago. There is but little Confidence to be reposed, in the most Solemn Oaths of *Christian Monarchs*, who hold not themselves obliged to keep *Faith* with those whom they esteem *Infidels*; and, thou knowest, that is the best Title they can afford the *Observers* of the *most perfect Law* in the *World*. Yet, the *French*, among all the Nations of the *Messias*, seem to bear the greatest Respect to the *Ottoman Empire*.

pire. But they are inconstant, and changeable, which is an Argument of Insincerity. They are very prompt and warm in contracting Friendships, and as ready to infringe those Sacred Bonds, on the least Occasion, especially where Interest and Ambition have the Ascendant.

The *Venetian Resident* at this *Court*, makes daily Visits to the *Queen-Regent*, and has frequent Conferences with *Cardinal Mazarini*. Many *Couriers* pass between *Munster*, *Stockholm*, and this City. Yesterday one arrived from the *Venetian Ambassador* at *Munster*, giving an account, that the *Secretary* of that *Embassy*, whom he had sent to Queen *Christina*, was return'd with the Promise of Eight Ships of *War*, lent by that Queen to the *Republick*, to assist them against the All-Conquering *Mussulmans*.

It seems, as if *Sweden* were become the Common *Arsenal* of *Europe*, from which the other Kingdoms are supply'd with all the Instruments of War. But, what is most observable, is, That the *Venetians* obtain'd not this Favour, without the Mediation of the *French Minister* at *Stockholm*. By which it seems evident, that this *Court* has newly entered into a Private *League* with the *Republick*; And, that they design to surprize the *Ottomans*, with some sudden Enterprize by Sea.

I shall not let a Moment escape, which may present me with the least Opportunity, to discover what is in the Hearts of these *Infidels*.

If

If thou wilt favour me with thy Inſtructions, I ſhall make the ſafer Steps. *God*, whoſe Eye penetrates into all Obſcurities, enlighten us with a Ray of that Wiſdom, which once revealed to his *Meſſenger*, the ſecret Conſpiracy of the *Corei's*, when they plotted to deſtroy the *Temple* built without *Hands*. I

Paris, 17th. *of the* 2d. Moon,
of the Year 1646.

LETTER

LETTER XXI.

To William Voſpel, *a* Recluſe, *at* Halmerſtadt *in* Auſtria.

I Received thy Letter with Abundance of Complacency, in that it argues the Continuance of thy Friendſhip; and that I trace therein no Footſteps of an Angry Pen, notwithſtanding the Liberty I took to deſcant on thy Manner of Life. On the Contrary, thou ſendeſt me an Apology full of Meekneſs. Thy Reaſons have a marvellous Force in them; they ſeem to ſpring from a Soul veget and living, yet dead to Paſſion. Thou almoſt perſuadeſt me to affect a *Monaſtick* Life, which may not unfitly be term'd, *a Sociable Solitude.*

I much admire, what thou ſay'ſt concerning *Silence*; and wiſh I could practiſe that *Paſſive Vertue.* It is the firſt Step to Wiſdom, the Nurſe of Peace, and the Guardian of Vertue. Words do but ruffle and diſcompoſe the Mind, betraying the Soul to a Thouſand Vanities. Therefore, *Pythagoras* enjoyn'd his Diſciples Five Years Silence, before he admitted them to his *Myſterious Philoſophy.*

But tell me, why thou didſt not rather chuſe to live in a *Deſart*, remote from Men, where thou wouldſt have no Temptation to ſpeak, unleſs thou wert diſpoſed to hold a Conference with the Trees, or Beaſts, or hadſt a Mind to ſport thy ſelf and have thy Words retorted

by

by mocking *Eccho's*? If a *Recluse* Life be thy Choice, for the sake of Contemplation, I would advise thee to turn *Hermit*. But perhaps, thou dareſt not venture thy ſelf among the *Satyrs* of the *Wilderneſs*; or thou art afraid of the Wild Beaſts. As for the Firſt, they are either the Dreams of *Poets*; or, if there be any ſuch Beings in Reality, they will not hurt thee, ſince thou voluntarily forſakeſt the Company of Men, to become a *Sylvan*, as they are. As for the Latter, I muſt confeſs, I cannot diſcommend thy Fear, there being no Friendſhip or Intelligence common between us and the Lions, Tygers, Bears, *&c.* of the Foreſt. Yet, I can tell thee for thy Comfort, that by long and aſſiduous Practice, the fierceſt of theſe Creatures have been taught to converſe with Men, to obey their Commands, and to perform the Parts of Diligent Servants, and faithful Friends.

The *Wilderneſs* will afford thee a fair Opportunity, of ſtudying the Natures of Plants and Animals, the various Alterations in the Elements, the Influence of the Winds and Rains, Meteors and Exhalations; with many other Secrets, which are hid from the greateſt Part of Men, who are buried alive in populous Towns and Cities, baniſh'd from the Familiarity of their Mother-Earth, and moſt of her genuine Products.

In the *Deſert*, the unforc'd Harmony of Birds, ſhall lull thy Soul in innocent and grateful Slumbers; the gentle Winds ſhall waft Immortal Whiſpers to thy Raviſh'd Ears, breathing unutterable Sounds from *Paradiſe*. The murmuring

muring Streams shall warble forth their soft and sweet Eternal *Stories*. All shall conspire to serve thy Contemplation, and to transport thy Mind with *Sacred Ecstasies*.

If after all this, thou shalt prefer the *Monastick* Enclosure; follow thy Resolution, and be Happy. Only remember, that though thy Body be shut up within those Walls; yet if thy Mind straggle in Vain and Worldly Thoughts, thou art no longer a *Recluse*. Adieu.

Paris, 25th. *of the* 2d. Moon, *of the Year* 1646.

LETTER

LETTER XXII.

To the Captain Baſſa.

IF all be true, that I have Reaſon to ſuſpect, thou wilt find a warm Divertiſement at Sea this *Spring*. Though the *Europeans* have ſeem'd ſlow in their Preparations to aſſiſt the *State* of *Venice*, ſuffering their ſeparate Intereſts to ſuperſede the Care of that *Republick*, yet now they turn their Eyes thither. Their Backwardneſs hitherto, is owing to the Secrecy, with which our Sage *Emperor* meditated the preſent War. His Counſels were never whiſper'd out of the *Seraglio*, till the ſame Winds tranſported the News, which wafted our *Invincible Fleet* to the Shore of *Candy*. Now they behold the Ocean, cover'd with the Ships of the *Eaſtern Empire*, Fear ſurprizes them; the *Princes* of the *Nazarenes* tremble. They look no longer on the *Republick* of *Venice* with the Eyes of Envy, becauſe of her Preheminence in Traffick, but with another Regard: They conſider her, as the *Bulwark* of *Chriſtendom*; the only Bank, which has hitherto ſtemm'd the Tide of the *Ottoman* Puiſſance, and ſtopp'd our Victorious Armies from overflowing all *Europe*.

I have informed the *Reis Effendi*, of what I knew concerning the *Naval* Forces which are fitting out, in ſeveral Parts of the *North* and

and *West*, to aid the *Venetians*; but I have not told him what the *Christians* say of thee; neither am I willing to believe it. They speak of thee, as of a Man not more difficult to be corrupted, than was thy Predeceſſor, who was ſtrangled by the Order of the *Sultaneſs-Mother*. This Cenſure, I hope, is an Effect of their Impudence; while they flatter themſelves with the Imagination of bribing him, from whoſe Courage and Fortune they can expect nothing but Defeats.

They truſt much in the Force of thy Birth and Education, and diſcourſe of a certain *Magical* Character, imprinted in thy Soul, when thou was baptiz'd, which, they ſay, is indelible; And, they promiſe themſelves, that thy Native *Chriſtianity*, has more Influence on thy Heart, than Forced *Circumciſion*; and that thou wilt not Fight with any Zeal, againſt Men of the ſame Principles, as thoſe who gave thee thy Breath. But, they confide more in the Charms of their Gold, with which they deſign to bribe thee. In fine, they drink Healths to the *Honeſt Renegado*. So they term him, who commands the whole Fleet of the *Ottoman Empire*.

I do not give Credit to theſe Calumnies, having good Grounds to boaſt of thy Integrity. However, I Counſel thee, by ſome extraordinary Service to thy *Maſter*, to give the Lye to theſe *Infidels*: And, ſuffer not that, which at preſent may be but a bare Suſpicion, to be improved by thy Neglect or Cowardiſe, into a palpable Evidence, That

thou art falſe and perfidious to the *Supreme Lord* of the *Globe*.

Paris, 8d. *of the* 3d. *Moon*,
of the Year 1646.

LETTER XXIV.

To Adonai, *a* Jew *at* Venice.

NOW thou art fixed, 'tis time to write to thee: Thou haſt been a Rambler theſe Three or Four Years, and no Body knew where to find thee. I have received Eleven *Diſpatches* from thee, ſince thy firſt Departure from *Genoua*: Wherein thou haſt informed me, of many Paſſages of *State*. Now I deſire thee to ſend me ſome Remarks, of the different Nature of the People thou haſt ſeen, their various Cuſtoms and Laws, with whatſoever was worthy Obſervation in thy *Travels*.

Italy is a fair Field, yet produces *Darnel* as well as *wholeſome Corn*. It is a Beautiful Garden, yet bears *Aconite* intermix'd with her *Roſes*: Great Vertues, and no Leſs Vices. The Region is famous for the Wiſdom of its Inhabitants, and for their *Proverbs*: It is the *Arabia* of *Europe*, in many Sences. Yet, much leſſened in its Renown, ſince the Decline of the *Roman Empire*. The *Goths* and *Vandals* turned all into *Deſarts*, where they came; and

have

have left such Impressions of their *Northern Barbarism* behind them, as made the People they conquer'd, half-Savages. Hence came the general Decay of Learning and Knowledge in these *Western* Parts: Hence the Corruption of Ancient Manners. The Great, the Noble, and the Wise, bowed under the Yoke of their *New Masters*, learned their Fashions, and gloried in their Shame. Their Examples influenc'd the Vulgar; Debauchery became Modish and Authentick: Thus a general Depravation of pristine Integrity took Place, and Men became Vicious by a Law.

Neither has Wickedness planted it self only in *Europe*: The Sea could not stop this Boundless Evil. *Asia* is infected also, and the Vice of *Italy* is transported to the *Empire* of the *True Believers*. Thou hast seen all the Chief Cities between the *Alps* and *Rhegium*, which is the utmost Angle of *Italy*, to the *South*: tell me whether *Sodom* could exceed any of them, in Licentiousness: We will not except, even *Rome*, the Seat of the *Christians Mufti*. These *Uncircumcised*, have learned of thy Nation, to call the *Ancient Philosophers*, *Infidels*: but, had any of those *Sages* liv'd to see the Abominations of the *Modern Nazarenes*, they would have despised the *Faith* which produced no *better Works*.

Adonai, put in Practice the Import of thy Name; be *Lord* of thy self; and, if thou stumblest at the *Light* of the *Mussulmans*, walk in that of *Moses*, but shun the *Paths* of the *Christians*; for, they are enveloped in Dark-

neſs, and grope at Mid-day. Live according to *Reaſon*, and thou ſhalt be Happy. Adieu.

Paris, 18th. *of the* 3d. Moon,
of the Year 1646.

LETTER XXV.

To Muſtapha, Berber Aga.

THE preſent War of *Candy*, is like to render that *Iſland* as much the Subject of the World's Diſcourſe, as it was formerly famous, for being the *Cradle* of *Jupiter*. In thoſe Days, it was called *Crete*, much Celebrated in the Writings of the *Greek Poets*. Afterwards, it became a *Province* of the *Roman Empire*; then of the *Grecians*; next it ſubmitted to the *Saracens*. But, in the time of the *Chriſtian* Expeditions in *Paleſtine*, when *Baldwin* Earl of *Flanders*, was Crown'd *Emperour* of *Conſtantinople*, this *Iſland* came into his Poſſeſſion: which he gave to a certain valiant Commander in his Army, a Man of a Noble Deſcent; of whom the *Venetians* purchaſed it, and in their Hands, it has continued ever ſince. But now, in all Probability, it will be the Prey of thoſe Arms which nothing Sublunary can reſiſt.

The Poſts from *Italy* and the Sea Coaſts of this Kingdom confirm each other's News; all agreeing, That notwithſtanding the Utmoſt Efforts

Efforts of the *Venetians* and *Candiots*, to hinder the Relief of *Canea*; yet, our *General* is got into that Haven, with vaſt Quantities of Proviſions, and a ſufficient Reinforcement of Men. They add, that Forty thouſand of our Soldiers have made a Deſcent in another part of the *Iſland*, have gain'd the Forts of *Ciſternes*, *Colmi*, and *Bicorno*, and were on their March towards *Suda*, with a Deſign to Beſiege that Place. They accuſe our *General* of barbarous Cruelty, in that he cauſed Five of the Principal *Noblemen* of that Kingdom; to be put to Death; becauſe they refuſed to betray their Country, or enter into the Intereſts of the *Grand Signior*.

I muſt confeſs, Magnificent *Aga*, That whatever may be ſaid in Commendation of this *General's* Policy, and Fidelity to his *Maſter*; it is no Argument of the Goodneſs of his Diſpoſition. I rather admire the Temper of the *Duke of Orleans*, who when *Gravling* was ſurrendred to him, juſt as he entred the Town, was heard to ſay theſe Words: *Let us endeavour by Generous Actions, to win the Hearts of all Men; ſo may we hope for a daily Victory. Let the French learn from me, this new Way of Conqueſt, to ſubdue Men by Mercy and Clemency.*

Theſe are Heroick Sentiments, and agree well with the Character of this *Prince*, who is ſaid, never to have been the Author of any Man's Death, nor to have revenged himſelf of any Injury: Yet, a valiant Soldier, an expert Commander, and no bad Politician.

It is not hid from the *Court*, with what a Matchleſs Vertue he diſmiſs'd a Gentleman that

was hired to Murder him. This *Assassin* was suffered to pass into the *Duke*'s Bed-Chamber one Morning early, pretending Business of great Moment from the Queen. As soon as the Duke cast his Eyes on him, he spoke thus; *I know thy Business, Friend; thou are sent to take away my Life: What hurt have I done thee? It is now in my Power, with a Word, to have thee torn in Pieces before my Face: But I pardon thee; go thy Way, and see my Face no more.*

The Gentleman stung with his own Guilt, and astonish'd at the excellent Nature of the Prince, fell on his Knees, confess'd his Design, and who employ'd him: And, having promis'd eternal Gratitude for this Royal Favour, departed without any other notice taken of him; and fearing to tarry in *France*, entred himself into the Service of the *Spanish* King. It was his Fortune afterwards to encounter the Duke of *Orleans*, in a Battel in *Flanders*. The Duke at that instant, was oppressed with a Croud of *Germans* who surrounded him; and, in the Conflict, he lost his Sword. Which this Gentleman perceiving, nimbly stepp'd to him, and deliver'd one into the *Duke*'s Hands, saying with this, *Now reap the Fruit of thy former Clemency. Thou gavest me my Life, now I put thee into a Capacity to defend thy own.* The *Prince*, by this Means, at length escaped the Danger he was in; and that Day the Fortune of War was on his Side. The *French* had a considerable Victory.

Thou seest by this, that Heroick Actions have something *Divine* in them, and attract the Favours of *Heaven*. No Man ever was a Lo-

by good Works; For, though he be not presently rewarded; yet, in Tract of Time, some happy Emergency or other arises to convince him, *That Vertuous Men are the Darlings* of Providence.

Thou that art near the Person of the *Grand Signior*, mayst find an Opportunity to relate this Story to him, which may make no unprofitable Impression on his Mind. *Princes* ever stand in need of faithful Monitors.

Adieu, Great Minister, and favour *Mahmut* with the Continuance of thy Protection and Friendship.

Paris, 25th. *of the* 3d. *Moon*, *of the Year* 1646.

LETTER XXVI.

To Naſſuf, Baſſa *of* Natolia.

I Received thy Letter, as an Argument of the Continuance of that Friendſhip which was between us, when we lived together in the *Seraglio*. Since that time, thou and I have been employed Abroad, in different Services of our *Auguſt Emperour*, who has now rewarded thy Fidelity with a Command; which, if it be not adequate to thy Merit, is nevertheleſs agreeable to thy Wiſhes.

I Congratulate thy Honour, and wiſh thee a gradual Increaſe of it; for, ſudden and violent Leaps are dangerous. But, our Glorious *Sultan*, diſcovers his Abilities in Nothing more eminently, than in adapting Places of Truſt to the Deſerts and Capacities of his Faithful *Slaves*. So that, if he ſhould in time think fit to exalt thee to the Higheſt Dignity in the *State*, we might from the Choice of ſo wiſe a Prince, preſage thee a better Fortune, than befel one of thy Name, in the Reign of *Sultan Achmet* III. who from a *Slave* ſold in the Market for Three Sequins, was advanced to an Honour too weighty for his Vertue; being made *Vizir Azem*, and *Lord* of the moſt delicious *Provinces* in *Aſia*. But, being Ambitious of abſolute *Sovereignty*, he plotted Treaſon againſt his *Maſter*; which being diſcovered, the Fatal *Firman* was ſign'd, and all his Deſigns were ſtifled with a Bow-ſtring,

By

By this thou mayst comprehend, how necessary it is for *Princes*, not to overload any Man with *Dignities*, beyond the Proportion of his Humility and Faithfulness. Yet Rewards well placed, give new Vigor to the Endeavours of a *Slave*; whereas, when good Services are slighted, it does but quench the Ardour, with which they were perform'd. Few Men are so Spiritual, as to do Great and Heroick Things, purely for the Sake internal Complacency. And, I doubt not, but the *Decii* themselves, in so freely sacrificing their Lives for their Country, had regard to Humane Glory. Even *Seneca*, whom one would take for the most mortify'd *Stoick* of that Age, by his *Writings*; yet, is conceived to have found more Encouragement, in the Treasures of Gold, with which *Nero*'s Bounty had fill'd his Coffers, than in all his *Morals*, of which he had such refin'd Sentiments, and Elegant Expressions.

What I have said, thou hast Wisdom enough to apply to thy Self, without being vain-glorious: Let those whom thou employest in any meritorious Services, and who discharge their Trust well be encourag'd with the same Proportions of Bounty. Munificence will not only add to thy Glory, but also advance thy Interest; since, thou wilt ever have Occasion for thy *Slaves*: And, he who has once tasted thy Liberality, as a Reward for any Eminent Performance; had he no other Motive, than the Pleasure of renewing so profitable an Experiment, will freely hazard his Life, to serve thee in an Extremity.

This Method thou wilt find of no ſmall Uſe to thee, in the Wars to which thou art going; where it will be neceſſary for thee, to recompence the leaſt ſingular Bravery of the meaneſt Soldier, not only with Applauſe, but with ſome Preferment in the Army. This will not only prove a Spur to others, but even to the Perſon ſo rewarded; and put him upon new Efforts of Courage, to attract the Eyes of his Munificent General. This will be the Way for thee, in time, to have an Army compoſed all of Captains, or Men qualified for ſuch.

Yet let not this diminiſh the Severity of the Diſcipline, which is requiſite to retain a proſperous Army in their Obedience. I counſel thee to be ſtrict in requiring the leaſt Military Duty, and Induſtrious in performing thy own Part; which will be an Example to the Reſt: Yet rather be forward to lead in Labours, than in Dangers: in regard thou wilt be more ſerviceable in a Battel, by thy Counſels and Orders, than by perſonally entring the Combat. In all things prefer the Welfare of the *Ottoman Empire*, to whatſoever elſe is moſt dear to thee, even to thy own *Honour*, which yet ought to be dearer to thee than thy *Life*.

If thou thinkeſt I have taken too much Liberty to adviſe thee, accuſe thy ſelf for having honour'd me with thy Friendſhip, which admits of no *Reſerves* in *Converſation*.

Paris, 7th. *of the* 4th. *Moon*, *of the Year* 1646.

LETTE

LETTER XXVII.

To the Kaimacham.

IT is a vaſt Diſappointment to the *Venetians*, that our General in *Candy* has ſo opportunely revictuall'd *Canea*, and encreas'd the Garriſon there. *Moroſini* is blam'd for this, by thoſe that wiſh him no Good. What will not Envy ſuggeſt when it beholds a Man on the Top of Honour? This General, to give an Enemy his Due, is a Man of Spirit and true Fortitude; neither courting, nor ſhunning Dangers in the Service of his Country; but when once engag'd in Perils for that Cauſe, he is fearleſs as a Lion. If he has not hitherto had Occaſion to give the State ſo deſperate a Proof of his Loyalty, as once did the *Roman Curtius* (who bravely gallop'd into the Bottomleſs *Chaſm*, to pacifie their Angry Gods) yet he has often demonſtrated, That his Courage and Fidelity come not ſhort of the Ancient *Heroes*. In a Word, he has done too much for the *Republick* of *Venice*, to eſcape the Spleen of other Grandees. All muſt be *Generals*, or the War will not proſper. Each Man's Ambition dictates this to the *State*, That a Man of Conduct, would ſoon expel the *Turks* out of that *Iſland*: Thus, in his Conceipt, laying a Train for his own Promotion.

Wouldſt thou know *Moroſini*'s Crime, that excites all this Paſſion? To ſpeak the Truth, it was an Overſight advantageous to the *Ottomans*

mans. He put out with his whole Fleet to Sea, and left the *Port* of *Canea* open. By which Means, Three of our Ships got in with Plenty of Proviſions. So that the Town is now in a Condition to ſuſtain a long Siege, and the *Venetians* deſpair of ever recovering it. Yet *Moroſini* has made ſo plauſible an Apology, that the *Senate* have acquitted him; not judging it conſiſtent either with Juſtice or their Intereſt, to ſuffer one Miſcarriage, the Effect of a fair Intention, to out-weigh his numerous Merits and Services. For, the Occaſion of his thus ſuddenly abandoning the Avenue of that Haven, was, to chaſe ſome of our Veſſels, then under Sail not many Leagues off; and the Taking of thoſe Veſſels, on Board of which were abundance of *Slaves*, juſtified to the *Senate*, the Truth of his Pretenſions. However, there are not wanting ſuch as ſay, he held a private Correſpondence with our *General*: Others, That the preſent *Governour* of *Canea*, had formerly taken Captive at Sea a Son of *Moroſini*'s, whom he now offer'd to reſtore, in caſe he would withdraw his Ships from before the Haven, for a few Days. I know not how far this may be credited. But, 'tis a certain Truth, That *Moroſini* has his Son again, and he defended himſelf by pleading, That he redeem'd him by exchanging a *Mahometan* Captive of Equal *Quality*, whom he had aboard his Ship.

And, thou knoweſt, That this Manner of Barter, is lawful in War. *Adonai* the *Jew*, ſends me this Intelligence; and, I dare believe him: For, ſince the Inſtructions I ſent him to

Genoua,

Genoua, he has taken Care to aſcertain his Reports. I wiſh it were as true, that *Moroſini* cou'd be prevailed on, to accept the Friendſhips of the *Sublime Port*. But, the Character of that *General*, gives me no Encouragement to hope, for ſo fortunate a Treachery, from his ſevere Vertue.

However, I will hope and believe, That the *Eternal Patron* of *True Believers*, will give ſuch a happy Iſſue to the *Ottoman* Arms in *Candy*, and and all other Parts, as ſhall diſpoſe the *Nazarenes*, that remain unconquer'd, to honour *Him* whom they have hitherto deſpiſed and blaſphem'd; even the *Prophet*, who cou'd neither Write nor Read.

Paris, 7th. *of the* 4th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1646.

LETTER

LETTER XXVIII.

To Cara Hali, *a* Phyſician *at* Conſtantinople.

THE time of Year is now come, wherein the Earth turns her Inſide out; and Nature calls forth the hidden Vertues of that Element, to grace the World with an infinite Variety of pleaſant Forms and Colours. The Eye is loſt in ſuch a Croud of different Beauties, and every Sence is raviſh'd with delightful Objects. The Young Men and Virgins throng the Fields, to behold the Reſurrection of Flowers and Herbs; and the Old feel new Vigours ſpringing in their Bodies, as though they had been in *Medea*'s Cauldron. Even *Mahomet* himſelf, who has droop'd all the Winter, now begins to lift up his Head, and partake in the Common Reſtauration of all things.

If I am capable of gueſſing at the occaſion of my frequent Sickneſs, I believe it may in part be attributed to the Want of freſh Air, in the Place where I Lodge. There is a vaſt Difference between the Streets of *Paris*, and thoſe of *Conſtantinople*. I ſeem to my ſelf to be buried alive in this cloſe City, where my Chamber-Window, affords me no farther Proſpect than I can ſpit: Whereas, in *Conſtantinople*, the Gardens are ſo intermix'd with Houſes, That it looks like a City in the midſt of a Foreſt and

and, by the Advantage of its Situation, is always refreshed with Breezes from the Sea.

Besides the Impurity of these *Infidels*, who empty all their Filth in the Streets, so that the Dirt of *Paris* may be smelt some Miles off; the Uncleanness of their Diet, contributes in no small Measure to my Distemper; being forced either to feed on Flesh with the Blood in it, or live on Herbs. They laugh at the Niceness of the *Mussulmans*, who will eat no Meat, that was knock'd down or strangled. They seem to be greedy of Blood, saving it in Vessels; and, mixing it with Flower of Wheat, make a certain Bread thereof, which they devour without the least Squeamishness. A *True Believer*, would tremble at the Sight of such Impiety. I tell thee, it is impossible to live among them, and not be pollured: They have no Methods of Purification. They wallow, and hug themselves in their Uncleanness: they are worse than the Beasts.

Now the *Spring* has provided a new Banquet wherein there is no Impurity, I am resolved to live like a *Mussulman*, and conform to the Precepts of our *Holy Law-Giver*; Who, when he beholds my Zeal and Abstinence, will send the *Angel* of *Health* from his *Paradise*, to repair my decay'd Constitution.

The *French Philosophers*, are busied in an Inquisition after certain Kinds of Birds, which from the Second Day of this *Moon*, they say are not to be found in the whole Kingdom, though the Woods and Fields were full of them during the *Winter*. Some are of Opinion, that

that they fly to the *Moon*; asserting, That if their Wings will but carry 'em beyond the *Magnetick* Force of the Earth, it will be no Pain to glide through the Upper Aiery Region, till they arrive within the Attractive Energy of that *Planet*, where they will *Naturally* seek Rest. Others, with more Probability, say, That these Birds take their Flight to some other Region of Earth, whose Climate is more agreeable to their Natures, at this time of Year.

I wish I could as easily once a Year take my Flight to *Constantinople*, where my Heart is *Winter* and *Summer*. Adieu, dear *Hali*, and pity *Mahmut*, who counts himself unhappy in nothing so much, as in being absent from his Friends.

Paris, 7th. *of the* 4th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1646.

LETTER

LETTER XXIX.

To the Tefterdar, *or* Lord-Treaſurer.

IT appears, That *France* has ſome extraordinary Deſign by Sea: when and where 'twill be put in Execution, is not yet known; but the vaſt Preparations that are making, ſeem to threaten ſome Foreign Invaſion, rather than a Naval Combat: It looks, as if they had an Expedition in Hand greater than that of *Xerxes*; to make a Bridge over the Ocean, and joyn the ſeparated Parts of the World together. New *Arſenals* are built, in ſeveral Maritime Towns; and, all the Foreſts are cut down to fill them with Timber for *Ships of War*: The Mountains are left naked of Trees, and the ſtately Woods are tranſplanted into the Havens. An Infinite Number of Men are employ'd in making Cordage, Chains, Bullets, Anchors, Ordnance, and all other Neceſſaries belonging to a Navy.

This is *Cardinal Mazarini's* Project, under Pretence of ſetting the Poor of the Kingdom at Work, and diſburthening the *Common-wealth* of Vagabonds and Idle Perſons. But, *Mahmut* is not placed here, to be amus'd with State-Umbrages. It is evident, that this *Miniſter* deſigns to render his *Maſter* formidable on *both* Elements. *Agents* are ſent to buy Ships in all Parts; and, the very Peaſants are forced from the

the Vineyards and Fields, to Man the Greatest Fleet that ever this Kingdom fitted out to Sea.

Last Moon the *Sieur de Quesne* was sent to assist *Monsieur Chanut*, in purchasing Vessels in *Suedeland*. It seems, there had been some Demurrs in his Negotiation; to remove which, this latter was sent with fresh Instructions. But, *Monsieur Chanut* rejected him; and Ten Days ago, came an Express from that Minister, desiring, that a more Intelligent Colleague might be sent him; in regard, he found it difficult to treat successfully with a People too much elated with continual Victories.

Upon this, the *Court* have sent a *Courier* to *Stockholm*, with new Orders: whereby he is forbid to make any farther Overtures in Order to the Continuance of the *League* between these Two *Crowns*: That *France* may not always appear in a Supplicant Posture, whilst the *Suedes* seem careless to conserve a Friendship, which they themselves first coveted.

These Misunderstandings may in a short time proceed to a greater Alienation; and, in the End, to an open Rupture. Which has the more Probability, in that General *Koningsmark* lately stopp'd some *French* Troops in their March, under pretence of seeing their Passports; but really, as 'tis thought, to corrupt the Soldiers, and withdraw them from the Fidelity they owe their Sovereign.

This is highly resented here; and, they begin to discourse, of making *Peace* with *Germany*.

What

What the Iſſue of theſe Things will be, is yet in the Dark; but *God*, from whoſe *Throne* hangs the *Chain* of *Deſtiny*, which reaches to the Center of the Earth, will, I hope, ſo diſpoſe of all Humane Events, That the Quarrels of the *Nazones* ſhall miniſter occaſion to the *Oſmans* to encreaſe the Territories of our Puiſſant *Emperor*.

Paris, 1ſt. *of the* 5th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1646.

LETTER

LETTER XXX.

To Nathan Ben Saddi, *a* Jew *at* Vienna.

I Cannot but highly applaud the Reſolution thou haſt taken, as thy Letter intimates, to enquire into the *Grounds* of the *Religion* thou art of. This ſhews, that thou ſetteſt a Value on thy Reaſon, and thinkeſt thy ſelf beyond the Pupillage of a Child; that thou eſteemeſt thy ſelf of Years, to make a Choice of thy *Religion*, and not to take it up on the bare *Credit* of thy *Forefathers*. 'Tis certain, that *Error* may be *Traditional* as well as *Truth*: And the *Pagan Idolaters*, pleaded a Greater *Antiquity* for the *Altars* of their *Gods*, than could the *Followers* of *Moſes*, for the *Temple* of *Jeruſalem*, the *Tabernacle* in the *Deſart*, or for the Promulgation of the *Law* it ſelf on *Mount Sinai*: Since, there was ſcarce a Region on the *Continent*, which had not *Eſtabliſh'd Rites* and *Ceremonies* of *Worſhip*, long before *Moſes*, or even *Jacob*, the Great *Father* of the *Iſraelites* were born.

Among the Reſt of the Nations, *Arabia* my Native Country, was peculiarly bleſs'd with the Footſteps of the *Illuſtrious Ibrahim*, Grandfather to *Iſrael*, from whom the *Jews* deſcend. In this Happy Country, that Renowned *Prophet* ſojourned, converſed with *Angels*: And, with the *Majeſty* which cannot be uttered, he Preach-

ed

of the *Unity* of the *Divine Eſſence*, Converted the People from their *Idolatry*, built an *Oratory* at *Meccha*, and was taken up into *Paradiſe*.

Iſmael his eldeſt Son, and Heir of his Father's Spirit, as of his Territories, trod in the Foot-ſteps of the *Aſſumpt* of *God*. He brake down the *Idols*, aſſerted *One God*, the *Reſurrection*, the *Day* of *Judgment*, the *Joys* of *Paradiſe*, and the *Torments* of *Hell*. His *Off-Spring* Multiplied, and Peopled all the *Eaſt*: The *Princes* of this *Holy Line*, ſubdued the *Infidel* Nations, and rooted themſelves in the moſt fertile Regions of *Aſia*, profeſſing themſelves *Muſſulmans* or *True Believers*. Thus paſſed the *Light* of *God* from the *Face* of *Ibrahim*, to his *Poſterity* by Succeſſive Generations; till at Length, it reſted on the *Face* of *Mahomet*, Our *Holy Lawgiver*, and was encreas'd with admirable Splendor, by the frequent Viſits of the *Angel Gabriel*. He took the *Root* of *Evil*, out of the *Prophet's* Heart; brought him down the *Alcoran* from *Heaven*, and gave him Victory and Honor; call'd him by a New Name, *THE SEAL OF THE PROPHETS*; carried him to the *Throne* of *God*, through *Legions* of *Devils*, that waited below the *Moon* to deſtroy him. And finally, made his *Sepulcher* Glorious and reſorted to, by the *Believers* of all Nations on the Earth.

I ſend thee this *Abſtract* of the *Muſſulman Hiſtory*, to the End, thou maiſt ſee what Pretenſions the *Children* of *Iſmael* have to the *True Law*; which you, of the *Poſterity* of *Iſaac* would monopolize to your ſelves: As if, *God* had

had not sent *Prophets* to all *Nations*, to lead them into the Right Way, and not into the Way of *Infidels*. Nevertheless, take not these Things on my Credit, but examine the *Records* of thy *own Nation*, and the *History* of *past Times*. Weigh all Things in the Balance: Consult thy Reason, which is an indeficient Light, to those who follow it. Your *Law*, was once Pure and Uncorrupted; but, in time, the *Devil* inserted many Errors: He seduced your *Fathers*; they return'd upon their Steps, and fell back into *Idolatry*. Then *God* raised up the *Messias*, to reform all things; but Him ye rejected. And when he was taken up into *Paradise*, ye reported, *That he was hang'd on a Tree*. In this, the *Nazarenes* are your Fools, and fight against themselves; Whilst they assert, as you do, that he who is *Immortal* and *Triumphant*, among the Hundred and twenty four thousand *Prophets*, *Was Crucified between Two Thieves*; Thus bringing a Reproach on the *Apostle* of *God*, and on their Own *Faith*; in believing things inconsistent with the Goodness and Power of the *Divine Majesty*. Without doubt, *Jesus*, the *Son* of *Mary*, is Ascended *Body* and *Soul* into *Paradise*; who, whilst he was on *Earth*, said, *Worship One* God, *Your* Lord and *Mine*.

Let me not seem importunate, or troublesome. I seek not to circumvent thy Reason, but to direct it. Think Seven Times before thou Change Once. I will procure the Books of our *Law*; Peruse them with Judgment; and tell me then, whether thou hast ever seen any *Writing* com-

parable

parable to the *Alcoran*? The *Majesty* of the *Style*, speaks it above *Humane Original*: It is exempt from Contradiction, from the Beginning to the End: it confirms the *Old Testament*, which thou believest: it is all over cloath'd with Light. Doubtless, it is no other, than a Transcript of the *Book* written in *Heaven*.

If after all thy Search, thou shalt determine otherwise, follow thou *Thy Law*, and I will follow *Mine*. We both Worship *One God, Lord* of the *Universe*.

Paris, 10th. *of the* 5th. *Moon*, *of the Year* 1646.

LETTER

LETTER XXXI.

To the same.

LET not the Fear of displeasing those of [your] Nation, hinder thee from embracing the *Truth*. *God* shall protect thee from the Ma[lice] of *Unbelievers*. Thy Interest is already gr[eat] among the *Mussulmans*; our *August Emper[or]* will augment both that, and thy Honour. T[ake] hold of the strongest Knot and adhere not[hing] *Tagot*. The Cleanliness and Delicacy of [the] *Mussulmans*, may invite thee; which far ex[-] ceeds that of the *Jews*, and yet is void of [all] *superstition*: We only obey the sincere Dictates [of] *Nature*, which teach us, That so long as [the] Soul dwells in this Mansion of Flesh, it [par]takes of Bodily Pollutions. 'Tis to avoid this [that] we abstain from certain Meats and Dri[nks] which cannot be touch'd without Contamin[a]-on. To this End, do we observe that superst[i]tive Niceness, in our Washings and Purifica[-]ons, which discriminates us from all the Wo[rld] beside. Doubtless, Our *Law* is but the *Law* of *Moses*, refin'd and sublimated from the Dreg[s] of adventitious Error.

Write often to me, and whatever Reason may prevail on thee not to change thy *Religion*, let no Arguments tempt thee to swerve from thy *Fidelity* to the *Sovereign* of *Sovereigns* on Earth, the *Grand Signior*, in whose Veins runs the most Exalted Blood of Humane Race.

Here

Here is a Report in this City, that the *Elector* of *Brandenburg*, will demand the Queen of *Sweden* in Marriage: let me know if it be true, that I may inform the *Ministers* of the *Lofty Port*, from whom nothing ought to be concealed, that occurs of Moment betwixt the Two *Poles*.

Inform me also, what passes remarkable in the *Assembly* of the *Deputies* at *Munster*, and whether it be true, that the *Danube* has lately overflow'd its Banks, and carried away Four hundred Houses in its rapid Course.

Such Stories are told here, by those who know not how to pass away their time, but in hearing after Foreign News, to furnish themselves with Matter to amuse the Credulous, and beget Admiration of their Intelligence.

I have sent thee a *Watch* of my making; If thou accepteſt it with good Will, 'tis a sufficient Acknowledgment.

May God, whose Presence fills the *Universe*, manifest himself to thee, in the way of *Salvation*, and continue to breath good Motions into thy Soul.

Paris, 19th of the 7th *Moon*, in the Year 1646.

LETTER XXXII.

To the Kaimacham.

A *Daoud* the *Jew*, has much improv'd him in his late Progress thorough *Italy*: H grown a perfect *Statesman*; having found the Way to penetrate into Secrets, and to ſpatch Buſineſs without any Noiſe. He prove very ſerviceable at *Venice*, during the ſent War of *Candy*. His Acquaintance in Cry, gives him Acceſs to the Cabals of *Senators*; who ſpare not, over their Wi whiſper the Counſels of the *State*, and t cant to the Meaſures that are taken to that *Republick*, againſt the Invincible P of the *Ottoman* Armies.

It is publickly known, that they have *Embaſſadors* to the *Crown* of *Moſcovy*, *Poland*, and to the *Coſſacks*; inviting the enter into a *League*, againſt the *Grand S* But few are acquainted with the private they are making, with the *Baſſa* of *Alepp* owe this Diſcovery, to the Diligence and of this *Son* of *Iſrael*. He has drawn the Se from the Mouths of ſeveral Eminent *Coun* of *State*; and aſſures me, That the *Senate* made ſuch Propoſals to the *Governour*, as not fail of inducing him to Revolt.

This may prove of ill Conſequence, if timely prevented: The pernicious Exam this *Baſſa*, may incite others to tread

Steps, especially his Neighbours of *Sidon* and *Damascus*, who have for a long time meditated a Sovereignty, Independent of the *Throne* which first establish'd 'em in those Charges. Besides, the single Forces of this *Bassa*, will be able to give a powerful Diversion to the Arms of the *Porte*, already engag'd in *Candy*, *Dalmatia*, and other Parts, by Sea and Land. He says, that *Persians* speak much in praise of this *Bassa*'s Justice, whereof they relate many Examples: Among the rest, a certain *Cook* among the Jews of that City, was accus'd of dressing and selling putrify'd Flesh, whereby many that eat thereof were infected with the *Plague*. Complaint being made of this to the *Bassa*, he sends for the *Cook*, and examines him about it: He reply'd, that he sold none but good and wholsome Meat; for, if it happen'd that at any time he was forc'd to keep any Flesh in his House above Three Days, he so season'd it with Spice and Herbs, as made it very savoury, and without any ill Scent.

The *Bassa*, not having Patience to hear any more of this fetid Apology, commanded his Arms and Legs to be cut off, and the Veins to be seared up: Ordering, that during the short time he had to live, he should have no other Food, but what was made of his own Limbs.

They relate one more Passage, of a Complaint that was made by a Peasant, whose Daughter this *Bassa*'s only Son had ravish'd: The *Bassa* compell'd him to Marry her, with this Charge, *Let me hear no more Complaints of her, unless thou art resolved to leave me with ut a Son.*

It is reported here, That the King of Persia has made a *Peace* with the *Great Mogul*; and that they will both turn their Forces, against our *August Emperor*.

Here is also a *Courier* arriv'd from *Marseilles*, who brings News of the Revolt of *Candia*, the Inhabitants of that Place, having shook off the Obedience they owe to the *Sultan*, and put themselves under the Protection of the *Venetians*: And, that *General Grimani*, has taken Four Ships of *Ragusa*, laden with Ammunition for our Army. He adds also, That *Malta* has Thirty small Vessels, besides Galleys, under the very Walls of the *Dardanells*. I long ago suggested to the *Vizir Azem*, That the Weakness of those Castles would, one time or other, encourage the *Christians* to perform some notable Exploit in the *Hellespont*. But, *Mahomet*'s Counsel was not regarded: Now the Event justifies my Advice, the *Port* will Consult the Security of that Avenue. I wish they do not practise the *Trojan* Wisdom. The *Venetians* have a powerful Fleet: If they block up the *Hellespont*, and hinder our Ships from sailing into the *Archipelago*; and the *Cossacks*, in the mean while cover the *Black Sea* with their Barks, committing a Thousand Piracies and Ravages, what will become of the *Imperial City*? Whence will they provide Sustenance for so many Millions of People, as inhabit that City, and the Parts adjacent.

These Things are worthy of Consideration. And thou, who hast the Care of that Capital Seat of the *Ottoman Empire*, wilt not be

Mah-

Mahmut, for putting thee in mind of the Danger which threatens even the *Seraglio* it self at this Juncture. However, I have done my Duty, Sage *Minister*, and refer the rest to thy Wisdom. My Letters are all Register'd; and if Affairs should succeed ill, it will be manifested, That *Mahmut*, who watches Night and Day, to save the *Great Master* of the *World*, has not been wanting to give timely Notice of what might be advantageous to the *Monarchy* of the *True Faithful*.

Thou, who art celebrated for thy Justice and Probity, pardon the Liberty which my Zeal for Thy *Master* and Mine, renders worthy of Excuse.

Paris, 19th. *of the* 5th. *Moon*, *of the Year* 1646.

The End of the First Book.

LETTERS

Writ by

A SPY at PARIS.

VOL. III.

BOOK II.

LETTER I.

To the Most Magnificent and Illustrious Vizier Azem, *at the* Port.

OSmin the *Dwarf*, whom I formerly mentioned, remains still in the *Court*; and continues his good Offices, in communicating to me such Passages as come to his Knowledge. He has a subtle Wit, and bears no hearty Love to the *Christians*, though he be one himself in *Profession*.

feſſion. He freqently viſits me, and truſts me with his Secrets. One day he convinc'd me by evident Circumſtances, That *Cardinal Mazarini*, was projecting to give ſome ſecret and ſudden Blow to the *Ottoman Empire*, to which *Oſmin* ſeems to be concern'd by a Natural Inclination; being, as I told thee, born of *Mahometan* Parents, he was uneaſie, till he had acquainted me with his Apprehenſions; and, I gave him ſuch Inſtructions, as I thought moſt proper on this Occaſion. I ſet my Thoughts on the Rack, to prevent the dire a Miſchief. And, having premeditated well on this Affair, I pitch'd on a Courſe which would at once clear me from the Cardinal's Suſpicion; and, by ſeeming to favour his Deſigns, would abſolutely overthrow them. I went to him boldly one Day; and being admitted to his *Cloſet*, I thus addreſs'd that *Politician*;

'THERE are now Nine Years elaps'd, Great *Miniſter*, ſince I firſt breath'd the Air of *France*; during all which time, I have not only ſhar'd in Common with the Natives, the Benefits which have accru'd to this Noble Kingdom, under the Auſpicious *Miniſtry* of *Cardinal Richlieu*, and his no leſs Eminent *Succeſſor*; but have alſo receiv'd many particular Honours from that Illuſtrious *Prince* of the *Church*, to

which

which Your *Eminence* has been pleas'd to make some undeserv'd Additions. To you both, I owe the Character which has introduc'd me into the Acquaintance and Favour of the *Nobility*; who, on that Score, have thought me worthy to Instruct their Children, in the *Greek* and *Arabick* Tongues; have vouchsafed to admit me to their *Salt*; and to encourage me with the Hopes, of finding a Comfortable Repose in the Bosom of the *Gallican Church*, after a tedious Peregrination from my own Country.

When I reflect on all the accumulated Blessings I enjoy, under the Protection of Your *Eminence*; Blessings equally transcending my Ambition, as they do my Merits; I apply all my Studies, to find out some acceptable Way of Acknowledgment to my Gracious *Benefactor*. And, because nothing can be more Welcome to the *Guardian of France*, than the Means of advancing the Publick Good of the Kingdom committed to his Care; I now presume, as a Testimony of my Gratitude, to propose to Your *Eminence*, some Speculations, which if put in Execution, will in my Judgment, not only render

France the most Formidable and Absolute *Monarchy* on *Earth*, but also the whole *Catholick* World in Eternal Obligations to her; and give just Reason to change the *Style* of his *Christian Majesty*, from *Eldest Son of the Church*, to that of *Father of all Christendom*.

Your *Eminence* will not wonder at the Zeal of a Stranger, or the Care that *Transylvania* or *Moldavia* takes for *France*, in being Sollicitous for this Kingdom, if I consult the Welfare of my own Country, and of all the Nations which profess the *Faith* of *Jesus*; since it is easie to see, That in the *Fate* of *France*, that of all *Europe* is involv'd.

It is a long time since the Dismembred Reliques of the *Roman Empire*, bordering on *Asia*, found themselves too weak to resist the Puissance of the Ottoman Arms. All *Greece* was soon o'run, by the VVarlike *Turks*. *Transylvania*, *Wallachia*, *Moldavia*, with the greatest Part of the *Upper Hungary*, quickly became *Tributaries* to the Inveterate Enemies of the *Christian* Name. And *Germany* it self is so enfeebled by their repeated Incursions, that all the *Emperor* can do, is to make himself

rable

cable and costly Compositions, buying a Precarious Peace with little less Charges, than would serve some more Fortunate Prince, to carry on a Glorious and Successful War. Neither is the *State* of *Venice* in any better Condition of Defence, the *Turks* having par'd away whole *Provinces*, from that once flourishing *Common-Wealth*; and, by their continual Invasions and Hostilities, reduc'd her to a Necessity of Merchandizing with the *Ottoman Port* for *Peace*: Which is no sooner concluded, but, on the least Pretence, is broke again, by those, who hold themselves not oblig'd, to keep *Faith* with *Christians*. Behold, at this time without Provocation on the Part of *Venice*, or a Declaration of War by the *Grand Signior*, the late *League* broken on a sudden, and in a most Clandestine manner. Behold *Candy* environ'd with their *Fleet* by *Sea*, and her fertile Plains cover'd with *Armies* of *Mahometans* by *Land*. Behold her Cities in the Hands of her Enemies, and her Villages laid Desolate; her *Nobles* put to the Sword, and her *Merchants* led into Captivity. In fine, behold this afflicted *Common-wealth* yet struggling with her *Fate*, and sending her *Ambas-*

sadors

ſadors to all the *Princes* and *States* of *Chriſtendom*, Demanding, or rather in a ſuppliant Manner, Imploring their Aſſiſtance. Yet, ſhe finds little or no Help from any but the *Pope*, and the *Knights* of *Malta*. And, his *Holineſs* has enough to do, to preſerve the *Patrimony* of the *Church* from Violence. The *State* of *Genoua*, is too intent upon her Traffick, to regard the Calamities of her Neighbours. And, all the *Princes* of *Italy* have ſuch Diverſions at Home, as render their Application to Things Abroad, very Cold and Indifferent. In the mean while, the *Turks* gain Ground, double their Strength, and encreaſe their Victories! O Deplorable State of *Chriſtendom*! Is there no Redreſs for theſe Miſeries? Yes ſurely, there is, and ſuch a Redreſs, as only lies in Your Power, Great *Miniſter*, to apply; which, in the Experiment, I dare be ſure will prove Effectual.

I do not pretend to the *Viſions* and *Inſpirations* of *Peter* the *Hermit*, who garbl'd *Secular* and *Divine* Offices; and arming himſelf in Habiliments of Steel, went Dragooning up and down *Chriſtendom*, at the Head of a Confus'd Rabble, to render himſelf Popular, and

acquire

acquire the Triple Character, of *Pilgrim, Priest* and *Captain*. The ill Success of his rash *Expeditions*, shew'd, that he was only stung with a *Religious Caprice*; and that *God* approv'd not his Folly. I do not go about to propose another *Crusade*, or contrive a Way to shed whole *Deluges* of *Humane Blood*, with no other Consequence, than to stain *History* with the Sanguine *Memoirs* of *Christendom's* Vanity and Misfortune. Besides, that would be found Impracticable in this Age, which was easie to put in Execution, Five or Six Hundred Years ago; the World is not so *Devout* now, as it was in those Days; neither are Men so prompt to run the Risque of their Lives, on *Religious Errands*, for the Honor of being esteem'd *Martyrs*. 'Twill be difficult to find out a new *List* of *Godfreys*, *Baldwins*, *Guys*, and other *Heroes*, to lead the *Champions* of the *Cross*, through all the Hardships of Sea and Land, so many Hundred Miles, into Remote and Desolate Regions; to combate not only with Flesh and Blood, but with Famine, Pestilence, and all the Miseries of Humane Life; And, as if this were not enough, to sheath their Swords also in each

others

others Bowels, for *Punctilios*, mere Trifles of mistaken Honor, and ill-tim'd Emulation. And all this only, to purchase the Empty *Title* of *King of Jerusalem*, or the Precarious Authority of a Governour for an *Emperor*; both short liv'd Honours, the One to be lost in a little time, and all *Palestine*, to the *Saracens*; the Other depending only on the Pleasure of the Multitude. Such were the Glorious Fruits of the *Christian* Arms in those Days! Such the Triumphs, attending our Victories! These the Trophies which our *Fathers* erected to their own Disgrace; when after a War of so many Years, they left the *Holy Land* in a worse Condition than they found it; and of so many hundred thousand Men as marched thither, threatning the Total Subversion of the *Saracen Empire*, scarce return'd enough, to disperse the News of their own Overthrow.

Waving therefore these *Viponous Expeditions*, I now propose to you a *Commence*, an Undertaking, which tho it may make less Noise in the World, yet carries more Probability of Success, and will not only promote the Interest of *France*, but redound to the Advantage of all *Europe*.

No Man who is acquainted with *History*, can be ignorant, what Claims the *Kings* of *France* have made to the *Empire* of the *West*, since the Days of *Charlemaine*, the Royal *Predecessor* of his present *Majesty*, who was dignified with the *Imperial Title*, by the *Soverain Pontif*. Neither is it unknown by what Artifices, the *House* of *Austria* have procured the *Translation* of this *Sacred Dignity* to their own *Family*.

Your *Eminence* is sensible, by what Tyrannous and Unjust Methods, they have maintain'd themselves in this high Pitch of Humane Glory; and, not content with this, how they have aim'd after the *Monarchy* of the *Whole World*. All the *North* have groan'd under the Burden of their Insupportable *Tyranny*. And their Encroachments on the *South*, have render'd that *Line* Infamous. They spare neither *Civil* nor *Ecclesiastical* Rights, in the Pursuit of their Ambition; not even the *Patrimony* of St *Peter*, which has ever been esteem'd *Sacred* and *Inviolable* by *Christian Princes*. They have forc'd it from its Lords, and led the *Supreme Pastor* of the *Church* into *Captivity*. What should I speak of the *Hollanders*, *Suitzers*,

Grisons

'*Griſons* and other Nations, which, impatient of the *Auſtrian* Yoke, revolted from their *Cruel Maſters*; and, have ever ſince aſſerted their Liberty, by the Force of their Arms? What ſhould I mention, the frequent Troubles in *Bohemiah*, *Tranſylvania* and *Hungary*, where the Inhabitants of thoſe Countries, grown deſperate with their daily Oppreſſions, have bravely endeavour'd to redeem themſelves and their Poſterity from perpetual Servitude; but, for want of a Powerful *Protector*, have been forc'd to yield to their *Old Maſters*. That *Inceſtuous Race*, are grown Odious to the whole World: Even the *Princes* of the *Empire*, are forced to ſmother their Reſentments, when they behold one to poſſeſs the *Imperial Diadem*, which they cannot but hate!

'That therefore which I aim at in this Addreſs, is, to repreſent to Your *Eminence*, how eaſie it will be in this Juncture, for his moſt *Chriſtian Majeſty* to recover the *Imperial Crown*, which of Right belongs to None but the *Successors* of the renown'd *Charlemaine*; and which even the greateſt part of the Germans themſelves, wiſh to ſee placed on the Head of *Lewis* XIV. Moſt of the

'*Electors*, are already inclining to the 'Interests of *France*: It will not be diffi-'cult to win the rest. The *Hungarians*, 'are long for a Deliverer; And, the 'other *Provinces* beyond the *Danube*, will 'freely open the Gates of their Cities, 'to let in *his* Armies, whom they look on 'as the *Hope* of all *Christendom*. The '*Helvetians*, who are *Allies* of this *Crown*, 'will not fail to perform their Part. The '*Swedes* have already pluck'd many *Fea-'thers*, from the *Ravenous Eagle*. And, 'the Forces of this *Crown*, have blun-'ted her *Talons*. Another Campagne 'will quite deplume her, enervate her 'last Vigour, and end the tedious Con-'troversie.

'Let not therefore an Untimely Peace 'with the *Emperour*, so much talk'd of, 'stop the Current of the *French* Tri-'umphs! Let not the Sinister Practices 'of *German Pensioners* in the *Swedish Court*, 'occasion a Rupture between Two the 'most Potent and Victorious *Crowns* in '*Europe*! Or rather, let not *Queen Chri-'stina*, reap the sole Glory of so fortu-'nate and profitable a War! His *Ma-'jesty* has a Formidable *Army* by *Land*; 'and, in a short time, will have an In-'vincible *Fleet* by *Sea*. Continual Victo-

'ries

'ries, court the Perſeverance of the
'*French* Valour: whilſt the Juſtice of
'your Cauſe, invites to the Battel.

'All things conſpire to put a Period
'to the *Auſtrian* Grandeur. Only ſeize
'the preſent Opportunity; which once
'loſt, may never be recover'd again.
''Twas only the ſudden and unexpected
'Fate of *Henry* IV. this King's Grand-
'father, of Eternal Memory, that hin-
'der'd him from putting in Execution
'the ſame Deſign I now propoſe. And
'if *Lewis* XIII. did not proſecute it,
''twas becauſe he wanted a favourable
'Juncture. Now, behold, it offers it-
'ſelf: 'Tis in your Power *Supreme Di-*
'*rector* of the *State*, under his *Majeſty*,
'to build the *Fortune* of *France* ſo high,
'that all the *Nations* of *Chriſtendom* may
'repoſe under its *Shadow*. Purſue the Suc-
'ceſs which *Heaven* has already granted.
'And when all *Europe* is thus ſettled
'in a Durable *Peace*, either making ho-
'nourable Friendſhips with, or entring
'ſubmitting to this new *Gallick Empire*,
'then will be the time to call the Ot-
'*mans* to an Account, for the Ravages
'and Spoils they have committed on
'*Chriſtian* Countries, and to carry Our
'Arms to the Walls of *Conſtantinople*, and
'drive

drive these *Barbarians*, back to their Primitive Rocks and Desarts; from whence they have thus long straggled, to ruin the most desirable *Provinces* of *Asia* and *Europe*; nay, and of the *Whole World*.

There is no other Way but this, in my Judgment, to stop the Progress of the *Turkish* Victories. Since it is impossible to make a Durable *Peace* among *Christian Princes*, but by Conquest; I mean, such a *Peace*, as will inspire them with the Resolution, and put them into a Capacity, to unite all their Forces, in a War against the *Mahometans*. As for the present Condition of the *Republick*, if their Loss were greater, than they are like to be, yet they will be inconsiderable, in Comparison of the mighty Gain which will afterwards accrue, not only to them, but to all the *Christian* Nations, by advancing the *French Crown* to that Height of Grandeur, design'd for it by *Fate*. Hitherto the *Christian Princes*, have only endeavour'd to apply a Remedy to the Part particularly affected; from whence, if by Fortune they chas'd the Distemper, it soon broke out in some other Member;

whence

'whence it came to pass, that we lo
'*Provinces* after *Province*, and the *Tu*
'are almost gotten into the *Heart* of
'*rope*. If therefore, we design to d
'them thence, it is necessary to follo
'this Method, which will be found
'only Way, to pluck this Evil up by
'Roots.

'Go on then, Most Prudent and
'lustrious *Guardian* of the *Cross*,
'stin'd to Command the *Earth*; Go
'and lift up our Great *Master* to
'VVreath with which the *Tutelar*
'gel of *Europe*, is ready to environ
'*Sacred Temples*. Let not the *Ge*
'*Deputies* at *Munster*, any longer
'muse You with feigned Overture
'*Peace*. But pursue the Propitious
'of *France*, which waits to lead
'Armies to Victories, Triumphs
'Glories; and to establish a New *E*
'in the *World*, to which all Na
'shall pay Homage, and fly for
'tection.

Thou seest, Illustrious and Serene *Virgin*, th
I have us'd much Flattery in this Add
It is a necessary Vice in the *Court* of *Fr*
where no *Diogenes* can have Audience. It c
not be expected, that I should discover by
Cardinal's Answer, what his Sentiments

to my Project. He is of a debonair Humour, and will rather feign *Vertues* to commend in another Man, than put him to the blush by mentioning his Real *Vices*. This is an Effect of his *Natural Diſpoſition*; which he is wiſe enough to improve to the *Ends* of *Policy*. There being no ſubtiler Artifice to gain a Popular Eſteem, than by the Reputation of a Generous Temper.

However, I think I ſaid Nothing that could juſtly offend Him, unleſs he were indued with the Incommunicable Gift of diſcerning Hearts. For otherwiſe, at the Worſt, he could but tax me with a Loyal Preſumption and Miſtake, in propoſing things altogether Impracticable.

Theſe were ſuch, as thou wilt eaſily diſcern, when thou conſidereſt, that though they appear fair and eaſie in the Attempt, as the Circumſtances of *Europe* are at preſent; yet the Revolution of a few *Moons* may quite change the Face of Affairs: new and unthought of Difficulties may ariſe: the *Emperour* may make a *Peace* with *Suedeland*: the *Pope* might interpoſe his Mediation and Authority, the *Aſſembly* at *Munſter* might have a Concluſion according to their Wiſhes; the *Electoral Princes*, might be more firmly faſtned to the Intereſt of the *Empire*. Beſides, another Campagne may prove as fatal to the *French*, as the former have been propitious. After all, if they ſhould find Encouragement to begin this Enterprize, and ſhould meet with anſwerable Succeſs in the Proſecution of it; yet a thouſand Occurrences would

would emerge, to hinder them from enjoying their new-gotten *Empire* long; or from being able to maintain a War against the *Empire*, whose Subjects are Infinite, and Treasures inexhaustible.

If thou, who art the Light of the *Ofman Monarchy*, shalt approve of what I have done, my Happiness will be great; nevertheless, thy Reproofs will not make me Miserable, since they are Arguments of thy Condescension and Favour.

Paris, 10th. *of the* 6th. *Moon*, *of the Year* 1646.

LETTER

LETTER II.

To Iſmael Mouta Faraca, *a* White Eunuch.

THY Letter is come ſafe to my Hands, accompany'd with a Munificent Preſent from *Egry Boinou*, who thou telleſt me is depriv'd of his Eyes by the *Grand Signior*'s Order. I condole the Calamity of my Friend, yet accuſe not the Juſtice of Him who is *Maſter* of us all. We are *Muſſulmans*, and muſt not diſpute the *Pleaſure* of *Heaven*, or the *Commands* of our *Sovereigns*. It is an Argument of their Clemency, when they retrench their Anger, and ſpare the Lives of their *Slaves*. The *Sultan* is merciful in a higher Degree, in not extending his Hands to the Wealth of our Friend; but hath left that, and his Liberty untouch'd: whereby he is ſtill in a Capacity, of enjoying many Pleaſures, which are denied to Thouſands who have their Sight.

I do not write this, as if I were void of Compaſſion toward my Friend. I owe him ſtill the ſame Affection, as when he was able to read the Sincerity of it in my Face. But, I would not have the Loſs of his Eyes, abate the Sight of his Soul, which is his Reaſon. Let him remember, that a Famous *Philoſopher* has done that voluntarily to himſelf, for the Sake of a leſs interrupted Contemplation, which

which is impoſed on our Friend as a Puniſh
There is no outward Diſaſter, can hurt
Opticks of a Mind guarded with Patience,
ſhut up within the Circles of its own Lig
Such a Soul, is impregnable againſt all
Aſſaults of *Fortune*, and triumphs over
it ſelf.

Beſides, our beloved *Eunuch*, can ſtill
verſe with his Friends; which is a Privile
the *Deaf* would almoſt give their *Eyes* to
It is hard to determine, which of thoſe
Sences would be miſs'd with leaſt Regr
eſpecially, to a Man, who by his excellent
and Skill in *Singing*, ſeems to be the very
of *Muſick*.

What is it in all this infinite Variety of V
ble Objects, that affects the Eye with ſo
a Pleaſure, but the harmonious Diſpoſition
Symmetry of the Parts, which, compoſe
whole Scene of the Univerſe? And, may
that Pleaſure be tranſlated to the Ear, when
receives the proportionate Meaſures, and
ſite Cadences of Sounds? Certainly, *Muſick*
no other, than Beauty to the Ear, as Beauty
Muſick to the Eye.

But our Friend *Egry*, needs not theſe Enco
ragements: He underſtands the way to
himſelf Happy, and has Wiſdom enough
put it in Practice.

The *Grand Signior's* Fury is pacified.
Lives. He has Houſes and Gardens; Gard
repleniſhed with all Manner of Fruits and Flo
ers, to gratifie his *Taſte* and *Smell*. He is
ſter of much Treaſure in Silver and Gold,

of many *Slaves*. If all these cannot contribute to his Felicity, he is *Master* of *Himself*, which is *Essential Happiness*.

Thou who succeedest him in that honourable Post, and guardest the Avenue of the *Majestick Chamber*, where the Addresses and Supplications of all the *Princes* of the Earth are made at the Feet of our *August Emperour*; watch thy Senses, and obey thy Reason. Remember thy *Predecessor's Fate*, and forget not *Mahmut*; but above all things forget not thy self. Adieu.

Paris, 20th. *of the* 6th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1646.

LETTER III.

To Dgnet Oglou.

I AM extreamly surprized, and equally troubl'd at the severe Punishment which *Sultan Ibrahim* has inflicted on *Egry Boinou*. His Successor, *Ismael Mouta Faraca*, sent me the first News of it, but said nothing of the Eunuch's Crime. Neither wou'd I request that satisfaction of a Man, who derives a new Lustre from the Tragical Eclipse of my Friend; lest my Love shou'd have betray'd my Discretion, and tempted me to utter that, which is not proper for a *Slave* of the *Sultan's* to express. Our Thoughts are our own whilst we keep them

chain'd up in our Breasts; but, if once we suffer 'em to take Air in words, they become another Man's, who may make use of them to our Ruin. I never had Familiarity enough with *Ismael*, to trust him with Reflections of this Nature. Besides, his own Letter to me, discover'd too much Freedom to be void of Design, it being the first that ever pass'd between us; which, for that Reason, ought to have been dictated in a Style more reserv'd. I gave him a Pattern in my Answer; not letting a Word escape my Pen, which might speak less Resignation to the Will of our *Master*, than Tenderness for my Friends Suffering.

But with thee I dare use greater Freedom. My long experience of thy Integrity, will justifie this Boldness. Tell me, my *Dgnet*, was not the Blindness of *Sultan Ibrahim*'s Passion, which has robb'd *Egry* of his Sight? Answer me without Disguize; Was it not some Caprice of Jealousie? Was it not because the *Master* thought he saw too much, that the Slave sees not now at all? If that Sence was so judg'd Criminal in *Egry*, why was it in particular punished? But, 'tis in vain to measure the Cruel Frolicks of a *Sovereign Monarch* by *Rule*, who makes his *Will* a *Law*.

The *Christians* say, the *Ottoman Prince* is a Butcher, and the whole *Empire* a Shambles, where Persons of all Degrees, are sacrific'd to the Lust or Passion of a *Tyrant*. I tell this, though I approve not the Licentious Tongues of these *Infidels*; yet, it appears too true, that no uncontroulable a Power as the *Eastern Monarch*

are inveſted with, prompts them to commit many Violences, for which Juſtice can make no Plea. It were to be wiſh'd, That the Practices of the *Sublime Seraglio*, did not too often verifie it. Suffer me to be exaſperated a little, for the Cruel Sentence executed on my Friend; the moſt accompliſh'd Perſon within the Walls of that *Magnificent Palace*. Doubtleſs, he owes the Loſs of his Eyes, to the Grudge of ſome Envious Minion, who would not brook ſo dangerous a Rival in the *Sultan*'s Favour. For, this Unfortunate *Eunuch*, who charm'd all Hearts, had made ſome Impreſſion alſo on the Cruel *Ibrahim*'s. He often lov'd to hear him ſing the lively *Dorick* Strains, to chaſe away his Melancholy: For, *Egry* is a Second *Orpheus*, whoſe Voice thou knoweſt, inſpir'd the Trees and Rocks with Paſſion. Beſides, he has many other Gifts, which render'd his Perſon and Converſation delectable to all; and taught the whole *Seraglio*, new Leſſons of *Platonick* Love.

When thou haſt received this, I deſire thee, to give him a Viſit: Thou knoweſt his Houſe at *Galata*. Embrace him in my Name, and give him a Kiſs of Faithful Friendſhip. Forget not alſo to return him my Acknowledgements, for the *Diamonds* he ſent me. And, chear him with this Thought, that one day his Eyes ſhall be renew'd in *Paradiſe*, far brighter than thoſe Glittering *Jewels*. Adieu.

Paris, 20th. *of the* 6th. *Moon*, *of the Year* 1646.

LETTER IV.

To Dicheu Huſſein, Baſſa.

'TIS not eaſie to gueſs at the Motive, which induc'd the *Duke* of *Orleans*, to begin this Years Campagne in ſo Rigorous a Seaſon. It was the Firſt *Moon*, and the Ground was covered with deep Snows (An ill time to march in an Enemies Country.) And, when theſe Snows were diſſolv'd, Floods follow'd. It ſeems as if he were thirſty of Fame, and would acquire the Character of a *Hardy Warriour*: Reſolving to ſhun no Fatigue, which might advance the Reputation of his Arms.

The *Duke* of *Enguien*, ſpurr'd on with a glorious Emulation, ſoon followed with another Army, but by a different Road. There are Four *Mareſchals* of *France*, gone with them. Their early Marches, make a great Noiſe. But, little of Action could be expected, while the wary *Flemmings*, knowing the Paſſes of the Country, and the Force of the Floods, have not have kept their *Winter*-Quarters; ſpending the time at Eaſe, in preparing all things neceſſary for a more ſeaſonable Campagne, which they have now begun.

In this, the *Spaniſh* Policy deſerves Commendation; who would not expoſe the Health and Lives of their Soldiers to unneceſſary Rigour, but waited till the *Sun* had well dry'd up the unwholeſom Damps of the Earth, and ſhedding his

his benigner Influence through the Air, invited them forth into the Field. But, when I thus approve the Wisdom of the *Spaniard*, think not, that I condemn the sprightly *Genius* of the *French*, who seem to approach neareſt the Bravery of the *Mussulman* Armies.

The Action of a *French* Officer, was worthy of Remark; who being sent from the Camp, with Letters to the King and Queen, arrived at the *Court* the 24*th*. Day of the Second *Moon*, whilst the Ground was yet frozen hard. After he had deliver'd his Message the *Chamberlain* of the *Royal Houshold*, appointed him a Lodging for that Night in the King's *Palace*, he being to return to *Flanders* the next Day. But, he generously refused it, saying, *It became not him to lie in a Bed of Down, when his* General, *with the whole Army, were forc'd to sleep on the frozen Earth.* Therefore, causing some Straw to be brought out of the Stables, he took his Repose thereon in the open Air. The Young King, extreamly pleas'd with his Gallantry, order'd him a Hundred *Pieces* of *Gold*; and recommended him to the *Duke* of *Orleans*, as one of the braveſt Men in his Army.

I swear by the Whistling of the Winds, and the Rustling of the Leaves, that I honour such Vertue even in an *Infidel*.

Paris, 10th. *of the* 6th. *Moon*, *of the Year* 1646.

LETTER V.

To Kerker Haſſan, Baſſa.

THY Letter is come to my Hands, with the Preſent of *Kotha*; which is ſo much the more acceptable, becauſe thou broughteſt it thy ſelf from the *Valley* of *Admoim*, the Place of my Nativity. It is an evident Sign, that thou haſt not forgot thy Countryman, in that thou condeſcendeſt to oblige him in ſo peculiar a Manner. The Place where we drew our firſt Breath, is always dear to Mortals; and the Remembrance of that delicious Vale, affects *Mahmut* with ſingular Delight. 'Tis true indeed, I was brought from thence before I could diſtinguiſh one Place from another; but, I have viſited that Region ſince, and have Reaſon to pronounce it, the moſt Delectable Part of *Arabia*. Had the *Grecian Poets* ſeen that *Paradiſe*, they would not have ſo extoll'd the Celebrated Fields of *Tempe* in *Theſſaly*. This happy Vale is the *Elyzium* of the *World*, bleſs'd with an *Eternal Spring*.

Thou art highly oblig'd to the *Sultan*, for the Liberty he has given thee to viſit the Place of thy Cradle, and to ſojourn ſo long among thy Kindred. Thy Father was famous in that Country, for hunting of *Lions*, and other *Beaſts of Prey*. I have heard ſome of our *Tribe*, praiſe his Valour and Dexterity, in the Chaſe of thoſe Fierce Animals. They told me, That in the

Space

Space of Two Years, he had presented the *Beglerbeg* with Twenty *Lions* Heads, kill'd by his own Hand: That he had Three Tame ones in his House, which he had taken when Whelps from a *Lioness* of prodigious Bulk: That the Walls of his House were hung with the Skins of *Tygers*, *Panthers* and *Lions*, the Trophies of his Indefatigable Diligence, Skill and Courage, in Pursuit of Wild Beasts. In a Word, they said he was the most successful Hunter in all *Arabia*. If thou inheritest his *Inclinations* as well as his *Blood*, (for they commonly go together) thou hast had a fair Time, to range the Forests, and purge the *Desart* of those Ravenous Creatures. Were it not for the Enmity of the *Gnats*, the *East* would be over-run with these Savages. They say, this little despicable *Insect*, destroys more *Lions*, than all the *Huntsmen* in *Asia*. For, swarming about them in the Heat of *Summer*, they chiefly fasten, on their Eyelids; which they sting so vehemently, that the *Lions* thinking to ease themselves by scratching, often tear their own Eyes out, and so are famish'd.

To understand well the different Natures of Beasts, is a Study fit for Kings. 'Twas the Glory of *Solomon*, to be accurate in this Knowledge: And, *Alexander the Great*, had such an Esteem for it, that he bestowed on *Aristotle* the *Philosopher* Eight hundred Talents, only for writing a *Treatise* of *Animals*. Our *Holy Prophet* was eminent above all other Mortals, for his Familiarity with the Brutal Generations; understanding their Qualities and Language,

and often discoursing with them. When he lived in the *Desart*, a *Libard* continually waited at the Door of his *Cave*, and did all the Offices of a kind and faithful Servant. Such Grace is given but to a few.

But I forget my own Opportunity, of vending my Affections to my Country and my Friends. I forget, that I am writing to one who is newly come from *Arabia*. Would to *God* I could see thee, were it but for an Hour. I have a Thousand Questions to ask about our *Relations*; and what Changes have happened since I was there.

But, I must Sacrifice these Natural Fondnesses to the Will of *Destiny*. I am a double Exile: And, since it is for the Service of the *Grand Signior*, I am resign'd.

Adieu, Happy *Minister*; and, if *Mahomet* may be admitted sometimes to mingle with the Train of thy better Thoughts, he shall count himself happy, wherever he is.

Paris, 2d. *of the* 7th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1646.

LETTER

LETTER VI.

To Huſſein Baſſa.

THE taking of *Retimo* in *Candy*, has fill'd the *Nazarenes*, with Apprehenſions of greater Calamities.

The firſt fortunate Strokes in a War, make deep Impreſſions on the Enemy; the Vulgar looking on them, as the *Index* of their future *Deſtiny*; But, repeated Succeſſes chill their Vitals, bereave 'em of Courage and Hope, leaving 'em Nothing but Ominous Portents, and Superſtitious Prelages of their approaching Ruin. So hard a thing it is, to judge of Humane Events, without being carried into Extreams. They already give over the whole *Iſland* for loſt. I wiſh and believe it may prove true. Yet, at the ſame time, I know the Fortune of War is uncertain; and, another Campagne, may repair or revenge the Damage they have ſuſtained in *this* and the *former*.

The *Venetians* loſt Five thouſand Men before the Walls of that Town; among whom, was *General Cornaro*, the *Viceroy* of the *Iſland*, ſlain in the firſt Onſet; beſides what were killed by our Soldiers, when they entred with the retreating *Candiots*, and ſacrific'd all to the Heat of Martial Paſſion.

But, that which appear'd moſt Ominous to their Cauſe, though the preſent Damage were leſs, was the falling out of the *Soprave-*

ditor and the *Proveditor* of the *Iſle*: Who not agreeing about the Extent of their different *Commiſſions*, formed Two Parties; between whom there happened a furious Encounter, in which Four hundred were ſlain on both Sides.

Theſe ſiniſter Events, occaſion'd the *Republick* to make freſh Applications to the *Court* of *France*; and, an *Ambaſſador* is ſent from this *Crown*, to *Conſtantinople*, in Order to mediate a *Peace*. They call him *Monſieur de Varennes*; a Man of a preſumptuous Diſpoſition, and who delights to attempt difficult things. When there could not be found a Perſon, willing to undertake a Negotiation, which carries ſo little Probability of Succeeding; this Gentleman, in a *Bravado* offered himſelf; telling the *Queen*, That he made no Doubt, of ſo repreſenting Matters to the *Grand Signior*, as would infallibly produce a *Peace*.

It had been eaſie for *Cardinal Mazarin* (whoſe Counſel the *Queen* follows in all things) to have hindred this Man's Voyage. But, thoſe who are acquainted with the Pique that is between them, conclude, That the *Cardinal* conſented to his *Commiſſion*, on purpoſe to lay a Train for his future Diſgrace; as knowing, the Boldneſs of his Temper, was far from being ſeconded with equal Wiſdom and Conduct; and, that though he was prone to undertake Great and Hazardous Actions, yet he never had the good Fortune to accompliſh any thing of Moment.

They that know this Gentleman's Character, ſay, That any Example will encourage him to

ruſh

rush into Labyrinths and Perils. And, where Examples are wanting, he is Ambitious to be made one himself. He fears not to tread in the Footsteps of such, as have miscarried in the most Desperate Enterprizes; but, promises himself Success, where a Thousand have fail'd. In fine, he is esteemed the rashest Man living.

I send thee this Description of the *French Ambassador*, that thou mayest communicate it to the *Sovereign Divan*. It will be no small Advantage, to know the Temper and Qualifications of Foreign *Ministers*, residing at the *August Port*: Especially at this Juncture, whereon the *Fate* of *Christendom* depends. Besides, there cannot be too great Caution us'd, to obviate the subtle Trains of *Cardinal Mazarini*, who, I fear, is contriving no kind Offices to the *Ottoman Empire*.

I Kiss the Hem of thy Vest, *Illustrious Bassa*, and bid thee Adieu.

Paris, 2d. *of the* 7th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1646.

LETTER

LETTER VII.

To the Same.

THE Captain *Baſſa*, has the Reputation of a good *Seaman* among the *French*. They highly applaud his expeditious Relief of *Candia*, and no leſs commend the Secrecy, with which he landed his Army and took the Town of *Retimo*. The *French* are generally great Critics in *Military* Affairs; and are not ſo partial to the Honour of the *Chriſtians*, as to deny the Praiſes that are due to an expert *Leader* among the *Muſſulmans*. Yet, they are inconſtant, and ſeldom retain the ſame Sentiments long. Every Circulation of their Blood, begets new Friendſhips, new Opinions, new Cenſures. In this they ſeem to inherit the Vices of the Ancient *Gauls*, as well as their Country.

A *Roman Emperor*, who made War in this Nation, has left excellent *Memoirs* behind him; wherein among other things, he deſcribes the *Nature* of the *Gauls*, their *Diſpoſitions*, and *General* Inclinations. He that ſhall read his *Writings*, which were penn'd above Sixteen Hundred Years ago, and ſhall converſe with the preſent *French*, will eaſily conclude, That the *Latter* are a living Tranſcript of the *Former*; and, that their Humours and Actions, are exactly copied from his Words. Yet, in Nothing does the Character of the Primitive

Gauls,

Gauls, ſuit more truly to the preſent Inhabitants, than in their furious Onſets in a Battel, and their equal Readineſs to Flight. Their *Firſt* Aſſault ſeems to ſpeak 'em *More* than *Men*, their *Second*, *Leſs* than *Women*; and, they ſeldom venture on a *Third*.

Wilt thou know then, how they obtain ſo many Signal Victories? It is by Stratagems and Mony. Where they cannot circumvent their Enemies, they corrupt a Party of 'em with Bribes and Penſions. Thus they purchaſe their Conqueſts, with a more powerful Metal than Steel. The Force of Gold, to which all things yield, lays *Cities* and *Provinces*, at the Feet of the Invincible *Monarch*.

But, I pray *Heaven*, ſo to proſper the Armies of the *Empire* founded on *Vertue*, that this *Infidel Prince*, and all the *Nazarenes*, may experience their Gold to be as ineffectual as their *Swords*, againſt the Valour and Juſt Revenge of the *True Believers*.

Paris, 2d. *of the* 7th. Moon,
of the Year 1646.

LETTER

LETTER VIII.

To the Venerable Mufti, Sovereign Guide *of the* True Believers.

THou, who art all Goodneſs, the Arch-Type of Clemency and Vertue, wilt not number me among the Importunate, for ſo often troubling thee with Diſputes of our *Holy Law*. I offer thee no Common Queſtions; neither am I curious, ſeeking Occaſions to darken what is Apparent, or invalidate the Teſtimony of *Him* who touch'd the *Hand* of *God*. I revere the *Oracles*, and the *Book* not dictated on Earth. Every *Chapter* I read in the *Alcoran*, makes me bleſs the *Angel*, who took ſo many Flights to bring down the *Sacred Pages* from Heaven. And, my Reverence is encreas'd towards the *Volume* of *Glory*, when I conſider, it was not haſtily compos'd; every *Verſicle*, being the Product of *Divine* Premeditation. Doubtleſs, it excels all the *Writings* in the World. No Scripture, before or ſince, has approach'd to the *Myſterious* Elegance of thoſe *Celeſtial* Lines. Yet methinks, I find a great Profundity of Wiſdom in the *Treatiſes* of the *Ancients*.

Thou wilt ſay, My Station requires me to read Men more than Books, being not ſent hither to Contemplate, but to act for the Intereſt of my *Maſter*, and the *Ottoman Empire*. 'Tis true, my Buſineſs is now to unravel the Deſigns of

of the *Infidels*; but, bear with me, if I tell thee, That in Order to this I took no wrong Course, when in my Younger Years, I apply'd my self to Books, which are but Men turn'd inside out, or Metamorphos'd into Letters; against whom, thus surviving themselves, the Stroak of Death cannot prevail.

Those who have erected Statues of Gold, Silver, Brass or Marble, to the Memory of departed *Heroes*, can but transmit the *Effigies* of their Bodies to Posterity; which, thou knowest, is the Ignobler Part of Man: And herein, they come short of the *Ægyptians*, who have the Art of preserving the Bodies themselves Incorruptible, for a Thousand Generations. But they who left their *Writings* to Posterity, have oblig'd the World with an Immortal and Lively Image of their Mind: This is properly the Man, and lives for ever; when the Body is consum'd in the Grave, and the Statue perhaps is eat up by time, or demolish'd by Envy.

Pardon this Digression, *Oraculous* and *Uttering Mouth* of *God*, I have a great deal to say, and cannot comprehend it in a few Words. It has been enjoyn'd by our *Holy Doctors*, That a *Mussulman* should not read the *Books* of *Prophane Infidels*. But tell me, thou who art the *Resolver* of *Doubts*, Whether this *Precept* is extended to all, without Exception; or, Whether a *Dispensation* may not be allow'd, to such as read those *Books* with One Eye, whilst the Other is fix'd on the *Law*, which balances the Mind with Truth? The *Alcoran* tells us, That the *Devil* has inserted some *Falsities* in the *Best*

Writings:

Writings: But, is it not possible for a Man to separate the *Good* from the *Bad*? I read in the *Book* of *Glory*, many remarkable Things concerning *Alexander the Great*: But, is it unlawful also to peruse what has been writ by others of the *Life* of that *Famous Warrior*, and *Prophet*? Both *Grecian* and *Roman Historians* have related his Adventures in *Asia*, his Battle with *Darius* the *Persian Monarch*, and *Porus* the *Indian*. They praise his Continence and Modest Regard to *Sysigambis* and her Daughter, when they were his Captives; his Inviolable Friendship to *Ephestion*, whilst living, and the affectionate Tears he shed for him, after his Death. Yet, they condemn him of cruel Ingratitude, for Sacrificing *Clitus* to his Choler and the Fumes of Wine, who was a Faithful Friend, a Valiant Soldier, and once had saved his Life in a Battle. They cannot pass over the Burning of *Persepolis*, without some Reflections on the unmanly Softness of this Warrior, who, to please his Concubine, gave Order that the Fairest and most Magnificent City of *Asia*, should be set on Fire. The *Persians* boast That that City was built all of *Cedar*; That *Cyrus* had wholly displanted not only Mount *Libanus*, but the choicest Nurseries of that Tree-grant Wood, through all *Asia*, to build his glorious City, in Emulation of *Soloman*, King of the *Jews*, who was by other Princes thought to value himself too high, for building the *Temple* of *Jerusalem* of the same Material. They add, that *Alexander* found in this City Ninety Millions of Caracks in Gold; that after the

the Debauch was over, and the Flames had consum'd to Ashes this *Phœnix* of *Asia*, the *Conqueror* wept, and commanded the Money he had found there, should be expended in raising Another in its Room, more glorious than the Former; But, that *Thais*, who had perswaded him to burn it, was the only Obstacle to its Re-edification, For, such was her Empire over this *Monarch*, that he could deny her Nothing.

What I have said of *Persepolis*, is recorded by *Persian Historians*; Other Writers make some mention of it, but not so particularly. There are some also, who mention his demolishing of *Tyre*; a City so Ancient, that 'tis said to be first built by one of the *Grandchildren* to *Noah*; of whom, thou knowest, the *Alcoran* speaks often. They tax him also with Cruelty, in causing Two thousand of the Chief *Tyrians*, to be Crucified, as a *Sacrifice* to *Hercules*. Thou art best able to Judge, whether this be agreeable to Truth; for, what *Mussulman* will believe, That the Victorious *Prophet*, was guilty of so Barbarous an *Idolatry*?

The Method he took to subdue this Impregnable City, is an Argument of his Invincible Courage; and, that there is Nothing Impracticable, to a Mind arm'd with Resolution and Perseverance.

Tyrus was situated above Half a Mile in the Sea, when the *Macedonian* demanded a Surrender. The Citizens trusting to the Strength and Height of the Rock whereon they liv'd (for, 'twas a perfect *Island*) and to their Distance from the Shore of the *Continent*; bid

Defiance

Defiance to him, whom *God* had ordained to subdue all Nations, between the the Extremities of *India* and the *Pillars* of *Hercules*. The *Conquerour*, enflam'd at their Refusal of offer'd *Peace*, prepares for an Assault. He attempted, without the *Miracle* of *Moses*, to make a Path for his Army through the Sea. He follow'd the Steps of the *Babylonian Monarch*, who, not Three Ages before, had joyned this Proud Nest of Merchants to the Firm Land. Twice his Industrious Soldiers rais'd a Causey, above the Waves, to the very Walls of *Tyrus*; and as often was their Labour defeated, by the Watchful *Tyrians*. When, the Third time he prov'd successful; and, in Spight of all their Resistance by Fire and Sword, after a Siege of Six *Moons*, he scal'd the Walls of that Queen of Maritime Cities; and convinc'd the World, that no Humane Force could put a Stop to his Conquests, whom *Destiny* had appointed to chastise the *Nations* of the *Earth*.

That *Chapter* in the *Alcoran*, which speaks of this *Renowned Worthy*, tells us, *That he marched so far* Eastward, *till he came to a Country where the* Sun *rises*. This Passage the *Christians* ridicule, saying, That the Sun rises and sets in all Countries; and, that there is no Stated Point of *East* and *West*, in the Fabrick of the World, since the same Place which is *East* of one Country, is *West* of another. Thus, the Despisers of our *Holy Law*, cavil at the *Alcoran*, and say, 'tis compos'd of *Old Wives Tales*; a Rude indigested Collection of *Eastern Romances*, and Superstitious Fables, calculated for the Meridian

of

of Ignorance; first promulg'd in the Savage and Unpolish'd *Desarts* of *Arabia*, and afterwards propagated by the Sword through those Countries, whose Vices had banish'd their Learning, and rendered them flexible to a *Religion*, whose highest Pretensions consisted in *Gratifying* the *Senses*.

These *Criticks* consider not at the same time, That they argue against the *Old* and *New Testament*, (which is esteem'd the *Alcoran* of the *Christians*) wherein there is often Mention made, of the *Rising* and *Gowing down of the Sun*, of *East* and *West*, as proper Points or Marks, from which to take the Situation of Countries. Assuredly, in this they are captious: For, though there be no stated Point of *East* or *West* in the *Globe*; yet *India* being the nearest Region of this *Continent*, to that Part of the *Horizon* where the *Sun* daily first appears, it has not without Reason, gain'd the Additional *Epither* of *East*. And 'twas here the *Macedonian Heroe* sweat, because he could conquer no farther, unless he would have begun a War with the *Fish* of the *Sea*.

There are many other Passages related of *Alexander's* Temperance, Moderation, Justice, Fortitude and such like Vertues; and, something of his Vices. But, I will not tire thee with all that is said of this invincible *Monarch*, nor trace him in all his Marches through *Asia*, I will not trouble thee with what they say of his Journey into *Ægypt*, and aspiring to be call'd the *Son* of *Jupiter Ammon*; his being poyson'd at *Babylon*, in the Height of all his Triumphs;

and,

and, the Cantonizing his *Empire*, among his *Chief Captains*. Whatsoever in these *Histories* is agreeable to the *Holy Alcoran*, I acquiesce to; what is repugnant to that Summary of Truth, I reject as a *Fable*.

Tell me, thou *Sovereign Resolver* of *Doubts*, Whether on these Terms, I may not read the *Writings* of *Infidels*? *Books* are Relief to the Mind oppress'd with Melancholy, and especially *Histories*, which also bring Profit, by right informing us of the Transactions of Past Ages: So that Things, which were done Thousands of Years ago, are made present to us. Where then is the Crime in Reading these *Memoirs* of the *Ancients*? It is not consistent with the *Faith* of a *Mussulman* to read these *Histories*, because they were penn'd by *Heathens*? Must we reject all that the *Pagans* did or said? Why then are the *Works* of *Plutarch* had in such Veneration by the *Princes* of Our *Law*? I tell thee, I not only read *Plutarch*, *Livy*, *Tacitus*, *Xenophon*, *Polybius*, with many other *Historians* that were *Pagans*, but I improve by their *Writings*. Such rare Examples of Vertue, such Illustrious Patterns of Justice, such solid Precepts of Morality, as these Authors abound with; cannot, in my Opinion, hurt any Man, who desires to square his Life by the best Rules.

I read also the *Poets*, whose *Fables* and *Parables*, seem to me, but to veil many excellent and profitable *Maxims* of *Human Life*.

The *Story* of the Birth of *Typhon*, his War with *Jupiter*, and his final Overthrow; denote the monstrous Rise of Factions in a *State*, and their Ruin.

The

The *Cyclops* being employ'd by *Jupiter* in making Thunderbolts, and killing *Æsculapius*, for which they themselves were afterwards slain by *Apollo*; intimates the Use, which Sovereign Princes make of Cruel, Covetous and Unjust Officers: Who when they have fulfill'd the Pleasure of their Masters, are abandon'd by them, to the Revenge of the Oppress'd Subjects. This is commonly experienc'd in all *Monarchies*, and especially in the Mighty *Empire* of the *Ottmans*; where the *Bassa's*, though the *Grand Signior*, for the Ends of *State*, connives a while at their unjust Oppression of the *Musulmans* under their Government, yet in due time, to shew his Abhorrence of their Villanies, consigns 'em over to the *Executioner*. Thou knowest, to whom the Bow-string was sent last; I wish his *Successor* may not equally merit it.

Acteon's being devoured by his Dogs, only for seeing *Diana* in a *Bath*; might have serv'd as Warning to *Useph*, the *Black Eunuch*, who could not restrain his Tongue, from babling out the private Amours of *Sultan Ibrahim*. It was Danger enough to know the Secret; but, to divulge it, was a sure way to incur the Revenge of the *Prince*.

Not much unlike was his Error, who tho' he did not report to others, yet had the Presumption to check his Sovereign to his Face, and reproach Him with Luxury. Had he been acquainted with the *Fable* of *Endymion* and the *Moon*, it would perhaps have taught him, That 'tis not the Part of a *Favourite*, to take Notice of his *Master*'s stol'n Pleasures, but rather to in-

vite

vite him sometimes from the *Toils* of *State* and *unbend* his *Mind* with *Recreations*.

There are many other profitable Remarks hidden under the Fictions of the *Poets*: Which, tho they may seem *Mysterious* at first View, yet being examined with a little Attention, prove as easie to be understood, as the *Hieroglyphicks* were of old to the *Ægyptians*, who knew no other Letters.

God, the *First Intellect*, who imprinted his *Mind* on *Tablets* of *Marble*, in *Letters* of *Arabick*, and Writ the *Decalogue* with a Beam of his *Glory*; having also inspir'd all Nations with the Knowledge of *Letters*, grant, that while I read the *Records* of the *Gentiles*, I may not forget the *Precepts* of the *Alcoran*.

Paris, 23d. *of the* 7th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1646.

LETTER

LETTER IX.

To Murat Baſſa.

A *Courier* came to this City laſt Night, bringing News of the taking of *Courtray* by the *French* Army. This is a conſiderable Town in *Flanders*, and commands a great part of the Country. The *Duke* of *Orleans*, inveſted it on the Ninth of the laſt *Moon*, and on the Fifteenth, lay down before it with the whole Army. The *Spaniſh Generals*, haſtn'd to its Relief, and brought Thirty thouſand Men of ſix Nations, to combat with the *French*. But they quarrel'd about Precedency of Poſt. High Words paſs'd between the *Duke* of *Lorrain* and *General Lamboy*. Thus, while they ſpent their Time in Needleſs Conteſts, the *French* took the Town: And, having left a ſtrong Gariſon there, part of the Army, commanded by the *Mareſchal de Grammont*, is marched to joyn the *Hollanders*, with Deſign to attack *Antwerp*; and the reſt follow the *Duke* of *Orleans*, who they ſay, intends to beſiege *Mardyke*. This is a Sea-Town, that has nothing in it conſiderable enough to tempt a *Conquerour*, ſave the Haven, which is of great Importance in thoſe Parts.

We have had no Rains here theſe Three *Moons*, which maker the People fear a *Famine*. Proviſion of all Sorts, is very Dear; and

and thoſe who have great Quantities of Corn will not bring it to the Markets. The Fruits are all blaſted, and a Diſtemper rages in the City, which fills all Places with Death and Mourning. The Cattel drop down dead in the Fields, and the Rivers are almoſt dried up. Men languiſh and wither, as if parch'd up by ſome inward Fire. Fearful *Apparitions* are ſeen in the Air; each Night brings forth New *Prodigies*. The People lament the *preſent*, and preſage greater Calamities to come. While *Mahmut* perſeveres unmov'd; and neither moleſts himſelf nor others, about the *Inevitable Decrees* of *Deſtiny*. I keep in the Path of my Duty, without turning to the *Right* Hand or to the *Left*. I ſerve the Great *Signior* faithfully: I pray for his Health, and for the Welfare of the *Empire*. I neither give Alms to the *Infidels*, nor do them any Injury. In fine, if I cannot reap any Profit from other Mens *Vertues*, I take care their *Vices* ſhall do me no Harm.

'Tis ſaid, there will be a *Proceſſion* here ſhortly, whereat the *King*, the *Queen-Regent*, and the whole *Court* will aſſiſt bare-foot, for an Example of others. The Body of a certain Female *Saint*, whom they eſteem the *Patroneſs* of this City, will be taken out of the *Church* where it lies, and will be carried with other *Reliques* of *Saints*, through the Streets of *Paris*, to appeaſe the Wrath of *Heaven*, which ſeems to be kindled againſt them.

In the mean time, I pray *Heaven* to ſend down its Bleſſings on the *Ottoman Empire*,

and preſerve the *True Faithful*, from the Three Scourges of *God*.

Paris, 23d. *of the* 7th. *Moon*, *of the Year* 1646.

LETTER X.

To the Aga *of the* Janizaries.

I Perceive thou haſt follow'd the Advice I formerly gave thee, to read *Hiſtories*, wherein thy Letter ſpeaks thee very converſant. Thou wilt have no Reaſon to repent of a Labour, that affords ſo agreeable a Diverſion, eſpecially to a *Soldier* and a *Stateſman*. They open the Graves, and call forth the Dead, without diſturbing their Repoſe; and preſent to us thoſe *Hero's* living, talking and acting Great Things, whoſe Bodies have lain buried in Silence and Obſcurity many Ages. They introduce us into the Cloſets of *Princes*, revealing their moſt Secret Counſels. They make us familiar with the *Intrigues* of *Politicians*, and the *Stratagems* of *Warriours*. In fine, there is Nothing Publick or Private, in the *Courts* or *Camps* of the Greateſt *Monarchs*, to which an *Hiſtorian* is a Stranger.

I applaud the Choice thou haſt made of *Ottoman Hiſtories*, and others of the *Eaſt*;

yet, I counſel thee, not to neglect thoſe of the *Weſt*. The Ancient *Roman* Writers, are full of rare Examples; and Modern *France*, which emulates all Great and Glorious Undertakings, takes equal Care to commit to Poſterity, the *Lives* of Illuſtrious Perſons. I ſay not this, in Contempt of other Countries in *Europe*. The *Chriſtians* of theſe Parts in General, are accurate *Hiſtorians*. They are univerſally Learned; in Regard, there is no Kingdom in *Europe*, where they have not *Schools* and *Academies*, where all *Languages* and *Sciences* are taught. The Plough-men in the Field, ſpeak *Latin* and *Greek*; which thou knoweſt, are now grown obſolete, and no where to be learn'd but in *Books*. The *Mechanicks* are *Philoſophers*; and, every Man ſets up for an *Hiſtorian*, or an *Antiquary*. It was not ſo in former Times, when the *Eccleſiaſticks* had engroſs'd all Manner of *Learning* to themſelves, except ſome few of the *Nobility* and *Gentry*, who had the Advantage of *Patrimonial* Libraries, and Leiſure to apply themſelves to Study. For, then it was difficult to purchaſe *Books*, there being but few; and for thoſe, they were obliged to the Labour of the *Scribe*. Hence it came to paſs, that only ſuch as had Plenty of Money, and a ſtrong Inclination to Knowlege, monopoliz'd the choiceſt *Manuſcripts* into their Hands, and bequeath'd them as a Legacy to their *Off-Spring*. But, ſince the Invention of *Printing Books* are infinitely multiplied, grown Cheap and Common: And

those *Histories* and *Sciences*, which before were shut up in the *Latin*, *Greek*, or some of the *Oriental Languages*, are now translated into the Vulgar *Speech* of every Nation; whereby the lowest Sort of People who can but read, have the Privilege to become as Knowing as their *Superiors*, and the *Slave* may vie for Learning with his *Sovereign*. This makes the *Nazarenes*, upbraid the *True Faithful* with Ignorance and Barbarism, because *Printing* is not suffered throughout the *Mussulman Empire*. They consider not the *bad* Consequences of this *Art*, as well as the *good*: And, that the Liberty of the *Press*, has fill'd the World with Errors and Lies: Besides, they are Strangers to the Education of the *Mussulmans*, who are generally taught the *Arabick* and *Persian Tongues* from their Childhood: In which Two *Languages*, how many famous *Histories* have been writ? There is no point of useful Wisdom, which is not compriz'd in the *Writings*, of the *Eastern* Sages. And, as for unprofitable Treatises and Pamphlets, with which the *Europeans* abound, they are superfluous and burdensome, bringing a double Loss, both to Writer and Reader; while they rob them of their Time and Money, and commit a Rape on their Understandings. Add to this, the Fatal Effects which this deprav'd Indulgence of *Printing* has produc'd in *Christendom*. What Sacrileges, Massacres, Rebellions and Impieties, have overflow'd most Parts of the *West* in this licentious Age? What Hatred among

Christians, What Seditions among Subjects, Diversities in Religion, Contempts of all *Law*, both *Divine*, *Natural*, and those of *Nations*? The Vices, at which former Times would have blush'd; nay, at the very naming of which, our *Fathers* would have started, as at a *Prodigy*, are in these Days committed openly, without Shame, without Contradiction; whilst there are Authors, who dare publickly assert the Cause of Impiety, and patronize all Manner of Prophanations.

But thou, who hast the Honour to guard the *Incorruptible Seat* of *Justice* and *Vertue*, the Bright *Throne* of the *Osman Emperours*, who are the *Shadows* of *God* on *Earth*; hast made such a Choice of *Books*, as commends thy Wisdom, and the Sincerity of thy Morals. Thou wilt not suffer thy Imagination to be tainted, with those enchanting *Ideas* of Evil, which are drawn by the Pens of some Elegant *Writers*. All that thou seekest in *Books*, is to inform thy Understanding, rectify thy Judgment, and enflame thy Affections with the Love of Vertue. To this End, serve the *Divine Precepts* of our *Holy Doctors*, and other Learned Sages; the *Writings* of *Philosophers*, and the Examples of Renowned *Heroes*. From these thou gatherest Strength, to practise the Four *Maternal* Vertues, and all the Good Qualities, that spring from those *Roots*.

Go on, and increase in the Graces and Accomplishments, which shall render thee Worthy to be made the *Subject* of a *Panegy-*

lar Hiſtory; while the *Old* ſhall recommend, and the *Young* ſhall covet, nothing more paſſionately, than to read the *Life* of *Caſſim Hali, Janizar-Aga.*

Mahmut ſalutes thee with a Kiſs of Affection. Reverence thy ſelf, and all Men will Honour thee: So taught *Pythagoras.*

Paris, 17th. *of the* 8th. *Moon, of the Year,* 1646.

LETTER XI.

To the ſame.

I Had forgot to perform in my other Letter, what thou commandedſt me. Yet knowing the eſteem thou haſt for *Women* of Vertue and rare Endowments, and with what Pleaſure thou readeſt their *Stories*; I ſhould never ſend any *Diſpatch* to thee, wherein there is not a Relation of ſome *Heroine.* I will be more diligent hereafter, to obſerve the Diſpoſition of my *Superiours*: and will endeavour to procure a Collection of the *Lives* and *Characters* of all the *Famous Women*, that have been Recorded in *Hiſtory.* In the mean while hear what the *French* ſay, of *Chriſtina* Queen of *Suedeland*, of whom thou requireſt a Deſcription.

She is the onely Daughter of *Guſtavus Adolphus*

dolphus, the moſt Victorious *Prince*, that ever govern'd that Nation; and, one of the moſt Succeſsful *Warriours* in the World. As his whole Life was led in the Field, ſo there he received an Honourable Death, being ſlain in the Battel of *Lutzen*: Some ſay, by the Treachery of *Duke Albert*; who had in Appearance, deſerted the *Emperour*, and offer'd himſelf a *Voluntier* to *Guſtavus Adolphus*. I formerly mention'd this *Duke*, and that he was kill'd by a *Swediſh Lady*. If the Suſpicion of the *Swedes* be well grounded, and that *Duke Albert* was really Guilty of the Murder of *Guſtavus*, it may be, this was the Motive which brought thoſe *Amazons* into the Field, to revenge the Death of their *Prince*. But, it is impoſſible to be aſſur'd of the Truth, among ſo many different Opinions.

When the *French* ſpeak of *Guſtavus Adolphus*, they cannot reſtrain their Words on this Side a *Panegyrick*. They ſay, he was a *Prince* above all Praiſe. 'Tis certain, his very Enemies admired his unimitable Courage, and matchleſs Fortune. I have ſent thee the true *Effigies* of his Face, wherein thou wilt ſee, a moſt agreeable Mixture of Majeſty and Benignity, creating Reſpect and Love at the ſame Time in the Beholders. He was ſo familiar with every one, as if he had forgot himſelf, as well as he was a Stranger to Pride. He was a great Student in his Youth, and made himſelf Maſter of *Latin*, *French*, and *Italian*; being alſo perfectly skill'd, in Ancient and Modern *Hiſtories*. He had a wonderful Faculty

Faculty, in diſcovering Impoſtures; a dextrous Wit in Time of Danger and Difficulty, being Ready at Counſel, and Swift in Execution; and as Cunning at a Stratagem, as he was Bold at an Onſet. He was Liberal to his Officers, and to all Men of Merit; but, a ſevere Puniſher of Diſorders in his Army. And, that which Crown'd all the reſt of his Vertues, his Piety to *God* was ſingular and worthy of Remark. The *French* relate a Memorable *Saying* of this King, when he was once in his Camp before *Werben*. He had been ſolitary in the Cabinet of his Pavilion ſome Hours together, and none of his Attendants durſt interrupt Him; till at Length, a Favourite of his having ſome Important Matter to tell him, came ſoftly to the Door, and looking in, beheld the King very devoutly on his Knees at *Prayers*. Fearing to moleſt him in that *Sacred* Exerciſe, he was about to withdraw his Head, when the King ſpied him, and bid him come in; ſaying unto him, *Thou wondereſt to ſee me in this Poſture, ſince I have ſo many Thouſands of* Subjects *to pray for me. But I tell thee, That no Man has more Need to pray for himſelf, than He, who being to render an Account of His Actions to None but* God, *is for that Reaſon, more cloſely aſſaulted by the* Devil, *than all other Men beſide.*

Guſtavus was born in the Year 1594. At which Time, they ſay, a *Comet* was ſeen in the *Form* of a *Sword*, with its Point directed toward *Germany*; which the *Aſtrologers*

of those Times, interpreted as a Presage of that King's Warlike *Genius*, and of his future Conquests in the *Empire*. He came to the Government, before he had seen full Seventeen *Winters*, and was cut off in the Eight and Thirtieth Year of his Age.

Is is said, That a few Days before his Death, when his Soldiers receiv'd Him with Infinite Acclamations, and all the Marks of an unusual and intemperate Joy, he seemed to be troubled at it, saying, *That he took that Excessive Demonstration of his Soldiers Love, for an* Omen *of some approaching Disaster: And, that he was assured,* God *would, by taking him away, teach them, That there is no Confidence to be repos'd in any* Mortal.

After the Death of *Gustavus*, the *States* of the *Kingdom* assembling, proclaimed *Christina* Queen; And, during her Minority, committed her to the *Tutelage* of Five Principal *Officers* of the *Kingdom*, who also took on them the whole Care of the *Commonwealth*.

She is perfect in Seven *Languages*. Well vers'd in Ancient and Modern *Philosophy*; and, a complete *Historian*. In fine, she has acquir'd the *Title*, of the *Most Learned Princess of her Time*.

She is of a Graceful and Majestick Aspect: Has a piercing Eye: Wears part of her Hair loose about her Temples, and flowing down in Curls to her Shoulders; the Rest braided up behind, in Form of a Wreath. Thus is she represented by her *Picture*, which I have seen

ſeen in a Gallery of *Cardinal Mazarine*'s Palace, who profeſſes a great Veneration for this Queen. Could I have purchas'd her *Portraiture*, as I did her Father's, I would have ſent it thee: But, all the Pencils in *Paris* are hardly ſufficient to ſupply the Cloſets and Galleries of the *Nobles*, with this Admired *Figure*. She is become the *Idol* of the *French*.

Many great *Matches* have been offered her; but, ſhe refuſes all, either for Reaſon of *State*, or Diſlike of the Perſons, or an Averſion ſhe has for a *Married* Life; or through Oppoſition of her *Nobles* who ſeem to covet to be governed by a *Maiden Queen*. Soon after her Father's Death, the King of *Denmark* attempted to make her his Wife; but his Redreſs was abruptly rejected.

No better Encouragement did the King of *Poland* lately meet with, who Twice ſollicited the ſame Thing for Himſelf, and was as often repulſed. But this, 'tis thought, proceeded from ſome Politick Reaſons; he being deſcended of *Sigiſmund*, a former *Abdicated* King of *Sweden*; all whoſe *Poſterity*, are for ever excluded from enjoying the *Sueditſh Crown*, by a Law.

The *Engliſh* alſo gloried in a *Virgin Queen*, the laſt Age: Her Name was *Elizabeth*; whom thou can'ſt not but have heard of. She was the Daughter of *Henry* VIII, King of that Nation. She was a *Princeſs* of an extraordinary *Genius*, remarkable for her Wit and Learning. 'Twas one of her Subjects, who the

firſt of all Mortals, ſail'd round the *Globe*: And, by his fortunate Service, ſhe vanquiſh'd the reputed *Invincible Armada* of *Spain*. She governed her Kingdom with ſuch exquiſite Conduct, as made the Greateſt *Potentates* revere her Wiſdom. 'Tis to her Bounty, the *United Provinces* owe the Riſe of their preſent Grandeur and Riches; when they addreſs'd this Potent Queen in Form of Humble Suppliants, entitling themſelves, *The poor diſtreſſed States*. But now, they're *High* and *Mighty*; puſhing for an Equality with *Sovereign* Princes.

I cannot comprize in a Letter, all that may be ſaid of this Great Queen. Beſides, *Hiſtorians* vary in her Character. Thoſe that ſpeak moſt impartially, ſay, That ſhe had Extraordinary *Vertues*, yet was not free from Great *Vices*. We muſt not expect in any Mortal, a Temper exempt from the Common Malediction; much leſs in that *Sex*, whoſe Natural Weakneſs, claims our Indulgence and Excuſe. It is admirable to ſee or hear of a *Female*, whoſe Active Soul can diſingage it ſelf from the Common Frailties of *Women*, and perform Things ſcarce below the Power of *Maſculine* Vertue.

If thou thinkeſt my Letter too tedious, accuſe thy ſelf, for commanding me to write of Perſons, whoſe Uncommon Gifts and Tranſcendent Vertues, the moſt Accurate *Hiſtorians* can but render in *Epitome*; and the moſt durable *Records* of *Fame* will in-jure, in not being capable to tranſmit them to *Eternity*.

We

We ought not to contemn the Excellencies of the *Nazarenes*; who, though they are Unhappy in not knowing the *Alcoran*, yet they have a *Law* engraven on their Hearts; which if they obſerve, they ſhall be in the *Number* of the *Bleſſed*.

I am no Stranger to thy Moderation and Juſtice; being fully ſatisfied, that thou honoureſt Vertue, even in the moſt prejudic'd Enemy of our *Holy Profeſſion*. Let the *Furioſo's* among the *Muſſulmans* or *Chriſtians* ſay their Pleaſure; thou and I ſhall be conformable to our *Holy Law-giver*, in believing, *That the Innocent and Good of all Religions, ſhall have no Reaſon to tremble at the* Second Sound *of the* Trumpet.

Paris, 17th. *of the* 8th. Moon,
of the Year 1646.

LETTER

LETTER XII.

To the Selictar Aga, *or* Sword-Bearer *to the* Grand Signior.

THE *Duke* of *Orleans* is newly return'd from the Campagne in *Flanders*. He ſeems to be either tired with the Fatigues of War, or at leaſt, to be ſatisfy'd with his Exploits this Summer.

After the Conqueſt of *Courtray*, of which thou haſt heard in the *Divan*; this *Prince* march'd directly to *Bergues*, which he took, after a Siege of Six Days. Then being joyn'd by the *Duke* of *Enguien*'s Forces, he lay down before *Mardyke*. This Town had been in the *Spaniards* Poſſeſſion, ever ſince laſt *Winter*. Now it held out to a Miracle; but, after a Stout Reſiſtance, was at laſt forc'd to ſurrender. There were ſlain before it, many of the Chief *Nobility* of *France*. The *French* entred it, on the Four and twentieth of the laſt *Moon*.

The *Churches* here are hung with *Mourning*, and the *Eſcutcheons* of the *Hero's*, who loſt their Lives in the Bed of Honour. The Bullets, which know no Difference between the *Noble* and *Vulgar*, ſeem in this Battel, to have been directed by Art or Envy: As if the Flower of the Army, had been cull'd out for Marks.

In

In a Letter to *Murat Baſſa*, I gave an Account of a greivous *Drought* and *Mortality* in theſe Parts. Now *Heaven* ſeems to be pacify'd; and the *Angel* of *Death*, has put up his *Sword*. Yet, the Scarcity of Corn and other Neceſſaries, continues ſtill; only, there is Plenty of Wine: Which the Poor, who have moſt Need of it, abſtain from, leſt it ſhould enrage their Appetites, already ſharpen'd with Hunger, whilſt they have Little or nothing to eat.

Thou wilt wonder at the Dyet of theſe Miſerable Wretches, whom Oppreſſion and Poverty has forc'd to feed on *Frogs* and other *Vermin*. Yet, they extol it for a dainty Diſh. Both Poor and Rich reckon it a Feaſt, when they can make an Addition of a few *Muſhromes*, which they commonly gather themſelves. This is a *Vegetable*, of which the *Italian Proverb* ſays, *Muſhromes well pickl'd with Spices, may do no Harm, but can do no Good.*

God, who has commanded us to ſeparate the Clean from the Impure, and has taught us what we may eat without Pollution, grant, That we may not, either through Neceſſity, or to indulge our Appetites, taſte of any thing, which has in it the leaſt of the *Seven Maledictions.*

Paris, 14th. *of the* 9th. Moon,
of the Year 1646.

LETTER

LETTER XIII.

To Abubechir Hali, Merchant *in* Aleppo.

THOU telleſt me a Tragical Story of One of thy *Wives*, That ſhe is become a Fugitive, and gone away with thy *Slave Lorenzo*; whom I remember to have ſeen at thy Houſe at *Conſtantinople*. Either thou wert too Unkind to them both, or gaveſt 'em both too much Liberty: Whichſoever of theſe Ways thou haſt exceeded, thou art in the Fault. Too great an Indulgence, either to a Wife or a Servant, makes them Preſumptuous: And, too great Severity, hardens them to Deſpair. However, ſince it is ſo, I adviſe thee to comfort thy ſelf with this Thought, That thou art rid of *Two Evils*. Had they prov'd Faithful, they would not have merited that *Title*; but now, they are neither worthy of thy Grief, nor of thy Revenge.

But if thou art reſolv'd to purſue them, ask not my Counſel or Aſſiſtance in this Place; where I ſhould have as much Reaſon to apprehend Danger, as they. 'Tis true, I know thy *Slave*; but, were I to meet him in the Streets of this City, I ſhould be very unwilling, by diſcovering him, to be made known my ſelf. Beſides, thy Paſſion has made

made thee forget, That the *Nazarenes* would commend his Wit, and rejoice in his Fortune; who being a *Slave* to one, whom they eſteem an *Infidel*, has now by his Wife Conduct, purchas'd both his Liberty and a Beautiful Mate, with no ſmall Treaſure.

I rather adviſe thee, to apply thy ſelf to *Jaſmir Sgire Rugial*, the little *Aſtrologer* in *Aleppo*, who perhaps may tell thee ſome News of 'em. There is not a Star in the Eighth Sphere, can ſtir without his being privy to it. And, he pretends to behold in their Motions, whatever is done on Earth.

But, to be ſerious, thy *Slave* was an ungrateful Fellow, thus to abuſe all thy Favours. Thou hadſt made him in a Manner, Maſter of all thy Riches, only reſerving thy *Wives* to thy ſelf. And, if the Deſire of Liberty tempted him to eſcape, he ought in Juſtice to have ſacrific'd his Luſt, to the Regards he ow'd thee. But, every *Slave* is not a *Joſeph*. *Lorenzo*'s Villany, puts me in Mind of the Continence of an *Italian Marqueſs*.

This Young *Lord*, fell in Love with a *Dutcheſs* of ſingular Beauty, but knew not how to make her ſenſible of it. At length *Fortune* favour'd him with an Opportunity; beyond his Expectation. One Evening, as he return'd from Hawking he paſs'd through the Fields of that *Dutcheſs*, bordering on the *Palace*. The *Duke* her Husband and ſhe, were walking together, as the Young *Lord* came by. The *Duke* ſeeing his Train, and what Game they had been at, ask'd him

ſome

ſome Queſtions concerning their Sport; and being of an Hoſpitable Diſpoſition, invited him into his Palace to take a Collation. Nothing could be more agreeable to the Young Lover. He accepted the Offer, and here commenc'd an Acquaintance, which made Way in Time for an Aſſignation between the *Dutcheſs* and Him. He was let into the Gardens one Night, and ſo conducted privately to her Chamber, where ſhe lay ready in Bed to receive Him. After ſome Compliments the *Dutcheſs* ſaid, *My Lord, You are obliged to my Husband for this Favour; who, as ſoon as you were gone from our Houſe, the firſt Time we ſaw you, gave you ſuch Commendations, as made me conceive an immediate Paſſion for you. Is it true, Madam?* (replied the Young Lover already half undreſs'd) *Then far be it from me, to be ſo ungrateful to my Friend.* With that he put on his Garments again, and took his Leave.

But, it cannot be expected, that ſo much Vertue ſhould be found in a *Slave*. I would not have thee vex thy ſelf, for what cannot be recover'd. Adieu.

Paris, 14th. *of the* 9th. *Moon, of the Year* 1646.

LETTER

LETTER XIV.

To Solyman, *his* Couſin.

I Cannot approve thy Singularity, in preſcribing to thy ſelf a Rule of Life, different from that wherein thou wert Educated, and from the Laudable Manners of all *True Believers*. Thou haſt not done well, in deſerting the *Publick Congregations* of the *Faithful*, to follow the *Superſtitions* of New Upſtart *Sects*: Who, whil'ſt they profeſs greater Purity than Others, do ſecretly Undermine the Credit of our *Holy Law-giver*, reproach all the *Muſſulmans* throughout the World, and introduce *Libertiniſm*, and a *Contempt* of the *Majeſty* which cannot behold *Uncleanneſs*.

Are they Wiſer than their *Fathers*, who for ſo many Ages have obey'd the *Sacred Traditions*? Or, will they pretend to correct the *Meſſenger* of *God*? He commanded us, to obſerve the *Purifications* taught by the *Angel*: Whence do theſe *Innovators* derive their new-founded Authority, of Diſpenſing with the Poſitive Injunctions of *Heaven*? Will they enter into the *Blaſphemy* of the *Infidels*? and ſay, the *Prophet* was a *Seducer*, and that the *Alcoran* is but a *Collection* of *Fables*? If they believe the *Pages* repleniſh'd with *Truth* and *Reaſon*, why do they ſeek to retrench the *Divine Commandments*, and traverſe the *Law* tranſported from *Heaven*? Is it an Argument

of

of their Piety, that they carve out to themſelves ſuch a *Religion*, as ſuits with their Licentious Spirits? And, that they pick and chuſe ſuch *Precepts*, as indulge them moſt in a Careleſs Life? Is this to be *Muſſulmans*, that is, *Reſign'd*, when they will not obey the *Sovereign Law-giver* of Heaven and Earth, but upon their own Conditions? *Couſin*, I counſel thee, to beware of theſe *Schiſmaticks*; who, by breaking the *Union* of the *True Believers*, ſecretly oppoſe the *Eternal Unity* it ſelf, on which our *Mighty Empire* is founded, and reſts.

I am obliged to the *Poſt*, who waits at my Door, till I have finiſhed my *Diſpatches*. Therefore, I cannot now anſwer thy Letter at Large: Another Time, expect a more ample Expoſtulation. Mean while, I adviſe thee, to return to the Practice from which thou art fall'n: Go to the *Aſſemblies* of thoſe, who pour out *Devout Oriſons*; Keep a Clean Skin, and a Pure Heart: And, make not thy ſelf a *Companion* of *Swine*.

Paris, 24th. *of the* 10*th.* Moon,
of the Year 1646.

LETTER

LETTER XV.

To Haſnadar-Baſſy, *Chief Treaſurer to the* Grand Signior.

THIS Day *Paris* makes a Figure like Ancient *Rome*, when that *Miſtreſs* of the *World* honour'd her *Generals* with Publick Triumphs, at their Return from the Conquer'd Nations. The Streets are hung with Tapeſtry, and ſtrew'd with Lawrels: The Shops are ſhut up. The Young Men and Virgins, are cloathed in their beſt Array. They walk up and down in Conſorts, ſinging the *Duke* of *Enguien*'s Praiſe: Whilſt the Old and Decrepid, ſit at their Doors. to ſee the *Hero* make his Entry, and rehearſe the *Memoirs* of their former Years. With Tears of Joy, they heap Bleſſings on the Victorious Youth, as he rides along: And, throwing their Age and Crutches by for a while, they conſecrate the Reſt of the Day to the Publick *Jubile*.

Wouldſt thou know the Occaſion of all this Joy? 'Tis to welcom this *Prince* Home from the Succesful Toils of War. For, let his Courage and Conduct be what it will, if he had made a fruitleſs Campagne, his Entertainment had been different. But, *Fortune* has been propitious to him; and, the happy Event of his Arms, crowns him with Glory.

After

After the Departure of the *Duke* of *Orleans* from the Camp, the Command of the whole Army devolv'd on this *General*. Whose fiery *Genius* would not let him Rest, till he had done something worthy of the Character he aim'd at.

His first Attempt was, on a Place of no great Strength, called *Furnes*, which he took with Ease. Then he march'd to *Dunkirk*, one of the Strongest Towns in *Europe*. There was in it at that Time, a Garrison of Five and Twenty Hundred Foot, and Three Hundred Horse, commanded by a *Nobleman* of great Valour. I think they call him the *Marquis de Leide*. This *Governour* did so many brave Things, in Defence of this Place, as even surpass'd his own Fame, and the Expectations of others; though, both were very Great. Yet, at Length, he was forced to yield to the Courage and Fortune of the Young *Duke*; and that at a Time, when the other *Spanish Generals* were coming to his Relief. The Town was surrendred, on the 7*th* of this Month. And, the *Duke* having left the Necessary Commands to the *Mareschals* his Lieutenants, is come Home to receive the Acclamations of the People, the Honour of a Publick Triumph, and the particular Caresses of the King, and the whole *Court*. Amidst all this Applause and Glory, he must be content to stand the Shock of Envy, which always endeavours to lessen the Reputation of the Brave and Heroick.

A

As for *Mahmut*, he neither Envies nor admires the fading Honours of Mortality: Knowing, that when a Man is on the Higheſt Pinnacle of Humane Glory, he ſtands uneaſie; nor can he deſcend from thence, but by a Precipice.

Paris, 24th. *of the* 10*th.* Moon,
of the Year 1646.

LETTER XVI.

To Ibrahim Hali Cheik, *A Man of the* Law.

IF it be a Sign of a Flouriſhing *State*, when *Vices* are ſuppreſs'd; one would preſage, That *Paris* is in a thriving Condition. The *Governour* of this City, has newly publiſh'd an *Edict*, forbidding all *Stews* and *Brothel-Houſes* under ſevere Penalties; baniſhing all *Harlots*, and ſuch as by the Toleration of the Government, have hitherto made a Profeſſion of *Whoredom*, getting a Livelihood by Debauching the Youth of the City. This appears a great Novelty to the *French*; who, in this Matter, have been permitted all along, to live in an unbridled Licentiouſneſs. The lewder Sort, exclaim with open Mouth againſt this unſeaſonable Rigour (as they call it;) and thoſe who are aſham'd to appear publick Advo-

Advocates for *Harlots*, yet privately murmur againſt their *Superiors*, for retrenching a Liberty, without which, they ſay, their Lives would be uncomfortable.

They give a very favourable Character of a *Whore*; calling her, *A certain kind Creature, born to mitigate the Labours, and ſoften the Cares of Human Life.* They plead, That ſuch Women are Neceſſary Members of a *Commonwealth*; whilſt, with their Careſſes, they reſtrain libidinous Youth from falling into greater Enormities: That the *State* receives no ſmall Profit from the *Tribute*, which is levied on theſe *Houſes* of *Pleaſure*; and, that therefore they have been, and are permitted in all Countries. That the *Holy Father* himſelf tolerates an Infinite Number of them in *Rome*; which nevertheleſs has acquired the *Title*, of the *Holy City*: That all the *Princes* in *Italy* have followed his Example; there being no other way to prevent Adulteries, Inceſts, and the Vice which ought not to be named: That the *State* regarded not the Morality or Immorality of Men's Actions, any farther than they tended to the Publick Welfare: And, in fine, that ſo vaſt a Number of *Prieſts*, and *Religious*, ſerv'd for no other End, but to atone by their Sacrifices, Prayers, Alms and Faſtings, for the Sins of the People.

Theſe are the Diſcourſes of ſuch as patronize the Corruption of Government; and are unwilling to be wean'd from a Wickedneſs eſtabliſh'd by Immemorable Cuſtom in the City. But, thoſe who cheriſh an Eſteem for

Vertue

Vertue, and an incorrupt Life, applaud the Wiſdom and Reſolution of the *Magiſtrate*, ſaying, That he deſerves a *Statue* to be erected to his Memory, who firſt had the Courage to check this Popular Evil, and introduce an Integrity of Manners.

I, who was bred in the *Profeſſion* of *Purity*, and the *Law* which admits no *Pollution*, cannot but acquieſce to the Sentiments of the Latter; our *Holy Law-giver*, having expreſly forbidden the Practice of Uncleanneſs and Fornication with Strangers, and Women that proſtitute themſelves to all Lovers. It being ſufficient, that to gratifie Humane Paſſion, and to ſweeten the Toils of Life, he has indulg'd us the Uſe of *Four* Wives; and as many *Other* Females, as we can purchaſe either by the Sword or Money.

Adieu, Sage *Cheik*; and, if I have interrupted thy more Important Studies with ſo Trivial a Subject, believe, that it is for want of a proper Occaſion to ſignifie to thee, how much thou art in my Thoughts; and, that I would not have our Friendſhip die, through too long Silence.

Paris, 24th. *of the* 10th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1647.

LETTER

LETTER XVII.

To Muſtapha, Baſſa *of* Siliſtria.

THE Fortune of War, has raviſh'd *Aſac* from the *Grand Signior*, but has not robb'd thee of the Glory thou acquir'd'ſt Three Years ago in the Conqueſt of that City; nor ſullied thy preſent Arms, with any Marks of Diſgrace, that were of late ſo vigorouſly employ'd to relieve it. Had the *Moſcovites* performed the ſame Part, when thou did'ſt encircle that Neſt of Pyrates with the *Ottoman* Forces, as they have now done; the *Coſſacks* would not then ſo tamely have abandon'd their Native Seat, and left the Characters of their Deſpair, imprinted in the Ruines of their Habitations. The Protection of that Potent *Crown*, has given them new Vigor; and, 'tis to the Valour of thoſe *Northern* Salvages, they owe the Liberty they now enjoy, to fit by their own Fires.

The *Moſcovites* are a fierce and warlike Nation, inur'd to Hardſhips from the Womb. The Midwives plunge the new-born Infants in Cold Water; and, if they out-live not that Tryal, the Mother thinks her Child not worth a Tear. The Women have no partial Tenderneſſes for their Babes, but cherish all for the Service of their Country. They teach 'em, when Young, to rowl in Snow, and bath themſelves in Ice diſſolv'd in Water.

Water. They make 'em familiar with the Extremities of Heat and Cold, Hunger, Thirſt, and Labour, that when they come of Age, and can bear Arms, they may go boldly to the Wars, and bravely throw their Lives away to ſerve the Publick Good. In this they ſeem to revive the Wiſdom of the Ancient *Spartans*, who gloried in Nothing ſo much, as in educating their Youth hardly, and free from the Effeminate Softneſſes of other Nations. They eſteem'd Infancy and Youth, the Spring-time of Good Manners, when Vertue is in the Bloſſom: If that be nip'd or blaſted, the Fruit muſt prove abortive, and unprofitable. Therefore they took Care to ſeaſon their Early Years, with wholeſom Inſtructions, and Maſculine Exerciſes.

Who, among the warlike *Oſmans*, does not laugh at the unmanly Education of the *Perſian Sophi's*; who being for ſo many Years confin'd to the Company and Diſcipline of Females, ſeem fitter to be made Overſeers of a Nurſery, than to aſcend a Throne?

But, thou wilt ſay, I take large Leaps, from the *North* of *Europe*, to one of the moſt *Southern* Tracts in *Aſia*. I was diſcourſing of the *Moſcovites*, and the Aſſiſtance they afforded the *Coſſacks* in recovering *Aſac*. I paſſed from thence to the Manner of their Education. Permit me now, to divert thee with Something peculiar and uncommon, in the Character of the *Ruſſian* Women. I am acquainted with a Gentleman in this City, who

has travelled through all that Part of *Europe*, and reſided ſome Years at *Moſco*. He ſays, The *Ruſſian* Wives think themſelves not beloved by their Husbands, unleſs they beat them every Day. They take his Correction, as a Mark of his Favour and Eſteem. If theſe ſilly Females are angry or peeviſh, he has no other way to court 'em into a better Humour, but by Stripes. This is the only convincing Argument of his Sovereignty over them, the Demonſtration of his Manhood, the Charm which faſtens both their Love and Obedience.

He highly applauds the abſolute Reſignation, which the People ſhew to their *Great Duke*; in that they pretend not to poſſeſs their Eſtates and Lives, but through his Favour, and during his Pleaſure. He ſays, the *Succeſſion* of the *Czars*, or *Great Dukes* of *Ruſſia*, was in former Times determin'd after this Manner. A great Stone was plac'd in a large Field belonging to the City of *Moſco*. When any *Czar* died, his Sons, or the next of Kin, were conducted into this Field, and placed all at an equal Diſtance from the Stone: Then, at a certain Signal given, they all ran together toward it; and he that firſt reach'd it, ſo as to ſtand on the Top of it, was eſtabliſh'd in the *Throne*.

The Reverence which theſe People pay to their *Prince*, may in Part be aſcribed to his ſeldom appearing in Perſon to them, and then ſurrounded with his *Boyars* or *Nobles*, in the moſt Magnificent Equipage, that can be

be ſuppoſed proper, to ſtrike a Terror and Awe into his Subjects, and cauſe them to Honour him, as little leſs than a *God*. The Eyes of the Vulgar, are dazl'd with ſo many Splendors, of Silver, Gold and Jewels; And, when the *Great Duke* makes his ſolemn Appearance or Cavalcade, they are almoſt ready to think, That Heaven has deſcended to Earth, to do them the Honour of a Viſit. Theſe are the Arts of *Ruſſian* Policy, by which ſuch an Infinite Number of People are charmed, into an Obedience to the *Sovereign*. Doubtleſs, the *Majeſty* of a *King*, receives no ſmall Luſtre from External Ornaments; the Multitude being captivated with whatſoever is Gay and Glittering. Yet, our Glorious *Sultans*, ſcorn to borrow Advantage from, or owe their Grandeur to any Thing, but their Exalted Blood, and ſublime, innate Vertues.

But, every Nation have their peculiar Cuſtoms, and diſtinct Reaſons of State. The Conſtitution of all Governments is not alike: The Model of *Lacedæmonian* Policy, would ſuit ill with *Athens*.

Thou whoſe Education was in the *Royal Seraglio* of the *Oſman Emperours*; that haſt been inſtructed to imitate the *Bee*, which ſucks *Honey*, from every *Flower*: Thou that knoweſt how to make a Choice of Good Examples, and to reject the Ill; practiſe the Valour of *One* Nation, the Prudence of *Another*, the Frugality of a *Third*; ſo ſhalt thou be conſummate in

Vertue, and acquit thy self a good *General.*

Paris, 15th. *of the* 11th. *Moon, of the Year,* 1646.

LETTER XVIII.

To Solyman, Kyzlar Aga, Chief *of the* Black Eunuchs.

I Am just now return'd to my Chamber, from the *Palace* of the *King.* As I pass'd along the Streets, I saw in every Face the Signatures of a profound Sorrow, which seems to have diffused it self over their whole Bodies; for, both the *Court* and *City* have put on *Mourning*, for the Death of *Henry Bourbon*, late *Prince* of *Conde.*

He was not full Sixty Years of Age, when he left this Visible World, to be new-born in a Region utterly unknown to Mortals. The *French*, not without Reason, lament the Loss of a Man, who, to speak the Least of him, buoy'd up the Domestick Interest of this Kingdom, which seemed otherwise inclining to totter. He was the Balance which pois'd the different Passions of the *Court* and *City*; by his Prudence and Justice, calming both into a peaceable Mediocrity.

He

He was born ſome *Moons* after his Father's Death, whom the moſt execrable Method of Murdering, would not ſuffer to Spin out thoſe Years which *Nature* would have indulg'd him; being ſnatch'd away by Poiſon.

Henry IV. So long as he remain'd without Iſſue, fix'd his Eyes on this Poſthumous Young *Prince*, and gave him an Education ſuitable to one, whom *Fate* had deſigned to be the Heir of the *Crown*. Yet afterwards, Jealouſie cool'd his Affection, when the *Prince* had married *Charleotte*, the *Duke* of *Montmorency*'s Daughter, whom *Henry* IV. loved to a Degree of Paſſion.

It is dangerous to have a Sovereign Prince, ones Rival in Love. That Match had well-nigh ruined the Young *Prince* of *Conde*. He was forced to fly into *Holland* with his *Princeſs*, and make that *Province* the Sanctuary of her Honour. From thence he travell'd through *Germany*, and return'd not to *France*, till after the Murder of *Henry* IV.

During the Minority of *Lewis* XIII. he Headed the Factions, affecting to become Popular. Were it not for this Ambition, his Life had been without Blemiſh, and he might have blown out *Diogenes* his *Mid-day-Candle*. But, no Man is free from Fault. All the Difference between the Vertuous and Vicious, conſiſts in this, That one commits fewer Crimes than the other, and thoſe not by Intention or Habit, but through the Inſuperable Proclivity of *Nature*. Every Man has

his *Genial* Vices, his *Conſtitutional* Errors; and though he may appear a *Saint* in all Things elſe, yet in theſe he will ſtill be a *Sinner*.

He ſuffered Five Years Impriſonment in the *Baſtile*, which is a Place put to the ſame Uſe, as the *Caſtle* of the *Seven Towers* in *Conſtantinople*. The *Princeſs* his Wife, was his Companion all the Time, and ſhared in his Misfortunes, as well as his Proſperity.

During that tedious Confinement, he became Father of a Daughter, who was afterwards Married to the *Duke* of *Longueville*. And, when he was ſet at Liberty, he begot the *Duke* of *Enguien*, now *Prince* of *Conde*, and the *Prince* of *Conti*.

The *French* ſpeak well of the Departed *Prince*. He was of a lively Spirit, chearful and affable in Converſation, mixing daily Recreations with his ſeverer Buſineſs, regularly obſerving Order in all his Affairs. Yet, they ſay, he was Covetous, having heaped up great Treaſures by a Parſimony which none of that *Blood* had ever before practiſed.

On his Death-bed he recommended Two Things to the Practice of his Son, the *Duke* of *Enguien*; *Never to revenge a Private Injury*; And, *freely to hazard his Life, for the Publick Good*.

I choſe to tranſmit to thee the News of this *Prince*'s Death, with this brief Account of his Life, and Character of his Diſpoſition, in Regard thou haſt ſeen him in *Germany*, and I remember to have heard thee ſpeak in his Praiſe.

Con-

Continue to love *Mahmut*, who is never forgetful to oblige his Friends.

Paris, *15th. of the 11th.* Moon, *of the Year*, 1646.

LETTER XIX.

To the Kaimacham.

THE *Posts* from *Catalonia* came in last Night, laden with ill News from the Army, which has been forced to decamp from before *Lerida*, leaving the greateſt Part of their Artillery to the *Spaniards*. That Place, was always Fatal to the *French*. Yet, the Paſſion of the *Court*, vents it ſelf on the *Count d' Harcourt*, becauſe he could not reverſe the *Decrees* of *Deſtiny*. All his former Meritorious Actions, ſeem now to be cancell'd, by this one Diſgrace, though it was unavoidable: So peeviſh are *Princes*, when their Expectations are croſs'd. Some ſuſpect him guilty of private Correſpondence; Others tax him with Cowardiſe. All this is, during the Heat of their Reſentments: The ſame Perſons, it may be, will change their Cenſure, when they conſider, that he had lain before it Seven *Moons*, even till the Trenches of his Camp were filled with Snow, and that his Soldiers died of Famine or Cold: For, the

Winter, began to be insupportable, and the Country was barren of all Things necessary to sustain such an Army. I cannot see, wherein this *General* deserves Reproach; unless it be a Crime to be a Man, and to have the Command of such as are made of Flesh and Blood, as well as he.

In *Italy*, the *French* have taken *Piombin* and *Portolongone*. This Latter, is the most Important Town in the *Isle* of *Elbe*; yet was not able to sustain above Nineteen Days Siege.

They say, there is a Fountain in this *Island*, whose Waters flow at the *Sun-rising*; but, in the *Evening*, are dried up. The *Superstitious* have odd Conceits of this Fountain, relishing of the Ancient *Pagan* Vanities; but, the *Learned* attribute it to *Natural Causes*. So, the *Jews* tell of a River in the *East*, that stands still on the *Seventh* Day of the Week. This they adduce, as a Confirmation of their *Law*, which commands them, to rest from Labours on the *Seventh* Day; because, on that Day *God* rested from forming the *Creatures* of the *World*. They say also, That the *Satyrs*, and other *Monsters* of the *Desart*, shun the Light of the Sun that Day; hiding themselves in Caverns of the Earth, and Cursing the *Sabbath* because it surpriz'd *God*, before he had quite finish'd their *Forms*; for which Reason, they are *Imperfect* and *Monstrous* to this Day.

The *Divine Unity*, who is the *Root* of all *Numbers*, and has consecrated the Number *Seven*,

Seven, to many *Myſterious* Ends, grant, that neither thou nor I may forget the Anſwers we muſt give to the *Seven* Queſtions of the *Porter* of *Paradiſe*.

Paris, 7th. *of the* 12*th.* Moon,
of the Year 1646.

LETTER XX.

To Bajazet, Baſſa *of* Greece.

IT appears to me, by evident Symptoms, That there is ſome deep Deſign afoot in this *Court*. The *Grandees* aſſemble often, and ſit late. Extraordinary *Couriers* are ſent out, and come in, at all Hours of the Night. Strange Reports are induſtriouſly ſpread about the City. Trading is at a Stand, the Banquires reſerv'd, and little Money ſtirring; which makes the Populace murmur. They complain of the Times, as is uſual in Publick Diſcontents: The *Old* diſcourage and incenſe the *Young*, by making Compariſons of this Age and Reign, with the Happy Days of *Henry the Great*. They fill their Ears, with Golden Stories of former Times; and inſpiring into them a Love of the Paſt, they equally introduce a Hatred of the Preſent Government. Theſe are the Common Artifices of Faction. And, though none appears

yet under any diſtinct Name or Title, yet 'tis eaſie to prognoſticate, from theſe Preludes, That ere long the Maſque will be taken off, and Sedition will ſhew her ſelf bare-fac'd.

'Tother Day, a Fellow run Crying through the Streets, *God ſave the* King, *but the Devil take the* Italian. He was followed by a few, and thoſe of the moſt Contemptible. Yet, no Officer or Magiſtrate in this City, would cauſe him to be apprehended, or attempt to ſuppreſs the Mutiny he was raiſing. The Citizens ſmil'd at his Boldneſs, and Money was brought him from unknown Hands. The Women bleſs'd him as a *Prophet*, and the Virgins fell down before the *Altar*, on his Behalf: The *Temples* were crowded with Votaries, or rather with the Fautors of this new Sedition; as if they ſtrove to draw their *Gods* into the Cabal, and would make *Heaven* it ſelf abett their Tumults. His Train increas'd as he meaſured the Streets, till at length he was ſeiz'd by the Royal Guards, the Rabble diſperſed, and all Things reſtored to Quiet. That Night, a Double *Watch* was kept throughout the City; the Fellow was ſtrictly examin'd, and put to the *Rack*; yet no Confeſſion could be extorted from him, ſave, *That the Publick Good induc'd him to take this Courſe: That the Tyranny and Oppreſſion which* Cardinal Mazarini *exerciſed, were Inſupportable? and, That he was ready to ſacrifice his Life for the Welfare of his Country.* He is condemn'd to the Gallies

Gallies during his Life. And, great Endeavours are uſed to find out the Authors of this Novelty. For he is looked on but as an Inſtrument, ſet at work by ſome Malecontents of higher Quality, and the Forerunner of ſome more formidable Inſurrection.

Proclamations are iſſued out, to forbid all Diſcourſe of *State*-Matters; but, the People ſpare not, to whiſper their Sentiments.

The Young *King* is taken Ill, which augments the Publick Jealouſie: Men ſhake their Heads, and look dejected, as they walk along the Streets. Some menace Revenge with their furrow'd Brows; Others ſpeak openly, *That the Kingdom is ſold to Strangers.* A General Conſternation and Diſorder has ſeiz'd all, while their Fears prompt 'em daily to expect a Change. To obviate the Miſchiefs which thoſe Popular Paſſions threaten, Soldiers are drawn from divers Parts of the Country by *Mazarini*'s Order, and by inſenſible Companies quarter'd up and down *Paris*. Between theſe and the Citizens, there happen divers Quarrels, frequent Murders are committed; while the Night, which covers all Things with Darkneſs, ſerves to ſhroud their mutual Outrages, and private Revenges. Thus, the Publick Calamities are cheriſh'd: What will be the Iſſue, Time will evince.

In the mean while, the Affairs of *Germany* and *Swedeland*, ſeem to be in a fair Way of Compoſure. Divers *Treaties* are on Foot, in

in Order to a General Peace in *Chriſtendom*. The *Embaſſadours* and *Deputies* of the ſeveral Conteſting *Crowns*, have frequent Conferences. But, each Party inſiſts ſo vehemently on Circumſtantials, that Nothing but fruitleſs Demurrs conclude their Meetings. *France* has a great Stroke in all theſe Affairs: And, 'tis grown to a *Proverb*, *That* Cardinal Mazarini *carries all the* Courts *of* Europe *in his Boſom.*

The *Suedes* treat like *Victors*; and the *Germans*, though much enfeebl'd, yet cannot forget the *Majeſty* of the *Imperial Sceptre*. The *Danes* have an Intereſt to proſecute; and, the *Poles* are not without their Pretenſions. *National* Pride and Honour have a great Influence on theſe *Crowns*. But, the *Hollanders*, like Merchants, act according to the Rules of Profit. They ſtand on no *Punctilio*'s, but ſuch as advance their Traffick; knowing, that Money is the Nerves of War. In this they are to be eſteemed Wiſe, their *Commonwealth* being as yet but in her Nonage; her Strength not knit, nor ſhe in a Capacity to wreſtle with her Potent Neighbours.

England finds Buſineſs enough at home, to employ both her Money, Wit and Arms. Nor can ſhe be at Leiſure, to attend to Foreign Tranſactions.

Spain ever follows the Intereſt of the *German Court*; it being the Unalterable *Maxim* of the *Houſe* of *Auſtria*, *To remain United, and aggrandize it ſelf.*

Italy

Italy has various Intereſts; and, *Venice* in particular, is in ſtrict Friendſhip with this *Court*.

Portugal is ſtill upon her Guard, againſt the reſtleſs *Spaniards*: And *Don Juan de Braganza*, makes Foreign *Alliances*.

The *Supreme Monarch* of the *Viſible* and *Inviſible Worlds*, who ſits on the *Throne* of *Adamant*, under the *Covert* of the *Eternal Tree*, grant, That the Diſtractions of theſe *Infidel*-Princes and *States*, may continue, till the Time appointed by *Fate* ſhall come, wherein the *Faithful Oſmans* ſhall poſſes the *Red-Apple*.

Paris, 25th. *of the* 1ſt, *Moon*,
of the Year 1647.

LETTER

LETTER XXI.

To Peſtelihali, *his Brother.*

I Thought my ſelf forgotten by the *Son* of my *Mother*, who has ſuffer'd ſo many *Decads* of *Moons* to meaſure out the Term of his unkind Silence, and of my Melancholy. 'Tis now Three Years ſince I heard from thee: But, I will not complain of a Fault ſo ingenuouſly expiated, though late. Thou haſt made me ample Amends, in ſending me ſuch an Elaborate and Succinct *Hiſtory* of thy *Travels*: In reading of which, I know not whether my Pleaſure or Profit is greater. Thou haſt ſo interwoven Delightful Adventures of thy own, and pleaſant Paſſages of others, with Curious and Solid Obſervations, that a Man Improves himſelf Inſenſibly, whil'ſt the Charming Language and Miſcellany, ſerve as a Spur, at once to rowze and faſten his Attention, to Points of moſt uſeful Knowledge.

The *Chriſtians* are apt to deſpiſe the *True Believers*, as a Company of Ignorant People, Unacquainted with the World, Unpoliſh'd both in their Underſtandings and Manners, not vers'd in the *Liberal Sciences*, nor addicted to the Study of any Thing, but Riches and Honour, and how to augment the *Muſſulman Empire*. They conſider not at the ſame time, that *God* has made us *Rational* Creatures,

Creatures, as well as them; has indued us with the ſame *Natural* Faculties; and, that in all *Nations*, he has Inſpir'd ſome with a Thirſt of Knowledge, furniſhing them alſo with the Abilities and Means to attain it. They conſider not, that if *Printing* be prohibited among us, 'tis to ſuppreſs the Multitude of Unprofitable *Books*, with which *Europe* too much abounds: And, that in their Stead we have many Thouſands of Induſtrious *Scribes*, whoſe whole Employment is, to tranſlate the moſt Excellent and Learned *Treatiſes* of the *Ancients*. And, that conſequently, a ſtudious *Mahometan* cannot be deſtitute of ſuch *Books*, as may inſtruct him in *True Philoſophy*, ſound *Morals*, and the *Hiſtory* of the Moſt Memorable Tranſactions in the World. Aſſuredly, our *Arabia* may boaſt of her *Avicen's*; *Meſue's*, *Averroe's*, *Hali's* and *Albumazar's*; and, that ſhe has brought forth many others who need not in any Point of *Humane* or *Divine Learning*, yield the *Palm* to the moſt Eminent *Doctors*, *Philoſophers*, *Orators* and *Poets* among the *Chriſtians*.

Add to this the equal Benefit ſome of our *Belief* reap, by Travelling into Foreign Countries, which crowns all their Studies with Experimental Knowledge and Wiſdom: Rendring them as familiar, with the different *Natures* of *Men*, and the various *Conſtitutions* of *Government*, as before they were with *Books*.

This appears evident in thy Letter, which

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is repleniſhed with ſo many ſolid Remarks and ſage Comments, on the *Laws* and *Cuſtoms* of the *Regions*, through which thou haſt paſs'd, their *Religions*, *Strength* and *Riches*, and whatſoever elſe was worthy a *Traveller*'s Notice; That were this *Narrative* publiſh'd in *Chriſtendom*, the *Nazarenes*, would forbear to ſpeak ſo contemptibly of the *True Believers*.

But, they flatter themſelves with a falſe Notion, That the *Ottomans* never travel beyond the Limits of their own *Empire*, except the *Publick Chiauſes*, who are ſent by the *Grand Signior*. They are ignorant, that the *Auguſt Port* maintains *Private Agents* in all *Nations*; and, that there is hardly any *Prince*'s *Court* in *Chriſtendom* without a *Muſſulman* in it one Time or other. 'Tis true, we appear not in the *Garb* peculiar to the *Eaſt*. Our *Miſſion* requires a *Conformity* to the *Faſhions* of the *People* where we Reſide. But, we ſtill retain the Interiour Veſtment of *Mahometan Purity*; being in a double Sence *Circumciſed*. Thus we become Maſters of the *Chriſtians* Secrets, whilſt they account us Stupid, Ignorant, and Men void of Common Senſe.

Beſides, had we not this Advantage, in their *Weſtern* Parts; yet, the Univerſal Privilege of Travelling and maintaining free Commerce over all the *Eaſt*, muſt needs afford great opportunities of Accompliſhment, to ſome among the *Caravans* of ſo many Thouſands, as viſit *Perſia*, *India*, *China*, *Tartary*, and all Places were the *Faith* of the *Miſſioner* of *God* is profeſſed.

I am

I am extremely pleaſed with thy fortunate Eſcapes from *Robbers* on the Road, whoſe Malice rarely extends farther, than to deprive a Man of thoſe *Outward Goods*, which, if he be *wiſe*, he will not call *his Own*. Much more am I delighted, with thy Deliverance from thoſe *Female* Thieves, who ſteal from Men their Hearts and Reaſon; which laſt is our Nobleſt, and only proper Inheritance. All *Perſia* and the *Indies*, abound with *Courtezans*; and he had need of *Oſman*'s Chaſtity, who would withſtand ſo many and ſtrong Temptations.

Thou needeſt not wonder at the Effeminacy of the preſent *Mogul*, who ſuffers himſelf and his *State*, to be govern'd by *Women*. That Subtle and Aſpiring *Sex*, have always ſought to undermine or over-reach our *Race*. They keep behind the *Scenes*, yet act their Parts, in all the *Tragedies* and *Revolutions* of the *World*. The Father of the preſent *Indian* King, made an Abſolute Reſignation of his *Sovereignty* to his Queen, for Four and Twenty Hours. This *Prince*, by a ſtrange Affectation, called himſelf, *King of the World*. His Wife was the Daughter of an *Arabian* Captain, who had ſerved him in the Wars: But, having forfeited his Head by ſome Notorious *Treaſon*, his Daughter went and threw her ſelf at the *Mogul*'s Feet, to beg his Life. He fell paſſionately in Love with her, (for, ſhe had not her Equal for Beauty in all the *Eaſt*) granted her *Petition*, and married her. Afterwards, ſhe got ſuch an *Empire* over him,

him, that he would do Nothing without her Advice and Consent. At her Instigation, he made *War* or *Peace*: And to please her cruel Humour, he put out the Eyes of his Eldest Son. But, not satisfied with these Discoveries of his Love, and resolving to make herself Famous by some Extraordinary Action, she never ceas'd solliciting the King, with all the Arts of Female Policy, till she had prevailed on him, to surrender up his Authority to her for the Space of a Day. In which Time (having prepared all things beforehand ready for her Purpose) she caused Two Millions of *Roupies*, in Silver and Gold, to be coin'd, and stamp'd with the *Twelve Signs* of the *Zodiack*; contrary to the *Fundamental Laws* of the *Empire*, the *Express Prohibition* of our *Holy Prophet*, and the *Universal Practice* of the *Mussulmans* throughout the *World*, who admit not the *Representations* of any *Creatures* that have *Life*. This Relation I had from my Uncle *Useph*, who resided in the *Indian Court* Eleven Years. He added moreover, That during this short *Female Reign*, she cut off the Heads of Seven *Grandees*, the most zealous for the *Mussulman Faith* among all the *Indian Princes*, and established as many *Idolaters* in their *Places*: And, that if her Orders had been fully executed, she had quite changed the *Government*, Consecrated the most beautiful *Mosques* to the *Service* of *Idols*, Exterminated the *True Faithful*, and restored the *Ancient Abominations* of the *Infidels*. Which thou wilt not think

think Impracticable, when thou considereſt, That the Number of the *Uncircumciſed* in the *Indies*, far exceeds that of the *Muſſulmans*; there being Ten thouſand of thoſe, to a Hundred of ſuch as profeſs the *Unity* of the *Divine Nature*. But however, there was *Loyalty* found even among thoſe *Pagans*; and, they would not ſuffer a *Blind Zeal* for the *Worſhip* of their *Gods*, to ſupplant the *Duty* they ow'd their *King*.

The Deſcription thou haſt made of *Candahar*, and the Method thou haſt projected to take that *Impregnable City*, diſcover at once thy Conduct and Diligence, in procuring Liberty to ſurvey ſo narrowly, the moſt Important Place of the *Indies*; and thy Skill in Fortifications, with the Quickneſs of thy Invention, which has ſuggeſted to thee, that which all the *Engineers* of *Aſia* have never ſo much as dreamt of. This is the right Uſe of Travelling, when a Man returns from Foreign *Nations*, cultivated with Experimental Knowledge, and ſtock'd with Improvements, that may render him ſerviceable to his Country.

Thou condemneſt the Injuſtice and Avarice of the *Indian Moguls*; who, as ſoon as any of the *Omrahs*, or *Great Men* die, cauſe all his Eſtate and Goods to be ſeiz'd, to their own proper Uſe. Whereby it comes to paſs, that the Widow and Children of the Deceaſed, are reduced to the loweſt Condition of Poverty, being many Times forced to beg for a Subſiſtence. 'Tis true, this is an Oppreſſion not to be juſtified, eſpecially in thoſe who profeſs

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to Believe in *One God Creator* of *All Things*, the *Incorrupt Judge* of the *Universe*. But, what thinkeſt thou then of our *Sultans*, who not having Patience to wait, till a *Natural* Death ſhall make them *Heirs* to the *Wealth* of a *Baſſa*, generally ſecure their *Title*, and haſten their Poſſeſſion by a *Bow-ſtring*? Theſe are *Royals* Violences: Though the Reſignation of *Subjects*, muſt not tax them with any Crime, who are Accountable to none but God.

It was, however a notable Piece of Raillery, with which the Widow of a Rich *Merchant*, reproved this Unreaſonable Cuſtom in the preſent *Mogul*. Her Husband was an *Idolator*, who had heaped together an Infinite Treaſure by Trading and Uſury; and, when he died, left her worth Two Hundred Thouſand *Roupies*. Her Son, ſome Years after coming of Age, demanded of her a Stock to ſet up with as a *Merchant*. Which ſhe, either out of Avarice, or for other Ends, refuſed him; furniſhing him onely with ſuch ſmall Sums, as ſerved to nouriſh his Diſcontent, and tempt him to a lewd, careleſs Life. But, at length, not being able to prevail on his Mother, to part with ſo much as would anſwer his Expectations, he complained to the *Mogul*, diſcloſing alſo what Eſtate his Father had left. The *Mogul* being informed of ſo much Riches, ſent for the Young Man's Mother, and commanded her, to ſend him Half her Money; ordering, that the other Half, ſhould be divided between her Self and her Son. The Widow not being at all ſurprized

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or caſt down at this unjuſt Propoſal, made the *Mogul* this ſhort Reply: *O King, may the Gods make thee Happy. My Son has ſome Reaſon to require his Share of his Father's Eſtate, having his Blood running in his Veins; but I deſire to know, what Relation Thou art to my Husband or Me, that Thou claimeſt a Share in his Inheritance.* The *Prince* abaſh'd at ſo ſmart and bold an Addreſs, commanded her to give Half her Eſtate to her Son, and ſo diſmiſſed her.

I have heard ſome of our *Chiauſes* praiſe the *Magnificence* of the *Mogul*'s *Court*, the Infinite Number of his Attendants: But above all they extoll the Inimitable Grandeur of his *Throne*, which is adorn'd with ſo many Topazes, Rubies, Emeraulds, Pearls and Diamonds, as amount to Thirty Millions of *Roupies*. But, were it not much better, if in ſtead of all this Needleſs Glory, he could boaſt, That his *Empire* is founded in the Hearts of his *Subjects*? He does not conſider, That ſuch prodigious Heaps of envied Treaſure are but ſo many glittering *Snares*, Golden *Manacles*, which ſerve for no other Uſe, but to chain him up from that Freedom, and thoſe more Innocent Delights, that the Meaneſt of his Subjects enjoy.

Thou haſt, I perceive, diſcourſed with the *Indian Bramins*: Doſt not thou diſcover, even in theſe *Idolaters*, a Contempt of Riches? What mean Thoughts have they of the Splendor and Gayeties of the *Court*? What a low

Eſteem,

Esteem, of the Long and Proud *Series* of Titles, with which the *Moguls* endeavour to exalt themselves? Whilst they are call'd the *Lights of the World*, and *Companions of the Sun*: these poor *Philosophers* know, That in a little Time they shall be laid in *Darkness*, and have no better *Society* than that of *Worms*. What signifies their *Pedigree*; or, that the present *Mogul*, is but the *Tenth Descendent* from the *Mighty Temurlen*, who made all *Asia* tremble, if he has lost the *Vertue* of his *Glorious Ancestor*? 'Tis that alone, makes all Men truly *Noble*.

Thou telleſt me, That the *Empire* of the *Mogul*, affords him more *Revenues*, than the *Dominions* of any Two the most Potent *Monarchs* on Earth. I have heard as much from Others; which convinces me, That thou hast inform'd thy self rightly of the *Present State* of the *Indies*. But dost thou therefore esteem this *Monarch* the Richer? Consider the vast Extent of his *Dominions*, which are said to contain more than Six Hundred Leagues in Length, and thou wilt find, that to maintain so great a Tract of Ground, both against his *Foreign* and *Domestick* Enemies, he is oblig'd to keep in Constant Pay, some Millions of his Subjects and Strangers: For he is in the Midst of Enemies, even among his own *Subjects*. There are above an Hundred *Sovereigns* in his *Empire*, who perpetually by Turns molest the *Government*, refusing to pay *Tribute*, and raising Armies against him: Whereby he com-

comes to paſs, That he is at an Infinite Expence to defend himſelf, and carry on thoſe Endleſs Wars. Thou thy ſelf having obſerv'd, That once in two *Moons*, there is an Indiſpenſible Neceſſity of paying theſe prodigious Armies: Not a Soldier throughout his *Empire*, having any thing to live on, ſave the Wages he receives of the King.

Conſider alſo, that this *Monarch*, always keeps ſome Thouſands of the fineſt Horſes in the World, near his Perſon, ſuch as coſt him Thouſands of *Roupies* apiece: Beſides a Thouſand Elephants; with an Incredible Number of Mules, Camels, and other Beaſts of Burden, to carry his Wives, his Goods and Proviſions, when he takes the Field: That whole Cities, even as Large as *Conſtantinople*, are obliged to follow the King's Camp for Subſiſtence, their Livelihood altogether depending on the Army. Add to this, the Immenſe Charges of his *Seraglio*, his Caſtles and Sea-Port Towns, with all the other Neceſſary Expences of the *State*, and thou wilt conclude, That when this *Potentate* comes to caſt up his Accounts, he will find himſelf a Poor Man.

But, I ſhall cloy thee with a Rehearſal of ſuch Things, as thou can'ſt not be a Stranger to.

Only tell me, Whether one of the *Raias* or *Princes* ſubject to the *Mogul*, be the real *Deſcendent* of *Porus*, the Ancient King of *India*, in the Time of *Alexander the Great*? I have been told by ſeveral Travellers, that there

there is such an One, that his Name is *Rama*, and that an Hundred of the *Idolatrous Princes* pay Homage to him, as to their *Natural Sovereign*.

Thou confirmest the Truth, of what has been so often reported in these Parts, That the *Prince* of *Java* has Six Fingers on each Hand, and as many Toes on his Feet.

But, that seems very strange, which thou relatest, of a certain *Language* among the *Indians*, which is not Vulgarly spoken; but, that all their *Books* of *Theology*, the *Pandects* of their *Laws*, the *Records* of their *Nation*, and the *Treatises* of *Human Arts* and *Sciences* are written in it. And, that this *Language* is taught in their *Schools*, *Colleges*, and *Academies*, even as *Latin* is among the *Christians*. I cannot enough admire at this: For, where and when was this *Language* spoken? How came it to be disus'd? There seems to be a Mystery in it, that none of their *Brachmans* can give any other Account of this, save, That it is the *Language*, wherein *God* gave to the *First Creature* he made, the *Four Books* of the *Law*; which, according to their *Chronology*, was above Thirty Millions of Years ago. I tell thee, my Dear Brother, this News has started some odd Notions in my Mind: For, when I consider, that this *Language*, as thou sayest, has nothing in it Common with the *Indian* that is now spoken, nor with any other *Language* of *Asia*, or of the World; and yet, that it is a Copious and Regular *Language*, learn'd by *Grammar*

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like the other *Maternal Languages*; and, that in this *Obſolete Language*, *Books* are written, wherein it is aſſerted, that the *World* is ſo many Millions of Years old; I could almoſt turn *Pythagorean*, and believe the *World* to be within a *Minute* of *Eternal*. And, where would be the Abſurdity? Since *God* had equally the ſame Infinite Power, Wiſdom and Goodneſs from all *Eternity*, as he had Five or Six Thouſand Years ago. What ſhould hinder him then from exerting theſe *Divine Attributes* ſooner? What ſhould retard him, from drawing forth this Glorious *Fabrick* earlier, from the *Womb* of *Nothing*? Suffer thy Imagination to ſtart backwards as far as thou canſt, even to Millions of Ages, and yet thou canſt not conceive a Time, wherein this Fair Unmeaſurable *Expanſe*, was not ſtretch'd out. As if *Nature* her ſelf had engraven on our Intellects, this *Record* of the *World*'s Untraceable *Antiquity*; in that our ſtrongeſt, ſwifteſt Thoughts, are far too weak and ſlow, to follow Time back to its Endleſs Origin.

The *Revolution* in *China*, ſurpaſſes the *Common Changes* in *Kingdoms* and *Empires*. There is Something Exceſſively *Tragical*, in the *Cataſtrophe* of that *Royal* Houſe.

Brother, in beholding that, thou haſt ſeen *Humane Nature* in a *Trance*: And, thou art ſo thy ſelf, if, after this, thou canſt be fond of any Thing on Earth. *Traveller*, adieu.

Paris, 25th. *of the* 1ſt. *Moon*, *of the Year* 1647.

LETTER XXII.

To Asis Bassa.

SEveral *Dispatches* have been lately sent between this *Court*, and that of *Suedeland*; containing rather Matter of Compliment, than any Thing of Great Importance. *Queen Christina* has been very Ill, which has occasion'd Letters of Condoleance from the *Queen-Regent* of *France*.

Those which come from that Part, say, That *General Torstenson* is made a *Count*; and the *Dignity* entail'd to his *Posterity*, in Recompence of his Eminent Services to the *Swedish Crown*.

These Letters add, That there have past some high Words, between *Monsieur Chanut*, and the *Suedish Secretary* of *State*. And, that the latter, in going out of the Chamber where they discourled, laid his Hand upon his Sword, with these Words: *Monsieur* Chanut, *Were it not for the Fence which the* Law *of* Nations *has rais'd about your Person, I would answer you in another Language.* To which *Monsieur Chanut* replied, *That he wore a Sword to defend himself and his Private Honour, as well as any* Suede *in the Kingdom.*

The Occasion of this Quarrel was, the great Resort of *Roman Catholick* Strangers to *Monsieur Chanut's* Chapel, which gave dis-

gust

guſt to the *Swedes*, who allow not the *Exerciſe* of the *Roman Religion* within their Territories. They caſtrate all the *Prieſts* of that *Communion*, whom they find; and proſecute the *Laity* with rigorous Penalties. But, *Monſieur Chanut* pleaded the *Law* of *Nations*: And, when the *Secretary* told him, That the *Queen* permitted him and his Family the Liberty of their *Religion*, but deſired him not to admit any other Perſons of what *Nation* ſoever; This *Miniſter* replied, *That he could not receive as a Favour or Permiſſion from her* Majeſty, *the Liberty of* Exerciſing *his* Religion; *ſince, he held it only of his* Maſter, *the King of* France, *who had ſent him thither, and, that he would not ſhut the Door of his* Chapel, *againſt any that would come in*; *That their* Law, *which according to their own Calcule, was made above Two Thouſand Years after the Foundation of their* Eſtate, *could not abrogate the* Law *of* Nations, *which is* Eternal: *That this* Perpetual Law, *gave particular Privileges to certain Perſons, and eſpecially to the* Miniſters *of Foreign* Princes: *That their* New Law, *ſuch as it was, being only made to maintain the* Publick Worſhip, *reſpected not what was done in the* Houſe *of a Foreign* Miniſter, *by a Special Privilege*; *it being of no Conſequence to the* State, *whether ſuch Foreigners ſerved* God *or not*, *or whether they worſhipped Him in a Right or Wrong Way*: *That no* Suede *came to his* Chapel, *but only ſome* French *who were Sojourners in the Land*: *That they did not uſe the* Swediſh

Ambaſſadors *ſo in* France, *who admitted whom they pleaſed into their* Chappels. *That the Houſe where he now dwelt, was the Houſe of the King of* France; *and that therefore, he could not by Conſequence refuſe any* Catholicks *an Entrance into it, eſpecially ſuch as were born Subjects of his* Maſter: *And, in Fine, That it was very Rude, to oblige him to be the Executioner of this ſevere Law, in requiring him to ſhut his Door upon his Countrymen againſt the* Common Laws *of* Hoſpitality, *the* Honour *of a* Publick Miniſter, *and the* Pleaſure *of the* King *his* Sovereign.

To this the *Secretary* made ſomething too tart a Reply. Whereupon, Words increaſing between them, and the *French Ambaſſador* being reſolute to aſſert his Privilege, the *Secretary* broke out into a Paſſion, as I have before mention'd; laying his Hand upon his Sword, as he was leaving the Room.

The *Suedes*, are Naturally a ruggid, ſurly People, as are all the *Northern Europeans*. They are Strangers to Civility, and the Gentile Addreſs of the *French*. Yet, the *Queen*, when ſhe heard of this Paſſage, was angry with her *Miniſter*, and excuſed his Rudeneſs to *Monſieur Chanut*; telling him, *That the* Secretary *was a* Faithful Servant, *but had been educated among the* Bears *of the* Forreſt.

This puts me in mind of a *Story*, which the *French* tell of another *Ambaſſador*, whom *Lewis* XIII. ſent to the *Court* of *Spain*. The *Spaniards* are of a haughty Temper, expecting

ing more than ordinary Submiſſions, from thoſe who approach the King's Preſence. This *Ambaſſador*, on the ſame Ground, was required to do ſome Homage, which would not conſiſt with the Inſtructions of his *Maſter*; and therefore he refuſed to comply. The King of *Spain*, thinking to put him out Countenance, ſaid aloud, *What! has the King of* France, *no other Men in his Court, that he ſends to me ſuch a Fool as this?* To which the *Ambaſſador* replied, *My Maſter has many Wiſer Men than my ſelf about him; but, to ſuch a* King, *ſuch an* Ambaſſador.

Thou wilt not perhaps approve ſuch Raillery as this to *Crown'd* Heads, who ought to be treated with Reverence and Gravity. Yet, I believe, thou wilt condemn the Cruelty of a *Duke* of *Muſcovy*, who cauſed the Hat of a *French Ambaſſadour* to be nailed to his Head, for ſitting covered before him. This is contrary to the *Genius* of the *Eaſt*, who abhor to ſee a Man bare-headed.

But, every *Nation* has its *Mode*: And I, according to the Faſhion of my Country, kiſs the Border of thy Veſt, in Token of my Submiſſion and Reſpect.

Paris, 7th. *of the* 2d. *Moon*, *of the Year* 1647.

LETTER XXII.

To the Mufti, *moſt Venerable, and Worthy of all* Honour.

THE *Criticks*, who ſpend their Time, and manifeſt their Wit, in diſcanting on the *Court* and the *Grandees*, find perpetual Matter of Diſcourſe concerning *Cardinal Mazarini*. His daily Actions, furniſh them with New Themes; and ſometimes, they rehearſe the Old. They compare him with his Predeceſſour *Richlieu*, and with *Cardinal Ximenes*, a *Spaniſh Miniſter*. They term theſe Three, the *Trinity* of *Chriſtian Stateſmen*; Thus diſtinguiſhing their *Perſonal* Characters: *Richlieu*, they ſay, was Crafty, Covetous, and Revengeful; *Ximenes* was Politick, Severe, and Valiant; *Mazarini* is Wiſe, Merciful, and Liberal.

The Firſt made good his Character, they ſay, in heaping up ſuch Prodigious Treaſures; in raiſing all thoſe of his *Family* or Dependance to the Higheſt Honours; in occaſioning the Voluntary Baniſhment of the *Queen-Mother*; in ruining whomſoever he ſuſpected; and finally, in making himſelf ſo much the Maſter of all Secrets, that the King, however diſguſted and averſe from him, yet could neither ſit ſafe on his *Throne* without him when *Living*, nor venture the Management

of

of the *Publick* to any of his Creatures when *Dead*. Thus ſpeak they of that Great *Miniſter*.

As to *Cardinal Ximenes*, they ſay he diſcover'd the Qualities which they aſcribe to him, in the Method he took to raiſe himſelf to that envied Greatneſs; which was, by ſeeming to ſhun the Honours at which he ſecretly aim'd. For, being a *Devoted Derviſe*, or *Religious Friar*, he appeared to be the moſt Mortify'd Man of the whole *Order*: Which being taken Notice of, he was made *Provincial*; from which *Dignity*, he made but one Step more to the *Purple*: And, growing Eminent for his Abilities, he was made the *Firſt Miniſter* in the *Court* of *Spain*.

He levy'd Sixteen Thouſand Men at his own Coſt, invaded *Barbary*, ſtorm'd their ſtrongeſt Cities, and reduc'd the whole Kingdom of *Tripoli* and *Algiers* to his *Maſter*'s Obedience.

Whilſt he was at the Head of his Army, one Day there happened a Mutiny among his Soldiers. A certain Fellow, running up and down between the Ranks, and exciting them to chuſe a New *General*, ſaying, *It was a Shame to ſerve a poor-ſpirited Friar*: The *Cardinal* perceiving this, ſtepp'd to the Fellow, and, with one Blow, ſever'd his Head from his Body. This ſtruck ſuch a Terror into all, that from that time, there was not the leaſt Tumult or Diſorder in his Army.

They ſay, he was in the End poiſon'd by eating of a *Fiſh*, of which a Friend of his re-

ceiv'd Intimation on the Road, as he was riding to the Place where the *Cardinal* was at Dinner. But, he came too late, to prevent the Effects of the Poiſon: For, though the *Cardinal* was but juſt riſen from the Table, yet he began to void Blood by his Ears, and the Extremities of his Fingers; and, in a few Days, drew his Laſt Breath. He was Tall, and well Limb'd: His Two Fore-Teeth of the Upper Jaw, grew ſo far out of his Mouth, that he was call'd, *The Eccleſiaſtical Elephant*. The Sutures of his Skull were ſo cloſely indented, that there was no more room for Tranſpiration of the Groſſer Vapours, than through the moſt Solid Part of the Bone. On this Account, he was ever troubled with the Head-ach; contrary to *Cardinal Richlieu*, who never felt any Pain in that Part, becauſe he had two little Holes in his Crown, through which the Fumes exhal'd.

Theſe are the Remarks which are made on *Cardinal Ximenes*. As to *Mazarini*, they ſay he ſurpaſſes both theſe *Miniſters*, in the exquiſite Moderation of his Temper: And, comes ſhort of neither, in the Contrivance or Succeſs of Affairs; being ſolid in his Counſels, ſecret and ſwift in their Execution. He has this alſo peculiar in his Conduct, that none are more ſure of his Favour, than thoſe who have done him Injuries. He is Magnifick in his Expences; building *Palaces*, that may vie with the moſt Celebrated Structures of the Ancient *Romans*: A curious Collector of Choice Paintings and Sculptures; furniſhing the

the Houſes, with Utenſils of Cedar, Ebony, Silver, Gold, and other Ornaments befitting the *Palace* of a King: Liberal beyond the Expectation of his Friends and Servants; yet, not to Profuſeneſs. He was a wonderful Sagacity in diſcovering Cheats and Impoſtors; and, no leſs Dexterity, in diſcerning Men of Merit, though never ſo much obſcur'd by Misfortune.

Not long ago, he catch'd a Gentleman in a Crime, which expos'd him to the Laughter and Contempt of the whole *Court*, but not to the *Cardinal's* Hatred. He had been recommended to this *Miniſter*, by a *Lady* of the *Court*, for whom he had a great Eſteem. On which Account, he had free Acceſs to the *Cardinal's* Preſence, and would always mix with his *Retinue*.

But, his Curious *Patron*, had obſerv'd ſomething in his Carriage, which gave him Ground of Miſtruſt. For, he would always place himſelf, as near as he could, to a certain Table in the Chamber, where the *Cardinal* gives Audience. There is a Drawer under this Table, which commonly ſtands half open, it being the Place where all *Petitioners* throw in their Bribes or Preſents; It not being ſeemly for a *Prince* of the *Church*, to take Money himſelf. The *Cardinal* obſerv'd, that this Spark always had his Eye glancing on that Drawer, as if he coveted what was there contained. However, he took no Notice, but gave him all the Opportunities imaginable to do his Pleaſure; yet, ſtill one Accident or other,

hinder'd the Gentleman from executing his Design; which was to borrow some of the Gold that lay in that Drawer. At length it happ'ned, that the *Cardinal* having appointed some Curious *Pageants* to be made in Honour of the King's *Birth-Day*, he with several of the *Courtiers*, stood looking out of the Windows, to see these Triumphant Shows pass by. The Gentleman, taking this Opportunity, whilst he thought all Eyes were intent on the Gayeties without, slips to the Table, and takes out of the Drawer a Bag of Gold, putting it up in his Pocket, and retiring to the Window again. He imagined that no Body had seen him, and therefore hugged himself in the Thoughts of his Booty. When the *Show* was over, and the Company withdrew from the Window; after a while, they all took their Leave, and departed: And, among the Rest, this Gentleman Thief was going out. But the *Cardinal* desired him to tarry in that he had something to say to him. The Gentleman, stung with the Guilt of what he had done, felt a trembling, and was ready to drop down at the *Cardinal*'s Feet. But, he bid him be of good Comfort, saying thus to him; *My Friend, what thou hast done, is not hid from me. If thou hast not Gold enough, I will double thy Sum.* Therewith, he gave him another Bag of equal Value; saying withal, *Go thy Way, and see my Face no more. I pardon, but cannot trust thee.*

Would

Would'ſt thou know, by what means the *Cardinal* diſcovered this Theft? He always wears on his Finger a Ring, in which is ſet a *Jewel* of Ineſtimable Value; it being a *Natural Mirror*, and diſcovering all Things that are done in the Room, though behind a Man's Back. 'Twas on this Stone the *Cardinal* caſt his Eye, when the Gentleman thought he was looking out of the Window. Therein he beheld him go to the Table, take out the Money, and put it in his Pocket. Thou ſeeſt how curious this Miniſter is, to ſtock himſelf with uſeful Rareties.

May that *Great Chancellor* of *Heaven*, the *Angel* who beholds in the *Divine Eſſence*, as in a *Mirror*, whatſoever is done on Earth, and records all Humane Actions in the *Book of Judgment*, never diſcern any thing in *Mahmus*, which may render him worthy to be excluded the *Preſence* of *God*.

Paris, 12*th. of the* 2*d.* Moon, *of the Year*, 1647.

LETTER

LETTER XXIV.

To Danecmar Kesrou, Kadileſquer *of* Romania.

THOU that art Principal among the Judges of High Dignity, the Illuſtrious Ornament of Three *Empires*, the Strong Support of Equity, who preſerveſt Reaſon, and correctſt Vice; I congratulate thy deſerved Honour: And, in doing ſo, I wiſh Encreaſe of Joy to all the *Faithful Oſmans*.

The Knowledge which thou haſt acquir'd in the *Law* of *Nations*, and in the moſt perfect Sanctions of our *Auguſt Monarchy*, has made thee famous through the *Seven Precincts* of the *Earth*; and has veſted thee with the Robe of Sublime Honour, the Gift of the *Lieutenant* of *God*.

I made Choice of this Occaſion, at once to perform my Duty, and to acquaint thee with a *National* Villany; ſuch a Violation of the *Publick Faith* of a *Kingdom*, as it will be difficult to Parallel.

The *Civil Wars* of *England*, are known throughout the *World*: And, thou art no Stranger to the Particular Intelligences I have ſent to the *Sublime Port*, concerning this *Nation*.

Since that time, the *Rebels* have by Degrees gain'd Ground of their *Unhappy King*, chaſing

chaſing him from One Place to Another: till at Length, finding, that neither by *Arms* nor *Treaties*, he could reduce them to any Terms of Reconciliation; and, being Beſieged in One of his Cities, which was not in a Condition to hold out long, this *Unfortunate Monarch* was forc'd to diſguiſe himſelf, and eſcape by Night; wandring through Unfrequented Ways, and enduring much Hardſhip. He at length threw himſelf upon the *Faith* of the *Scots*; who had ſolemnly engaged themſelves upon *Oath*, to defend him againſt all his Enemies whatſoever.

The *Scottiſh* Army was then in *England*, being hired to aſſiſt the *Rebels*. Whence ſome take Occaſion, to accuſe this *Prince* of Raſhneſs, and too much Credulity, in ſeeking Protection from thoſe, who firſt began the *Rebellion*; and, who had ſtain'd the *Records* of *Scotland*, with the *Blood* of many of their *Kings*. But, Innocency is void of Suſpicion; and therefore, becauſe his own Intentions were ſincere, he knew not how to be Jealous of others.

However, the *Scots* at Firſt, ſeem'd to act the Parts of *Loyal* Men. And, when they were threatned by the *Engliſh Rebels*, and their Pay was ſtopp'd, with *Declarations* alſo iſſued out againſt their Proceedings; they continued to aſſert the Juſtice of their Deportment, in receiving and defending their Injur'd *King*, who had fled to them for Succour.

They

They detained him thus, from the 4th. of the 5th. *Moon*, of the Year 1646. to the 30th. Day of the 1st. *Moon* of this preſent Year. At which time, having agreed with the *Engliſh Parliament*, for the Sum 400000 *Sequins*, as the Price of their *Sovereign*, they deliver'd him up to the *Engliſh Commiſſioners*, deputed by the *Rebels* for that Purpoſe.

The *French Ambaſſador*, was at that time in the *Scotch* Army: Who having been a Witneſs of their Deteſtable Perjury, took his Leave: And being attended with a *Guard* of *Light-Horſe* to the Sea-Port, at parting he pull'd out a Piece of *Engliſh* Money, valued at *Half* a *Crown*; and asking the *Captain* of the *Guards*, into how many Pieces of Coined Silver, that *Half Crown* might be divided, he anſwer'd, *Into Thirty. For ſo much* (replied the *Ambaſſador*) *did* Judas *betray his* Maſter.

Thou wilt better comprehend the Force of this *Repartee*, when thou conſidereſt, that according to the *Chriſtians Belief*, this *Judas* was a *Slave* of *Jeſus*, the *Son* of *Mary*; and, that for *Thirty Pieces* of *Silver*, he betray'd that *Prophet* to the *Jews*.

But, theſe *Infidels* have found out Ways, to elude all Engagements and Promiſes. They couch their *Oaths*, in Words more Ambiguous than the *Oracles* of *Delphos*. As if they thought, not only to circumvent Men by their Equivocations; but alſo to deceive *Him* who formed the *Tongue* and the *Ear*; even *God*, who is *Perfect in Knowledge*.

Such

Such a *Story* I have read of one *Hatto*, a *German Biſhop*, whoſe Perjury is recorded. This *Prelate*, had a *Couſin* who was accuſed of *Treaſon* againſt the *Emperor*. On which Account, he was cloſely beſieged by the *Imperial* Forces, in a *Caſtle* ſeated on the Top of an Impregnable Rock. So that the *Emperor*, deſparing to take him by Force, had withdrawn his Army; when this *Biſhop* came to him, and for a Sum of Money, promiſed to betray his *Kinſman* into the *Emperor's* Hands.

The Bargain being concluded, the *Biſhop* went to viſit his *Couſin* at the *Caſtle*, perſwading him to go and humble himſelf to the *Emperor*, and he would engage to procure his *Pardon*: Binding himſelf with a *Solemn Oath*, That if he would rely on him, as he carried him ſafe out of the *Caſtle*, ſo he would bring him back alive and ſafe again.

His *Kinſman* deluded with theſe fair Pretences, and ſecured by the *Sanction* of an *Oath*, truſts himſelf to the Conduct and Fidelity of the *Prelate*.

When they had rode about Half a League from the *Caſtle*, the *Biſhop* pretending he had forgot ſome Papers of Moment, which he had left behind him in his Chamber, they return'd back to the *Caſtle*; And, when they had found the Papers, they ſet forward again toward the *Emperor's* Camp. Being arrived there, the Impious Wretch deliver'd his *Kinſman* to the *Emperor*, who Condemn'd him

to

to Die. He ſending for the *Biſhop* reproaches him with the *Violation* of his *Oath*. But, the Perfidious *Biſhop*, ſought to acquit himſelf, by ſaying, *He had perform'd his Promiſe, in carrying him back ſafe to the* Caſtle, *when he returned to ſeek his Papers.* Thus was his Kinſman betray'd by a Quibble, and loſt his Head. The *Biſhop* acquiring, for that Impious Deed the Odious *Title*, of *Hatto the Traytor*. And the *Germans* report, That he was afterwards carried away by *Devils*, and thrown alive into the Hollow of Mount *Ætna*: A Voice being heard at the ſame Inſtant in the Air ſaying, *This is the Reward of Perjury.*

The *Nazarenes* believe this *Flaming Mountain*, to be One of the *Mouths* of *Hell*: The ſame Opinion they have of *Strombolo* and *Veſuvius*. I am not curious, to pry into the Truth of ſo Coſtly a Secret; but leave the Experiment to the Forſworn, Treacherous *Scots*, who by this Barbarous Action, deſerve to follow the *Fate* of *Hatto*.

Much greater was the Integrity and Vertue of the Ancient *Romans*, whom theſe *Infidels* Number among the *Damn'd*. They eſteem'd Nothing more *Sacred*, than the *Publick Faith*; building *Temples* to its *Honour*, and ſtamping their *Money*, with the *Figure* of *Two Hands* joined together; having this *Motto*, THE FAITH OF THE ROMANS. But, the *Scots* ſhew themſelves to be of *Lyſander's* Mind, who us'd to ſay, *Children muſt be circumvented with Good Words, and Men with Oaths.*

The

This *Monarch* is now led in Triumph, like a Captive, by his *Rebellious* Subjects, who have confin'd him to one of his Country *Palaces*; ſuffering none of his Friends, or Faithful Servants, to come near him; but in all things, endeavouring to render his Reſtraint Inſupportable.

Thou who art accurate in interpreting the *Laws* of *Juſtice*, wilt condemn theſe *Infidels* of Horrid *Treaſon*; yet canſt not acquit the *Muſſulmans*, who have often Depoſed our moſt *Auguſt Emperors*.

I divide my Intelligence, among the *Miniſters* of the *Sublime Port*, and the other *Grandees* of the *State*; praying *God*, to guard the *Sultan* from Secret Machinations, and Open Enemies; and to grant, That an Exceſs of Good Nature, may not betray him to ſuch Misfortunes, as have befallen this Impriſon'd *Monarch*.

Paris, 21*ſt*. *of the* 3*d*. Moon,
of the Year 1647.

LETTER

LETTER XXV.

To Ragel Hamet, Antiquary *to the* Sultan.

THIS *City* is peſter'd with an Innumerable Multitude of *Bats*, and a Kind of *Serpents*, which they call *Lizards* or *Newts*. They breed in the Walls of their Houſes, and moleſt the Inhabitants Night and Day, ſwarming more than ordinary every Ninth Year.

The *Pariſians* give an odd Reaſon for this *Plague*. They ſay, That in former Ages, a certain *Magician* had undertaken to free the *City* from all *Venomous Creatures*; and, that accordingly, he had made ſeveral *Images* of thoſe *Animals*, annexing to them *Enchantments*, and hiding them in obſcure Places under the Earth; promiſing alſo, that ſo long as thoſe *Images* remain'd untouch'd, *Paris* ſhould not be moleſted with any Hurtful Thing. This ſucceeded according to his Words; till, at a certain time, as they were digging up the Foundations of an Old *Temple*, the Work-men found ſeveral Brazen *Images*, ſome repreſenting a *Bat*, ſome a *Lizard*. They making ſmall Account of theſe *Magical Reliques*, ſold them to the next *Brazier* for a piece of Money: Who, being ignorant alſo of the hidden Force of theſe *Images*, melted

el them down for his own Uſe. And, ever ſince that time, the City has been over-run with *Rats* and *Lizards*.

I relate this to thee, in regard I have often heard thee ſpeak of the Ancient *Statues*, that were in the *Atmidan* at *Conſtantinople*, and in other Parts of the City; particularly of that *Pillar*, which had Three *Brazen Serpents* winding about it; which, when *Mahomet the Great* beheld, the *Conquerer* ſtruck one of them with a *Battle-Axe*, and ſmote off the *Lower Jaw*. Upon which, a Multitude of *Serpents* infeſted the City; but were ſoon exterminated, in Regard the *Sultan*, being warned by the Citizens, forbore to do any farther Injury to thoſe *Images*, which were the *Guardians* of the City.

The *Annals* of the *Muſſulman Empire*, make Mention of theſe *Statues*, as alſo of a *Horſe* of *Braſs*, and a Bull of the ſame Metal: The one erected as a *Charm* againſt the *Peſtilence*; the *Other*, as an *Oraculous* Sign, that the Enemies of the *Grecian Monarchy*, ſhould in that Place be repulſed, and driven out of the City. Yet, it proved otherwiſe: For, the Victorious *Muſſulmans*, againſt whom the *Enchantments* of the *Infidels* could not prevail, entred the *Market-Place*, where this *Image* ſtood, and drove from thence the timorous *Grecians*; cutting in *Pieces* all that made Reſiſtance, and rendring themſelves *Lords* of *Conſtantinople*, at that Time the Richeſt City in the World.

The

The *Romans* were extremely addicted to these *Superstitious* Vanities; Believing the Safety of their *City* and *Empire*, consisted in the Preservation of the *Palladium*, an Image which they thought fell down from *Jupiter*, and was transported from *Troy* to *Italy* by *Æneas*; being afterwards reposited in the Temple of *Vesta*, but burnt in that dreadful *Conflagration*, which happen'd in the *Reign* of *Nero*. They had in no less *Veneration*, the *Buckler*, which they were taught, drop'd down from *Heaven*, into the Hands of *Numa Pompilius*; whereon, the *Fate* of *Rome* was engraven, in *Characters* which none could read. Fearing lest this *Sacred Shield* might be lost, they caus'd Eleven others of the same Figure to be made, and all to be hung up together in the *Temple* of *Mars*.

And, to the End the *Guardian Genius* of the *City*, should not be entic'd from them by the *Enchantments* of their Enemies, the true *Name* of the City of *Rome* was kept Secret, even from its own Inhabitants: Insomuch that *Valerius Soranus* was put to Death, for publishing it to one of his Friends. Many have guess'd at this *hidden Name*; Some saying it was *Valencia*; Others, that it was *Volia*; a Third Sort, call it *Anthusa*. But, there is no Certainty in their Conjectures. For the Pagans were above all Things careful, to conceal the *Names* of their *Cities* and *Patron-Gods*; knowing, that those *Spirits* would not forsake them till they were call'd forth by their *Proper Names*.

The

They us'd also, to chain the *Images* of their *Gods* to the *Altars*, least they should depart from them by Stealth. Thus the *Tyrians*, when *Alexander* besieged their *City*, and they understood from the *Priests*, that *Apollo*, the *Guardian* of *Tyre*, was displeas'd with 'em, they fastned his *Image* with strong Fetters of Iron. So dealt the *Spartans*, with the *Image* of *Mars*. And this was the Common Practice, among those *Idolatrous* Nations.

As for Us, who have receiv'd the *Law* Clear and Intelligible, and believe in the *Unity* of the *Divine Essence*: We use no *Charms* our Selves, neither do we fear the *Magick* of the *Uncircumcised*. All our Confidence is in *God*, and the Protection of his *Prophet*: We go boldly to the Wars, whilst we fight in Defence, neither of *Statues*, nor *Fictitious Reliques*, but of the *Volume* repleniſh'd with *Truth* and *Light*, the *Book* brought down from *Heaven* by an *Angel*.

Paris, 17th. *of the* 4th. Mocn,
of the Year 1647.

LETTER

LETTER XXVI.

To the Vizier Azem.

I AM now returned from *Orleans*, whither I went in Obedience to thy Appointment. And, not without Abundance of Pleasure to my self; it being the Time of Year, when all things conspire to make a Traveller pass his time away with Delight.

Yet, my Return was Melancholy, in Regard I could not accomplish what I aim'd at, nor be in a Capacity to render thee that Satisfaction thou requirest, either in buying the *Jewels*, or in establishing any Correspondence. Those who informed thee of the *Germans* inhabiting that City, were mistaken in their Character, they being only a *Society*, or Corporation of *Students*, and no ways concerned in Traffick or Merchandize.

They told thee right in saying, There were great Number of Strangers in *Orleans*: I think the *Imperial* City which commands the West cannot boast a greater Diversity of Languages, than are spoken daily in the Streets and Houses of *Orleans*. There are some, almost of all Nations, residing in that City.

Wouldst thou know the real Occasion of this mighty Conflux of Foreigners. It is, that they may study that which the *Nazarenes* call the *Civil Law*, which is there profess'd as in an *Academy*, erected for that Purpose.

by *Philip the Fair*; one of the *Kings* of *France*.

If thou knoweſt not the Meaning of the *Civil Law*, It is a Collection of the *Ancient Roman Laws*, drawn from above two Thouſand *Books* of their *Scribes*, by the Command of the *Emperor Juſtinian*, for a *Standard* of *Equity* in thoſe Corrupt Times, in that Univerſal Relaxation and Decline of Good Government.

This is the Attractive, which draws ſo many Strangers from all Parts of *Europe*, to that pleaſant City: Where, beſides the Opportunity of improving themſelves in the moſt Honourable *Profeſſion* among the *Nazarenes*, next to that of the *Prieſthood*; they enjoy a pure and ſerene Heaven, a fruitful and delicious Part of the Earth, and the Company of the moſt obliging and courteous People in all *France*.

'Tis for this Reaſon, the *Germans*, among other *Nations*, flock to *Orleans*; and, through the Favour of the *French Kings*, have obtained a Privilege beyond other Nations; that is, to incorporate themſelves into a *Society* of *Students*. Neither is there any ſuch Thing as *Merchandize* known among them.

If I have not anſwer'd thy Expectation, Supreme *Prince* of the *Baſſa's*, blame not *Mahmut*, but accuſe the *Germans* of *Orleans*, for not exchanging their *Studies* for *Traffick*; or rather, blame thoſe who preſumed to tell thee this far-fetch'd *Fable*. In finiſhing this Letter, I bow my Head to the Floor of my Chamber; and kiſs the Paper, which ſhall have

have the Honour to be touch'd by thy Illuſtrious Hands.

Paris, 1ſt. *of the* 6th. Moon,
of the Year, 1647.

LETTER XXVII.

To the Aga *of the* Janizaries.

THOU haſt heard of the *Aſſyrian*, *Scythian* and *Roman Heroines*. Theſe were all Valiant Leaders of Armies, Women of Honour and Renown. Now I will inform thee of a *Female*, which *France* has brought upon the *Stage* of *War*.

According to the Orders which I receiv'd from the *Vizier Azem*, I took a Journey to *Orleans* laſt *Moon*: Where, on the Third Day after my Arrival, beholding a Solemn Proceſſion in the Streets of that Populous *City*, attended with ſome uncommon Ceremonies and Rejoycings, my Curioſity prompted me to enquire the Occaſion of it. Thou may'ſt imagine, I did not apply my ſelf for Information to the Multitude, who take up Things on the Common Credit of Fame, which does not always deliver the Truth. I addreſs'd my ſelf to thoſe that were acquainted with the *Records* of the *Town*: Who told me That this *Solemnity* was Yearly obſerv'd, on the Eight

Eighth Day of the Fifth *Moon*, in Memory of their Deliverance from the *Engliſh*, who beſieged this *City*, and were beaten from before it by *Joan d' Arc*, a *Maid* of *Lorrain*, in the *Reign* of *Charles* I. This *Virago*, ſeem'd to be the *Tutelar Angel* of *France*: For, to her Valour and Conduct, that *Monarch* ow'd the Recovery of his *Kingdom*, almoſt loſt to the *King* of *England*; this being the laſt Place of Importance, which had not receiv'd *Engliſh* Garriſons. After ſhe had rais'd the Siege, ſhe purſu'd the Enemy, gave them ſeveral Battels, defeated them, took the *Generals* Captive, reduced all the Cities to their former Obedience, and never ſheath'd her Sword, till ſhe ſaw her *Maſter* ſolemnly Crown'd at *Rhemes*. Yet, at length ſhe herſelf was made a Priſoner by the *Engliſh*, and was publickly burnt for a *Witch*, at *Rouen*.

The Inhabitants of *Orleans*, have erected *Brazen Statues* in her Honour: They celebrate her Praiſes, and eſteem her, a Woman *Divinely Inſpir'd*, to ſave her Country. Yet the more Intelligent Sort ſay, That ſhe was neither *Witch* nor *Propheteſs*, but only a *Maid* of good Wit and Courage, whom ſome of the *Princes* of the *Blood Royal*, had inſtructed to act the Part of a *Miſſionary* from *Heaven*; That ſo by pretending *Viſions* and *Revelations*, ſhe might raiſe the Courage of the *French*, now almoſt diſpirited by their many Loſſes; and, whom Nothing leſs than a *Miracle* could perſwade to abide the Field againſt the Victorious *Engliſh*. This is cer-

tain, that ſhe diſtinguiſhed the *King*, though diſguiſed like a *Peaſant*, and in a Crowd of People: She went boldly up to him, and ſaluted him by his *Title*, to the Aſtoniſhment of thoſe that ſtood by. She ſent a Meſſenger to bring her a Sword of Antique Workmanſhip, that lay hid in a *Tomb* in one of their famous *Moſques*; (for, the *Nazarenes* of the *Weſt*, bury the *Dead* in their *Temples.*) This Action extremely enhanced her Reputation; in regard, none knew of this Sword but the King himſelf. She was therefore look'd upon as an Extraordinary Perſon; and the People could hardly be reſtrain'd from paying her *Divine* Honours.

When they were Encamped on a certain Plain of a vaſt Extent, where there was no Water to be found, ſo that the Army was ready to periſh through Thirſt; the *King* came to the *Tent* of this *Propheteſs*, to conſult her as an *Oracle* in the General Diſtreſs. She bid him be of good Courage, and follow her. They went out together to the Door of her *Tent*, where, at a little Diſtance, there grew a Knot of Flowers. The Admirable *Maid* ſtruck her Spear into the Ground amidſt the Flowers, and incontinently there ſprung forth a Fountain of Water, to which the whole Army repaired, to allay their Thirſt. They ſay, the Place is ſhown to this Day, with an *Image* of this *Maid* ſtanding in an Oratory cloſe by it; a Place of Refreſhment and Devotion for Travellers that paſs over thoſe barren Plains.

How-

However, whether it were Artifice, or that ſhe was endued with ſome *Supernatural* Gift; it had a marvellous Influence on the Soldiers who began to reaſſume Courage, and feared nothing under the Conduct of ſuch a *General*.

Twas Revenge, without Doubt, rather than Juſtice, that extorted that *Cruel Sentence* from the *Engliſh*, which put a Period to the *Heroick* Actions of this Illuſtrious *Maid*, whoſe Fame will live for ever.

It is recorded, That whilſt ſhe was bound faſt to the Stake with ſtrong Cords, they would have kindled the Fire upon her before ſhe had ſpoke to the Spectatare; but, that ſhe ſuddenly became looſned, and ſnatching a Lance from one of the Soldiers, ſhe drove the *Guards* before her: Then returning of her own Accord to the Stake, ſhe made her laſt Dying Speech, foretelling many Things to come, which afterwards prov'd true. And having made an End of ſpeaking, ſhe bid the *Executioner*, ſet fire to the Wood. Which he did according, and ſhe was burnt to Aſhes.

Certainly, every Nation may boaſt of ſome *Female* Warriour, that at one Time or other, has done remarkable Service to her Country. And, thou art not a Stranger to the Hiſtory of the *Amazons*, who excluded Men from their Society, yet became formidable to all the Regions round about them.

Adieu, Brave Commander of the *Muſſulman* Forces; and let the Memory of theſe Valiant *Females*, inſpire thee with freſh Ardours, when the *Ottoman* Empire is in Danger.

Paris, 1ſt. *of the* 6th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1647.

LETTER XXVIII.

To Dgnet Ogiou.

THou art the Man that muſt participate in all my Adventures. And, I ſhould be a Churle, in not letting thee ſhare with me, the Pleaſure I found in a late Journey to *Orleans*, one of the *Preſidiary* Towns of *France*. It was by the Order of the *Vizir Azem*, I undertook that Journey. Some body had informed Him, That this Town was full of Merchant-Travellers of ſeveral *Nations*, but eſpecially of *Germany*, who brought the choiceſt Jewels of the *Eaſt*, to vend in this Place at ordinary Rates. That *Miniſter* gave me Commands, to buy certain Stones; with Inſtructions to treat of another Affair, which it is not neceſſary for thee to know. I accordingly ſet out from *Paris*, the Third Day of the *5th. Moon*; and, *Eliachim* the *Jew* (of whom thou haſt heard) bore me Company.

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I need not deſcribe to thee, the Country through which we paſs'd: It exactly reſembleth the *Plains* of St. *Iſidore*, not far from *Palermo* in *Sicily*. Thou and I, have Reaſon to remember that Place of our *Captivity*, carrying the Marks of our *Maſter*'s Cruel Anger yet in our Bodies. Thoſe *Plains*, thou knoweſt, afford a very agreeable Proſpect; eſpecially at this Time of the Year, when the Verdure of the Trees, mixed with the Brightneſs of the Corn-fields, and the parti-coloured Meadows, tempt the Eye into a Controverſy of Pleaſure; a Man neither knowing well how to take it off, nor yet where to fix it, in ſuch an Orderly Confuſion and Medley of Charming Objects.

Such is the *Province* between *Paris* and *Orleans*; which has this Advantage of thoſe *Sicilian Plains*, That here all the way one rides, Innumerable Magnificent and Beautiful Palaces appear, ſhooting up their glittering Turrets above the lofty Groves, which environ thoſe *Seats* of *Pleaſure*. Indeed, this is one of the pureſt Airs, and the moſt fertile Soil in all the Kingdom; which invites the *Nobles* and *Gentry*, to reſide here during the *Summer*, and occaſions much Travelling on this Road.

About Mid-day, we came to a Town called *Chaſtres*, where we alighted to refreſh our ſelves. Travellers in theſe *Weſtern* Parts, are better accommodated with Proviſions, than they can be in *Aſia*, where they muſt carry their own Beds with them, and dreſs their

own Victuals, or lie on the naked Floor fasting. This makes the *Nazarenes*, call the *East* Inhospitable. They consider not at the same Time, that 'tis the Niceness and Delicacy of the *Mahometans*, which occasions this Custom. For, the *Eastern* People, are fearful of defiling themselves, by eating Meat prepared by other Hands than their own, or those of their Servants: As also, to lie on a Bed, common to all Passengers.

But, these *Infidels* are like the *Swine*, to whom all Meat is Welcom, and every Ditch an Acceptable Bed. Here are Inns all along the Roads, whereinto when you enter, the *Host* provides you both Bed and all other Necessaries. A Man must venture to sleep on the same Pillow, where perhaps a *Leper* has lain the Night before, or some Person Infected with a worse Disease. The *Host* examines none, but harbours all alike, provided they have Money to pay him. And as for Victuals 'tis the Custom for all Travellers, to eat together at one Common Table, where several Dishes of Meat are served up, and every Man is free to eat what and how much he pleases, paying a stated Price for his Dinner.

Thus no sooner were we come into our Inn at *Chastres*, but the *Host* saluting us after the Manner of the Country, invited us to sit down at the *Ordinary*, (for so they call their Publick Dinner in an Inn.) We were not so scrupulous as to refuse his Offer, but followed him into the Chamber, where the

Dinner

Dinner was prepared. There were many Guests at the Table, and all busie in feeding themselves. We took such Seats as we found vacant, and without much Ceremony, fell to eating. The *Jew* trusted to the Indulgence of *Moses*, and I to that of *Mahomet*, for eating with the *Uncircumcised*, whose Meat is seldom free from the *Pollutions* of *Blood*. We knew, that neither *God* nor his *Prophets* required us to starve.

There was Plenty of Wine, and that so delicious, as would have tempted an *Hogia* to taste it, without the *Mufti*'s Dispensation, to avoid Singularity, I made a Shew of eating, as the Rest; but the greatest Part of my Repast, consisted in Bread, and some Fruits, with that exhilarating Juice of the Grape.

The honest *Jew* swore, 'twas a Banquet prepared by *Cupid*, to render him the most Miserable of all Men. For, just in the midst of our Mirth, came in a *French* Gentleman, with a Lady in his Hand, who placed themselves at the Table exactly opposite to us. I perceived evident Symptoms of some Disorder in *Eliachim*, who seem'd to read his Fate in that fair Creature's Face; yet had not Power to check his wandring Eyes, or guard 'em from Inevitable Wounds. He'd almost acted o'er the *Story* of the *Ægyptian* Wives, whom *Joseph*'s Mistress had invited to behold his Beauty; they cut their Fingers for their Meat, whilst gazing on the Charming Youth: So poor *Eliachim* was all Confusion, turn'd to a

Statue, whilſt he look'd on this enchanting *Gorgon*. He had forgot to eat or drink, till I began to rouze him from his Dream. I told him ſoftly in the Ear, this Lady was but the Younger Siſter of *Ixion*'s Miſtreſs. This brought him to his Sence again, but could not reſtore his Peace. Prudence taught him, to diſſemble the violent Emotion of his Soul, and not to expoſe himſelf in ſuch a Company; but, Nothing could expel the Fatal Poyſon from his Breaſt.

When we had ſufficiently repoſed our ſelves, we bid adieu to the Inn; all joining company, and ſetting forward to *Orleans*. On the Road, both *Eliachim* and I, had many Opportunities of converſing with this Young Lady; ſuch Familiarity with Women, being allowed in *France*. We found her Wit ſurprizing as her Beauty; and, her Mien and Conduct, ſuch as gave Advantage to them both. In a Word, *Eliachim* was loſt amidſt ſo many Perfections.

When we came to our Inn at Night, and were in our Chamber together, he vented his Paſſion in theſe Words: Mahmut, *I've paſs'd theſe Years hitherto, without any other Sentiments of Love, ſave thoſe which in General I owe to all our Race, and ſome more particular Regards of Friendſhip and Duty. But, ſince I ſaw this lovely Creature, methinks my Friends, and all that ought to be belov'd on Earth, is now contracted into her. 'Tis not her Snowy Skin, or Matchleſs Features, are of Force to move me; though they are ſuch,*

thy

by ſelf being Judge, as would have foil'd Apelles Art to imitate: but, 'tis a Luſtre which I can't expreſs! Surely, 'twas Lightning darted from her Eyes, thoſe fair Avenues of her brighter Soul! the ſubtle Flame, glanced through my Breaſt, and in a Moment ſcorch'd my Reaſon up! The lovely Baſilisk, *ſhot Deaths in every Look: Thou ſaweſt how I ſate as one transformed; ſo lifeleſs and without motion was I, whilſt gazing on my Ruine! And, to this Hour, a Fatal Numbneſs ſpreads through all my Veins, as if I'd touch'd ſome dire* Torpedo.

Thus went he raving on, till I interrupted him with Laughter and Raillery, endeavouring to cure him of this Love-ſick Humour, by ridiculing it. I told him my own Experience of this Fooliſh *Paſſion*, rehearſed my former Adventures with *Daria*, and how at length I got the Victory of this vain Fondeſs, by Abſence, and the Exerciſe of my Reaſon. But, all that I could ſay, made no Impreſſion on the ſtupid Lover. He grew but worſe, and ſo I left him to ſeek Repoſe from Sleep.

We came not to *Orleans* till the next Day, where we tarried not long, having no other Buſineſs, as it happen'd, but to ſee the Rareties of the Town, and inform our ſelves of thoſe things it is convenient for Travellers to know. After which, we returned to *Paris*; with the ſame Sentiments, I had at my firſt ſetting out from thence; but, it ſeems, the *World* was Metamorphoſed in poor *Eliachim*'s

Opinion: To him the Trees had now loſt all their Greeneſs; the Flowers, and Graſs, and Corn look'd wither'd; the Birds ſung mournful Notes; the Winds blew hoarſe, unwelcome Sounds; and, every thing in *Nature* ſeemed to him to droop, becauſe *Falanie* was not there (ſo was the Fair One call'd) as *Eliachim* had learned of her, when we parted from *Orleans*.

In this Melancholy Condition, the poor Brain-ſick *Jew* has continued ever ſince. When his Cure will commence, I know not.

If thou yet retaineſt thy Native Liberty, and haſt not ſacrificed it to Unhappy Love, learn by his Misfortune to watch thy *Senſes*, which are the Firſt *Traytors* to the *Soul*. Adieu.

Paris, 1ſt. *of the* 6th. *Moon*,
of the Year, 1647.

LETTER

LETTER XXIX.

To the Captain Baſſa.

THou that haſt had thy Education in *Arſenals*, and haſt led the reſt of thy Life in *Ships* of *War*, wilt be beſt able to Judge of the Propoſal, which a certain bold *Sea-Captain* made to *Cardinal Mazarini* not long ago.

It being the General Diſcourſe of this City, with what Inſult and Defiance *Admiral Moroſini*, with about Thirty *Men of War*, entred the *Helleſpont*, and brav'd the *Dardanels*: This *Officer* told the *Cardinal*, That if he would furniſh him with half that Number of Ships, he would engage to drive the *Sultan* out of his *Seraglio*, lay that *Palace* in the Duſt, and beat down the *Towers* of all the *Moſques* in *Conſtantinople*, or loſe his Life in the Attempt. To which the *Cardinal* replied: *Monſieur, I believe 'tis poſſible, if you could finiſh your Work, before they would board your* Men of War *with a Hundred* Gallies *and* Saiques *full of Armed Men.*

It is ſaid, that *Cardinal Richlieu* had ſuch a Project once; which made him propoſe the building of prodigious High Ships, whoſe outſides ſhould be ſtuck all over with ſharp Spikes, that ſhould render it Impoſſible for *Gallies* to board them.

By

By this thou may'ſt know, that ſuch an Attempt is not thought Impracticable by the *Chriſtians*. I wiſh it be not put in Effectual execution by them, when the *Port* may leaſt dream of it.

Chriſtina, *Queen* of *Suedeland*, has cauſed a moſt Magnificent *Veſſel* to be built, with Deſign to preſent it to *Cardinal Mazarini*. The Inner Work of the Cabin, is of Cedar, curiouſly overlaid with Flowers and other Imagery of Gold. The Extremity of the Stern, adorned with Windows, Statues and Galleries; the Wooden Work, all overlaid with the ſame Metal. The Roof of the Cabin, preſents the *Story* of *Jaſon's Expedition* to get the *Golden Fleece*, painted by the beſt Maſters in *Suedeland*. All the Furniture, ſpeaks the *Royal* Bounty of her that gives it. The Canon, are of the pureſt Braſs. The Reſt of the Tackle, ſuch as are fitteſt to weather the Winds and Waves; from which neither this *Queen's* Sovereignty in *Suedeland*, nor the *Cardinal's* Grandeur in *France*, could exempt either of them, were they expoſed to Sea.

There are thoſe who whiſper on this Occaſion, that the *Queen* of *Suedeland* has ſome Inclinations to the *Roman Catholick Religion*; That ſhe has had ſeveral Conferences with *Monſieur Chanut*, on that Subject, as alſo with his *Prieſts*; that her *Reſident* in *Portugal*, has openly embraced that *Faith*, not without the *Queen's* private Conſent and Approbation. It is not Material to us, what *Religion*

ligion the *Infidels* profeſs, whilſt they aſſert *Doctrines* repugnant to the *Divine Unity*, and the *Truth* of the *Sent* of *God*. I behold, at this Time, an evident Sign of his *Unity* in the *Heavens*; it is the *New Moon*, juſt riſing from the *Lower Hemiſphere*. At the Sight of this *Planet*, the *Meſſenger* of *God* has commanded me to fall on my Face, and adore the *Eternal*.

Wherefore praying, that her *Influences* may prove propitious to thee, whilſt thou art on the *Ocean*, I bid thee adieu.

Paris, 23d. *of the* 6th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1647.

The End of the Second Book.

LETTERS

LETTERS

Writ by

A SPY at PARIS.

VOL. III.

BOOK III.

LETTER I.

To Bedredin, Superior *of the* Convent *of* Dervises, *at* Cogni *in* Natolia.

NOT more welcome are the Rich *Perfumes* of *Arabia*, to a Soul almost expiring through Grief and Melancholy, than is thy Letter to *Mahmut*, wherein is contain'd the *Certificate* of thy being yet on this Side the *State* of *Invisibles*.

viſibles. Methinks, all *Nature* flouriſhes, while thou art alive. And, I feel a Spirit within me, prompts me to preſage, that thy Death, like the fall of Leaves in *Autumn*, will prove the *Harbinger* of the *World's Laſt Winter.* Whilſt thou liveſt, thy Prayers and Merits, ſupport the drooping *Elements*: Which are now almoſt ready to fall, into their Primitive *Chaos* and Inactivity. The *Angel* of the *Trumpet*, in Contemplation of thy Vertue, delays to ſound the *Grand Tremendous Blaſt*; which, at an Inſtant, ſhall puff out the Light of Sun, Moon and Stars; and blow the Breath out of the Noſtrils of all the Living Generations. That Day, ſhall be a Day of Darkneſs, Horror and Silence, till the Hour of *Tranſmigration* comes: When, at the *Second Blaſt*, the Firmament ſhall rent aſunder, like the Opening of Curtains; this *Old World* ſhall fly away, like a Shadow, to the Right Hand and to the Left. Then ſhall *Naked Souls* hang hovering in the *Empty Space*, 'twixt *Paradiſe* and *Hell.* The *Throne* ſhall be plac'd, *Judgment* ſhall be given: And, to wind up the *Myſteries* of *Fate*, A *New* and *Immortal* World, ſhall at a Moment ſpring forth from the *Womb* of *Eternity*, and poſſeſs the Place of the *Former.*

I write not this to Inſtruct thee, Venerable *Bedredin*, who art a *Mine* of *Knowledge*; but, to ſatisfy thee, that tho' I live amongſt *Infidels*, yet I conſerve *Inviolate* the *Faith* of my *Fathers*, believing the *Book* brought down from the *Eternal Archives.* Thou feareſt, that

that I ſhall turn *Chriſtian*, being accuſed by Some, of Levity in my Opinions; by Others, of Profaneneſs and Atheiſm; by All, of diſcovering too favourable an Inclination to the *Nazarenes*.

Suffer me, O *Holy Preſident* of the *Servants of God*, to purge my ſelf of theſe falſe Imputations, the Product of Envy and Malice. Permit me to lay at thy *Sacred Feet*, a *Modeſt Apology* for my *Faith*.

Let not that Deſcription of the *Chriſtians Meſſias*, which I ſent thee in my laſt Letter, create in thee an Opinion to my Diſadvantage; nor prevail on thee to think, I can ever ſwerve from the profound Attach I owe to the *Sent* of *God*. I Honour *Jeſus*, the *Son* of *Mary*; and ſo I do all his *Brethren*, the *Prophets* in *Paradiſe*: This I am taught in the *Alcoran*. Where is then my Crime? If I give Vertue its due Praiſe, even in the *Infidels*, am I therefore a *Nazarene*? If I ſpeak with Reverence and Modeſty of *Chriſtian Princes*, am not I therefore a *Muſſulman*? Or, does the *Book* of *Glory* teach us *Arrogance*? Surely, my Traducers will bluſh, when they ſhall conſider, that our *Auguſt Emperors* themſelves, (who are *Sovereigns* of All the *Kings* on *Earth*,) when they vouchſafe to write to *Chriſtian Princes*, they dictate their Letters in a Style, full of Affection and Regard. They give them Magnificent *Titles* at the Beginning; and, at the Concluſion, they wiſh them Encreaſe of Felicity, both *Here* and in *Paradiſe*. And, would it become

become a *Slave*, to treat *Crown'd Heads* with leſs Reſpect, than does the *Maſter* of the *Univerſe*? If I have contracted Friendſhip with ſome of the *Chriſtian Derviſes*, it was to ſerve the Ends of the *Sublime Port*, and perform the Rites of Gratitude. I thought it no Crime, to receive a Kindneſs from any Man; or to return it, without examining his *Religion*. But perhaps they ſuſpect the Intimacies I had with *Cardinal Richlieu*, and ſtill have with his Succeſſor *Mazarini*. Reſt aſſured, O Holy *Derviſe*, That my Acceſs to theſe *Princes* of the *Roman Church*, is ſo far from being Criminal, that without it I never had been capable of penetrating into the Counſels of the *Infidels*, nor of doing any effectual Service to the *Grand Signior*. The Countenance which my Familiarity with theſe two Great *Miniſters* affords me, has all along facilitated my Deſigns: And, whilſt under their Umbrage, I am taken for a Zealous *Chriſtian*; I ſecretly lay a Foundation whereon, in due time, ſhall be built, even in the Heart of *Chriſtendom*, Triumphal Arches, for the Victorious *Muſſulmans*. 'Tis ſtrange, methinks, that after all this, I ſhould be ſuſpected! That notwithſtanding I have patiently endur'd Nine Years Confinement, to an Obſcure and Private Life; a Melancholy Baniſhment to a ſtrange Country; yea, to a City for which I have a Natural Averſion; a City the moſt Unclean, Noiſie and Vain in the whole Earth; to be ſhut up, for the ſake of avoiding Diſcovery, in a Chamber ſo Nar-

row

row, that *Suſpicion* it ſelf; nay, even *Thought*, the *Mother* of that Little *Paſſion*, would ſweat and be ſtifled, when once Circumſcrib'd within theſe Walls; and after all this, to be made a *Priſoner* of *State*, on Jealouſie of being a *Mahometan*: To abide that Puniſhment ſo many *Moons*, unmov'd, uncorrupted, and at length to be releaſed, to the Advantage of the *Ottoman* Intereſt; and yet, to be traduc'd at Home, for a *Traytor* to *God*, his *Prophet*, and my *Sovereign*, has ſurely ſomething in it of Inconſiſtent.

What is then my Crime? Or, why am I thus aſpers'd? Let my Slanderers hereafter be ſilent. Unleſs they will lay it to my Charge, That in ſome of my Letters, I have diſcover'd a Mind free from *Superſtition*; That I put a high Value on Reaſon, and have no low Eſteem, for ſome of the Ancient *Philoſophers*; That I endeavour to guard my Senſe, and will not ſuffer it to be muzzled with the Impoſitions of Ignorance and Prejudice; That I do not think it a Neceſſary Qualification of a *Muſſulman*, to purſue with Inexorable Hatred, all Men that differ from me in Opinion. In fine, that in all my Converſation, I ſtrive to comport my ſelf, as One who aſſerts the *Unity* of the *Divine Eſſence*, the *Plurality* of his *Prophets*, the *Determinate Number* of the *Elect*; and, who is reſolv'd and prepar'd, rather to die a Thouſand Deaths, than voluntarily to commit any *Impiety* againſt theſe *Principles*, or the *Intereſt* of the *Grand Signior*, who has a *Right* to command all *Mankind*. If

theſe

theſe be Crimes, I muſt own my ſelf Culpable: If not, let my Accuſers lay their Hand upon their Mouth. And continue thou, *Sage Doctor* of our *Holy Law*, to inſtruct me with thy Counſels, to aſſiſt me with thy Prayers, and to protect me with thy Friendſhip. Then ſhall *Mahmut* perſevere a *True Believer*, a Faithful *Slave* to the *Oſman Emperor*, and a Devout Admirer of thy Longevity and Vertue.

I ſhould fear this might be the laſt Letter I ſhould have the Honour to ſend thee, were I not convinced by ſome near Examples, that Old Age was not reſtrained to the Times before the *Flood*. Though thou haſt far outpaſs'd the ordinary Years of Men, yet there is at this Time, not far from *Paris*, a Man who has near doubled thy Age. He is an *Hermit*, living on a Hill, where all Things neceſſary for Human Suſtenance ſeem to be wanting. The walls of his Houſe are built of Mud, with his own Hands (a weak Defence againſt Wind and Rains.) His Bed is compoſed of Leaves of Trees. A Stone ſerves him for his Pillow. His Diet conſiſts of ſuch Herbs and Fruits, as that Mountain affords him. A Neighbouring Well, allays his Thirſt. He has dwelt in this Place, and in this manner Eighty Three Years, after he had Travelled moſt Parts of *Europe* and *Aſia*. Ask him by what means he preſerv'd his Life ſo long, he anſwers, *By living free from Care, and by being Indifferent to all Things.* He foretells Things to come with marvellous Succeſs, as has often been obſerv'd. Which makes the People eſteem him a *Prophet*.

The

The *French* tell me of another, who lived longer than he, being Three Hundred Sixty and One Years Old when he died. He was call'd, *John of the Times*, in Regard he liv'd from the *Reign* of *Charles the Great*, to that of the *Emperor Conrade*. And, being ask'd What Diet he uſed, his Anſwer was, *Honey within, and Oil without.*

This comforts me with the Hopes of ſeeing thee on Earth, tho' many Years hence: Since, no Man can exceed thee in Abſtinence, Sobriety, and the Calmneſs of thy Mind.

The *Great Author* of *Life* ſo grant, that if I may not enjoy this Felicity *Here*, yet I may not, by any enormous Crimes, merit to be excluded thy Society in *Paradiſe*.

Paris, *11th. of the 7th.* Moon, *of the Year* 1647.

LETTER

LETTER H.

To Murat Baſſa.

THE *French* are puffed up, with the late Defeat they gave the *Spaniſh* Fleet in Sight of *Naples*. Their Joy would know no Bounds were it not curb'd by the Loſs of the *Duke* of *Breze*, who was ſlain by a Cannon Bullet in this *Naval* Combat.

The Young *Prince* of *Conde*, has been alſo forced to withdraw his Army from before *Lerida*; that Place being ever Fatal to the *French*. This has leſſen'd the Diſgrace, which the *Count* of *Harcourt* received laſt Campagne, in not being able to carry that Town, after Six *Moons* Siege.

But, the News from the *Levant*, has elated all the *Franks* beyond Meaſure: Yet, I hope the Relations that are ſcatter'd abroad on that Subject, are rather an Effect of their Wiſhes, than of any real Succeſs againſt the *Invincible Oſmans*.

It is reported, that there have been two *Sea-Fights*, between our *Fleets* and the *Venetians*; that in the Former, we loſt two Thouſand Men, Seven Galleys and a *Baſſa*; that in the Latter, the *Venetians* took Forty *Galleys*, Six *Caramuſals*, and Fifty *Saiques*, laden with Men and Ammunition for the Relief of our Army in *Candy*.

The

The Honour of this laſt Victory, is aſcribed to the Valour and Conduct of *Bernard Moroſini*, and *General Grimani*; *Bernard* ſucceeding his Brother *Thomas Moroſini*, who was kill'd, as they ſay, in the Firſt Battel.

The *Chriſtians* every where expreſs great Joy for theſe Victories. The open Streets are fill'd with Tables, cover'd with all manner of Dainties, at the Publick Coſt. They feaſt and revel Night and Day. The Bells ring continually, and Bonfires are made, to celebrate the Triumph of the *Nazarenes*. They preſage to themſelves, the Conqueſt of the *Ottoman Empire*, and Eternal Victories.

From *Dalmatia*, the *Poſts* bring daily News of our Loſſes and Diſgraces. It is known here, that the *Caſtles* of *Xemonido Novigrade*, *Nadin*, *Carin*, and all the *Places* of *Strength* which we had in our Poſſeſſion, except *Cliſſa*, are taken by the *Venetians*.

They laugh at our Siege of *Sebenigo*, where we loſt two thouſand Men, and at length were forced to leave our Camp to the *Chriſtians*; our *General* being frighted away by a few Women.

It ſeems Strange and Ominous to me, that thoſe Arms which have formerly cruſh'd the Greateſt *Monarchies* to Pieces, and have chang'd the Face of the whole Earth, ſhould now be foil'd by a few *Deſperado's*! I dare be thus far a *Prophet*, that either the Soldiers are diſguſted, which will produce a *Revolution*; or, the Mighty *Empire* of the *Oſmans*,

Oſmans, is in its Decline; which God avert.

The *Chriſtians* (who are not ignorant of our Affairs, nor of the very *Secrets* of the *Seragilo*) by an Odd Kind of Charity, pray for the Long Life of *Sultan Ibrahim*: For, they ſay, our Armies muſt needs miſcarry during his Reign; moſt of the Officers being offended at his Licentious Life, and Cruel Actions. Beſides, they tax him with Profuſeneſs, in that he has not ſpared the Private-Treaſury of Gold, which, by the Frugality of his *Predeceſſors*, had been heaped together; and, which it was not counted lawful for them to touch, unleſs in the utmoſt Peril of the *Empire*. They ſay, that by the Additions which *Sultan Amurat* had made, this Treaſure was augmented to above Thirty Millions of *Sequins*: But, that our preſent *Emperor* has ſquander'd moſt of it away, on his Pleaſure. They compare him to *Heliogabalus*, the moſt Effeminate *Prince* that ever Reign'd: Praiſing at the ſame Time, the Magnanimity and Valour of *Sultan Amurat*; who, they ſay, was the Stouteſt Man on Earth. They highly applaud his Bravery at the *Siege* of *Babylon*, when he accepted the Challenge of the *Perſian* Soldier; and entring into a ſingle Combat with the Unhappy *Redhead*, at one Blow, with his *Sabre*, cleft him (though in *Armour*) to the Middle. In Memorial whereof, thou knoweſt, that *Armour* hangs to this Day in the *Hazoda*. In fine, they extoll

extoll his Juſtice: Whereof he gave a remarkable Inſtance, in puniſhing a certain *Hagia*, who had cheated a *Pilgrim* of his *Jewels*: Thou remembreſt that Paſſage. And, the *Stone-Mortar*, wherein that Miſerable Wretch was pounded alive by his Own *Sentence*, is yet to be ſeen at the Gate of the *Divan*, a Monument of his Villainy, and the *Sultan*'s Juſtice.

These things are not unknown in the *Weſt*: For, the *Nazarenes* have their Intelligences, in the *Imperial* City. Hence they derive Occaſions, to Cenſure or Praiſe the Actions of our *Auguſt Emperors*, who are *Companions* of the *Sun*, and *Brothers* of the *Stars*.

What I have ſaid, I truſt to thy Integrity: Whereof I have had Experience. Thoſe who degenerate from that Vertue, Souls may their find no more Reſt in the *Other* World, than a *Frenchman*'s Hat has in *This*, which is always in Motion. Adieu.

Paris, 15th. *of the* 8th. Moon, *of the Year*, 1647.

LETTER III.

To Mahomet Techli, Baſſa *of* Bosna, *at his Camp* in Dalmatia.

THOU art a fit Man to lead the *Muſſulman* Armies, who durſt not hold up thy Head againſt a few Women? Perhaps thy Mother's Milk hangs yet on thy Chin; thou art wean'd from the Diſcipline of the Nurſery. Was the Strong *Fortreſs* of *Sebenico* of ſo ſmall a Price, that ſhould'ſt baſely decamp from before it, becauſe a few Females appear'd on the Walls? Is this the Way to aggrandize thy Maſter? What will the *Chriſtians* ſay to this Cowardice? Nay, What do they not ſay already? The News of that Siege had reach'd all Parts of *Europe*; the *Nazarenes* were big with Expectation of the Event. Now they know it, they laugh both at thee, and at all the *Muſſulmans*. Thou haſt brought a Diſgrace on the moſt Exalted *Empire* in the *World*.

What if thou did'ſt loſe two thouſand Men before the Walls of that Fort? Is that a ſufficient Juſtification of thy Raiſing the Siege? Our Glorious *Sultans* do not uſe to win Cities and Caſtles without Blood; neither do they ſpare to ſacrifice the beſt part of their Army to the Honour of their Arms; whilſt our Indefatigable Soldiers have mounted on Heaps

of

of Slaughter'd *Spahi's*, and ſcal'd the Battlements of their Enemies. Whereas, thou wert afraid of a few Stones, that the Women hurl'd on thy Men from the Walls! Thou art more effeminate than *Sardanapalus*! It were fitter for thee, to handle the Diſtaff, and Spin for thy Bread, than to draw a Sword in the *Field of Honour*. It is a wonder thy own Soldiers do not abandon thee, being aſham'd to ſerve under ſo Weak a *Commander*.

I counſel thee, ſpeedily to recover thy loſt Reputation, by ſome notable Service. Let not Perils affright thee; but remember, that true Fortitude ſurmounts all Difficulties; and, that thou canſt not paſs into the *Temple* of *Honour*, but through that of *Vertue*. It is not my Part to project for thee: the whole Country is before thee. Thou knoweſt, or at leaſt oughteſt, to know, the Motions and Strength of thy Enemies. Do ſomething ſpeedily, that ſhall ſpeak thee Wiſe and Valiant. Thou hadſt better loſe thy Life ſo, than by a *Bow-ſtring*.

Take this Advice as a Mark of my Friendſhip; for, *Mahmut* uſes not ſo frankly to reprove thoſe, whom he eſteems his Enemies. Adieu.

Paris, 15th. *of the* 8th. *Moon, of the Year*, 1647.

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LETTER IV.

To Achmet Baſſa.

NOT long ago arriv'd here a *Courier* from *Suedeland*, bringing Letters from Queen *Chriſtina*, and *Monſieur Chanut*, the *French Reſident* at *Stockholme*.

Among other Matters, they give an Account, That on the Twenty Seventh Day of the Seventh *Moon*, that Great *Princeſs* had like to have been ſtabb'd, in the Midſt of her *Guards*, ſurrounded with her *Courtiers*, before the *Altar* of her *God*; at an Hour, when all the *Subjects* of that *Kingdom*, were on their Knees, to render *Heaven* Propitious to *Her* and the *Publick*.

That Day, there was a *Faſt* proclaim'd through all *Suedeland*; and, he was eſteemed no Good *Subject*, who did not repair to the *Publick Solemnities*. The Queen, to give an Example, went at the Third Hour of the Day to the *Moſque* of her *Palace*, attended by the *Great Officers* of *State*, and a Numerous Train of the *Nobility*. When the *Preacher* (as in the Cuſtom) had made an End of ſpeaking, all that were preſent fell on their Knees, to perform the appointed *Devotions*. But, it being the Faſhion of the *Nazarenes*, to utter ſome ſecret preparative *Oraiſons*; the Men covered their Faces with their Hats, to be more recollected.

While

While all Eyes were thus veil'd, a certain Fellow ſnatching the Opportunity, ſteps from his Place; and, without making any great Noiſe, by large Strides, advances unſeen to the *Rails* which encloſe the *Pavement*, next to the *Altar*, where the *Queen* was on her Knees. But, in leaping over, he was perceived by a certain *Nobleman*; who immediately cryed out to the *Guards*, *to ſtop the Aſſaſſin*. They croſs'd their Partiſans; but the *Villain*, hurl'd them one againſt another with ſo great Violence, that while they were ſtriving to recover their entangled Weapons, he got quite through them. At which time the *Queen* alſo raiſing her ſelf up at the Noiſe, puſh'd the *Captain* of her *Guards*, who kneeled beſide her. He ſtarting from his Place, leap'd between the *Queen* and the *Murderer*, who was now within Two Paces of her. He ſeizes the Wretch; and, upon immediate Search, they found Two long ſharp pointed Knives about him, without Sheaths; One in his Boſom, the other in his Pocket. The *Priſon* being in the *Caſtle* or *Palace* of the *Queen*, under her very Apartment, ſhe was not willing he ſhould be carried thither; but ordered him, to be reconducted to his own Chamber, which was in the *College* of *Stockholme*; he being an *Eccleſiaſtick* of the ſaid *College*: Commanding alſo, a good *Guard* to be ſet over him; which was performed accordingly.

As ſoon as the *Wretch* ſaw himſelf in his Chamber, he ſaid aloud, *That when he went*

out in the Morning, he little thought of ever returning again; having undertaken an Action, in doing of which he expected to loſe his Life.

They uſed all Diligence imaginable, in diſcovering the Authors of this intended Murder; but, could learn Nothing more, than that this Fellow was a *Lunatick*, whom at Certain *Seaſons* an Unaccountable Fury ſpurred on to many Extravagancies.

Yet ſome ſuſpect, that he was hired by the *Lutheran Clergy* to give this Execrable Blow; who were apprehenſive, that the *Queen* hearkening too much to the Inſinuations of her *Tutor*, who was a *Calviniſt*, would Innovate the *Eſtabliſh'd Religion* of the Country.

If this be a well grounded Suſpicion, it follows at the beſt, that Religion, which ought to correct the *Morals* of Men, and have an Influence in reſtraining their Exorbitant Paſſions, is become the Corrupter of their Manners, and the Fomenter of the moſt Enormous Crimes. But, this is common among the *Chriſtians*, who being divided into Innumerable *Parties*; diſtinguiſhed by as many ſeveral Names; yet each *Sect* is ſo ſure that their *Way* is the only *Right Path* to *Salvation*, that they ſpare for neither Murders, Sacrileges, nor Treaſons, to proſelyte the Reſt to their Opinion; being unwilling that any ſhould live, who are not of the ſame Mind with them.

The *King* of *France*, and the *Queen-Regent*, received the News of *Queen Chriſtina*'s Delivery from this Deſigned Blow, with much Joy; the Intereſts of both *Crowns* being at this time cloſely intermingled.

I

I can inform thee of Nothing more Remarkable at preſent, ſave, That certain Letters are intercepted, which the *Duke* of *Bavaria* had written to the *Duke* of *Wirtemberg*, and the *Elector* of *Cologne*: The Contents of which diſcover, That the *Duke* of *Bavaria* is not far from a Reconciliation with the *Emperor*; and that, in the mean time, he only waits the Event of Things, to direct him in the Choice of his *Party*.

God confirm thee in thy Integrity, that thou may'ſt never waver or ſwerve from the Service and Duty thou oweſt the *Grand Signior*.

Paris, 28th. *of the* 9th. Moon, *of the Year* 1647.

LETTER V.

To Cara Hali, *a* Phyſician *at* Conſtantinople.

THOU haſt heap'd many Favours on me; yet I have never had an Opportunity of making the leaſt Acknowledgment. Accept now a *Small Preſent* from *Mahmut*'s Hands, who being not Maſter of Wealth, can make no *Great Ones*. I ſend thee neither Silver, Gold, nor Jewels, which the Inſatiable Avarice of Mortals, has violently torn from the Bowels of their *Common Mother*. Neither ſhalt thou receive from me, any of the more familiar Products of the Earth, ſuch as grow on her Surface. Expect no choice Fruits, or Wine, or Oil; nor any thing framed by the Art of Man, whether for Delight, or Uſe. What I ſend thee, is the *Dew* of *Heaven*, a certain *Quinteſſence* of the *Elements*, an *Ætheral Spirit*, firſt condens'd into a Vapour, then into a more liquid Subſtance, and afterwards congealed into a Gum. It is the celebrated *Manna* of *Calabria*.

Adonai the *Jew*, ſent it to me out of *Italy*, as a Rarity. I knew not whom ſo properly to oblige with this Preſent, as the Studious of *Natural* Things, *Hali* the Sage *Phyſician*, and my Friend.

The

The *Philoſopher Averroes*, our Countryman, has written much of this excellent Subſtance. He calls it, the *Food* of the *Airy Angels*. And ſays, the Young *Ravens* crying in their Neſts, are nouriſh'd by this Heavenly Diet, when the Old ones forſake them: And, that the *Chamelions*, ſeek no other Repaſt during their Lives, but the Inviſible *Manna* that every where floats in the Morning Air. He holds it poſſible, That a Man, after he has paſs'd his *Great Climacter*, may live without any other Suſtenance, ſave what he receives from this *Heavenly Diſtillation*; that he may thus prolong his Life, for the Space of Seven Years, which will complete the appointed Age of Mortals. Many of the ſublimely inſtructed among the *Arabians*, are of the ſame Opinion; ſo are not a few of the *Hebrew Rabbi's*: But, the *Chriſtians*, who are Gluttons, laugh at this Doctrine, as Ridiculous and Impracticable: Forgetting at the ſame time, what they read in their *Bible* (which they pretend is the *Rule* of their *Faith*) that the *Iſraelties* had Nothing elſe to feed on, for a conſiderable time, in the *Deſart*, when they were almoſt Eight Hundred Thouſand Souls, and the Greateſt Part of them in their full Strength, Men of Arms, and inur'd to the Toils of War.

Certainly, it were a deſirable Thing, that this *Divine Largeſs*, were diſtributed to all the Regions on Earth. But, *God* ſends his Bleſſings to whom, and when he pleaſes 'Tis he that directeth the Clouds, when they

move through the Air, and reſt not till they arrive at barren and dry Places, where they pour forth their Water to refreſh the Earth, and render it fruitful. *God*! There is but One *God*, *Lord* of the *Worlds*! Theſe are Signs of his *Unity* to *True Believers*, but the *Incredulous* have hardened their Hearts.

It is recorded, That in former Times, the Ground whereon this *Manna* deſcended, belong'd to a certain *Nobleman* of the *Country*; who, covetous of the Unuſual *Bleſſing*, undertook to encloſe all that Land with a high Wall, to the End that ſo rare a Gift, might not be made Common to every one. But, as ſoon as the Workmen had begun to lay the Foundation of this Encloſure, the *Manna* ceas'd to fall and ſo continu'd, as long as they proceeded in that Envious work. Which, when the *Lord* of the *Ground* was made ſenſible of, he commanded the Workmen to deſiſt: Saying withal, *The* Almighty *gives, and the* Almighty *takes away. Henceforward, I will not ſeek to reſtrain the Free Gift of* Heaven. Upon which, the *Manna* deſcended daily as before, and ſo has continued to do ever ſince. Doubtleſs, this is a Sign of *God's Omnipotence*.

If thou wilt permit me to play the *Philoſopher*, I will tell thee my Opinion, why this *Manna* is ſeen rather in the *Kingdom* of *Naples*, than in any other *Region* of the *Earth*.

It is well known, that the Earth of this Country, abounds with Veins of Sulphur, which are diffuſed up and down through all Parts,

Parts, and heat the Soil to an Extraordinary Degree. Hence it follows, that the *Lower Region* of the Air, in this Country, muſt needs acquire a greater Degree of Heat and Dryneſs alſo, being perpetually rarefied by the Fiery *Atomi*, which every where tranſpire through the Pores of the Earth, as from a Furnace.

This being ſo, it is not hard to conceive, that the Vapours which are exhal'd by the Sun into the *Upper Region*, in the Heat of a *Summers* Day, and there become impregnated by the *Ætheral Spirit*, (which remains pure and uncloath'd in thoſe ſerener Tracts, and conſequently, is apt to Incorporate with any proper Vegicle,) Naturally deſcend again in the Cool of the Night; but not meeting with a Congeneous Body of Vapours in the *Lower Region*, that Air being over-purify'd, and grown defecate, through the too near Neighbourhood of the Burning Soil; ſo that they cannot diffuſe themſelves through the Air, for want of a fit *Medium*, they conſiſting of *Homogeneous* Parts, and following the Natural Poſition of the *Element*, and the *Laws* of *Gravity*; contract themſelves into little Globular Forms the lower they deſcend, thus ſetling on the Leaves of Trees, on the Graſs and Herbs, on Stones, and any Part of the Earth, appearing like Grains of Tranſparent *Gum*.

Hence alſo I conceive, That the ſame *Manna* (which is Nothing elſe but an *Æthereal* Spirit, embodied in light and dulcid Vapours)

Vapours) abounds in the Air of moſt Countries, but remains inviſible, rarely ſo far condens'd, as to ſettle in a groſs Body on the Ground, becauſe the Air of thoſe Regions is not ſo rarify'd as is that of *Calabria*, having no ſuch *Subterranean* Fires to drink the Vapours up; but being moiſt and thick, the deſcending *Manna*, inſtead of contracting it ſelf into Globular Bodies, and through its Weight ſinking to the Earth, dilates it ſelf, and incorporates with the floating Vapours: Juſt as if you pour Drops of Water into a Veſſel full of the ſame Element, thoſe Drops do not ſink to the Bottom; but finding an Homogeneous Body, they mix with it, and are diſperſed every way; whereas, if there be nothing in the way to ſtop them, they immediately fall to the Ground.

But I ſhall tire thee with my *Philoſophy*, forgetting that I ſpeak to a Man conſummate in all *Sciences*. *Adonai* relates many remarkable Paſſages of this Country, too tedious for a Letter. I will only tell thee in ſhort, That the *Kingdom* of *Naples* is eſteemed one of the moſt Delectable *Regions* on *Earth*, the Trees flouriſhing Twice a Year, and the Soil abounding to Prodigality with Corn, Wine, Oil and Fruits, and all Things neceſſary for the Life of Man. Yet the Inhabitants have this *Proverb* common among them; *The Kingdom of* Naples, *is a Paradiſe of Delights, but it is inhabited with Devils*: So corrupted are the Manners of the People.

Adieu,

Adieu, Dear *Hali*, and think not *Mahmut* tedious in his Letters, who has no other way, at this diſtance, to converſe with his Friends.

Paris, *19th. of the* 10*th.* Moon, *of the Year* 1647.

LETTER VI.

To Kerker Haſſan, Baſſa.

WHEN this *Diſpatch* ſhall come to thy Hands, be aſſured, that *Mahmut* thy Countryman, and *Slave* to the *Slaves* of the *Grand Signior*, wiſhes thee multiplicity of Happineſs. I have many Reaſons to honour thee, beſides the Natural Affection, which is, or ought to be, between thoſe who were born in the ſame *Region*. The many Favours thou haſt done me, have far exceeded the Obligation which ariſes from the Vicinity of our Birth: Though, that was ſo near, that a ſtrong Man would have meaſur'd the Diſtance with one Flight of an Arrow.

The *Preſent* of *Kopha*, for which I returned thee Thanks in my laſt, has wrought wonderful Effects on me, being a perfect Cure of the Melancholy, to which I was before ſubject. It has freed me from many Diſtempers; and,

and, I owe the present Ease and Cheerfulness I enjoy to this Generous Gift.

Methinks, while I am drinking this excellent Liquor, I am at *Constantinople*, conversing with my Friends. It revives in me the *Genius* of *Asia*; and so advantageously transforms the *Idea's* of things which I see, that the *Crosses* on the Tops of the *Christian Temples*, appear to me as *Half-Moons*; And, my Imagination Presents to me, *Turbants* instead of *Hats*, as Men walk along the Streets of *Paris*.

Doubtless, great is the Force of what we eat or drink, which has occasioned all Wise *Lawgivers*, among other Sanctions, to prescribe certain Rules of Diet: And, the Care of our *Holy Prophet*, has been exquisite in this Point, his Prohibitions, extending to all Unclean Meats and Drinks; since, they deprave the Constitutions of Men, and encline them to Vice. But, by his own Example, he recommended to us the Use of this Admirable Berry; Imposing a New Name on the *Tree* that bears it, when he called it, the *Tree* of *Purification*. Hence it is, that all the *Mussulmans* affect to partake of the *Sanctify'd* Benefit; in being the Universal Beverage, of the *Osman Empire*. Were the Virtues of it known in these *Western* Parts, it would match, if not supplant the Credit of their Wines: since it equally refreshes the Spirits, without Intoxicating the Brain.

I know not whether thou hast seen *Festibali* my Brother, since thy Return from *Arabia*.

Arabia: Or, whether thou haſt heard the News he brought with him out of the *Eaſt*. He has ſurvey'd the *Indies*, *Tartary*, *China*, *Tunquin*, *Perſia*, and other *Regions*, whoſe Names are hardly known in ſome Parts of the *Ottoman Empire*. Indeed, we have formerly had but an odd *Idea* of thoſe Remote Countries: But eſpecially *China*, has been hid from the greateſt Part of the Earth.

In my earlier Years, I have heard Men of Gravity, who would be taken for Knowing Perſons, ſay, That *China* was but a *Tributary Province* of the *Tartars*, a Contemptible Corner of *Aſia*, and ſo barren, as it could hardly afford Suſtenance for its Inhabitants; which is a Sign, it is well Peopl'd. Aſſuredly, our *Fathers* were ignorant of this *Country*; which, after the *Perpetual Monarchy* of the *Oſmans*, may be eſteemed the *Second Empire* on *Earth*.

My Brother ſays, it contains Sixteen *Provinces*, each as large as a *Kingdom*: And, that all together, they fill up a Tract of Ground as big as *Europe*, which, thou knoweſt, is one of the *Four Quarters* of the *World*: And, that this vaſt Dominion, contains above a Hundred Millions of Inhabitants.

The *Emperor* who Reigned, when *Peſtelibali* was there, was called *Zunchin*: A young *Prince*, not above Thirty Years of Age; in whoſe Veins, ran the *Blood* of Sixteen *Emperors*, his *Progenitors*.

In the Year 1640. Two Great Officers in his Army, having drawn to their Party an Innumerable

numerable Company of the Soldiers, and being encouraged by ſome *Grandees* at the *Court*, made a Revolt. The Names of theſe *Rebels* were *Lycungx* and *Changien*. They ſoon became Maſters of Five *Provinces*: But, quarrelling about their Shares, *Lycungx* cauſed his Aſſociate to be poiſoned; and taking on himſelf the ſole Command of the *Rebels*, was proclaimed by them, *Emperor* of *China*. After which, he marched directly with his whole Forces againſt *Pequin*, a City where the *Emperor* kept his *Court*: Knowing that the Conqueſt of this Place, would ſecure to him, all the remaining *Provinces* of the *Empire*.

The *Chineſe* are reputed a moſt Ingenious People, excelling in all manner of *Mechanick* Inventions; and the boldeſt *Architects* in the World. They build Bridges from one Mountain to another, to ſhorten the Travellers Journey o'er the Plain between them; and, raiſe Towers almoſt up to the Clouds. Some of their Cities, are ſaid to be near Thirty Leagues in Compaſs, having Double Walls and Ditches. And, my Brother ſays, that *Pequin*, wants not much of this Extent: And, that the *Palace* of the *Emperor*, is near a League in Circuit, environ'd by Three Walls, and as many Moats; beſides Bulwarks, and other Fortifications. He adds, That this Mighty *City* and *Palace*, is guarded by an Hundred Thouſand Soldiers.

This Impregnable Place, the *Rebels* took by Stratagem, which was able to have reſiſted

sisted all the Force of *Asia*. *Lycungz* held a Private Correspondence with several *Grandees* within the Town and Palace. By whose Connivence, he sent great Numbers of the Stoutest Men in his Army, disguized in the Habit of *Merchants*; who lodging themselves in divers Quarters of the City, on a Day appointed, suddenly appear'd in Arms; and surprizing the Guards who defended the Gates, slew them all, and opened the Gates to the *Rebels*.

Who can express the Confusion and Slaughter, that filled all Parts of the City with Mourning and Blood? The Barbarous *Conqueror* sacrificed all the Loyal and the Brave, to his Unpardonable Ambition; disarmed those who escaped the first Massacre; and having made himself Absolute Master of the *City*, lays a close Siege to the *Imperial Palace*.

The *Emperor* now finding that he was betrayed, and that it was too late to defend himself from the Cruel Persecution and Insult of the Traytors; takes Advantage of the short Resistance, which some of his Faithful Servants made, to consult his own Honour, with that of the *Empress* and his Daughter. He had above Three thousand Wives; for whom he could not provide in that Flood of Calamities; all his Care being employed, to prevent the last Triumph of his Enemies, in not suffering the *Royal Blood* to be shed by the profane Hands of those Villains. He entred into the *Gardens* of the *Palace*, accompanied

panied onely by his *Empress* and Daughter, with Three Faithful *Eunuchs*. The Young *Princess*, (who was a *Lady* Educated in all the *Chinese* Learning) seeing the great Affliction of her *Royal* Parents, the Inevitable Ruine of their *Family*, and the Universal Desolation; fell on her Knees, and spoke to her Father, as follows:

My Lord,

'SInce it is the Will of the *Immortal* 'Gods, thus to extinguish the Lustre 'and Majesty of our *Sublime Race*, let 'their *Decrees* be fulfilled. But, let not 'me be a Spectator of my *Parents* Fall, 'or survive a *Tragedy*, at which the 'Earth it self must tremble. Have this 'Compassion on my tender Years, and 'let these Eyes be closed, before Death 'seal up Yours, from which mine bor-'rowed all their Light. Think not, be-'cause I am Young, I fear to die: I long 'to see our *Kindred Gods*, and represent 'the *Fate* of *China*, so as to provoke their 'speedy Vengeance. Surely, our *Deify'd* 'Ancestors, at my Complaint, would 'gather all the *Thunder* in the Heavens, 'and shower it down upon these *Perjur'd* 'and *Ungrateful Traytors*. Or else, they'd 'play the *Chymists*, and extract the most 'Envenom'd *Influence* of the Stars, and

'dart

'dart the *Heavenly* Poyson on the *Rebels*, 'as they lie before these Sacred Walls, 'and thus would put a Period to their 'Cursed *Treason*. Make no Delay, my '*Royal Father*, but, try the Experiment; 'release me from these Chains, which 'hinder my Escape to *Paradise*: And, let 'me be the *Herauld* of such News, as 'ne'er before surpriz'd the *Blest'd* Above.

The *Emperor* mov'd with this Passionate Address of his Daughter, drew a Dagger from his Girdle, and therewith stabb'd her to the Heart. And then, struck with Remorse at so Unnatural a Deed, covered his Face with a Veil of Silk. Thus acting *Agamemnon's*-Part, when, to fulfil the *Oracle*, he *Sacrific'd* his Daughter *Iphigenia*.

After this, the *Empress* overwhelm'd with so many Sorrows, retired into a Grove, and Hang'd her self with a Silken Cord on a Tree. The *Emperor* seeing this Mournful Spectacle, was resolved no longer to delay his own Death. Wherefore, following her Example, he dispatch'd himself likewise by a String. But he first bit a Vein; and, with his Blood, writ the following Words:

'WWhat is there now desirable on Earth, 'after I am thus betray'd by my own *Subjects*? I accuse not the *Inferior* People: 'They are Innocent? 'Tis to the *Mandarins*,

'*darins*, I owe my ſudden Fall, with the 'Ruine of this Mighty *Empire*. Behold 'in me, the *Royal Line* extinct. I am the 'Laſt of Sixteen *Emperors*. I, that was '*Lord* of ſo many Spacious *Regions*, '*Guardian* of the *Bedchamber* of the *Sun*, 'ſole *Monarch* of the *Orient*, Lieutenant 'to the *Gods* of the *Mines*, Poſſeſſor of 'Infinite Treaſures, at whoſe Name a 'Hundred Millions of my Subjects touch'ed the Ground with their Foreheads; 'am now ready to be trampled under 'Foot, by the Baſeſt of my *Slaves*. But 'I will prevent my own Diſgrace, and 'carry this Majeſtick Soul Inviolate, to 'my renowned *Fathers*: VVhoſe Ven'geance join'd with that of all the *Gods*, 'ſhall fall on the Perfidious *Mandarins*, 'who have betrayed both Me and this 'exalted *State* to Ruine.

A *Narrative* of theſe Mournful Paſſages, was Printed in the *Chineſe* Language; ſuppoſed to be done, by the Order of the *Emperor*'s Attendants, who follow'd him into the Garden, and were Witneſſes of what was ſaid and done. A Copy of which, my Brother procur'd to be tranſlated into *Arabick*, by a *Merchant* of our Nation, who underſtood the *Chineſe* Language, and reſided in *Pequin*.

In

In fine, my Brother says, That when he departed from *China*, he left the Tyrant *Lyeungz* in possession of the *Emperor's Palace*; where he found an Hundred Millions of Ingots in Gold and Silver, besides an Ineſtimable Treasury of Pearls and Precious Stones. All which Wealth, had been heap'd together, by the Frugality of the *Chineſe Emperors*.

By this thou may'ſt take an Eſtimate, of the Grandeur and Strength of this Formidable *Monarchy*, of which we have had ſuch Contemptible Notions. Neither ſhalt thou have Occaſion, to be ſurprized at the Monſtrous Riſe and Fortune of this *Rebel*, who in ſo ſhort a Time, was lifted to the Height of Humane Sovereignty; when thou conſidereſt that all Things are ſubject to Viciſſitude and Change.

That *God*, who eſtabliſhes whom he pleaſes on the *Thrones* of the *Earth*, and at the *Determined Period* of *Empires*, depoſes ſuch, as truſt to their Strength and Riches; defend our *Sovereign* from *Treaſons*, and from the *Arrows* that fly in *Obſcurity*.

Paris, 12th *of the* 11th *Moon*, *of the Year* 1647.

LETTER

LETTER VII.

To Darnith Mehemet, Bassa.

WHAT Obligation have I, to be concerned for the *Infidels*? Or, what Interest in the *Uncircumcised*? Yet, *Nature* has tied all our *Race*, in some *Common Bonds* of *affection*; and *Humanity* teaches us, to rejoice at the *Deliverance* of the *Oppressed*.

The *Kingdom* of *Naples*, has long groaned under the Yoke of *Spanish Tyranny*. The Labour of the People, sufficed not to pay the Unreasonable *Taxes*, that were levied on them. They sweat *Blood* to become yet more Miserable; whilst their Cruel Masters, having fleec'd 'em to Nakedness, would use Advantage of their Poverty, to rivet their Chains yet deeper, and render their Servitude past Redemption.

The People were sensible of their Calamity, yet knew not how to shake off the Yoke. It had gall'd 'em to the Nerves and Sinews; their Strength was gone. Despair of Redress, had rendred 'em supine; and took from 'em, the very Power of meditating their Recovery. But *Heaven*, which protects the Oppressed, has raised up a *Youth* from among the *Meanest* of the People, to assert the *Publick Liberty*. A *Fisherman*, who has not seen Four and Twenty *Winters*, has undertaken

taken to restore the Ancient Privileges of the *Neapolitans*. Who can penetrate into the *Methods* of Eternal *Destiny*, which makes Use of so Contemptible Instruments, to check the Power of the Greatest *Monarchs*?

This bold *Youth*, inspired with a Zeal for the *Publick*, ran one Day into the Streets, crying with a loud Voice, *Long live the King of Spain, but let the Corrupt Officers perish.* He had no other Weapon, save a *Reed* in his Hand; but was soon followed, by a Multitude of Boys and Young Men, with Clubs and Staves, who went along the Streets of that Populous City, repeating the Cry after him, *Long live the King of Spain, but let the Corrupt Officers perish.* At first, the Citizens laugh'd at the infant Tumult; but, in less than Two Hours, this *Fisherman* (whose Name was *Masaniello*) had enrolled above Two Thousand Boys.

The next Day his Numbers encreased, by the Accession of all sorts of Lewd and Idle Persons, Malecontents, Debtors, and such as were desirous of Novelty. Nay, some of the better Sort of Citizens, shut up their Shops, took Arms, and mingled with the Popular Insurrection; So that, ere Mid-day, there were above Ten thousand Men and Boys, marching along the Streets, and burning the *Custom-House*, with all their *Books* of *Accompts*, throughout the City.

When *Masaniello* beheld himself at the Head of so vast a Multitude, he thought it time to declare the Reason of his raising this

Tumult.

Tumult. Wherefore, getting on an Eminent Place in one of the *Markets*, he speaks to his Followers to this Effect:

Rejoice, O ye Faithful People, and send up Acclamations to the God of Heaven, who Puts this Day put it into your Hearts and Hands to be your own Redeemers. As for me, my Spirit burneth within me to see the Publick Oppressed, and I set no Value on my Life, when I first began this Glorious Enterprize. One of the Princes threatned me with the Gallies, if I persisted; but, here are Thousands ye Miserable, ready to stand by and Secure him, if any Violence be offered him. Wherefore, Courage, my Friends, and Fear not, for the Cause is Glorious, and Heaven will Protect it. Let not the Name of Princes or Nobles Terrify you. They are the Men who Oppress you, and mock you with Pageants of Power, while you Groan under Misery and Poverty. Take up Arms, and the Justice of your Cause, which God has brought you together; let Nothing separate you till you have freed your Country, your Wives, and Children from perpetual Servitude. Chuse you a Leader, a Man of Courage and Resolution, who is willing to Sacrifice his Life for the Common Good, as for me, I have hitherto liv'd a Fisherman, and so I intend to die.

The People exceedingly mov'd with his Speech, chose him with one Accord for their Leader; crying out with loud Acclamations, *Long live Masaniello, the Patron of the Neapolitan Liberties.*

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The first thing he did, after he was confirmed in this Authority, was, to set open the Prisons, and list the Prisoners under the *Banner of the People*. Then he divided this confused Army into Regiments and Companies; and sent forth a *Proclamation* throughout *Naples*, commanding all to take Arms, on pain of having their Houses burnt. So that in a little time, he had above Fifty thousand Armed Men at his Heels.

Thus accompanied, he marches directly toward the *Viceroy's Palace*, vested in *Cloth of Silver*, with a Naked Sword in his Hand. He was accompanied by a *Cardinal*, who undertook to be a *Mediator* between the *Viceroy* and the *People*. His Presence restrain'd the Multitude within some Bounds of Moderation; for they reverenc'd him, as the *Father of the City*. Yet they burnt above Sixty *Palaces* of the *Nobles* to the Ground with all their Furniture and Goods; and it was present Death for any one to rescue or purloin any thing from the Flames; so rigorously just was this New *Law-giver*, this *Moses* of the *Neapolitans*. It was in vain for the *Viceroy*, to oppose Force against so Formidable an *Insurrection*. He entertain'd the Young *Fisherman* with Ceremonies due to a *Prince*: And having concluded a *Truce*, gave him the Title of *Chief Tribune of the Faithful People*. This increased the Veneration the Citizens had already conceiv'd for *Masaniello*: So that in a Day or two more, he saw himself at the Head of an Hundred and fifty thousand

Armed Men. He gave out all Orders for the *Republick*; publiſhed new Edicts; and, all Commiſſions, were iſſued in his Name. He procured the *Gabels* to be for ever aboliſh'd; reſtor'd the People to their Ancient Liberty: And, in Fine, was Murder'd by his own Followers.

Let me not ſeem an *Advocate* for *Sedition* when I tell thee, there was ſomething Brave and Heroick in the Actions of this *Youth*. So ſtrange a *Revolution*, in ſo ſhort a time, has ſcarce been heard of in the World: For a Beardleſs *Slave*, to raiſe himſelf in Six Days, to as Abſolute and Uncontroulable a *Sovereignty*, as the Greateſt *Monarch* on Earth enjoy'd; to be obeyed by an infinite Number of People, without the leaſt Heſitation or Demur, were it for Life or Death; and all this, without any Motive of Ambition or Intereſt, but only to aſſert the Publick Liberty; Is a convincing Argument of his *Vertue*; and ſhews, That *Heaven* approved his Enterprize. But then again, for him to loſe all this Power in Four Days more, to be Murder'd in Cold Blood by his own Party, by the People whoſe Cauſe he had ſo ſucceſsfully vindicated; this ſhews the Inſtability of Human Affairs; and, that there is nothing Permanent on this ſide the *Moon*.

I pray *God* to inſpire the *Miniſters* of the *Sublime Port*, to take ſuch Meaſures as may preſerve the *Muſſulman* Peace. Adieu.

Paris, 13th. *of the* 11th. Moon,
of the Year 1647.

LET-

LETTER VIII.

To Solyman, *his* Couſin, *at* Conſtantinople.

WHEN I clos'd up my Laſt, the Hour of the *Poſt* was near expir'd; and the Meſſenger who carries my Letters to him, haſtened my *Diſpatch*, preventing what I had farther to ſay to thee.

I am ſollicitous for thy Welfare, both as thou art a *Muſſulman*, and ſo near a *Relation*. Do not forfeit thoſe Titles, by degenerating from thy *Kindred*, and from all the *Illuminated* of *God*. Truth is compriz'd in a little Room; but, Error is Infinite. Thou makeſt a wrong Inference, from the Moderation and Charity of the *True Believers*, when thou concludeſt, That becauſe they believe, it ſhall go well with all Honeſt Men, let their Opinions and Ceremonies be what they will; therefore thou ſhalt be ſafe, in retrenching the Endleſs and Burdenſom *Waſhings* (as thou termeſt them) of the *Muſſulmans*, ſo long as thou leadeſt a Good *Moral* Life.

Art thou ſuch a Friend to Idleneſs and Impurity, that thou wilt by a moſt pitiful Sophiſtry, cheat thy ſelf of *Salvation*, rather than take the Pains to waſh thy ſelf after the Manner, and at the Times appointed by

the *Prophet* of *God*, and practis'd by our *Fathers*, and all the *Faithful* throughout the *World*? If it be allow'd, that such as either out of Ignorance, or hindred by some other Invincible Cause, do not embrace our *Holy Law*, are not *Circumcised*, and repair not to the *Assemblies* of the *Faithful*, shall nevertheless enter into *Paradise*, provided they obey the *Law* of *Nature* Imprinted on their Hearts; does it follow therefore, that one who has been bred up in the *Undefiled Faith*, who has been *Circumcised*, and lifting up his Right Hand to *Heaven* has pronounc'd the *Seven Mysterious Words*, which cannot be repealed; does it follow, I say, that such an one, shall be regarded by *God* or his *Prophet*, any otherwise than as a *Heretick* or an *Infidel*, if he live not up exactly to the *Graces* that have been given him? No, assure thy self, if thou art in the Number of these, thou art an *Apostate*; thy Vertues are Vices, and all thy Good Works are an Abomination.

Remember the Piety and Magnanimous Zeal of *Assan Hali*, thy *Grandfather*; who, when he was taken Prisoner by the *Cossacks*, was entertained with extream Rigor and Severity. Nevertheless, a certain *Jew* in the City, who knew him, brought him every Day, by Permission of the *Keeper*, as much Water as would suffice to wash him, and to quench his Thirst. But, one Day, as he went with his accustomed Load, and was entring the Gate of the Prison; the *Keeper*, either

either out of Malice or Wantoneſs, ſpilt moſt of the Water on the Ground, forbidding the *Jew* at the ſame time, to bring any more that Day.

The honeſt *Hebrew*, went in with the Remainder of the Water, and deliver'd it to the Priſoner; who, preſently prepared to waſh himſelf, after the accuſtomed Manner of the *Muſſulmans*. The *Jew* ſeeing that, told him, There was not Water enough to quench his Thirſt. And therewith, related to him what the *Keeper* had done. *I ſee there is but a Little* (reply'd the Vertuous Old Man) *but, he that Drinks, or Eats, before he has* Waſh'd *himſelf, is guilty of defiling his* Soul, *and is not worthy to be numbred among the* True Believers. *Therefore, it is better for me to die for Thirſt, than violate the* Law *brought down from* Heaven, *and tranſgreſs the* Traditions *of my* Fathers. Having ſaid this, he *Waſh'd* himſelf, being Reſign'd to *Providence*.

Couſin, deceive not thy ſelf with vain Opinions, nor ſuffer *Hypocrites* to ſeduce thee. Imitate the *Adder*, and ſtop thy Ears againſt the Crafty Inſinuations of *Hereticks*. It is reported of this little *Serpent*, That by *Natural* Inſtinct, being ſenſible when a *Magician* is about to utter words, which being heard will enſnare it, lays one Ear cloſe to the Ground, and with its Tails ſtops the other, to the End the *Enchantment* may have no Effect.

Admit not any Man to thy Converſation, who ſhall attempt to warp thee from the Simplicity of the *Faith* and *Obedience*, which thou oweſt to the *Apoſtle* of *God*. Without *Water*, there is no *Purity* on this Side the Grave. That *Element*, has a Force in it, of which thou art not aware. 'Tis the Third, in the Rank of Living Principles. 'Tis the *Tabernacle* of the Winds; The *Seraglio* of the Generative Spirit; The Stage of Wonders. In fine, it is the Purifier of every Thing that has Breath.

Thou knoweſt, that to ſerve the Neceſſities of the *Prophet* and his Army, *Underſtanding* and *Speech* was given to a *Fountain* in *Arabia*, which having promiſed to follow him to the Place of his Repoſe, made a Channel through the *Deſart*, and kept Pace with the Troops of the *Faithful*, till they came *Medina Talnabi*. That ſo, the *Submiſſive* to the *Will* of *Heaven*, might not want that *Element*, without which Life it ſelf would be a Burden and a Curſe.

And yet, thou ſpeakeſt contemptibly of *Water* as a very Indifferent Thing, whether we uſe it or not, any other ways than to quench our Thirſt. Thus, making no Difference, between the many Advantages we reap from that *Element*, and that Common Uſe to which the Beaſts put it. In how many Places of the *Alcoran*, does the *Holy Prophet*, record the *Mercy* of *God*, in giving us Water that is Freſh and not Salt? How does he celebrate his Wiſdom and Goodneſs, for directing

recting the Clouds to barren and dry Places? Thou can'ſt not be ignorant, that it is one of the *Encomiums* of *Paradiſe*, that there are Gardens wherein flow many Rivers: And after all this, wilt thou deſpiſe ſo Holy and Bleſſed a Gift, without which, Earth and Heaven, Men and Angels, could not be completely happy?

Go learn then of the *Indian Idolaters*, who have never heard of the *Book of Glory*: Go learn of theſe *Barbarians*, to prize this *Sanctify'd Creature*. They travel many Hundreds of Leagues, to bath themſelves in the Waters of *Ganges*. With thoſe Incorruptible and All-purging Streams, the *Brachmans* fill certain Veſſels, and tranſport the Invaluable Liquor, to the utmoſt Parts of that Wide *Empire*. They travel on Foot, ſometimes Two thouſand Miles together, each Man with his Load of that precious Water, to ſupply the Wants of thoſe who live ſo remote from the River. So that a Bottle of it is many times ſold to the *Princes* and *Nobles*, for Two hundred *Sequins*, or Eight hundred *Roupies*: And yet, for all this, thoſe very *Princes* would not die with a ſafe Conſcience, had they not at leaſt once in their Lives made a *Pilgrimage* to this Renowned River, and bath'd themſelves in the *Waves* which blot out *Sins*.

O *Couſin*, let the Example of theſe *Infidels* make thee bluſh at thy Impiety, and excite thee to a diligent and indiſpenſible Practice of *Cleaneſs*: So ſhalt thou

have a Sound Mind, in a Healthy Body: And the *Angel* of thy *Nativity*, will not ſhun thy Perſon. Adieu.

Paris, 7th. *of the* 12th. Moon, *of the Year*, 1647.

LETTER IX.

To the Kaimachmam.

THE Defeat of the *Venetians* and *Morlacks* in *Boſna*, has reached theſe Parts. That News is not unwelcome to *Muhmut*. But, I could wiſh our *General* had uſed his Victory with more Moderation. The *Chriſtians* term him *Barbarian*, *Savage*, *Devil Incarnate*; and load him with Execrations: For, having taken Priſoner the *Captain* of the *Morlacks*, he caus'd him to be Flea'd alive, and afterwards to be Impal'd. This *Captain* was an *Eccleſiaſtick*: They call him *Stephano Sorich*; and, in Honour of his Zeal and Fidelity, they entitle him, *The Good Prieſt*. They applaud his Magnanimity and Courage in Battel; and no leſs do they extoll his Conſtancy, during the Torments of ſo Cruel and Ignominious a Death. But, I tremble to think of the Blaſphemies and Curſes they utter againſt our *Holy Prophet*, and all the *Muſſulmans*! For, this Cruel Execution,

tion, has ſcandaliz'd the *Nazarener*, and imbitter'd 'em even to Fury. Their Revenge is implacable: They would go to *Hell* themſelves, provided the *True Faithful* might be *Damn'd* for *Company*!

What will our *Divine Law-giver* ſay? Or, what Apology will our *General* make, when the *Sent* of *God* ſhall charge him, with driving ſo many thouſand Souls, into an Irreconcilable Hatred of the *Undefiled Faith*? For, they look not on this as the Action of a *Private* Man, but of one who repreſents the *Perſon* of our *Auguſt Sovereign*, the Great *Protector* of the *Law* brought down from *Heaven*. They ſuppoſe him to be honour'd with the particular Inſtructions of his *Maſter*: And therefore, they ſay, the *Sultan* has authoriz'd this Unheard of Cruelty; and, that our *Religion* countenances Tyranny, and the moſt Nefandous Method of ſhedding Innocent Blood.

I am no Advocate for *Infidels*; yet, ſuffer me to vindicate *Nature*, which is the *Common Parent* of us all. Suffer me to be Solicitous, for the Honour of our *Holy Profeſſion*, which is blemiſh'd by this Inhumane Murder. What Offence had this Unhappy *Captain* given, that deſerv'd ſo dire a Puniſhment? Was it, becauſe he fought valiantly, and perform'd Wonders in Defence of his Country? This is Nothing, but what becomes every Honeſt Man to do. And, had our *General* been truly Brave, he would have entertain'd his Priſoner, with a Reſpect due to his Merit.

Who was a more Inveterate Enemy of the *Mussulmans*, than the Renowned *Iscbenderbeg*, *Prince* of *Albania*? Who more Valiant or Successful, against the *Ottoman* Armies? It is Recorded of him, That he never shun'd a Battel, never fled from his Enemies, never shrunk from Perils, nor was ever wounded but once, in all his Life. And yet, he sustained a Continual War, from Two Successive *Osman Emperors*; defeated Seven *Viziers*, with their Forces; took all their Ammunition and Baggage; and, in several Combats, slew with his own Hands, above Two thousand *Mahometans*.

Our *Fathers* did not basely revenge themselves for all this, but cherish'd a Veneration for this *Heroick* Enemy, and honour'd the very *Dust* of such an extraordinary Person. For, after his Death, having conquer'd *Albania*, they sought out his *Tomb*, where they performed their *Devotions*, as at the *Sepulcher* of a *Prophet*. They open'd the *Dormitory* of the Defunct *Warriour*, and, with *Religious Solemnity*, took up his *Bones*, sharing the Honour'd *Reliques* among them; and, wrapping them up in Silk, wore them continually at their Breasts, esteeming them as *Sacred Amulets* against *Misfortune*.

Surely, our *General* would blush, at an Example of so great Vertue. But, perhaps he was incensed, because his *Captive* was a *Priest*: Mistaken Zeal might prompt him to this horrid Butchery. Thou, who art *Justice* it self, wilt not approve his Bloody Passion,

Passion, when thou considerest, That the *Priests* of *Jesus*, are Men, as well as others; and, if they live in Error, the Fault is in their Education. However, many of them are Humble, Chast, Sober, and Lovers of Vertue. If there be others, whose Corrupt Lives have contradicted this Character, let the Crime and the Punishment rest on their Heads. It is not Reasonable, that the Innocent should suffer for the Faults of the Guilty. The *Captain* of the *Morlacks*, had the Reputation, of a Devout and Just Man, and a Stout Champion for his Country: Had he been taken for a *Spy*, or an *Assassin*, the *Law* of *Arms* would have adjudg'd him to Death. Yet such was the Clemency of *Porsenna*, *King* of the *Hetrurians*, that when *Mutius Scevola*, a Valiant *Roman*, came into his Camp, with design to Murder him, but by Mistake stabb'd one of the *Captains*, thinking it had been *Porsenna*; and to revenge that Miscarriage on himself, thrust his Hand into the Fire, till the Flesh was consum'd to the Bones: The *King*, astonish'd at his Undaunted Spirit, sent him away in Peace, raised the Siege of *Rome*, and entred into a strict Friendship with that *Nation*: Such Honour he bore to the Fortitude of his Enemy, and designed Murderer. But, the *Captain* of the *Morlacks* was not taken under these Circumstances: He lost his Liberty in the Heat of Battel, bravely Combating at the Head of his Army.

Would'st thou know the Grounds then of your *General's* Cruelty? It was purely for the

Sake

Sake of a *Jeſt*. There went a Report, That when this *Prieſt* was born, his Body was all over raw; ſo that the *Phyſicians* were forc'd, by Art, to ſupply him with a Skin. Our Cruel *General* to ſport himſelf in the Poor Man's Miſery, commanded him to be Flea'd alive; uttering at the ſame time this Inhumane *Sarcaſm*; *There was no Reaſon that he ſhould carry a Skin out of the World, who brought none in.* This is atteſted by Two Gentlemen, who were made Priſoners with their *Captain*, heard theſe Words, ſaw him Executed, and afterwards made their Eſcape.

The *Nazarenes* Vow to Revenge this Unparallell'd Cruelty, on all the *Muſſulmans* that fall into their Hands, if this *Butcher* (as they term him) be ſuffer'd to go unpuniſh'd. I tell thee, ſuch Barbarous Actions, draw down the *Vengeance* of *Heaven*, on thoſe that commit them; and excite the very *Beaſts* of the *Earth*, to make *War*, and rid the *World* of ſuch *Monſters*.

Thou knoweſt what Uſe to make of this Intelligence: I will not pretend to Inſtruct the *Second Miniſter* in the *Ottoman Empire*.

Paris, *7th. of the 12th.* Moon, *of the Year* 1647.

LETTER

LETTER X.

To the Mufti.

IF there be any Truth in what the *Aſtro'o-gers* tell us, That the *Stars* have *Influence* on the *Governments* of the *Earth*; One would think that *Spain* lies under ſome *Malignant Aſpect.*

The Fortune of that *Kingdom*, has for a long time run Retrograde. They have had nothing but Loſſes by Sea and Land. The *Revolution*; in *Portugal*, the *Revolt* of *Catalonia* and *Rouſſillon*, the Loſs of *Ormus*, in *Perſia*, and the Defection of *Goa*, with other Rich Towns of Traffick in the *Indies*, came one upon the Back of another.

Since which, there have been many Towns and Caſtles taken from the *Spaniards* in *Flanders*. The *French* made an *Inſurrection* in *Palermo*, breaking open the Priſons, and releaſing the Priſoners: And grew to ſuch a Head, that the *Viceroy*, fearing they would revenge the *Tragedy* of the *Sicilian Veſpers*; to pacifie the Multitude, was fore'd to Repeal the *Edicts* for *Taxes*, and Diſannul them for ever; and to paſs an *Act of General Indemnity*, both to the *Rabble*, and to the *Priſoners* whom they had freed.

This Tumultuous Spirit paſs'd from thence to the *Kingdom* of *Naples*; and there, like an Infection, ſoon ſpread it ſelf through all Parts, both

both of City and Country: Two hundred thousand Men took up Arms, to vindicate the *Privileges* of the *Neapolitans*, under the Conduct of a Poor Young *Fisherman*. I have already transmitted to the *Sublime Port*, a Relation of this Formidable *Sedition*: Wherein, it may be thought, I have discovered too much Tenderness to the *Infidels*, and seem'd to Favour the Violences of a *Faction*. But, I hope thou wilt acquit me, when thou considerest, that these *Governments* of the *Nazarenes*, are not to be compared to the Sacred *Ofman Empire*, which is Establish'd by a *Divine Right*: It having been determined by the *Angel*, That he who should possess the Glorious *Dormitory* of the *Sent of God*, should be Entituled, *The Sovereign of all the Kings in Earth*. Therefore, it would be a Crime of the Highest Nature, to raise a Tumult or Sedition, within the *Territories* of our *August Emperor*, whose Dominion is confirm'd to him for ever, by a *Patent* from *Heaven*. But, the Case of the *Nazarene Princes* is different; who being professed Enemies to the *Messenger of God*, have no other Right to any thing, but what their Swords purchase. And therefore, when they prey upon others, and by Rapine and Spoil augment their Riches; it is no Wonder, if the *Great Avenger* of *Crimes*, stirs up some undaunted Spirits, to free their Country from Slavery and Ruine.

Those who are Curious, have remark'd many Observable Circumstances in this *Revolution* at *Naples*: As, That it was foretold by an

Astrologer,

Aſtrologer, a conſiderable Time before it happen'd, who pointed out the very Year wherein it ſhould come to paſs. The Extraordinary Eruptions alſo of *Mount Veſuvius* ſome Years ago, were eſteem'd as Preſages of ſome approaching Troubles in the *State*: For, it rained Aſhes on the City of *Naples*. I ſpoke of this Mountain, in one of my former Letters.

This reported alſo, That about the ſame Hour, wherein *Maſamello*, the *Ringleader* of the *Seditious* was Murder'd, there was ſeen a *Man* hovering in the Air, over the Principal *Temple* of *Naples*, with a Sword in his Hand, which he was putting up in his Scabbard: And, that a Voice was at the ſame time heard from on High, to utter theſe Words, *His Labour is finiſh'd, give him Reſt.*

This is certain, that whilſt he was at the Head of an Hundred Thouſand Men, Seven *Aſſaſſines* were hired by ſome of the *Princes* to ſhoot him; yet none of the Bullets could penetrate his Body, though Unarm'd, and only covered with his Fiſhing Rags: And, it was evident that theſe Bullets ſmote him in divers Places; his Garments being marked with them, and he ſtagger'd with the Force of the Blows.

Theſe are Extraordinary Occurrences, and would tempt one to believe, That this Young *Fiſherman* was the Inſtrument of *Providence*, and that *Heaven* protected both *Him* and his *Cauſe*.

'Tis

'Tis true indeed, it seem'd at last, as if he were abandon'd by that *Divine Power*, which had carried him through so Important an Enterprize, in that he was Slain by his own Soldiers. But, then it must be remembred, that this was not done, till his *Work* was *finished*, and he went beyond his *Commission*. Want of Sleep, the Multitude of Affairs, and much Wine, had impared his Reason, and rendred him Frantick; so that, his Actions were Insupportable, and his own Admirers grew weary of him. After his Death, his Head was cut off, and carried up and down the Streets on a Lance; and his Body was dragged through the Kennels. Yet the very next Day, the Multitude, to shew their own Ficklenels, took the Dead Body out of a Ditch, where they had laid it all Night: They Washed and Embalmed it; and having join'd the Head to it, carried it with great Pomp and Solemnity to the Principal *Temple* of *Naples*, attended with Drums and Trumpets, and above a Thousand *Priests* with Torches in their Hands. A Crown of Gold was put on his Head, and a Scepter in his Hand.

Thus the *Neapolitans* honoured that Beardless *Youth*, who in Ten Days time, had caused such a *Revolution*, as is scarce to be parallell'd. For, he was an Absolute *Monarch*, in Effect during that time. And of him it may be said, as it was once of an *Emperour*. That during his whole *Reign*, there was neither *Spring*, nor *Autumn*, nor *Winter*: For, his *Royalty* begun and ended, in the Seventh *Moon*.

By

By Letters from *Nathan Ben Saddi*, at *Vienna*, I perceive he is moleſted with Scruples about his *Religion*, being deſirous to build upon the *ſureſt Foundation*. I ſent him the beſt Advice I could, without making my ſelf a *Hypocrite*; which, thou knoweſt, is more offenſive to *God*, than an *Open Sinner*. I drew up an *Abſtract* of the *Muſſulman Records*; and preſented him with the *Faithful Genealogy*, from *Iſmael*, the *Son* of the *Patriarch Ibrahim*, down to our *Holy Prophet*. This I did, to rectifie an Old Inherent Error of the *Jews*, who boaſt, That only the *Sons* of *Iſaac* were *True Believers*. I endeavoured not to proſelyte him, by Sophiſtry and Artifice; but referred him, for better Satisfaction, to the *Writings* of the *Ancients*. I promiſed to furniſh him with *Books* of our *Law*, and the *Comments* of our *Holy Doctors*. This is impoſſible for me to perform, whilſt I am in this Place; unleſs thou, who art a *Guide* of thoſe who ſeek the *Truth*, vouchſafeſt to ſecond my Zeal. I addreſs to thee, *Sovereign Prelate* of the *Faithful*, in Behalf of a *Deſcendent* from the *Younger Brother of Iſmael*; in Behalf of one *Circumciſed*, but not in the Right Way. Favour him with thy *Divine Inſtructions*, and ſupply him with *Treatiſes* of Light and Reaſon. A ſeaſonable Application, may bring this *Hebrew* into the Number of the *Muſſulmans*; for, he is already diſguſted at the *Synagogue*.

But, if I have preſumed too far, in endeavouring to ſnatch a *Soul* from the Paws of

Tagot,

Tagot, correct me in thy Wisdom; for, I am but as an *Infant* before thee.

Paris, 15th. *of the* 1st. *Moon, of the Year*, 1648.

LETTER XI.

The Beginning of this Letter is wanting in the Italian Translation, the Original Paper being torn. . . . . . All Mens Hearts are filled with Joy, for this prosperous News, whilst I mourn for the Dishonour of Our Arms. Nothing but sad Tidings grate my Ears from those Parts, and more melancholy Presages possess my Soul. Methinks, I see thick Clouds gathering o'er the *Imperial* City. My Sleep is disturb'd with fearful Visions: I start in my Bed; and waking lay my Hand on my Sword, as if some Danger were at hand: I dream of Tumults and Disorders, Neighing of Horses, and Clashing of Arms in the Streets of *Constantinople*. I pray *God* avert the *Omen*.

It is reported here, That *Ali*, the *Sangiac Bey* of *Lippa* is taken Prisoner; and that his Son was tormented to Death before his Face, in a Manner peculiar to the Invention of their most Barbarous Tyrants: For, they caused sharp Thorns to be thrust between his Nails and his Flesh; which creates an intolerable Anguish; They laid him on a Bed of Iron Spikes,

Spikes, and poured Melted Lead, Drop by Drop, on all Parts of his Flesh. Then they made a small Fire, and roasted him slowly to Death. If he chanced to groan, or make the least Complaint, in the midst of those grievous Tortures, they bid him remember the Good *Priest Sorich*, who set him an Example of Constancy and Courage; in that he never shed a Tear, or so much as sigh'd, when he was *Flea'd alive.*

Thou seest, that Revenge is sweet, even to those, who having receiv'd no Injury in their own Persons, yet are touched to the Quick, with the Violence that is done to another. This will appear in the Humour of the *Italians*, who prosecute their Enemies, with irreconcilable Hatred and Malice; whole *Families* being often engaged, in executing the Resentments of Two single Persons, who first began the Quarrel: But, much more forcible is this Passion in those, who have been notoriously hurt themselves. And, the Revenge of a certain *Captain* was Extravagant; who being informed, that his *General* had Debauch'd his Wife, took an Opportunity to single him out from all other Company, pretending to walk in the Fields. When he had him there alone, he clapt a Pistol to his Breast, threatning to kill him forthwith, if he moved Hand or Foot. Then he upbraided him with what he had done, in such Language, as convinced the *General*, his Life was in extreme Danger. Wherefore, he humbled himself, and confessed his Crime; begging

begging of the *Captain* to ſpare his Life, and he would preferr him forthwith, to the beſt Office in the Army next his own. But, the furious *Italian* would not ſell his *Honour* ſo Cheap. He forced him to deny *God*, and utter many *Blaſphemies*, in Hopes of Saving his Life: And, when he had thus done, the *Captain* ſaid, *Now my Revenge is complete, ſince I ſhall ſend thee Body and Soul to the Devil.* With that he piſtoll'd him.

But, leaving theſe *Infidels* to their *Diabolical* Paſſions, I am concern'd at the Captivity of thy Brother; if it be true, which is related here, That he was taken in his Return from *Canea* to *Conſtantinople*. It will coſt the *Baſſa* of *Algiers* a Thouſand Crowns to ranſom him.

Adieu, *Renarba*. And if thou art deſirous to raiſe thy Self, take that Method which I have now propoſed to thee. *God* be propitious to thy Endeavours.

Paris, 4th. *of the* 2d. *Moon, of the Year* 1648.

LETTER XII.

To the Venerable Muſti.

THou wilt ſay, the *Neapolitans* are a reſtleſs People, when thou ſhalt know, That there have been no leſs than Forty General *ſurrections*

ſurrections in this *Kingdom*, ſince its firſt Separation from the *Grecian Empire*, whereof it was formerly a Member; and, that in the Space of Two Years they have had Five *Kings*, all of different *Nations*.

One would have thought, That after the Death of *Maſanello*, the *Ringleader* of the late *Innovation*, the Popular Heats would have ſlacken'd, and the People returned to their Duty; but, the paſſionate Deſire of Liberty, caus'd them to continue in Arms, till the Confirmation of their Privileges, ſhould come from the King of *Spain*.

In the mean Time, *Don John* of *Auſtria* who lay before the City with a Fleet of Fifty *Galleons*, play'd upon them inceſſantly with his Cannon by Sea; and, the Caſtles batter'd them by Land.

Cardinal Mazarini, who has the earlieſt Intelligence of Foreign Tranſactions, has had a Principal Hand in fomenting this Flame. For, as ſoon as the News of *Maſanello*'s Death arriv'd here, he diſpatch'd away *Couriers* to *Rome*, with Inſtructions to the *French Embaſſadour* at that *Court*, requiring him, to uſe all poſſible Means, to cheriſh the *Tumults* in *Naples*, and not neglect ſo fair an Opportunity, of reducing that *Kingdom* under the *Protection* of *France*.

It will not appear ſtrange, That this great *Genius*, ſhould aim at the Conqueſt of *Naples*, when we conſider, That this *Kingdom* abounds in all Manner of Riches, to which its fortunate Situation contributes not a Little: For,

For, it lies in the moſt Temperate Part of the World. And, the Inhabitants are not *Second* to any People of *Europe*, in *Martial* Courage and Bravery. This is a Bait, which tempts the *Cardinal*; who is not ignorant, how valiantly the Anceſtors of the preſent *Neapolitans*, behav'd themſelves in the *Wars* of *Ceſar* and *Pompey*, and thoſe between the *Romans* and *Carthaginians*. Nor are they leſs Celebrated, for the ſtout Reſiſtance they made againſt the *Huns*, *Goths*, and *Vandals*. So that, this *Kingdom*, were it once brought under the *French* Dominion, would prove a *Nurſery* from whence this *Monarch* might draw many Thouſands of excellent Soldiers, to ſerve him in his Wars.

Beſides, it would be more commodious for him, to make Incurſions from hence into the *Pope*'s Territories, if there ſhould ariſe any Difference between the two *Courts*; as there often do, about the Rights of the *Gallican Church*, the *Franchiſes* of the *Embaſſadors*, of this *Crown* in *Rome*, and other Privileges to which they pretend.

Therefore the *French Embaſſador*, according to the Inſtructions of *Mazarini*, ſent *Commiſſioners* to treat privately with the People of *Naples*, offering them Two Millions of Crowns, Twenty Gallions, with Eight and Fifty Gallies, and other Veſſels. They accepted the Propoſal, being weary of the *Spaniſh* Government, and deſirous of Novelty, Encourag'd alſo by what thoſe *Commiſſioners* repreſented to them concerning the

Succeſs

Succeſs of the *Engliſh*, who by ſtanding on their Guard, and uſing that Power which *God* and *Nature* had given them, for the Defence of their Lives and Liberties, were now in a manner, become a *Free People*, having Aboliſh'd the *Monarchy*, and ſet up a *Commonwealth*: And this, they told them, was alſo done by *Cardinal Mazarini*'s Counſels and Aſſiſtance. Now, all the Cry in *Naples*, was, *Let* France *and the People of* England *flouriſh*; *and let the* Faithful Neapolitans *aſſert their own Liberty*. So blind were theſe People, as not to conſider, That in putting themſelves under the Protection of the *French*, they did but exchange One Bondage for another; it being impoſſible for any Foreign *Prince* to keep this *Kingdom*, and pay all his Officers, Civil and Military, together with thoſe under their Commands, with much leſs Charge than the Revenues amount to. And, the *French* are as good at Inventing New *Taxes*, as any *Court* in *Europe*.

However, the *Neapolitans* were enchanted with the Thoughts of ſo much Gold, and other Aſſiſtance offer'd by the *French Commiſſioners*; and ſweeten'd with their fair Words, and glorious Promiſes. So that they immediately ſent *Deputies*, to entreat the *Duke* of *Guiſe*, who was then at *Rome*, to come and protect them, in taking on him the Chief Command of their Arms.

This *Prince*, thinking it a Generous Action, to Relieve the *Oppreſſed*: And, that at the ſame time, he ſhould do a conſiderable Service to

the

the King of *France*, in rendring him *Master* of this Noble and Opulent *Kingdom*, went to *Naples*. Where, at first, he was receiv'd with Infinite Applause; was made their *General*; took an Oath of Fidelity to the *People*; did many notable Services; but was, in the end, Betray'd, and sent Prisoner to *Spain*.

If the Generosity, and brave Resolution of this *Prince* has acquired Commendation from some, in attempting to rescue these People from the Tyranny of their Governours; yet his Conduct is call'd in Question by others, who say, He discover'd but little Prudence in trusting himself to the *Neapolitans*, who had already sacrific'd Two of their *Generals*. (For, after the Death of *Masanello*, they chose another *Captain*, whom they call'd the *Prince* of *Massa*: This *Prince* falling under their Suspicion, was Beheaded by the *Inconstant* People.)

'Tis certain, that there is little Confidence to be put in the *Multitude*, whose Passions Ebb and Flow, and are more Tempestuous than the Sea. Yet a Brave and Generous Mind will shun no Dangers, to serve his *Prince* and his *Country*; for whom it is a Glorious *Martyrdom* to Die. There is no great Undertaking without Hazards; and he that is afraid to venture his Liberty and Life in a Good Cause, is not worthy to bear Arms. Had the *Duke* of *Guize* succeeded, his Conquest of *Naples* had made him *Viceroy* of one of the largest *Kingdoms* in *Europe*. It is said to be Five hundred Leagues in Circuit, containing Twelve ample

ample *Provinces*: Twenty Archbiſhopricks: Biſhopricks, One hundred twenty ſeven: Thirty Caſtles: Barons, One thouſand four hundred: Earls, Fifty three: Forty Marquiſes: Thirty four Dukes; and Twenty Princes. The Inhabitants of this Kingdom, are ſaid to be above Two millions. The ordinary Revenues of the King, amount to Three millions of Crowns yearly, beſides the Voluntary Donatives which have been given by the Subjects of this *State* to their Kings, within the ſpace of Forty Years, amounting to Twenty Eight millions, and Six hundred thouſand Duckats. This *Kingdom* is water'd by a Hundred and fifty Rivers, beſides Ten Lakes ſtor'd with all manner of Fiſh; among which is one called *Averno*, over which if any Birds flie, they immediately drop down dead. The Ancient *Pagans* had ſtrange Opinions of this *Lake*, it being the place where they uſed to Sacrifice Men to the *Infernal Gods*. And, hard by, is the *Cave* of one of the *Sybils*.

There are Thirty high Mountains in this Country, of which *Adonai* relates many ſtrange and delightful Paſſages, (for 'tis from him I receiv'd this Account of the *Kingdom*.) I will not trouble thee with a Repetition of all that this *Jew* tells me, only One Thing is worthy of Remark.

He ſays, That the Bodies of the Three Young *Hebrews*, who were put into the burning Oven by the *Babylonian Monarch*, becauſe they would not adore his *Idols*, are preſerv'd in a *Moſque* on one of theſe Mountains.

And that on the said Hill, no Eggs, Flesh or Milk, will endure an Hour without Putrefaction, but presently breed an infinite Number of Worms. He speaks in the Praise of these Mountains, which are cloath'd with Vineyards, Gardens and Woods on the Top and Sides; and in their Bottoms, have very Rich Mines of Gold, Silver, Copper, Iron, Crystal, Alabaster, Adamant. In fine, *Adonai*, who has travell'd over all this *Kingdom*, calls it, The Fertilest *Region* of all *Italy*, which is esteem'd the *Paradise* of *Europe*.

Dost thou not think now, *Venerable Guide* of the *Elect*, that the *Duke* of *Guize* had Reason to prefer the Honour of Conquering so Renowned a *Kingdom*, to the Safety of his Person? Or wilt thou not rather conclude, That the Reduction of this Happy *State* would be an Expedition worthy of the *Ottoman* Arms? It is certain, That the Riches and Plenty of this *Region*, have tempted more Nations to Invade it, than any other *Kingdom* on Earth: It having been the Prize, at which no less than Five and twenty several *Nations* have aim'd.

Cardinal Mazarini is much troubled at the *Duke* of *Guize*'s Captivity, and has offer'd great Sums of Money for his Ransom; but the King of *Spain* rejects all Proposals of that Nature. So that 'tis thought, the *Cardinal* will contrive some Way for the *Duke*'s Escape; either by Bribing his Keepers, or by some secret Stratagem.

I am

I am not much concern'd for the *Infidels*; but, it would be no small Joy to hear, that some Care were taken, for the Redemption of *Mahomet Celebee*, who, thou knoweſt, has not deſerv'd ill of the *Sublime Port*. Adieu, Holy *Patriarch*, and forget not *Mahmut* in thy Addreſſes to *Heaven*.

Paris, 27th. *of the* 3d. Moon,
of the Year 1647.

LETTER XIII.

To Abdel Melec Muli Omar, Superintendent *of the* College *of* Sciences *at* Fez.

THOU, to whom the *Iſſues* of *Paradiſe* are Revealed, and the *Road* of the *Angels* when they come down and go up through the *Seven Heavens*? Thou that canſt marſhal the *Hoaſt of the Stars*, and underſtandeſt the Diſcipline of the Armies living and ſtrong, the Orders of the Potentates encamped in the Fields of Light, the *Domeſtick Guards* of the *Throne* Bleſſed for Ever; Tell me the *Age* of the *World*, and declare the *Beginning* of *Time*. Reſolve me, whether this Mighty Fabrick be but of Yeſterday, that is, of Five or Six Thouſand Years ſtanding, as the *Jews*

and *Christians* say; or, whether the Years of its Duration, be not past a Calcule.

The *Visions* of thy *Progenitor*, the *Lieutenant* to the *Sent* of *God*, are extant in the *Arabick Tongue*. In them it is written, *My Soul on a sudden, became as though it had Wings; a Spirit enter'd me, and a subtle Wind lifted me up to the Top of* Mount Uriel, *where I beheld Marvellous Things. I looked behind me, and saw the* Ages *that were past; and lo, they were without Number, or Beginning. I beheld the Four* Seasons *of the Year, ever returning at their accustomed Time, and the* Sun *forsook not his Course, for a Thousand Thousand Generations. I counted a Million of Ages, and yet there appeared not an Hour, wherein Darkness had possessed the Abyss of Matter, or wherein the endless Firmament was not Illuminated by the* Moon *and* Stars. *Woilst I considered these Things, a Liquor was given me to drink by an Unknown Hand, it was of the Colour of* Amber; *When I had tasted it, I felt a marvellous Force in my Body, and my Eyes were more piercing than an* Eagles. *Another Wind, more powerful than the former, blew out of a Cloud, and carried me up to an exceeding High Place, far above the tallest Mountains; There I trod in the soft Air, as on a Pavement of Marble. I was ravish'd at these Things; and the Exaltation of my State, made me forget my Morality. I beheld the Earth at a vast Distance under my Feet, as one That did not belong to it; it look'd like a shining Globe, not much unlike the* Moon, *but far bigger,*

bigger. All the Living Generations, *which had ſucceſſively Inhabited the Earth from its Nativity, paſs'd by me; and they appeared in various Forms. Firſt came a Race of* Centaurs, *then of* Satyrs, *next of* Angels, *and laſt of* Men. *While I marvelled at theſe Things, a Voice reach'd my Ears, as from behind me ſaying, Theſe are the* Four Ages *of the* World, *and the* Four Species *of* Beings, *to whom I gave the Poſſeſſion of the* Earth; *but, for the Impiety of the Three former, I have exterminated them. And, when* Men *ſhall have compleated the Meaſure of their Sins, I will cauſe the* Trumpet *to ſound, and all Things ſhall retire into the* Cave *of* Silence *and* Darkneſs. *Having heard this, I found my ſelf in a moment on the* Earth, *which I had before ſeen afar off; then I knew that I had been in a* Trance, &c.

I do not rehearſe this *Viſion*, to teach thee any new Thing, Venerable *Preſident* of the *Southern Sages* (for, I know, the *Archives* of thy *College*, are repleniſh'd with all Manner of excellent *Treatiſes*, and that thou art no Stranger, to the *Writings* of the *Prophets*) but, to crave thy Interpretation of ſo great a *Myſtery*, and to reaſon with thee about the *World's* Duration. My Satisfaction would be ſmall, in contemplating the various Beauties of the *Univerſe*, the Qualities of the Elements, the Natures of Living Things, the Virtues of Plants and Minerals, with the Force of the *Heavenly* Bodies, were I aſſur'd, That theſe Things were not always ſo; That thought would damp my greateſt

Enjoyments, if I were convinc'd, That so many Splendors, Riches and Pleasures, as this *Visible Frame* affords, were not disclos'd for Millions of Ages, but lay hid in the Bosom of *Eternity*. Methinks, it is too low an Opinion of the *Omnipotent Goodness*, and looks, as if the Authors of it, suspected *God* of *Envy*: Who, when he might have made Infinite *Myriads* of Creatures happy, in these Visible Emanations of his *Divinity*, without either Beginning or Ending of Time; yet, according to their *Doctrine*, contented himself, to let onely a Determinate Number taste of his Munificence, for a few *Centuries* of Years. This is not suitable to the Character of that *Infinite Being*, the *Eternal Source* of all *Perfections*.

What then is meant by those *Four Ages*, and the *Four Species* of *Beings*, which were shew'd to the *Exalted* of *God* in that *Holy Vision*? Tell me, Great *Light* of *Africk*, Is it repugnant to *Reason* or *Faith*, to believe, That the *Earth* has been *Inhabited* from *Eternity*; since our *Holy Doctors* teach us, That it was peopl'd long before the *Creation* of *Adam*? No *Mussulman*, that has ever gone the *Sacred Pilgrimage*, but has visited *Mount Araffa*, where *Adam* first saw *Eve his Wife*. Where he has been instructed, in the *History* of that *First Father* of *Mankind*; and how that before his Time, the *Earth* was Inhabited by *Angels*, who being commanded to adore *Adam*, refus'd it, and were turn'd to *Devils*, being expell'd from the *Earth*. Thou knowest

eſt moreover, that it is in the *Sacred Traditions*, That God gave to *Adam* a Wife, whoſe Name was *Alileth*; but that ſhe, being of the *Race* of theſe *Devils*, refus'd to Obey *Adam*: Whence it came to paſs, That they liv'd in continual Quarrels and Enmity, for the Space of Five hundred Years; till at length, *Alileth* flew up into the Air, and abandon'd her Husband. Of which, when *Adam* complained to *God*, he ſent three Mighty *Angels* in Purſuit of her, commanding them to tell her, That if ſhe would return to her Husband, it ſhould go well with her; but if ſhe would not, a Hundred of her Children ſhould die every Day. The *Angels* follow'd her, and overtook her on the *Red-Sea*; where they threatned to Drown her, unleſs ſhe would return to her Husband. But ſhe made Excuſes, and told them, *She was created to deſtroy Young Children*. Then the *Angels* laid Hands on her: When ſhe, to pacifie them, ſwore by the *Bottom of Hell*, That whenſoever the Names of them Three ſhould be written on any *Schedule*, that ſhe ſhould have no Power to hurt the Infants, they diſmiſs'd her. After this, *God* compaſſionating *Adam*'s Solitude, gave him another Wife, call'd *Eve*.

This *Tradition*, confirms the *Viſion* of the *Prophet*; and we need not doubt, That the *Earth* was Inhabited before *Adam*'s time: And if that be granted, why might it not be Peopled for Millions of Ages, as well as for the ſmalleſt Term that Ignorance or Error may aſſign to its Duration?

I have diſcourſed with ſeveral of the *Jewiſh Rabbi's*, and *Chriſtian Doctors*, on this Subject, Men of abſtruſe Learning, and ſublime Thoughts; yet I can find but a few, who are emancipated from the Prejudices of a Superſtitious Education. They have been, from their Infancy, prepoſſeſs'd with a falſe Notion of the *Works* of *God*; believing them to be *Finite*, both in Extent of *Space* and *Time*. They circumſcribe this *Viſible World*, within, I know not what *Flaming Circle*; and believe the *Firſt Matter* it ſelf, to be but Five Days Older than *Adam*, taking each of thoſe Days, for the ſpace of Four and twenty Hours, wherein the Sun finiſhes his Diurnal Circuit through the Heavens. They conſider not, that, according to their own *Bible*, there was *Light* and *Darkneſs*, and conſequently *Day* and *Night*, before the *Sun* was *Created*. But, how long thoſe *Days* and *Nights* were, is not determin'd by *Moſes*: Yet, in another part of their *Bible*, it is ſaid, That a *Day* with *God*, is a *Thouſand Years*; and a *Thouſand Years*, is a *Day*. So that, according to this Interpretation, *Adam* was not Created till above *Five thouſand Years* after the *Beginning* of the *World*: Yet, when I bring this Poſitive Place of their Own *Scripture* againſt the *Nazarene Sages*, they ſhuffle it off with empty Evaſions; and rather than believe the *Indefinite Antiquity* of the *World*, they contradict their own Sence and Reaſon, invalidate the Teſtimony of a *Prophet*, deny their *Faith*, and appear Unmask'd *Infidels*.

Both

Both *they* and the *Jews*, have corrupted the Truth with many Errors? and, we muſt ſeek farther, for the Original Science of Nature. The *Illuminated* of *God*, have always taught, That the *Earth* was *Inhabited* long before the Appearance of *Adam*. And, all the *Eaſtern Sages*, believe a *Series* of *Generations*, to have dwelt on this *Globe*, for Indeterminate Ages.

I have a Brother lately come from the *Indies*: He relates ſtrange Things of certain *Books*, which are only in the Hands of the *Brachmans*. They are written in a *Language*, which none underſtand but theſe *Prieſts*; yet a *Language* as Copious as any other, and taught in their *Colleges* by *Rule*. Theſe *Books* contain a *Hiſtory* of the *World*, which, they ſay, is above Thirty Millions of Years Old. They divide the Term of its Duration, into *Four Ages*; *Three* of which they ſay are already paſt, and a good Part of the *Fourth*. Now I would fain know, who wrote theſe *Books*; and, at what Time, and where this *Language* was ſpoken? They call it, the *Holy Language*; ſaying, that it was the *Firſt* ſpoken on *Earth*. It is ſtrange, that no *Hiſtory*, ſhould mention ſo *Divine* a *Speech*. We have the *Chronology* of the *Latin* and *Greek*; and can give an Account, when and where they were ſpoken, though they are now grown Obſolete, and no otherwiſe to be learn'd, but in the *Schools* and *Academies*. This argues the Antiquity of the *Bramins Language* and *Books*, in Regard, they fall not within

any other *Record* save their own, which says, they are as Old as the *World*. For, if this Assertion were false, the Imposture would have been discover'd as soon as broach'd, and the Learned *Sages* of the *East*, would quickly have disprov'd so manifest a Lye. There seems to me something Extraordinary, in this Pretension of these *Indian Philosophers*, and I would gladly be convinc'd of the Truth. Methinks, it is an Illustrious *Idea* of the *Divine Perfections*, when one conceives all this Vast and Endless Concatenation of *Beings*, to flow from the *Eternal Nature*, as Rays from the Sun: And, that they can no more be seperated from it, than those Beams can from that *Visible Fountain* of *Light*. It will not be difficult then, to Interpret the *History* of *Moses*, by this *Register* of the *Bramins*, and reconcile the *Six Days* of the one, with the *Four Ages* of the other; since, a Day in the *Divine* Sence, may amount to Millions of Years, as well as to a Thousand. And, it will be more congruous and agreeable, to believe, that after the Birth of the *First Matter*, there elaps'd Many *Ages*, before it was wrought into such an Infinite Variety of Appearances, as we now behold; and that the *Five Days* which *Moses* computes, before the *Production* of *Adam*, might be some *Millions* of *Years*: In which Time, the *Divine Architect* gradually drew from the *Abyss* of *Matter*, the Sun, Moon, Stars, Plants and Animals; which may serve also to Illustrate, the *Vision* of thy *Holy Ancestor*, with which I begun this *Discourse*.

Adieu,

Adieu, Sublime *Intelligence* of the *Torrid Zone*, and favour *Mahmut* with a Tranſcript of thy Thoughts concerning theſe things. But if thy Silence ſhall condemn my Preſumptions and Importunity, I will wait for thy Anſwer, till the *Platonick Year*, when, according to the *Doctrine* of that *Philoſopher*, we ſhall all be alive again.

Paris, 19th. *of the* 4th. *Moon*, *of the Year*, 1648.

LETTER XIV.

To the Muſti.

IN a former *Diſpatch* to thy *Sanctity*, I have acquainted thee with the *Inſurrections* in *Palermo*, mentioning the Fear of the *Viceroy*, leſt the *French* in that *Iſland* ſhould then take their Opportunity, to revenge the *Proverbial* Cruelty of the *Sicilian Veſpers*. If thou art unacquainted with that *Tragedy*, I will inform thee in Brief.

About Three hundred and threeſcore Years ago, there Reign'd in *Sicily*, one of the *Royal Blood* of *France*; they call him, *Charles* of *Anjou*. He had *French* Garriſons in all the Cities of that Kingdom: But theſe Soldiers committed ſo many Inſolencies as rendred 'em Odious and Inſupportable to the *Natives*, who

who therefore resolv'd to Exterminate them.

The *French* are very Licentious in thir *Conquests*; neither sparing Men in their Anger, nor Women in their Lust. They make no difference between the *Noble* and the *Vulgar*, but sacrifice all the Regards of Honour and Civility to their Impetuous Appetites.

They were guilty of innumerable Rapes and Violences in *Sicily*, among the *meaner* People; and sometimes, extended their Rudeness to Persons of the *best* Quality. It was common for them to affront both Virgins and Matrons as they went along the Streets, by thrusting their Hands under their Garments, on Pretence of Searching for hidden Arms. Among the rest, the Wife of a certain *Lord* in *Palermo*, going to pay her Devotions at the *Temple*, was seiz'd, by the Command of the *Captain* of the *Guards*, and strip'd Naked before all the Soldiers, in order to discover certain Treasonable Papers, which they suspected she carried about her: But finding none, she upbraided the *Captain* with Inhumanity, in offering so gross an Affront to a *Lady* of her *Rank*. He seeming to be sorry for the Indignity she had receiv'd, begged her Pardon; and retiring with his Soldiers out of the Room where she was, left her to put on her Apparel. In the mean while, he was enflamed with a furious Passion for this *Lady*, (she being very Beautiful;) and having sent the Soldiers away, he return'd to the Room where she was: He address'd her with much

Court-

Courtſhip; but finding that Ineffectual, he Forc'd her.

When this was made known to her Huſband, he burn'd with Deſire of Revenge: And ſtirring up all the *Sicilian Nobles* and *People*, it was privately agreed between them, that on a certain *Feſtival*, when the *Bells* ſhould toll to *Even-Song*, all the *Sicilians* ſhould take Arms, and Maſſacre the *French* throughout the *Iſland*. This Plot was carried ſo ſecretly, that before the *French* could get the leaſt Intimation of it, they were all murder'd on the Day appointed.

I forgot to acquaint thee in my laſt, with a Villany which was diſcover'd in the late Tumults of *Naples*. As they were marching up and down the Streets burning the *Cuſtom-Houſes*, and the Habitations of thoſe who had been concerned in gathering the *Taxes*, they entred the Houſe of a certain *Notary*, or *Publick Scribe* of that City, who had been repreſented to them, as a Promoter of thoſe Unreaſonable *Impoſitions*: They ſeized on the Man, and began to carry his Goods out into the Street, in order to be burnt: But as they were rummaging in an Apartment which was toward the Gardens, they heard a great Shrieking, as of Women affrighted: and perceiving the Voice to proceed from within a Wall in the Room where they were, they ſearch'd about for a Door to enter into that Place; but finding none, they broke through the Wall; where they found Two Women, with their Hair hanging down

to

to their Ancles, and their Nails grown like the Talons of an Eagle. Enquiring of them how long they had been there, and on what Occasion, the Eldest of the Women made this Answer: *The Master of this House, is my own Brother; who, when my Father died, was entrusted by him to pay me Six hundred Duckets, which he bequeathed me as a Legacy, for my Maintenance, my Husband being dead: But my Brother, instead of doing me this Justice, immur'd both me and my Daughter, whom you see here, between these Walls; where we have lived these Seventeen Years, being allowed by this cruel Man no other Food but Bread and Water.*

The People, Incens'd above Measure at so barbarous a Cruelty, hang'd up the *Notary*, and gave all his Estate to this Widow and her Daughter. An *Exemplary* piece of *Justice*, performed by *Mutineers*, which could not have been done by the *Law*, the Crime not reaching his Life; though, in the Sence of all Men, he merited Death. This is another Argument that *Destiny* had a Hand in this *Insurrection*; and, that *Masanello* the *Fisherman*, was the *Executioner* of *God*.

I obey thee, Sovereign *Prelate*, with an *Unconditional Devotion*, and revere the *Idea* of thy *Sanctity*: Vouchsafe to pray for *Mahmut*, that whilst he Condemns the Barbarous Cruelties of the *Nazarenes*, he may not render himself Inexcusable, by doing any Injustice himself.

Paris, 22d. *of the* 5th. *Moon*, *of the Year* 1648.

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LETTER XV.

To the Kaimachmam.

THE *Arabian Proverb* says, *There is more Danger to be fear'd from one of the* Coreis, *than from a Thousand* Bobecks. Thou knoweſt, both theſe were *Noble Families* in *Mecca*, and Sworn Enemies of the *Meſſenger* of *God*: But, the *Latter*, as their *Name* imports, were too open in their Counſels, to do any conſiderable Execution againſt the *Holy One*: Whereas the *Former*, were always reſerved, and laying of Secret Trains.

Such is *Cardinal Mazarini*, the Hidden Enemy of the *Ottoman Empire*. There ſeems to be an Ambition in this Great *Genius* equal to that of his Predeceſſor *Richlieu*, who would be eſteemed the moſt Eminent among Men. Nothing will ſatisfie this *Miniſter*, leſs than a Subverſion of all the *Monarchies* on Earth, which appear Obſtacles of that *Grandeur*, to which he Deſigns to raiſe his *Maſter*. Yet he attempts not this by Open Force, knowing, that is impracticable: but, acts in the Dark, ſtriving to undermine thoſe *States* by *Intrigue*, which he cannot ſubdue by *Arms*. He has his *Agents* in all the *Courts* of *Chriſtendom*; and, thou needſt not ſtartle, if I tell thee there is Ground to ſuſpect, he is not without his *Creatures* at the *Sublime Port*. All *Europe* is ſenſible, that the Late *Revolu-*

tions,

tions in *Portugal* and *Catalonia*, the *Insurrections* in *Sicily* and *Naples*, and the *Rebellion* of the *English*, *Scots*, and *Irish* are, in Part owing to the *Policies* of this *Minister*: And, I can tell thee more on that Subject, than is known to every one,

Osmin the *Dwarf*, who still retains his good Inclinations to the *Sublime Port*, finds an insuspected Access to all the *Grandees*, to whom the Smallness of his Bulk and Stature, affords no small Divertisement. Besides, they delight to pose him with *Problems*, in Regard, there is always something so lucky, besides the Wit in his Answers, as either creates Admiration or Laughter. But, their Mirth would quickly be changed into other Passions, were they sensible that their Little *Buffoon*, is no other than a *Spy* upon them. For, *Osmin* having so many Opportunities, lurks in Corners like a Spider, undiscovered, and unthought of: He Creeps into their Bedchambers and Cabinets, where he becomes privy to their greatest Secrets. If they should catch him in any of his Concealments, behind the Hangings, or under a Bed, 'twould only pass for a Frolick to give 'em Diversion; and he never wants for a *Repartee* or a *Jest*, to bring himself off.

I have taught him a *Cypher*, which he makes Use of, to transcribe any Letters, or other Papers of Moment; with *Characters* for *Speedy Writing*, which comprehend whole Sentences in a Dash or Two of the Pen.

'Tis but lately we have pitched on this Method; and the first attempt *Osmin* made, was in *Cardinal Mazarini*'s Closet: Into which he slipt, under the Skirt of a *Nobleman's* Cloak, who just then went in to speak with the Cardinal. This active *Dwarf*, taking Advantage of the *Nobleman*'s Approach to the Table, dextrously crept under the Carpets which cover'd it, reaching down to the Floor, where he lay unseen till the Cardinal was gone, and the Closet lock'd up.

During the time of their Conference, which was not very long, *Osmin* heard the *Cardinal* speak these words to the *Lord*: *One of the* Slaves *of that* Bassa, (said he,) *is an* Italian *whom I formerly entertain'd in my Service, and One in whom I confide: He was taken by the* Turks *at Sea; and as soon as he was sold to this* Grandee, *he acquainted me in a Letter with his Condition, imploring my Assistance towards his Ransom. I promis'd to Redeem him, on the Conditions I have told you; and since that, he has not fail'd to perform them; his* Master *having accepted the* Pistols, *and entred into the* Association: *So that I hope, in a little time, to see that proud* Tyrannical Race *exterminated, the* Tartars *excluded from Succession, and the* Empire *divided by the* Sword *of* Strangers. Ragotski *is the only Obstacle; That Prince is wavering, and we cannot trust him. The* Bassa *of* Aleppo, *with those of* Sidon, Damascus *and* Babylon, *are ready to cover the Fields of* Asia *with their Armies. If things were as secure on the Side of* Europe, *the* Blow *should soon be given.*

There

There pass'd some other Discourse between them, which *Osmin* could not distinguish, in regard they removed to the Window, and spoke low. But this was enough to rouze his Curiosity, and put him on a farther Inquisition.

As soon as the Room was void, by their Absence, he came forth from his Retirement, and fell to examining the Papers which lay on the Table, hoping to discover more of this *Plot*; but he was disappointed, and only met with a few Letters from his *Agents* in *England*: Wherein among other Matters, they gave the *Cardinal* an Account, *That they had hunted the* Lion *into the* Toils, *past all Hope of an Escape.* By which, I suppose, they meant the *English* King, whom the *Rebels* have confined to a certain *Castle* in their Possession. *Osmin* transcribed some of these Letters, and brought them to me: A Copy of one of them, I here send thee inclosed: 'Twas written from the *Council* of the *Isle-Rebels*. By which thou mayst see what a Share the *Cardinal* has, in Abetting these *Traytors*. Else, how could they Demand of him, *The Performance of the* Queen-Regent's *Promise, to assist them with Money and Men!*

There is one also Dated this present Year, and Subscribed my Monsieur *Bellieure*, the *French Ambassador* in *England*: But *Osmin* had not time to transcribe that, being prevented by the *Cardinal*'s Return; which made the *Dwarf* snatch up his Tools, and abscond

abscond under the *Table*. Yet, he remembred some of the Contents of that Letter, and told them me at his next Visit: The *Ambassadour* in that Letter, informs the *Cardinal*, of a certain *German Prophet*, who foretold, *That there should be a great Revolution in the Government of* England; *and that One of the Mightiest of all the* Eastern Princes, *should be Deposed this Year, and Murdered by his* Subjects (I pray *Heaven*, avert the *Omen* from the *Seraglio*.) He acquaints this *Minister* also, That he had succeeded in his Negotiation with the Officers of the *Rebels* Army. There were other obscure Passages in the Letter, which *Osmin* has forgot. But, these are sufficient to demonstrate, how busie the *Cardinal* is, and what a Hand he has in *Foreign* Affairs.

Another Opportunity, I hope, will bring to Light, more of this *Minister*'s Secrets. Adieu.

Paris, 4th. *of the* 6th. Moon, *of the Year*, 1648.

LETTER

LETTER XV.

To Peſtelihali, *his Brother.*

THE oftner I peruſe the *Journal* of thy *Travels*, the more I am delighted with it. For it is evident, That the *Countries* through which thou haſt paſs'd, have been as ſo many *Schools* of *Wiſdom* to thee; Wherein thou haſt learn'd, even from Men's *Vices*, the way to *Perfection*; much more from their *Vertues*. Thou haſt found, that though Mens *Natural* Diſpoſitions differ, as do the *Climates*, which afford them Breath; yet they all agree in *Common Frailties*. There are alſo *Vices* peculiar to certain *Countries*; 'twere to be wiſhed, they could be match'd with as many *National Vertues*. But, *Human Nature* is a *Rank Soil*, more fertile in *Weeds*, than *wholeſome Products*. Yet there are *Gardens* as well as *Deſarts*: And thou haſt obſerved ſome Perſons, Illuſtrious for their Goodneſs, and the Noble Endowments of their Minds.

I am extreamly pleaſed with that rare Example of Generoſity, which thou relateſt of an *Indian* Merchant; who, not content to give Alms to all that ask'd him, or whom he knew to be Poor, ſought daily Occaſions to exerciſe his Charity, hunted out the indigent and Unfortunate: And, where-ever he diſcovered the Lineaments of Poverty in a

Man's

Man's Face or trac'd the Footsteps of it in his Behaviour, he could not rest till he had relieved his Wants, and made him Happy, to his very Wishes. I tell thee, *Poverty* is a *Hell* upon *Earth*; and he that has this Curse, anticipates the *Torments* of the *Damn'd*. It eclipses the brightest Vertues, and is the very Sepulcher of brave Designs; depriving a Man of the Means to accomplish, what *Nature* has fitted him for, and stifling the Noblest Thoughts in their *Embrio*. How many Illustrious Souls may be said, to have been Dead among the Living, or buried alive in the Obscurity of their Condition, whose Perfections have rendred 'em the *Darlings* of *Providence*, and *Companions* of *Angels*; yet the insuperable Penury of all Things, has ranked them among the *Castaways* of the *Earth*, in the Eyes of Men? To such as these, our *Divine Lawgiver* commands us to extend our Charity, giving us certain Characters and Marks, by which we may distinguish them from the Crowd of the Unfortunate. And, I like the *Indian*'s Bounty the better, in that he so exactly seems to comply with this *Precept* of the *Alcoran*, generously preventing the Requests of the Indigent, and by an Excess of Benignity, courting them to accept of Relief. In this he also verifies the *Arabian Proverb*, which says, *He gives Double, who gives Unask'd.*

Thou commendest the Industry of the *Chinese*, the Advances they have made in Arts and Sciences, which, thou concludest, is to

to be attributed to the Force of their *Laws*, which oblige the Son to follow his Father's Trade, throughout all Generations. In this I muſt diſſent; for, it ſeems rather a Curb, than a Spur to Ingenuity, to be confin'd to Employments, for which a Man may have an Averſion. The Son not ſeldom abhorring thoſe Things, wherein his Parents took Delight. Or, if not ſo, yet he may be caſt in a Finer Mold, have a more ſubtle Invention; and conſequently, be capable of making greater Improvements, in any Trade of his own Choice: Since, Delight ſets an Edge on the Mind, gives Vigor to the Body, and adds Wings to Buſineſs. Beſides, I do not think this to be ſo much thy own Remark, as the Inſinuation of ſome of that Country, who are the moſt Conceited People in the World; ever extolling their own *Policy*, *Laws* and *Government*; and impoſing them as a Pattern to all other Nations.

One Thing I grant, they boaſt of with a great Deal of Truth, that is, their Antiquity and unmixed Race. Though, ſince the *Conqueſt* the *Tartars* have made of that Country, they are like to undergo the Fate of other Nations, and Corrupt their *Genealogies* with the *Blood* of *Strangers*.

Thou cameſt away before that *Conqueſt* was begun, or perhaps, before 'twas talked of. And I can give thee, but a very Imperfect Account of it. All the Intelligence we have from that *Kingdom* of late, comes in fragments: For, the Ships which bring this ſhatter'd News, left *China* in an Uproar and Confuſion: Only they

they assure us, That the *Tartars* had passed the Celebrated *Wall*, which divides them from *China*: That they entred and subdued the *Northern Provinces*, with an Army of Six hundred thousand Men: That very little Resistance was made against them, not even in *Pequin* it self, the *Capital Seat* of the *Chinese Empire*, which the *Usurper Lycungzi* had abandon'd to the *Conquerors*, carrying away with him all the Inestimable Treasures of the *Palace*, and retiring into one of the remote *Provinces*, was never heard of afterwards. Whence it was judg'd, That some of his own Party had murder'd him; partly, for the sake of his prodigious Wealth, which they shared among them; and partly to Revenge his *Treason* against the *Emperor*, and the Innumerable Calamities he had brought upon his Country.

Before these *Merchants* came away, the *Cham* of *Tartary* was Proclaimed in *Pequin*, and Crowned *Emperor* of *China*. They say, He was not above Thirteen Years Old at that time; which was in the 12th. *Moon*, of the Year 1644. And, that having sent for the Chief *Nobility* of *Tartary* to *Pequin*, he made Preparations to pursue his Conquests.

This is the best Account we yet have of the Affairs of that *Empire*: By which thou wilt easily be induced to be of my Opinion, That the *Blood* of the *Chineses*, will, in time, be mix'd with that of *Strangers*.

We

We must not seek for the Originals of any People, in the Country where they dwell. The most Renowned *Kingdoms* and *Empires* in the *World*, had their first Foundations laid by *Vagabonds* and *Fugitives*. Thou art not ignorant, how vast an Extent the Ancient *Roman Empire* had through *Asia*, *Africk* and *Europe*; yet that City, which was call'd the *Mistress of Nations*, the *Governess of the Whole Earth*, was first built by a handful of *Banditi*, People who lived by Pillage and Robbery, the Outlaws and Scum of *Italy*, assembled together from divers Parts, under the Conduct of *Romulus* and *Rhemus*. Neither had that City proved any better than a Sepulchre to them and their Designs, had they not, by a witty Stratagem, over-reach'd the *Sabine* Women, and so secured to themselves a Posterity, who should not only Defend, but Enlarge the Dominions of their Fathers: Yet these People, of so obscure and confused an Original, afterwards boasted of the Antiquity and noble Descent of their Families. No Name more Venerable in succeeding Ages, than that of a *Roman*.

To look no further than the Great and Formidable Empire of the *Osmans*, we shall find it took its first Rise from Colonies of Transplanted *Scythians*; so that he who would have the Genealogy of a *Turk*, must not look in the Registers of *Greece*, where they now live, but must carry his Search beyond the Mountain *Caucasus*, examine the Borders of *Palus Mæotis*, or hunt his Pedigree out

in

in *Chersonesus*. What *Revolutions* have not happen'd in *Asia* and *Africk*, since the *Assumption* of the *Messenger* of God into *Paradise*? Where shall we now find any Remains of the Ancient *Saracens*, or *Mamalukes*? The Mighty *Empire* of the *Ottomans* has swallow'd up all. Thus, one Nation expells another; and, there is in general a Mixture of *Foreign Blood*, made by the Conversion of innumerable different Nations to the *Mussulman Faith*, that it is hard to know, Whether our *Ancestors* were *Scythians* or *Persians*, *Jews* or *Grecians*; Whether they were of the Mountains or the Valleys, of the Forests or the Plains.

In this I will except my Countrymen, the *Arabians*, and those who seem to approach nearest them in Manner of Life, the *Tartars*; the one dwelling in Tents, the other in Waggons; both in a moving Posture; both Happy in this, That they are not confin'd to the Rigors of a Cold *Winter*, nor the Scorching Heats of the *Summer*; but, change their Soil and Climate, as the Season of the Year varies: Thus ever securing to themselves in all Places, either a blooming flow'ry *Spring*, or a moderate and fruitful *Autumn*. These were never subdued, nor expelled those Regions wherein they take Delight, neither would they ever mix with *Strangers*. But, the *Chinese* would excell all the *World* in the *Purity* of their *Unmix'd Blood*, were it not for the *Incursions* of their Potent and Victorious Neighbours.

The *French* say, That these People had the Use of *Guns* and *Printing*, many Hundreds of

Years before they were found out in *Europe*. But, the *Germans* claim the Honour of these *Inventions* to themselves.

Thou confirmest the Opinion of the Former, in telling me, thou hast seen some of the Cannon belonging to the City of *Pequin*, on which was engraven, in *Chinese Characters*, a *Register* of their *Age*, which was above Two Thousand Years.

I had a great Deal more to say, Dear *Pastah*, but the *Post* calls on me to hasten; Besides an extreme Dulness and Languishing of my Spirits, with which I have been persecuted, ever since this *Moon* first shewed her *Crescent*: Now she is in the *Wane*, and so I hope is my Malady. The Influence this *Planet* seems to have on me, may make thee conclude me a *Lunatick*: We are all so in one Degree or other. There are not more apparent Symptoms, That the *Flux* and *Reflux* of the *Sea*, owes its Original to the Neighbourhood and Motion of that *Planet*, than that our *Constitutions* vary, according to its *Monthly Appearances*.

He that Created the *Moon*, and the *Constellations*, not without Respect to *Mankind*, give us *Wisdom* which shall entitle us to a *Dominion* over the *Stars*.

Paris, 14th. *of the* 8th. Moon, *of the Year* 1648.

LETTER

LETTER XVII.

To the Aga *of the* Janizaries.

THE *Duke* of *Chastillon* arrived here 5 or 6 Days ago, from the Army in *Flanders*, bringing News of a Signal Victory, obtained by the Young *Prince* of *Conde*, on the *Plains* of *Lens*. This Battel was fought on the 20th. of the last *Moon*, the *French* having entirely routed the *Spaniards*, kill'd Three thousand of them on the spot, taken Six thousand Prisoners, with all their Artillery and Baggage. And, to Crown the Day, they have taken *Lens* also.

But, though *Fortune* thus favours their Arms Abroad, she has mixed Poyson with their Counsels at Home. All Things here seem to portend a *Civil War*: The *Parliament* thwart the Proceedings of the *Court*, taking on them the Power of the Ancient *Spartan Ephori*: They will be Comptrollers of the *Regal* Authority, suppressing the King's *Edicts*, calling his Expences to Account; and, pretending to reform the *Court*, they play the *Pedagogues* with their *Sovereign*. On the other side, *Cardinal Mazarini*, the *Duke* of *Orleans*, and other *Grandees*, do their utmost Endeavours, to dissolve the Meetings of this *Senate*. They persuade the Young King, That it is but a *Precarious Reign*, where the *Sovereign* must be curb'd by his *Subjects*: Thus they instill into his tender Years, those *Maxims* by which they would have him Rule, when he comes of Age.

There is a Man in the *Parliament*, whom they call *Monsieur Brussels*, one of their Great Counsellours, a bitter Enemy of *Cardinal Mazarini*, and therefore cry'd up by the *People* for a *Patriot*: He is of a furious Temper, and mean Abilities; yet his noisy Zeal for the *Publick Liberty*, has fastened to him the *Vulgar*: He is become the *Ring leader* of the *Seditious*.

This Man was seiz'd, as he returned from the Chief *Temple*, where *Te Deum* was sung Yesterday, for the late Victory in *Flanders*: And some are of Opinion, that 'twas this happy News which emboldned the *Court* to snatch from the People their *Darling*, their *Idol*, the Man from whose Courage they expect a Redress of all their Grievances. Indeed, one may say, it would seem safer for a Traveller in the Desarts of *Arabia*, to tear from a *Lioness* her Young One: For, the *Heads* of the *Faction* waited but for such an Opportunity, to set all in a Flame. And, the ill Success of the *Court* in this Action, shews, That it is dangerous to provoke the *Multitude*: For presently we were all in Confusion; the *Burgesses* in Arms, the Shops shut up, the Streets chained, and all the Avenues of the Palace barricado'd. The *Rabble* marched up and down the Streets, threatning Destruction to *Cardinal Mazarini*, and all his *Party*. The *Parliament* were forced to become the *Messengers* of the *People*, to carry their *Petitions*, or rather their *Commands*, to the *Court*; being threatned also, if they failed of Success: For, they protested unanimously, that they would not lay down their Arms, till the Imprison'd *Counsellor* was Released.

The

The *Queen* appear'd at first Inexorable, and sent these *Senators* away with Denial and Scoffs wishing them Joy of their New Honour, in being made the *Porters* of the *Rabble*. And the Young *Monarch*, incensed to see his *Native Royalty* thus Prophaned by his *Subjects*, bent his Brows; and casting a Look, divided betwixt Majesty and Disdain, on the *Senators*, uttered these words: *Sirs! Shall it always be a Custom, thus to molest the* Minority *of your* Kings? *Or, Do you think Our tender Years incapable of the Common Sense of other Mortals, that you presume thus Insolently to Invade Our Right? Accuse not the* Multitude, *nor make them an Umbrage to your* Sedition: *I know the Authors of these Tumults, and shall find a time to make 'em feel the Weight of my Displeasure: Think not, that I wear this* Sword *only for* Ornament [laying his Hand fiercely on the Hilt;] *or that the* Blood *of my Renowned* Ancestors, *is grown degenerate, or turned to Lees within my Veins. Go tell your Factious Comrades, There sits this Day upon the* Throne *of* France *a King, who, though he's Young, yet has a Spirit and Memory which will out-last his Pupillage.* With that he commanded them out of his Sight.

Yet notwithstanding this, the *People* threatned to bring their *Darling* away by Force, if he were not released in Two Hours.

There were above a Hundred thousand of them in Arms, and it might have proved a dangerous *Insurrection*. But, the *Queen*, at the Second return of the *Senators*, hearkning to the Advice of *Mazarini*, and the *Duke* of *Orleans*,

and remembring the late dreadful Effects of *Masanello's* Tumult in *Naples*, releas'd the Prisoner; who was conducted Home last Night in Triumph, by an infinite Croud of People, who filled the Air with Shouts and Acclamations.

It is discourſed here, That the *Prince* of *Conde* will ſpeedily return to *Paris*: From whom, both the *Court*, and the *Faction*, promiſe themſelves new Grounds of Triumph.

During theſe Commotions, *Mahmut* fails not to act his Part, being at no ſmall Expence, to maintain a certain Number of Strangers, whoſe whole Dependance is on me: Theſe I inſtruct, to mix themſelves with the *Rabble*, to inſinuate into them hateful Notions of *Cardinal Mazarini*, and the *Court*. They buz up and down the City, like Flies in this hot Seaſon, and ſting the *Multitude* to Fury with their Stories. I ſpare no Coſt, to procure the *Cardinal's* Ruine: That pernicious Wit comes not ſhort of his Predeceſſor *Richlieu*, being as active in embroyling Foreign *States*; witneſs, the *Revolutions* of *Portugal*, *Catalonia*, *England*, and *Naples*; (in all which he had a principal Hand) and is ever projecting, how to aggrandize his *Maſter*. And, the Univerſal Succeſs of the *French* Arms in *Germany*, *Flanders*, *Italy* and *Spain*, has left him Nothing worth a Thought, but the Deſtruction of the *Oſman Empire*.

Eliachim brings me News every Hour, how my *Myrmidons* ſucceed; for he acts abroad in the Streets, while I keep my Chamber, during the Tumults; being of *Demoſthenes's* Mind, who,

who, when the *Athenians* were in an Uproar, took *Sanctuary* in the *Temple* of *Pallas*, and prostrating himself before the *Altar of the Goddess*, uttered these Words, *O Pallas, I fly to thee for Protection; defend me from Ignorance, Envy, and Inconstancy; for, I love not the Society of the Owl, the Dragon, and the People.*

Yet, whether in my Chamber or Abroad, be assured, Illustrious *Prefect* of the *Imperial* City, that *Mahmut* divides his Time between the *Vows* he makes, and the *Services* he does for the *Grand Signior*.

Paris, 3d. *of the* 9th. *Moon, of the Year* 1648.

LETTER XVIII.

To Achmet Beig.

THIS *Court* is now in *Mourning*, for the Death of *Vladislaus*, late King of *Poland*: Whilst the *Politicians*, are canvasing the next *Election*. Those who Side with the *House* of *Austria*, favour the *Succession* of *Prince Charles*, But the *French*, are for *Casimir* their former Prisoner.

The *Duke* of *Bavaria*, is also dead. They say he died of Grief, to see his Country expos'd to the Insults of a *Victorious Enemy*: For, all his Forces were intirely defeated.

The *Prince* of *Conde*, has taken *Ipre* in *Flanders*; and, the *Arch-Duke* of *Austria*, has rendred himself Master of *Courtray*, without drawing a Sword, or firing a Gun: The *Mareschal de Ranzau*, has made an unhappy Attempt, to surprize *Ostend*, a Sea-Town in *Flanders*. For, carrying his Forces by Water as soon as he had Landed his Men, a Tempest rose, and drove all his Ships out to Sea: So that, being encompassed by a numerous Army of his Enemies, and having no Way to escape, he and all his Troops were made Prisoners.

From the Sea we have Advice, that there has been a Combat, between the *Duke* of *Richlieu*, Commander of the *Naval* Forces sent to assist the *Neapolitan Revolters*, and

Don

Don John of *Austria*, *Admiral* of the *Spaniſh* Fleet on that Coaſt: But the Iſſue of the Battel is not yet known; though moſt People gueſs the Victory to be on the *French* Side, in regard *Cardinal Mazarini* had, by the Advice of an *Indian* Ship-Wright, cauſed all the *French* Ships to be plaſtered over with *Allom*, ſo that no Fire-Ships can hurt them. The *Spaniards* make great Uſe of theſe Fire-Ships in all their Sea-Fights, having learn'd, to their Coſt, from the *Engliſh*, what Damage theſe Veſſels do, when they formerly loſt their whole *Armada*, which they before termed *Invincible*, and with which they ſailed to Conquer that *Iſland*.

From *Catalonia* the Poſts bring News which pleaſes the Wives and Friends of the Soldiers in thoſe Parts: For, the *Mareſchal de Schomberg* has cut in pieces the *Spaniſh* Army, taken *Tortoſa* by Aſſault, where the Soldiers found a Booty of above Fifteen hundred thouſand *Livres*.

A *Courier* is come from *Sueddland*, who brings an Account of a late Formidable *Conſpiracy* in *Ruſſia* againſt the Life of the *Czar*. The greateſt part of the *Moſcovite Grandees* were concern'd in this Plot; deſigning to Change the *Form* of *Government*, and divide that Mighty *Empire* into ſeveral *Principalities*, whereof every one of the *Conſpirators* ſhould have a Share. And, that they ſhould be all ſubject to One *Chief*, who ſhould be Elected by the Reſt, after the Manner of *Germany*. To this

Purpose, they had made a *Private Treaty* with the *Tartars*. *Morosoph*, the Prime *Minister* of *State*, and the *Chancellor Nazari*, were of the *Conspiracy*. Perhaps, thou wilt lament the *Fate* of the Latter, having receiv'd extraordinary Civilities from him, when thou wert at that *Court*.

Banasnoph, Son of the *Patriarch* of *Mosco*, revealed the *Plot*, with the *Names* of the *Conspirators*, to the *Grand Duke*: Who sent for them next Day to his Palace, under divers Pretences; where he commanded them all to be Kill'd, and their Bodies to be thrown to the Dogs in the Streets of that City.

The *French* report strange Things of *Sultan Ibrahim*: I wish all go well at the *Sublime Port*. If thou hast the same Desires, reveal them to none but thy Friend; for at some times, a Man's best Thoughts will be interpreted for *Treason*. Adieu.

Paris, 15th. *of the* 10th. Moon, *of the Year*, 1648.

LETTER

LETTER XIX.

To the Mufti.

THY Venerable Letters are come safe to my Hands, bringing Light and Consolation to the Faithful *Exile*. With profoundest Reverence, I kiss'd and unfolded the Papers, which contain the Sacred Instructions of the *Vicar* of *God*. I blessed my self, when I read the Charge of *Royal* Enormities, the exorbitant Passions of a *Mussulman Emperour*, and the Prophanation of the *Throne* founded on *Justice*. Thou hast prevented the Qualms of a too scrupulous Loyalty, by assuring me, That it is a *Fundamental Maxim* of our *Law*, *That all Men in the World, without Respect of Birth or Quality, are obliged to appear before the Justice of God*: And, *That he who obeys not the Law, is no Mussulman*: And, *If the Emperor himself be in this Number, he ought to be Deposed forthwith.*

This has abundantly satisfied my Conscience, coming from the Hands of him, from whose *Sentence*, there can be no *Appeal* on *Earth*. I shall therefore readily obey thy Orders; and, without Demur, put in Execution what thou hast commanded me.

Who

Who can blame the Juſt Indignation of *Sultan Morat*'s Widow, who in defence of her Chaſtity, threatned to ſheath her *Ponyard* in the Breaſt of her *Sovereign*? But, incomparably more Eminent, was thy Daughter's Vertue, who not being able to reſiſt the Force of the Mighty *Raviſher*, after ſhe was polluted, would, like another *Lucretia*, have ſtabb'd her ſelf, had ſhe not been prevented by the *Sultan*. How has he ſully'd the Glory of the *Oſman Race*, by theſe Effeminate *Vices*: What an Indignity has he committed againſt our *Holy Law*? Againſt the *Principal Patriarch* of the *Elect*? Much more noble, was the Continence of the *African Scipio*, who, when at the Conqueſt of *New Carthage*, a Virgin of admirable Beauty, was choſen from among the Captives and preſented to him, would by no Means defile her, but reſtor'd her again without Blemiſh to her Parents, ſaying withal to thoſe that ſtood near him, *Were I a Private Man, I would gratifie my Paſſion, by the Enjoyment of this lovely Maid; but, it becomes not the Leader of an Army, to give ſo bad an Example; nor a Conquerour, to yield his Heart to the Charms of his Captive.*

But it ſeems, that *Sultan Ibrahim* was rather Ambitious of the Character of *Auguſtus* the *Roman Emperour*, of whom it is ſaid, That he never ſpared any Woman in his Luſts: but, if her caſt his Eye on a Beautiful Lady, though her Husband were of the firſt Quality in the *Empire*, he would immediately ſend his Officers, to bring her to him by fair Means or by Force.

The

The *Philosopher Athenodorus*, who was very intimate with this *Monarch*, took a pretty Method to reform this Vice in his *Master*. For when the *Emperour* one Day had sent a close *Sedan* or *Chair* for a certain *Noble-Woman*, of the *House* of the *Camilli*; the *Philosopher* fearing some Disaster might ensue, (for that *Family* was very Popular, and highly respected in *Rome*,) he goes before to the Ladies Palace, and acquainting her with it, she complain'd to her Husband of the Indignity was offer'd her. He boiling with Anger, threatned to stab the Messengers of the *Emperour*, when they came. But, the prudent *Philosopher* appeas'd them both, and only desir'd a Suit of the Ladies Apparel; which was granted him. He soon put it on, and hiding his Sword under his Robes, enter'd the *Sedan*, personating the Lady. The Messengers, who knew no other, carried him away to the *Emperour*. He heighten'd with Desire, made haft to open the *Sedan* himself. When *Athenodorus* suddenly drawing his Sword, leap'd forth upon him, saying, *Thou wretch! Thou have been Murder'd; Wilt thou never quit the Vice, which is attended with so much Danger? Jealousie and Revenge might have substituted an* Assassin *thus disguis'd in my Room: But, I took Care of thy Life. Henceforth take Warning.* The *Emperor* pleas'd with the *Philosopher's* Stratagem, gave him Ten Talents of Gold, thanking him for this seasonable Correction: And, from that time, began to restrain Unlawful Pleasures, applying himself to a Vertuous Life.

Thou

Thou seest, Holy *Prelate*, that by perusing the *Histories* of the *Ancients*, a Man may furnish himself with useful Examples, and proper Observations. I always keep by me *Plutarch*'s Works, and those of *Livy* a *Roman Historian*; as also *Tacitus*, who has left the *Annals* of that Formidable *Empire* to Posterity. It were a desirable thing, that the *Mussulman Scribes* were employ'd in Translating such *Records* as these, into the *Arabick* or *Turkish Languages*: That so the *True Faithful*, who are *Destin'd* by *God* to *Conquer* the *World*, may not be ignorant of the Memorable Transactions of Former Ages. Some of our *Sultans* have been curious, to have *Plutarch*'s *Writings* render'd in the Familiar Speech of the *Ottomans*. There are other *Memoirs*, not less worth the Labour. If it shall enter into thy Heart, to encourage so profitable a Work, the whole *Empire* of the *Religion'd* to *God*, will be indebted to thee. But, who am I, that presume to direct the *Great Father* of the *Faithful*? Thou art enlightned with all Knowledge and Wisdom! Peradventure, thou hast Reasons to divert thee from such an Enterprize, which I cannot comprehend. Therefore, I cover my Mouth with Dust, and Acquiesce.

As to the late *Revolution*, I am not to dispute the *Will* of my *Superiours*. However, I receive the News of that *Tragedy* with less Discontent, in Regard, Thou thy self, who art the *Oracle* of the *Mussulmans*, hast thought fit to Depose *Sultan Ibrahim*: Using herein, the Advice and Consent of his own *Mother*, and of *Mahomet Bassa*, with that of the *Janizar Aga*; who,

next

next to thy self, are Two the most Knowing *Sages* in the *Empire*.

What remains, but that I shall pray for the long Life of *Sultan Mahomet*? Desiring also, that *Heaven* may so direct his Counsels, that he may never do any thing to merit the *Fate* of his *unhappy Father*.

Paris, 13th. *of the* 11th. *Moon, of the Year* 1648.

LETTER XX.

To Chiurgi Muhammel, Bassa.

AT length the *Deputies* of the *Nazarene Princes* at *Munster*, have concluded a *Peace*: They have been these Six Years debating about *Trifles* and *Punctilio's*, as is the Manner of the *Christians*, even in the most Important Affairs. This *Treaty* was Sign'd the 24th. of the last *Moon*; when all farther Hostilities ceas'd on all Sides, except on the Parts of *France* and *Spain*; whose Quarrel could by no means be adjusted, in this *General Agreement* of *Christendom*.

Thou hast by this time heard of the late Tumultes and Emotions in this City; the Disaffection between the *Court* and *Parliament*, with the Short Siege of *Paris*. Now things seem to be compos'd, and in a Calm: But, it may only prove a *Truce*, while both Parties take Breath,

to

to rush upon each other with the greater Violence. The *City* is unmeasurably Rich and Populous, and can Arm an Hundred thousand Men at an Hour's Warning. The *Parliament* abets their Quarrel: this encourages them to vye with the *Court*: The *Merchants* live like *Petty Kings*; Abundance of Gold, fills them with Pride and Ambition. Whilst the *Court*, in the mean time, are Close and Reserv'd, projecting how to Destroy the *Faction*, and Assert the *Regal Authority*. The *Queen-Regent* is Resolute and Severe; yet suffers her self to be Mollify'd with the Milder Counsels of *Cardinal Mazarine*, and the *Duke* of *Orleans*.

In the Beginning of this *Reign*, I gave an Account to the *Ministers* of the *Peace*, of the *Duke* of *Beaufort's* Imprisonment in the *Castle* of the *Wood* of *Vincennes*, which is one of the *King's Palaces*: This Prince is now escap'd from his Confinement, and come into the City: The *Frenchmen* cry him up for a *Patriot*, and are resolv'd to protect him with their Lives and Fortunes.

If thou yet retainest thy Health and Vigor, thou art Happy. As for me, I feel continual Decays; yet am not troubled, perceiving at the same time, that I approach nearer to *Immortality*. Wherefore, I neither seek *Restoratives*, nor consule *Physitian*; but suffering my self to dissolve Gradually, I die with Pleasure, Pluming and preparing my self daily, as one ready to take Wing for a more *Happy Region*.

Paris, 24th. *of the* 12th. *Moon*, *of the Year* 1649.

LETTER

LETTER XXI.

To Dgnet Oglou.

I AM not surpriz'd at the News of *Sultan Ibrahim*'s being Depos'd and Strangled? 'Tis but what I have for a long time fear'd. These restless *Janizaries*, will ruin the *Ottoman Empire*. Neither am I startled to hear, that his *Mother* was accessary to his Fall; having a Double Motive, Ambition and Revenge, to induce her Consent. She always affected to Rule; and therefore, could not brook the *Sultan*'s resolute Management of Affairs without following her Advice. Besides, she could not easily forget her Disgrace and Confinement, on the Account of the *Armenian* Lady's Death.

But I am astonish'd and vex'd to hear, That the *Mufti* should be concern'd in so *Black a Tragedy*. How shall we have the Confidence hereafter, to reproach the *Christians*, with their frequent *Treasons* and *Murdring* of their *Kings*; since it will be easie for them to retort, that the *Supreme Patriarch* of Our *Law*, has enter'd into the *Secret* of *Rebels*, Contriv'd the *Death* of his *Sovereign*, and caus'd him to be *Depos'd* and *Strangled*?

As for the *Aga* of the *Janizaries*, I suppose him rather over-aw'd into the *Conspiracy*, by the *Forcible Reasons* and *Elegant Parole* of the *Mufti*, than any ways Voluntarily engaging himself in Crimes, to which he seems to have

no

no Inclination. Besides, he could not refuse to make one in the *Party*, after it had once been propos'd to him; unless he were resolv'd, to be the first *Victim* of their Jealousie, and be Murdred himself, to prevent the Discovery of the Rest. Yet, his Duty and Honor, ought to have superseded all other Considerations: And he should have chosen to Die in his Allegiance, rather than to live stain'd with so foul a Crime.

However it be, I cannot approve their *Treason*. For, whatever the *Vices* of the *Sultan* were; *they* had no Right to punish him. He was accountable to None but *God*: And, they invaded the *Prerogative* of *Heaven*, in Dethroning *Him*, whom the *Divine Providence* had invested with the *Imperial Diadem*.

Much less can I approve their Impiety, in Defaming him now he is dead. Neither can I in Conscience comply with the Injunctions of the *Mufti*; who has commanded me, in a Letter, to spread an Ill Character of *Sultan Ibrahim*, among the Christians, that so his own Proceedings may appear Just. 'Tis true, I owe Much to the Authority of this *Sovereign Guide* of the *Believers*; yet I must not, to pay this Debt, turn Bankrupt of my Reason: I owe Something to my Self, and to the *Distinguishing Character* of a *Man*. I promis'd him, indeed, to obey his Commands in this Point: But, he that has given me a *Dispensation* for all the Lyes and Perjuries I shall be guilty of in *Paris*, will, I hope, pardon me, if I turn my own *Confessor*, and Absolve my self, for not performing my Word to him in this Point.

I am

I am not often guilty of Aſperſing the Living, but I abhor to Injure the Dead; leſt I ſhould incur the *Fate* of him, who being at Enmity with a Famous *Wraſtler*, purſu'd him with Malice and Revenge, even in his Grave. For, envying the Honour that was due to this *Wraſtler*'s Memory, in that his *Statue* was ſet up in a *Publick Place*, he went privately, one Night, with deſign to throw the *Statue* down: But, after he had ſpightfully Diſfigur'd it in ſeveral Parts with a Hammer, and was buſie in working its Overthrow; the *Image*, on a ſudden, fell on him, and cruſh'd him to Death: As if the Spirit of him whom it repreſented, had given it this Fall, to revenge the Malice of his Adverſary.

Certainly, the *Ancients* were not ignorant what they ſaid, when, among other Sage Counſels, they adviſ'd Mortals, *Not to ſpeak Ill of the Dead, but to eſteem them Sacred, who are gone into the Immortal State.* And *Plato*'s *Ring* had this Motto on it; *It is eaſier to provoke the Dead, than to pacifie them, when once provok'd.* Intimating thereby, That the *Souls* of the *Departed*, are ſenſible of the Injuries that are done them by the *Living*.

Therefore I will ſhun Detraction, eſpecially of the *Dead*: And, if I cannot ſay much in Praiſe of *Sultan Ibrahim*'s *Vertues*, let his *Vices* be buried with him in *Eternal Oblivion*.

I run no Hazards in writing thus frankly to thee, being aſſur'd of thy Fidelity. Beſides, Death (which is the worſt Puniſhment can be inflicted on me, for what I have ſaid, ſhould it

be

be known) would not be bitter, when given by a Friend. Dear *Gnat*, Adieu.

Paris, 20th. *of the* 1st. *Moon, of the Year* 1649.

LETTER XXII.

To Danecmar Kesrou, Kadilesquer *of* Romania.

WHEN I informed thee how the *Scots* had Sold their *King* to the *English Rebels*, it was easie to presage the Consequence, without a *Revelation*. When *Sovereign Monarchs* become the *Merchandise* of *Factions*, they commonly pay the *Price* with their own *Blood*: And there are few Examples of *Princes* that have been Imprison'd by their *Subjects*, and yet have escaped a Violent Death: For those who have once advanc'd so far in their *Treason*, as to seize the *Person* of their *Sovereign*, can never retire with Safety to themselves; or, at least, their Own Guilt makes them think so. The Consciousness of what they have already done, prompts them to proceed in their Wickedness; and, their Despair of saving their *own* Lives, makes them conclude it Necessary to take away *his*, whose Violated *Majesty*, they fear, will never pardon so Impudent an Essay of *Treason*.

But the Method which the *English* have taken to

to Murther their *King*, has not a *Precedent* in History: These *Infidels* have outstrip'd all Former *Traytors*, in the Contrivance and Execution of their *Regicide*: They have even surpass'd Themselves, and their own First Designs.

It has been usual for *Traytors*, to take away the Life of a Depos'd *Monarch* Privately, by Poyson or Assassin, either in Respect to his *Royal Blood*, or to avoid the Possibility of a Rescue, from any of his Loyal Friends and Subjects. But, these *Barbarians* were resolved publickly to insult on *Majesty*, to brave the whole World in the Execution of their Villainy, and make a Pompous Conclusion of their *Treasons*. For, they Erected a New *Divan*, or *Court of Judicature*, composed of the most Infamous Traytors: There they formally Try'd their *Sovereign*, by a *Law* of their *own making*; Condemn'd him, as a Tyrant and a Traytor: And finally, caused his Head to be chopt off with an Axe, by an *Executioner*, before the Gates of his own *Palace*, in the sight of Thousands of his *Subjects*; that so they might appear, not so much to Kill their *King*, as to Destroy the *Monarchy* it self, and Triumph in its Ruin.

Hast thou, O Venerable *Judge* of the *Faithful*, ever Read or Heard of such a Daring *Treason*? All *Europe* startles at the Monstrous Fact. And Cardinal *Mazarini* himself, who carried on that Private Web of Factious Design in *England*, whose First Threads his Predecessor *Richlieu* had spun; yet expressed an Horror, at the News of this *Tragedy*. And, I look not on this to be an Artifice of Policy in him, to blind the World;

but a real Discovery of his Sentiments. For he is too generous to approve so Barbarous a Proceeding, against a *Sovereign Monarch*, though his Enemy.

T'other Day he was heard to say, *That in Revenge of the* King's *Murder, he would embarass the Counsels of the* English *Rebels, more than he had done those of their Sovereign.*

This was not spoken so secretly, but *Mahmut* had Intelligence of it within an Hour: For, I have more Ears in *Paris*, than those in my Head, to hearken after the *Intrigues* of this *Minister*: And, it will be difficult for him hereafter, to speak, write or act any Thing; no, not even in his Private Closet, which will not be disclosed to me.

Yet, though I thus watch his Motions as an Enemy, and do my utmost, to render his Designs against the *Ottoman Port*, Ineffectual; I cannot in my Heart condemn this *Minister*, who all the while, acts but the Part of a *Faithful Servant* and an *Able Statesman*, in striving to aggrandize his *Master*.

His supporting also the *Factions* in *England*, and nourishing the Discontents of that *Giddy-Headed People*, were but the Result of his Zeal for his *Country*, and for the *Church*, whereof he is *One* of the *Principal Pillars*: It being Evident from his Grief at that *King*'s Murder, That he bore no Malice against him, but only sought to humble him into Terms of Compliance with *France*.

When I say this, I suppose the *Cardinal*'s Sorrow on that Account, to be free from Fiction.

But

But who knows, when the Actions of *Stateſmen* are Undiſguiz'd, and when not? For, I am well aſſur'd, that whilſt his *Agents* were buſie in Embroyling that *Nation*, he promiſed the Exil'd *Engliſh Queen*, to aſſiſt her Husband with Men and Mony againſt thoſe very *Rebels*, with whom he held a Private Correſpondence, and to whom his Coffers were really open.

Moſt of the *European Stateſmen*, are corrupted with the *Maxims* of a certain Famous *Writer* whom they call *Matchiavel*. This *State-Caſuiſt* has taught them, to boggle at no Crimes, which may advance the Ends they aim at; *Every Thing*, in his Opinion, *being Honeſt, that is Succeſsful*. Thus. *Policy* among the *Nazarenes*, is Degenerated into *Sordid-Craft*: And, that which was once defervedly eſteem'd a *Vertue*, neceſſary to the *Governments* of the *World*, is now turn'd into a *Vice*; of which the very Out-Laws, Free-Booters and Pirates, are aſham'd.

God, who ſuffer'd the *Earth* to be Inhabited by *Angels*, for an *Infinite Number* of *Ages* before he Created *Adam*, and then Expelling them Hence for their Wickedneſs, and turning them to *Devils*, gave this *Globe* for a Dwelling-Place to *Men*; grant, that the Enormous Crimes of *Mortals*, may not provoke *Him* to Exterminate our *Human Race*, and reſtore the *Devils* to their *Ancient Habitations*.

Paris, 12th. *of the* 2d. *Moon*,
of the Year 1649.

The End of the Third Volume.

Mahmut the Turkish Spy

Ætatis suæ 72.

THE

Fourth Volume

OF

LETTERS

Writ by a

Turkiſh Spy,

Who lived Five and Forty Years, Undiſcover'd, at

PARIS:

Giving an Impartial Account to the *Divan* at *Conſtantinople*, of the moſt Remarkable Tranſactions of *Europe*; And diſcovering ſeveral *Intrigues* and *Secrets* of the *Chriſtian* Courts (eſpecially of that of *France*) continued from the Year 1649, to the Year 1682.

Written Originally in Arabick, *Tranſlated into* Italian, *and from thence into* Engliſh, *by the Tranſlator of the* Firſt Volume.

The Third Edition.

LONDON:

Printed by *H. Clark* for *J. Hindmarſh* and *R. Sare*, at the *Golden Ball* in *Cornhil*, and at *Grays-Inn-Gate* in *Holborn*, 1694.

TO THE

READER.

EXPECT no more Commendations of our *Arabian Author*; or Apologies for any Thing that may seem liable to Censure in his *Letters*. There is no End of answering the Cavils of those, who to gain the Character of *Criticks*, will create *Faults* where they find none; and impute the very *Oversights* of the *Press*, to the *Ignorance* of the *Author*, rather than a *Book* shall escape free from *Censure*.

What is wanting in the *Style*, where it may be suppos'd to come short of the *Original*, must be laid to the *Italians* Charge, who undertook the *First Version* of so *Remote* a *Language*. For, the *English Translator* has endeavour'd to follow him, as close as the difference of *Idioms* will admit. And all the World knows, That the *English Tongue* is none

of the most Copious and Significant. But, if this shall seem an Invidious Reflection, substituted in the Room of a Passable Excuse; the *English Translator*, in Honour both of the *Foreign Copies*, and his own *Native Language* (for he is a true *English-Man* both by *Blood* and *Affection*) is willing to take the Blame of all Defects on himself. Assuring you, That whatsoever Roughness or Want of Elegance; Whatsoever Carelessness of Expression is to be found in the *English Translation*, though it may be a Fault indeed, yet 'tis purely owing to the Candor of him who has committed it. Since, the Chief Reason of such Neglect is because he was loath the *Reader* should lose the *Original* Sense, for the sake of a Sweet Period, or a Delicate Cadence.

If in other Places he seems affected, as in retaining the *Turkish* or *Arabick* Words, where they might as well have been rendred *English*; this also was out of Respect to his *Copy*, where those Words are left, as, we may suppose, they were found in the *Original Arabick*.

This is address'd to such *Gentlemen*, as have procur'd the *Italian Copies* of these *Letters*. For, we are inform'd, That they are in the Hands of some *English*

Travellers,

Travellers, who had a Curiosity to compare the different *Translations* together.

However, to Evidence that this is not spoken in Partiality to our selves, but with Equal Regard to that Learned *Foreigner*, who first brought these *Letters* to Light; It will not be amiss to exhibit such Probable Reasons, as might induce him to leave *Some Arabick* Words untranslated rather than *Others*, though they had both the same Sense.

The best Method of clearing up this Point, will be by producing Instances, such as that, Page 53, at the Bottom: Where the Word [*Vizirs*] is retained by the *English Translator*, because it was not chang'd by the *Italian*. Doubtless, it had been as easie to say [*The Seven Chief Spirits, Angels, Chancellors or Ministers Above*] as [*The Seven Vizirs.*] But since the *Italian Copy* has not alter'd the Word [*Vizirs*] the *English Translator* thought fit to let it stand. And he conceives, 'tis proper enough in both *Versions*; because it better expresses he Thought of the *Turkish Author*, than any *Italian* or *English* Word can do, being a *Title* of *Dignity* peculiar to the *Ottoman Empire*: Where the Credulous People

are made to believe, That their *Monarchy*, with all its *Officers* of *State*, is exactly Modell'd according to the *Pattern* of the *Celestial Court* and *Kingdom*. Therefore, it appears very Natural in a *Turk*, to call the *Ministers* of *Heaven* by the *Title* of *Vizirs*, *Beglerbegs*, *Bassa's*, or whatsoever other Appellatives are us'd by them, to express the Dignity of their *Grandees* on Earth. And who would go to spoil his Sense, for the sake of a Word?

Besides, not to let this Passage fall, without due Remarks; Is it not Common in our *Bible* to call *God*, [*Lord of Lords*?] And how can this be otherwise expressed in *Arabick*, but by the *Title* which is appropriated to the *Principal Governours* of *Provinces*, whom in their *Language* they call *Beglerbegs*? It is equally usual in *Scripture*, to style *God* [*King of Kings*] a *Title* frequently assum'd by the *Eastern Monarchs*. Nay, in our Common Discourse, here in *England*, it is Customary to give to *God*, the *Title* of [*The King of Heaven.*] And why may we not as well give to the *Arch-Angels* and *Angels* &c. the *Titles* which are ordinarily apply'd to the *Princes* and *Nobles* on *Earth*? But however, if this will not appear allowable in a *Christian*, yet no Man can

wonder at a Turk, when he hears him use his *Native Dialect*, speaking of the *Potentates Above*. And if this be granted, I hope, neither the *Italian* will be blam'd for preserving the *Peculiar Phrase* of an *Eastern Author*; nor the *English Translator* be accus'd, for following so Polite a *Pattern*.

This Instance had not been press'd so far, but in Hopes that what is already said, may serve as a Plea for several other Examples of like Nature in this *Volume*: Where it is impossible for any *European*, to express the Full Meaning of an *Oriental Author*, without reserving some Words of his very *Language*. And in this, the *Italian Translator* is chiefly vindicated; from whose *Copy*, the *English* in such Cases, had no reason to swerve. And thus much may suffice to answer all Objections about the *Style*.

As to the *Matter* it self, it appears full of Instruction, in *Historical*, *Moral* and *Political* Affairs. Nor need any Man wonder, if he encounter some Passages which may be found in other *Writers*, both *Gentile* and *Christian*; since the *Author* of these *Letters* professes, That he has taken much Pains to peruse the *Treatises* of the *Ancients*, both whilst he

ſtudy'd in the *Academies*, and during his Reſidence at *Paris*, he often frequented the *Libraries* in that City; whereof there is no Scarcity. He ſpent a great Deal of Time, in reading *Modern* as well as *Ancient Authors*. By which Means, he not only improv'd his Knowledge in the Univerſal *Hiſtory* of *Former Time*, but grew Familiar with the moſt Remarkable Occurrences in *Europe*, during theſe Later *Centuries*. So that in ſome of his *Letters*, one would ſwear, he had read *Sabellius*, *Petrus Juſtinianus*, *Philip de Comines*, and other *European Writers*. For, he ſeems to come very near them, in relating ſome *Particular Stories*. And it may be ſuppos'd, that he took this Advantage to oblige the *Turkiſh Grandees* to whom he writ, by inſerting in his *Letters*, ſuch Paſſages as they were wholly Strangers to.

There need no more be ſaid, but that you may expect another *Volume* of theſe *Letters* very ſpeedily. Farewell.

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LETTERS

LETTERS

Writ by

A Spy at *PARIS.*

VOL. IV.

BOOK I.

LETTER I.

Mahmut *the* Arabian, *and indefatigable* Slave *to the* Grand Signior, *to* Mahomet, *the Moſt Illuſtrious* Vizir Azem, *at the* Port.

I Congratulate thy Aſcent to that Top of Honour, the *Firſt Dignity* in the *Empire Ever Victorious.* 'Tis thy Turn to be now Exalted in the *Orb* of *Fortune*: Let not this High Station make thee forget, That the Wheel is always in Motion. But

conſider, That ſince the Advance thou haſt made, was not but by the Fall of thy *Predeceſſor*, thou haſt the leſs Reaſon to think thy own State ſecure.

I am no *Fortune-Teller*; nor would I be ſo rude, as to Prognoſticate Ill Luck to my *Superiors*. But, Men in Eminent Dignity, have Need of a *Monitor*: And, it is Recorded of a *Great Monarch*, That he Commanded One of his *Pages*, every Morning to ſalute him, when he firſt awaked, with theſe Words, *Remember, O King, that thou art a Mortal.*

Let this Example, Supream *Miniſter*, plead my Excuſe, and incline thee to pardon the Freedom which *Mahmut* takes; who by this, thou ſeeſt, is no Flatterer.

Certainly, all Sublunary Things, Ebb and Flow like the Waters. And, though Men may ſometimes enjoy a *Spring*-Tide of Felicity; yet *Fate* has Hidden Sluces, which in a Moment, ſhall convey the Mighty Torrent to ſome other Channel.

I my ſelf have in ſome Meaſure experienc'd this, who am but a Puny in Compariſon with thee. Yet *Deſtiny* and *Chance*, are allotted to the *Little*, as well as to the *Great*. The *Worm* encounters as many croſs Contingencies, in her humble reptile State, as does the Towring *Eagle*, in all her lofty Flights and Ranges, through the wide-ſtrech'd Air.

In my *Infancy* I was ſnatch'd from the Cradle, and from the Arms of my Mournful Mother: Mournful on Two Accounts, the Death of a Husband, and the Neceſſity of parting

parting with her Child. Yet this Early Separation, turn'd to my Advantage, and her Comfort. The Sequel of my Good Fortune, invited her to forsake her *Solitudes*, and follow me to the *Imperial* City; were she exchang'd her Melancholy Widow-Hood, for the Society and Love of a Merry *Greek*: Whilst *Fate* had another Game to play with me; it being the Will of *Heaven*, that from the Delights of the *Seraglio*, and the Honour of serving the *Greatest Sovereign* in the *World*, I should fall into a Cruel *Captivity*, and be compelled Ignominiously to drudge for a *Barbarous Infidel*. Afterwards, I gain'd my *Liberty*, and apply'd my self to study in the *Academies*. I will not boast of the Proficiency I made: But, at my Return to *Constantinople*, thou knowest, my *Superiours* thought me capable, of doing the *Port* Service in this Place. Thus *Providence* sports with *Mortals*, and by an Unaccountable Clew of Discipline, leads them through the Mazes of this Life.

How I have discharged my Trust here, I dare Appeal to All; yet can please None. Every Man will be my *Judge* to give *Sentence* against me; and some, I believe, wou'd willingly be my *Executioners*: Which, at certain Times, carries me into so deep a Melancholy, that I even join with my Enemies, and condemn my self, though *I* know not for what. Surely, say I, so many perspicacious Men cannot be all in the Wrong, and I only in the Right: they must needs see some Faults in me, which I cannot discern

in my ſelf: doubtleſs I'm Partial, and never chang'd the Order of *Æſops* Wallet. Then I reflect on theſe Thoughts, as the mere Product of Melancholy: For, after the ſtricteſt Examination of my Conduct, I find my ſelf Innocent of thoſe Things, whereof I'm accus'd. Yet, whilſt I am juſtifying my Integrity towards my *Great Maſter*, my Sadneſs returns again, and tells me, That without Doubt, I have ſome Ways offended *God* and his *Prophet*, who, for that Reaſon, ſuffer the Envious to perſecute me; and drive me into a more intimate and familiar Converſe with my ſelf, that ſo by making a frequent Scrutiny after the Cauſe of my Outward Misfortunes, I may diſcover the Secret Crimes, which I may have committed againſt *Heaven*, and which lie hid under my Inadvertence and Oblivion.

Then I'm fill'd with a Thouſand Scruples about my telling Lyes, and taking Falſe Oaths; though I'm diſpens'd with for all thoſe Immoralities, by the *Sovereign Arbiter* of the *Law*. In a Word, I know not ſometimes what to think. And, were it not, that my *Agency* in theſe *Parts*, meets with ſome Succeſs, I ſhould often conclude, That I either lie under ſome *Curſe* of *God*, or *Charms* of *Men*; That either *Heaven* or *Hell*, have a Peculiar Hand in afflicting me.

But all this may be only the Fumes of my own Diſtemper'd Spleen. And, the *Indulgent Judge* of *Men*, may paſs a Milder *Sentence* on me, than either I do my ſelf, or my

my Fellow-Mortals. He is Tranſcendently Benign and Merciful: And, our Sins of Frailty appear in his Eyes, but as ſmall *Atomes* in the Rays of a Morning's Sun; which, though they be Innumerable, yet the leaſt Breath of Wind, blows them all out of Sight.

By what I have ſaid, 'tis apparent, that I have Regard both to thee and my ſelf: To thee, as the *Supream Diſpoſer* of *Life* and *Death*, under the *Grand Signior*; to my ſelf, as one cull'd out for a *Victim* by the Malicious, and lying at the Feet of thy Noble Nature, begging thy Protection. My Enemies are Induſtrious to ruin me, and lay hold on all Opportunities to accompliſh it. The *Sentence* which they could not procure from thy *Predeceſſor*, they may hope to draw from thee by their Falſe Informations. This makes me uſe Pre-Caution in my own Defence; hoping to foreſtal their Malice, by this Humble Addreſs.

Imitate thou the *Divine Nature*; and be not ſevere, in remarking the *Peccadillo's* and ſmall Delinquencies of thy *Slave*. If I turn *Infidel* or *Traytor*, I crave no Favour.

That *Supreamly Merciful* and *Gracious*, the *Firſt* and the *Laſt* of the *World*, and *Lord* of *Paradiſe*, heap on thee as many Bleſſings every day, as would employ my ſwifteſt Wiſhes a Thouſand Years; and grant, That thou mayſt find Admittance into the *Place* full of *Rivers*, whoſe *Springs* take

their *Riſe*, from the *Bottom* of the *Rock* of *Eternity*.

Paris, *the* 17th *of the* 2d. *Moon, of the Year* 1649. *according to the* Chriſtian *Style*.

LETTER II.

To the Kaimacham.

THE *Troubles* of this *Kingdom*, which a while ago ſeem'd to be compos'd, are now again broke out afreſh. The Private Grudges of Some, and the Ambition of others of the *Nobility*, have once more put all in Arms. This City is Block'd up by the *Prince* of *Conde*'s Army, who has not been long return'd from *Flanders*. The King, the Queen, with *Cardinal Mazarini*, and the whole *Court*, are at St. *Germains en Lay*, whither they went by Night. This abrupt Departure, gave freſh Courage to the *Seditious*, and at the ſame time, furniſh'd them with new Matter of Accuſation againſt *Cardinal Mazarini*, who, they ſay, has ſtole away their *Sovereign* from them. The *Parliament* have declar'd him, an *Enemy* to the *Government*. They are levying Soldiers as faſt as they can; and Proviſions are laid in, as if they were to ſuſtain

ſuſtain a long Siege. Several *Princes* and *Grandees*, are come over to the *Citizens*, having deſerted the *Court*; among whom, is the *Prince* of *Conti*, Brother to the *Prince* of *Conde*. Yet the *Pariſians* are diſtruſtful of him, and have Confin'd his Siſter, as a Hoſtage for his Fidelity; not knowing, that his Deſertion is Real, being occaſion'd by ſome Quarrel beeween him and his Elder Brother.

'Tis ſaid, That *Cardinal Mazarini* has taken a Reſolution to depart the *Kingdom*, that ſo he may avoid the Tempeſt that threattens him from all Hands.

The *Queen* has ſent Orders to the *Colonels*, that ſerve under *Mareſchal Turenne* in *Germany*, commanding them to abandon that *General*, who, they ſay, has declared for the *Parliament*, and ſent to offer them his Service.

On the other Side, the *Citizens* endeavour to ſtrengthen their *Party*, by ſending to all the *Parliaments* of *France*, to deſire their Conjunction, in eſpouſing the Quarrel of this of *Paris*.

The Companies which the *Burghers* of this City have rais'd, wear this *Motto* in their *Enſigns*, WE SEEK OUR KING.

In the mean while, the *Arch-Duke* of *Auſtria* keeps near the Frontiers of this *Kingdom*, with an Army of Twenty Thouſand Men; and ſends frequent Propoſals to the *Parliament*, in Order to a *Peace*.

Whilſt I was writing the laſt Word,

News was brought me, That *Eliachim* the *Jew* is ſeiz'd, and clapt in Priſon at *St. Denis*, which Place is in the King's Hands. I cannot learn the Reaſon of his Confinement, but am apt to ſuſpect 'tis on the Score of his late appearing among the Rabble of *Paris*, whereof I gave an Account in a Letter to the *Aga* of the *Janizaries*.

The Surprize I am in at this Unfortunate Accident, puts me upon a Thouſand Thoughts. I know not what Courſe to take for my own ſafety. If *Eliachim*'s Papers ſhould be ſearch'd, *Mahmut* muſt be diſcover'd; and then, if I tarry in the City, I cannot eſcape a Priſon: For, tho' at this Juncture, one would think this Place, a ſufficient Protection from the *Court*; yet the Hatred they bear to the *True Believers*, and the Diſcovery of ſo Important a *Commiſſion* as mine would ſuperſede their Inteſtine Animoſities. I ſhould Infallibly be either deliver'd up to the *Court*, or ſent to the *Baſtile*. If I go out of the City, my Danger is yet greater; all the Paſſes of the Country, being narrowly watch'd, and ſtrongly guarded by the King's Soldiers. This made me at firſt, reſolve to deferr the Concluſion of this Letter to another Time, whilſt I provided for my own Safety; as thinking it impoſſible, to convey any Intelligence out of *France* undiſcover'd. But being inform'd of a *Courier*, that was juſt going from the *Parliament*, to the *Arch-Duke* of *Auſtria*; and fearing leſt I ſhould never have the Priviledge of Pen, Ink and Paper

Paper again, I have raviſh'd a few Moments, from that little Time I have left to ſhift for my ſelf, that ſo I might give thee Notice of this Accident.

I have written alſo to *Nathan Ben Saddi* at *Vienna*, to prevent any *Diſpatches* from him, till farther Order. Both theſe Letters I venture in the Hands of a faithful Meſſenger, who has cauſed them to be ſew'd up in the Heels of his Shoes, to prevent Diſcovery. He travels under the Protection of the *Courier*.

I have not a Minute left to ſay more, than that I am at this Inſtant parting from my Lodging; my Books and other Things being packt up, and Porters ready to carry 'em away. If I get ſafe out of the Houſe, I muſt change my Habit and Name; and ſo lay the Foundation of a New Concealment, till the Iſſue of this Adventure, ſhall direct me what to do.

Adieu, Illuſtrious *Kaimacham*, and expect to hear more in my Next; or, let my Silence convince thee, that *Mahmut* is no longer at Liberty.

Paris, 26th. *of the* 2d. *Moon*,
of the Year 1649.

LETTER III.

To Nathan Ben Saddi, *a* Jew *at* Vienna.

IF thou haſt any *Diſpatches* coming for me, and it be yet in thy Power to ſtop them, uſe Wings in doing it: For, I fear, we are diſcover'd in this Place. Thy Brother *Eliachim*, is arreſted by the King's Orders. What is laid to his Charge, I know not for certain: Neither is it neceſſary for thee, to be inform'd in that Point. But, if his Confinement be owing to ſome Services he has lately done me, we are all loſt. His Papers will be ſearch'd, which muſt of Neceſſity betray our Secrets: And then, we have Nothing to expect, but the ſevereſt Execution of the *Chriſtians* Fury and Revenge. I am in no ſmall Confuſion at this Accident, having ſcarce Time to provide for my Concealment. Send no more to *Paris*, till thou receiveſt farther Advice. We are all in arms, this City being block'd up by the *Queen*'s Troops; ſo that I know not well which way to ſhift for my ſelf, and eſcape a Thouſand Scrutinies, which they will every where make into the Affairs of a Stranger. But, that *Fate* which over-rules Humane Contingencies, will, I hope, reſcue me out of this Danger: To which I commend both thee and me; bidding thee Farewel, as

if

If I were never to write to thee again: For, ſo the Iſſue may prove.

Paris, 26th of the 2d. *Moon*, *of the Year* 1649.

LETTER IV.

To Adonai, *a* Jew, *at* Venice.

I Have ſomething more Reſpite now, than when I wrote laſt to thy Brother *Nathan* at *Vienna*, to inform him of *Eliachim*'s being made a Priſoner. I was in a greater Hurry at that Time, than the Ninth *Sphere*. All my Motions were ſwift. I went Backward and Forward, like the *Planets*: but had no Leiſure to ſtand ſtill, as they do ſometimes. In a Word, I have run over the whole *Zodiack* of *Policy*, to ſeek for a New Houſe; that wherein I Lodg'd, being like to prove too hot for me. At Length I have found one, wherein I hope to meet with no *Malevolent Aſpects*, but to remain, as before, in a *Friendly Conjunction* with the *Moon*; behind whoſe Splendors, I may lie cover'd, from the Inquiſitions of peering Mortals.

To ſpeak more intelligibly, I am for the preſent, remov'd to other Lodgings in this City, the better to ſhelter my ſelf from the Storm which ſeems to hang over my Head, ſince

ſince *Eliachim* was ſeiz'd. Yeſterday, I wrote to the *Kaimacham*, and to *Nathan Ben Saddi*, to give them an Account of this Accident. This goes along with the ſame Meſſenger; for, I durſt not confide in the *Poſts*, during the Preſent Diſorders of this *Kingdom*.

I receiv'd a Letter from thee, wherein thou informeſt me, of an Attempt that has been lately made, to rob the *Treaſury* of *Venice*: Which, according to thy Deſcription is very Rich and Magnificent; not to be match'd in *Europe*. Perhaps, if thou hadſt ſeen the Wealth that is preſerv'd in the *Church* of St. *Denis*, a City not far from *Paris*, thou wouldſt be of another Mind. But neither of us can make proper Compariſons, having not ſeen both Places. The *French* extol the Latter, and ſay, it far exceeds that of *Venice*. But, they may ſpeak Partially; it being the Humour of all People, to magnify the Grandeur of their own Nation: And, the *French* come not ſhort of the Reſt of the World in Vain-Glory. However it be, it was a vaſt Attempt, and full of Infinite Difficulties and Perils, to Rob the Vaults of a *Church*, in the Heart of that Great and Populous City, where all the Riches of the *Seigniory* were Repoſited. It is an Argument of the Greatneſs of their Souls, who durſt undertake ſo hazardous an Enterprize.

But, this is not the Firſt Time the *Venetians* have been in Danger to loſe that Prodigious Maſs of Wealth. A Poor *Grecian* once found a Way, through Marble Barricado's under-Ground,

Ground, to enter thoſe Golden Cells; from whence he carried away, to the Value of Twenty Hundred Thouſand *Zechins* in Jewels. But, making one of his Countrymen acquainted with it, the Villain betray'd him to the *Doge*, who cauſed him to be Hang'd.

That *Commonwealth*, has been all along very Happy in Diſcovery of *Plots*, and other Miſchiefs intended againſt Her. I know not whether thou haſt heard, of the Famous *Conſpiracy* of *Tiepoli*; who not content with the Life and Eſtate of a *Private Gentleman*, ſought to render himſelf *Sovereign* of *Venice*. And, to this End, inſinuated into the Affections of many Thouſands of the Citizens; whom he kept in conſtant Penſion for above Nine Years together, under the Notion of aſſiſting him, to revenge certain Injuries he had receiv'd from a *Roman* Gentleman. They were all to run with their Arms into the Streets, when they ſhould hear the Name *Tiepoli* utter'd aloud, and often repeated.

But, when the Day was come, whereon he was to put his Deſigns in Execution, and the Alarm was given in the Streets, an Old Woman made ſuch Haſte to look out at her Chamber-Window, to ſee what was the Occaſion of the Tumult, that ſhe threw down an Earthen Veſſel; which falling directly on the Head of *Tiepoli*, Kill'd him, and ſo put an End to the *Rebellion*. For which happy Accident, the *Senate* ſetled a Yearly Penſion of a Thouſand *Zechins*, on the Old Woman during her Life, and the ſame to be paid

to

to her Heirs and Poſterity for ever.

Send me no *Diſpatches*, till thou haſt receiv'd another Letter from me, which will direct thee what to do.

Paris, 27th. *of the* 2d. *Moon, of the Year* 1649.

LETTER V.

To Mahummed, Hadgia, Derviſe, Eremit, *Inhabitant of the* Prophetick Cave, *in* Arabia *the* Happy.

THE *Franks* (who are more ready to find Faults in others, than to amend their own) cenſure the *Muſſulmans*, for extending their Charity to Beaſts, Birds and Fiſhes. They laugh at the Alms we beſtow to feed Dogs, Cats and other Living Creatures; and ridicule the Tenderneſs of ſuch, as go into the Markets, and buy the Birds that are there ſold, on Purpoſe to reſtore them to their Native Liberty. They ſay, 'tis a ſufficient Demonſtration of Piety, to relieve the Neceſſities of Men; and, that it is but a Fruitleſs Hypocriſy, to ſhew Kindneſs to the Brutes, who, in their Opinion, have neither Souls nor Reaſon, and conſequently are Inſenſible of our Good Offices toward them.

Theſe

These are the Charges of *Western* Raillery, the Scoffs of the Obdurate, with which they load the Generous *Orientals*, the Hearts transfix'd with Universal Dove. What would they say, if they had heard of thy Heroick Piety, who not only affordest Protection and Relief to those Creatures whereof we have no Need, but even abstainest from the Flesh of all Animals, though the *Prophet* himself has indulg'd us the Use of some for our Necessary Food, and with out wich many plead, that we cannot sustain Life? Oh! excellent Man, born for the Reproof and Light of the Age, how is the Soul of our *Great Law-giver*, exhilarated, when he beholds thy Innocent and Unblemish'd Life? The *Treasury* of *Heaven*, is enrich'd with thy *Good Works*, the Fertile Harvest of Vertues, the First-Fruits of the Purity of thy Nature! From thy first Descent into that *Holy Cave*, the *Angels* who Register the Words of Men, never heard thee utter a Syllable that could be reprehended. Thy Thoughts ravish the Heart of *God* himself with Joy. The *Universal Spirit* full of Eyes, *Watcher* of the *Universe*, would fall Asleep, were it not Rowz'd by the strong Vibrations of thy sublime Soul. Thy Contemplations, are Themes for the *College* of those, who were Assistant in Forming of All Things. Were it not for such as thee, the *Angel* of the *First Motion*, would cease to Whirl the *Globes* of *Light* through the *Heavens*: The Orbs Above would grow *Rusty*, and all the *Wheels* and *Springs* of Nature,

ture, would *ſtand ſtill*. Oh Elect *Idea*, before whoſe Purify'd *Eſſence*, the Sun himſelf appears full of Blemiſhes! Humane Wit cannot find thy Equal on Earth: Thou art the *Impreſs* on the *SEAL OF THE PROPHETS*, the *Soul* of the *Soul* of *Mahomet!*

In thus celebrating thy High Perfections; if I have offended thy Modeſty, thou haſt the Goodneſs to aſcribe it to the Exceſs of my Affection, which carries me beyond Human Regards. I would fain be an Imitator of thy Incorrupt Life. For, let the *Chriſtians* ſay what they pleaſe, I will ever eſteem *Abſtinence a Divine Virtue*. I have conſulted the *Sages* of *Old*, that I might learn what was the Practice of Former Times, whilſt *Human Nature* was yet in its *Infancy*, before the Manners of Men were Debauch'd. I have purſued the Select Writings of the *Ancients*, the Records of Truth, and void of Fables. And, believing that ſuch *Memoirs* will not be unwelcome to thee, I preſume to lay them at thy Feet, as a Mark of that Profound Veneration, I owe to the *Tenant* of the *Darling* of *God*.

Theſe *Hiſtorians* ſay, That the Firſt Inhabitants of the Earth, for above Two Thouſand Years, liv'd altogether on the *Vegetable Products*; of which they Offer'd the *Firſt-Fruits* to *God*: It being eſteem'd an Inexpiable Wickedneſs, to ſhed the *Blood* of any *Animal*, though it were in *Sacrifice*, much more to Eat of their Fleſh. To this End, they

they relate the Firſt Slaughter of a *Bull*, to have been made at *Athens*, on this Occaſion. The *Prieſt* of the *Town*, whoſe Name was *Diomus*, as he was making the Accuſtomed *Oblation* of *Fruits* on an *Altar* in the *Open Field*, (for, as yet they had no *Temples*) a *Bull* came running from the Herd, which was grazing hard by, and eat of the Conſecrated Herbage. Upon which *Diomus* the *Prieſt*, mov'd with Zeal at the Reputed *Sacrilege*, and ſnatching a Sword from one of thoſe that were preſent, kill'd the *Bull*. But, when his Paſſion was over, and he conſidered, what a heinous Crime he had committed; fearing alſo the Rage of the People, he perſuaded them, That a *God* had appear'd to him, and commanded him to Offer that *Bull* in *Sacrifice*, by Burning his Fleſh with Fire on the *Altar*, as an Atonement for his devouring the *Conſecrated* Fruits. The Devout Multitude, acquieſc'd to the Words of their *Prieſt*, as to an *Oracle*. And, the *Bull* being flea'd and Fire laid on the *Altar*, they all aſſiſted at the New *Sacrifice*. From which Time, the *Cuſtom* was Yearly obſerv'd among the *Athenians*, to *Sacrifice* a Bull. And by them, this Method of *Religious Cruelty* was taught not only to all *Greece*, but to the Reſt of the World. In proceſs of Time, a certain *Prieſt*, in the Midſt of his Bloody *Sacrifice*, taking up a Piece of the Broiled Fleſh which had fall'n from the *Altar* on the Ground, and burning his Fingers therewith, ſuddenly clapt them to his Mouth, to mitigate the Pain. But

when,

When he had once taſted the Sweetneſs of the Fat, not only long'd for more of it, but gave a Piece to his Aſſiſtant, and he to others: Who all pleaſed with the new-found Dainties, fell to Eating of Fleſh greedily. And hence this *Species* of *Gluttony*, was taught to other *Mortals*. Neither is it Material, what the *Hebrew Doctors* object againſt theſe Teſtimonies, when they introduce the Son of *Adam*, *Sacrificing* Living Creatures, in the *Infancy* of the *World*; ſince, thou knoweſt, many Errors are Inſerted in the *Written Law*, from whence they take this Story.

They ſay alſo, That the Firſt *Goat* that fell by the Hands of Men, was killed in Revenge for the Injuries it had done the Owner of a Vineyard, in browſing on his Vines; ſuch an Impious Deed, having never been heard of before.

This is certain, . That the *Egyptians*, the Wiſeſt and moſt Ancient People in the World, having receiv'd from the Firſt Inhabitants of the Earth a *Tradition*, forbidding Men *To Kill any Living Creature*; to give the greater Force to this *Primitive Law* of *Nature*, they Form'd the *Images* of their *Gods*, in the *Similitude* of *Beaſts*: That ſo the Vulgar, ſtruck with Reverence at the *Sacred Symbols*, might learn to abſtain from *Killing*, or ſo much as *Hurting* the *Dumb Animals*; under whoſe *Forms*, they Repreſented whatſoever among them was eſteemed Adorable.

Yet, leſt any in his Life-Time, ſhould by Accident, or otherwiſe, have tranſgreſs'd the

Law

Law of *Abſtinence*, they uſed a kind of *Expiation* for the *Dead*, after this Manner. The *Prieſts* took the Bowels out of the Belly of the Deceaſed, and putting them in an Earthen Veſſel, they held it towards the Sun; and calling Witneſſes, they made the following *Speech*, in Behalf of the *Dead*: "O thou "*Sun*, whoſe *Empire* is *Univerſal*, and all ye "Other *Powers*, who give *Life* to *Men*, re- "ceive me into the Society of the *Immortal* "*Gods*. For, ſo long as I lived in this World, "I Religiouſly perſevered in the *Worſhip* of "thoſe *Deities*, which were made known to "me by my *Anceſtors*. I always *Honour'd* my "*Parents*, who begat my *Body*. I never *Kill'd* "any *Man* or *Beaſt*, nor have been Guilty "of any Black Crime. But, if whilſt I liv'd "I have treſpaſs'd, in *Taſting* any of thoſe "*Things* which are *Forbidden*; it was not my "Sin, but the Fault of theſe Entrals, which "are here ſeparated from the reſt of my Body. And having ſaid this, they caſt the Veſſel into the River, on the Banks of which, the *Ceremony* was perform'd; Embalming the Reſt of the Body, as Pure and free from Sin.

After the ſame Manner, the *Perſian Magi*, or *Wiſe Men*, practiſed *Abſtinence*. And, to imprint in their *Diſciples*, a Tenderneſs and Friendſhip toward the *Beaſts*, they called them, according to their different Stations, either Lyons, Hyæna's, Crows, Eagles, Hawks, *&c.* And, their *Garments* were *Painted* all over, with the Various *Figures* of *Animals*;

Animals; thereby inſinuating, the *Doctrine* of the *Soul's Tranſmigration*; and inculcating this *Myſtery*, *That the Spirit of Man, enters ſucceſſively into all Sorts of Bodies:* Which, thou knoweſt, is not remote from the *Faith* of *True Believers.*

It would not be amiſs, as a Teſtimony of the Practice of the *Ancients*, to inſert a Memorable *Addreſs*, which the *Reformed Prieſts* of *Crete*, were wont to make before the *Altar* of *Jupiter*. " O *Divine Governour* of the *Hundred Cities*, we have led a Holy Life, from " the Time that we were Initiated in thy " *Myſteries*, and forſook the *Nocturnal Rites*, " and *Bloody Feaſts* of *Bacchus:* We are now " Purified, and Cloth our ſelves in *White* " *Veſtments*, the *Emblems* of our *Innocence:* " We ſhun the Society of Polluted Mortals; " neither approach we to the *Sepulchres* " of the *Dead*, nor *Taſte* of the *Fleſh* of " any *Thing*, which has been endued with " *Life.*

Such alſo was of Old, and to this Day is, the *Abſtinence* of the *Indians*; among whom the *Brachmans* perform the Office of *Prieſthood.* Theſe, the Ancient *Grecians* called *Gymnoſophiſts.* They are all of one *Race*, neither will they admit a Stranger into their *Order.* They live for the moſt Part near to *Ganges*, or ſome other River, for the Sake of their frequent *Purifications.* Their Diet conſiſts, of Milk Curdl'd with ſowre Herbs. They feed alſo on Apples, Rice, and other Fruits of the Earth; eſteeming it the Height

Height of Impiery, to taſte of any Thing that has Life. They live in little Hutts or Cottages, every one by himſelf, avoiding Company and Diſcourſe; employing all their Time in Contemplation, and the Service of the *Temple*. They eſteem this Life, but a Neceſſary Diſpenſation of *Nature*, which they Voluntarily undergo as a Penance; ardently thirſting, after the Diſſolution of their Bodies; and firmly believing, That the *Soul* by Death, is releaſed from its Priſon, and launches forth into Immenſe Liberty and Happineſs. Therefore they are always chearfully diſpoſed to Die, bewailing thoſe that are Alive, and Celebrating the Funerals of the Dead, with joyful Solemnities and Triumphs. Among their Good Works, it is accounted an Act of great Reputation and Vertue, to build *Hoſpitals* for *Beaſts* as well as *Men*: And, in every City, there are great Numbers of ſuch, as ſpend all their Life, in tending on Sick and Wounded Animals, or ſuch as have no Suſtenance elſewhere. And, this is no *Novel Inſtitution*, but deliver'd down to them by *Tradition*, from Immemorable Ages.

The *Precepts* alſo of *Triptolemus* and *Draco*, the moſt Ancient *Lawgivers* of the *Athenians*, are a Teſtimony of the Innocence and Sincerity of the *Firſt Age*: For, they comprehended all the whole *Syſtem* of *Piety* and *Vertue*, in Practiſing theſe few Rules:

"Let it be an Eternal Sanction to the *Athenians*, To Adore the *Immortal Gods*:
"To Reverence the Departed *Heroes*; to
"Celebrate

"Celebrate their Praiſes with Songs, and the "*Firſt-Fruits* of the *Earth*; To *Honour* "their *Parents*; and neither to *Kill Man* or "*Beaſt*.

I could relate to thee, Examples of *Abſtinence* in the Ancient *Lacedæmonians*, *Spartans*, *Jews*, and almoſt all *Nations* of the *Eaſt*: Nor are there wanting ſome Teſtimonies of it, in theſe *Weſtern* Parts. This Kingdom of *France*, was in *Old Times* Inſtructed by a Kind of *Prophets* or *Philoſophers*, whom they call'd *Druids*; who took up their Uſual Reſidence under *Oaks*. Theſe taught, the *Tranſmigration* of *Souls*; and therefore, preſcrib'd *Abſtinence* from *Fleſh*; and ſhew'd to Men, the Method of Worſhipping *God* with the *Firſt-Fruits* of the *Earth*. From hence they ſail'd over into *Britain*, and planted themſelves in that *Iſland*, propagating the ſame *Doctrines*; and were reverenc'd by the People as *Sacred Oracles*.

By all which it is Evident, That the tender Regard which the *True Faithful* have for the *Brutes*, is no *Innovation*, or ſingular *Caprice* of *Superſtition*, but the *Primitive Practice* of the *Ancients*, the *Univerſal Tradition* of the *Whole Earth*. Nay, the *Eaſtern Chriſtians*, for the moſt Part, live an Abſtemious Life; ſuch as the *Grecians*, *Armenians*, *Georgians*, *Mingrelians*, and others that are ſcatter'd up and down in divers Parts of *Aſia*. Theſe following the *Examples* and *Traditions* of the *Apoſtles* and *Primitive Fathers* of their *Churches*, either taſte not at all, or very ſparingly,

ringly, the *Fleſh* of *Beaſts*, *Birds* and *Fiſhes*. But, the *Nazarenes* of the *Weſt*, boaſt of I know not what Liberty they have, to Eat, without Scruple, of all Things; having the Diſpenſation of the *Roman Mufti*, whom they call the *Vicar* of *God*. Hence it is, that theſe *Religious Libertines*, are not afraid to gorge themſelves, even with the *Blood* of *Slaughter'd Beaſts*, which their own *Law* forbids 'em to taſte. And they prop themſelves up in their Impiety, by ſaying, That the *Pope* has Power, to Change the *Traditions* and *Ordinances* of the *Apoſtles*, and even of *Jeſus* the *Meſſiah* himſelf. Hence proceeds their Deriſion of thoſe, who ſhew any Tenderneſs to the *Brutes*; for, they are harden'd in their Gluttonous Cruelty, and are but one Remove, from the moſt *Salvage Cannibals*.

But thou, *Holy Man* of *God*, pity theſe *Infidels*, and pray that *Mahmut*, may be a ſincere *Diſciple* of thy *Purity*.

Paris *the* 16th. *of the* 3d. *Moon*,
of the Year 1649.

LETTER

LETTER VI.

To the Kaimacham.

I Am return'd to my former Lodging again, the Caſe of *Eliachim*, being not ſo bad as my Fears. The Occaſion of his Confinement, were certain Words he ſpoke againſt the Proceedings of *Cardinal Mazarini* and the *Court*, in Company of ſuch as were Officious to oblige that *Miniſter*. This was done at St. *Denis*, not far from *Paris*; where they immediately cauſed him to be taken into Cuſtody by the King's *Guards*, who quarter'd in that Town. It has coſt him a conſiderable Sum of Mony, to purchaſe his Liberty; which he now enjoys, as before. I had other Thoughts, when I firſt heard the News of his being ſeized; and that it was, for ſome Seditious Expreſſions: For then I call'd to Mind, how he had Acted laſt Year by my Order, during the *Tumults* of *Paris*; and concluded, That ſome Unlucky Accident had now betray'd him. Which if it were ſo, would infallibly bring me into the ſame Danger. This made me ſo ſuddenly change my Habitation, and put a ſtop to the *Diſpatches* of the *Sublime Port*. I thought no Caution too much, to preſerve the Affairs of my *Commiſſion* Indemnified; and, that it were better to offend in being too Wary, than too Secure. If I have taken wrong Meaſures

Meaſures in thus abſconding, 'tis for want of fuller Inſtruction from my *Superiors*. I wiſh they would honour me with Particular Rules, in Caſe of ſuch Emergences: Then I ſhould ſteer my Courſe, without running the Hazard of Rocks and Sands. I have often deſir'd to know, whether, if I were diſcover'd, *I* ſhould own my ſelf an *Agent* for the *Grand Signior*. But none of the *Miniſters* have vouchſafed to direct me in this Point: Whereby, I may commit an irreparable Miſtake, if ſuch a Thing ſhould happen.

Adonai the *Jew*, informs me of an Attempt lately made to rob the *Treaſury* of *Venice*; which, according to his Deſcription, is very Rich and Magnificent. He ſays, there are Twelve *Crowns* of pure Gold, and an equal Number of Breaſt-plates of the ſame Metal, ſet with all ſorts of precious Stones of Ineſtimable Value: A Hundred Veſſels of Agat: Threeſcore *Services* for the *Altar*, all of pure Gold, enrich'd with Diamonds, Sapphires, Emralds, and other Stones of Price. There is alſo an *Unicorn*'s Horn, above the Purchaſe of Money. There are Fourteen Unpoliſh'd Pearls, as large as a Man's Fiſt. The *Ducal* Cap, is valued at a Hundred Thouſand *Zechins*: With many other Rareties and Coſtly Ornaments, too tedious to be inſerted in a Letter.

Certainly, ſo much Wealth, was never deſtin'd to fall into the Hands of Little Private *Thieves*: It is a Booty, fit for *Kings* and great *Generals*, the Licens'd *Banditi* of the

Earth. So many Glittering Jewels, would tempt the Honesty of an *Angel*: And, he would be glad to adorn the Apartments of his *Heaven*, with these Radiant Drops of the Sun which he sees on Earth.

I have met with some pretty Relations of the Boldness of *Robbers*, but none that ever match'd the Bravery of this Enterprize; which was no less, than to Rob one of the most Potent *States* in the World, of her Chiefest Treasure.

He wanted not for Impudence, who, when the *Emperour Charles* V. was removing his *Court*, and all the *Officers* were busy in packing up the Good, enter'd the Chamber where the *Emperour* was; and having made his Obeisance, fell roundly to pulling down the rich Hangings of *Tissue*, which by the Help of his Confederates] he carried away, with Abundance of Plate: No body ever suspecting, but that he was one of the *Emperour's* Servants, till the Person came, whose Office it was to remove those Goods, and then the other was known to be a Thief.

I have heard of a *Spaniard*, who, on a Great *Festival*, when the *Priests* had finish'd the *Service* of the *Altar*, and were retir'd to their Lodgings, went very boldly and took the Golden Vessels off the *Altar*, and carry'd them away under his Cloak, as though he had been the *Steward* of that *Church*, no Body suspecting any other.

I kiss the Hem of thy Vest, Illustrious *Kaimachan*, and pray, that thou may'st monopolize

polize the Choiceſt Bleſſings of *Heaven*, and have thy Share of the Riches of the Earth, without Danger of loſing them to Great or Small *Thieves*.

Paris, 16th *of the* 3d. *Moon*, *of the Year* 1649.

LETTER VII.

To Nathan Ben Sadi, *a* Jew *at* Vienna.

NOW thou may'ſt continue thy *Diſcourſes* as before. Our Fears are vaniſh'd: *Elizabeth* is reſcu'd, and all Things are in Safety. Thou haſt no Reaſon to tax me with Timorouſneſs, in ſo abruptly forſaking my Habitation, on the bare Foreſight of far-fetch'd Poſſibilities; when thou ſhalt conſider, that there is no arming againſt Contingencies in the Moment they arrive, and that he who truſts all Things to *Chance*, makes a Lottery of his Life, wherein for One Happy Event, he ſhall meet with Ten Unlucky Ones. To what Uſe ſerves that *Apprehenſive Faculty*, which *Nature* has poſted as the *Corps du Guard* of our Lives and Fortunes, allowing it the Senſes for Scouts and Sentinels? To what End, I ſay, ſerves this *Watchful Faculty*, but to take the Alarm at

doubtful Emergencies; to rouze our Caution, that so we may make Provision, and be in a Posture of Defence, against whatsoever may happen?

News came, that *Eliachim* was seiz'd, for Seditious Words against the Government. I was conscious, that both he and I, had been Guilty of more than bare Words in that Kind. Therefore, what had happen'd to him, I look'd upon as due to my self also; and, that my Confinement would soon follow, if I took not speedy Care to prevent it, by seasonably absconding. This was the Reason of my sudden Departure, which cannot justly be ascrib'd to Cowardise, since 'twas the Effect of Common Prudence.

Now I'm return'd to my Old *Lodging* again, where the Joy they are in for the Birth of a Son, will not give them Leisure to reflect on my Affairs. So that I am receiv'd by my *Host*, without the least Jealousie or suspicious Animadversions. Brim-full of Mirth and Jovial Thoughts, the Good Man Compliments me, and proclaims his better Fortune. Invites me to sit down with his Friends, and partake of the Gifts of *Ceres* and *Bacchus*. This thou knowest, is the Custom of the whole Earth, at the Birth of Mortals. They make merry over one, that is born to the same Miseries as themselves; who, the first Moment he draws the *Breath of Life*, is enrolled in the *Register* of *Death*; and from the *Womb*, makes swift and direct Advances to the *Grave*.

However, I sat down with the Rest, to

comply

comply with the exhilarated Humour of my *Host*. I eat, I drank, and ſeem'd Merry with the Company. Yet, at the ſame Time, I could not but nauſeate my Entertainment, and diſdain the extravagant Profuſion of Spirit, which appear'd in every one of this vain Aſſembly. They all talk'd eagerly; and, one Man's Words, drown'd thoſe of another: Whilſt an Univerſal Laughter, confounded the Senſe of all. Then I prais'd in my ſelf, the Modeſty and Order obſerv'd in our *Eaſtern* Banquets and Feaſts, where no uncomely Geſtures or Actions, eſcape the well-natur'd Gueſts; no loud talking or braying like Aſſes, but every one ſtrives to ſuppreſs the Motions and Appearances of a too forward and indulgent Mirth, and contain themſelves within the Bounds of a decent and civil Reſerve. Such were the Feaſts inſtituted by *Lycurgus*, among the Ancient *Lacedæmonians*; where, ſuch as were Friends and Acquaintance, met together and refreſh'd themſelves, without Riot and Luxury. They convers'd together interchangeably, after the Manner of *Philoſophers*, or Men of the *Law*: Diſcourſing ſoberly either of *Natural* Things, or *Civil* Affairs: Mixing facerious and witty Jeſts, with their more ſerious Talk, without Clamour, Scurrility or giving any Offence. But theſe *Weſtern* People, think themſelves not Merry till they are Drunk, nor Witty unleſs they be Rude. They play a Thouſand Wanton Tricks, like Apes; and the greateſt Buffoon is the beſt Company.

Wherefore, ſick to ſee Men ſo much degenerate from themſelves, I made my Excuſes, and retir'd to my Chamber, where I preſently ſet Pen to Paper, to give thee an Account of my Return.

If thou continueſt thy former Reſolution, of following the *Dictates* of *Reaſon*, in *Matters* of *Religion*, thou wilt quickly find, that thy *Rabbi's* have taught thee to believe in *Fables*, which accord neither with *Reaſon*, nor *Common Sence*. Follow the beſt Guide, and be Happy.

Paris, 16th. *of the* 3d. *Moon*, *of the Year* 1649.

LETTER VIII.

To Adonai, *a* Jew *at* Venice.

THY Pen is now free again: Write as ſoon and as often as thou wilt; our Fears are diſſipated, and all goes well. If thou canſt inform me of any more Remarkable Paſſages and Adventures, ſpare not to oblige me with frequent Letters. And to encourage thee, I will relate to thee a Story, which is Recorded in the *Hiſtories* of *Naples*.

In former Times, there was a *Statue* of *Marble*, ſtanding on the Top of a Mountain in *Apulia*, with this *Inſcription* on the *Head*, which was of *Braſs*, ON MAY-DAY AT SUN-

SUN-RISING, I SHALL HAVE A HEAD OF GOLD. No Man in all those Parts could be found, who was able to unriddle this Mysterious Expression; and therefore, it was not regarded for many Ages. But at length, in the Reign of a certain *Prince*, there was a *Saracen*, who having seen and consider'd the *Statue*, with the *Inscription*, propos'd to explain it for a certain Reward. The *Prince* hearing of this, and being greedy of the Novelty, sent for the *Saracen*; and bargain'd with him for a Thousand Crowns, to unfold this Riddle. He waited till *May-Day* came, and watching the *Image* that Morning Early, he observ'd the Place where the *Head* cast its Shadow just as the Sun rose. There he order'd certain Men to dig: Which when they had done, and were got pretty deep in the Earth, they encounter'd a Prodigious Treasure of Silver, Gold, and Jewels. With which the *Prince* was so well satisfy'd, that he doubl'd the *Saracens* Reward, and sent him Home into his own Country, laden with rich presents. Doubtless, there is much Wealth bury'd by Men in the Earth. For, in Former Times, they were of Opinion, That if they should die suddainly, in the Wars or otherwise, such Riches as they had hidden in the Earth, would serve them in the *Other World*. And this is the Practice of the *Indians* to this Day; as my Brother informs me, who has been among them.

Strange Blindness! that Men should think the *Immortal Soul*, needed the Assistance of

Silver, Gold, or any Material Subſtance, after ſhe her ſelf is diveſted of the *Body*, and become a *Naked Spirit*.

Let thou and I have a Nobler *Idea* of our Selves, than to phancy we ſhall be in Want of the Glittering Droſs, in that *Inviſible State*, whither we are all haſtening. There are no *Mony Changers* in that *World* of *Spirits*. If thou haſt Superfluity, hide it not in the Earth, but give it to the Poor, and thou ſhalt receive it again, transform'd into a Subſtance more refin'd and radiant than the Stars.

Paris, 16th. *of the* 3d. *Moon*,
of the Year 1649.

LETTER IX.

To the Reis Effendi, Chief Secretary *of the* Ottoman Empire.

THE *Inteſtine Quarrels* of the *French*, ſeem to be like thoſe of *Lovers*; whoſe Cholerick Intervals, ſerve but to give a new Edge to the Returns of their Affection. As if *One* of theſe *Paſſions*, was made to whet the *Other*, and make it more ſprightly: Or, as if Love would grow dull and feculent, were it not ſometimes rowz'd and fermented by *Anger*.

But,

But, I believe, there is a greater Myſtery in the Reconciliation between the *French Court* and the *Parliament* of *Paris*. Some Ends of Policy, have haſten'd both *Parties* to clap up a *Peace*, while the ſecret Rancor remains unpurg'd.

Perhaps the Union of ſo many *Princes* and *Nobles* with the *Parliament*, might incline the *Queen* to milder Counſels than her own *Spaniſh Genius*. Beſides, the Conjunction of the other *Parliaments* of the *Kingdom*, the Revolt of *Normandy*, *Gaſcoigne* and *Provence*, with many Eminent Cities, were very prevailing Motives. But, that which was of greateſt Force, was the want of Money and Men to carry on the War, which could not be rais'd without vaſt Difficulty, during theſe Publick Alienations.

Whatever were the Inducements, a *Peace* was concluded about the latter End of the Third *Moon*, at a Place call'd *Ruel*, not far from *Paris*, where the King has a *Houſe* of *Pleaſure*, ſeated in the Midſt of a little *Paradiſe*. In one of my Letters to the *Kaimacham*, I formerly deſcrib'd the King's *Houſe* and *Garden*, at St. *German en Lay*. This is but a little *Choſe* or Bower in Compariſon of that Stately *Palace*. Yet what is wanting in the Grandeur of the Fabrick, is ſupply'd in its elegant Contrivance, and the Richneſs of its Ornaments. And, as for the *Garden*, it comes not far ſhort of the other; there being in it all Manner of Curious Water-works, Groves, Solitudes, Fountains, Statues, and whatſoe-

ver the Ingenuity of these *Western* Artists could ſuggeſt, as proper to render this Place agreeable to the Melancholy Humour of the late Queen-Mother, *Mary de Medicis*, to whom it belong'd during her Life.

When you enter this delicious *Eden*, your Eyes and Ears are preſently deceiv'd by the Counterfeit Notes and Motions of all kinds of Birds, which perpetually Sing, as the Water tunes their Throats. A little farther, you ſee ſeveral old Gentile Statues, adorning Two Fountains: And, among the reſt, a *Crocodile*, big as the Life; who by the Harmony he makes, ſeems to have a Conſort of Muſick in his Belly, as Regular and Sweet, as that of the *Italian* Society at *Conſtantinople*, which thou haſt often heard.

As we depart from this, full of Complacency and Admiration at the Exquiſite Imitation of *Nature* in theſe Contrivances, we fall inſenſibly into a Place exactly like what the *Poets* deſcribe when they ſpeak of *Elyſium*: It is a Grove, the Tops of whoſe Trees are ſo thick interwoven, that the Sun appears no otherwiſe through them, than as if he were behind a Cloud or in an *Eclipſe*. So that the Darkneſs of this Place and ſolemn Murmur the Winds make on high among the Tops of the Trees, fills it with a Kind of *Sacred* Horror. Which has often made me think this *Wilderneſs*, ſomething like that which *Hiſtorians* deſcribe, when they ſpeak of the *Avenues* to the *Temple* of *Jupiter Ammon* in *Ægypt*. For, in the very Center of this *Grove*, ſtands

ſtands the *Houſe*. A Place, one would think fitter for a *Convent* than a *Prince's Court*. At beſt, it appears but like a *Royal Hermitage*, a *Cell* conſecrated to *Kingly Melancholy*.

I could not forbear making this Digreſſion, when I mention'd *Ruel* to be the Place where the *Peace* was concluded, between the *Court* and the *Parliament*. This *Encomium*, is a Tribute which I ow'd, for the Satisfaction and Pleaſure I have often receiv'd in this Retirement. Beſides, I thought an *Idea* of ſuch a *Garden*, would not be unwelcome to thee, who art a Lover of *Solitude*.

The *Coadjutor* of *Paris*, who is an *Archbiſhop*, is highly affronted, that this *Peace* was concluded without him, who had a chief Hand in beginning the War. He labours to inflame the People again, and reduce all to the old Confuſion, being an irreconcilable Enemy of *Cardinal Mazarini*. So that we expect another Inſurrection in a ſhort time: For the *French* cannot be long Idle.

Happy *Miniſter*, I leave thee under the Wings of that *Spirit* which guards the *Elect*, and bid thee Farewel.

Paris, *15th of the 4th. Maon, of the Year* 1649.

LET-

LETTER X.

To Dgnet Oglou.

SHall I tell thee, I mourn for the Death of our Friend *Egry Boinou*, whom thou ſayeſt, a *Fever* ſnatch'd from us the Firſt Day of the *Moon Regib*? That *Fever*, it ſeems, was the Effect of his Continual and exceſſive Grief for the Loſs of his Eyes; ſo that we may ſay, he has been dying ever ſince the Hour that Fatal *Sentence* was put in Execution. And, ſhall we grudge our Friend a Releaſe from ſo lingring a Death? At beſt, it was but the *Winter* of Life, wrapt up in Clouds and Darkneſs: Now like the *Serpent*, he has caſt his Slough, lifts up his Head with new Vigour, ſports himſelf in the Meadows of *Paradiſe*, and baſks in the Warmth of an Eternal *Spring*.

'Twill not therefore be a Mark of our Affection to him, but only a Diſcovery of our Self-love, to condole the Occaſion of His Happineſs, becauſe it has leſſen'd Ours, by robbing us of his beloved Company and Friendſhip. Beſides, we know not, but that he may ſtill continue to be our Friend, even in that *Inviſible State*; and either manage our Intereſts *Above*, or at leaſt protect us from Dangers here *Below*. We are ignorant of the *Laws* and *Conſtitutions* of that *King-*

dom

dom of *Spirits*; and, for ought we know, the Souls of Juſt Men after Death, may become the *Tutelar Genii*, or *Guardian Angels* of their Surviving Friends and Relations. Let it be how it will, doubtleſs *Egry* is Immortal and Happy; and, 'twill be Envy in us, to repine at it. Rather let us congratulate the Time of his Deceaſe, as the Day of his Nativity; and leave *Mourning*, to the Crowd of Mortals, who do a Thouſand Things, without ever thinking what they are about. They tread in the Steps of their Fathers, never examining, whether they be Right or Wrong: Cuſtom and Education have almoſt baniſh'd Reaſon from the Earth. Is it not a pleaſant Spectacle, to ſee the Kindred of an Old Rich *Miſer* (for whoſe Death they had long waited, like *Harpies* for their Prey) now flock about his Lifeleſs Carcaſe, howling out a Thouſand forc'd Lamentations; whilſt in the mean Time, their Blood dances in their Veins for Joy? Yet however, this carries a Shew of Civiliz'd Manners, and is better than the Barbarous Cuſtom of the *Scythians* and *Maſſagetes*, who when their Old Men grew Uſeleſs or Troubleſom, were wont to Sacrifice them, and make a Banquet with their Fleſh; or the *Thebarenes*, who threw their Aged Friends alive down Precipices. Theſe were Salvages: But, much more ſo were the *Hircanians* and *Bactrians*, who caſt their Aged Parents yet living, to be devour'd by Dogs. Which Inhumanity when *Staſanor*, the *Deputy* of *Alexander* the *Great*, endeavour'd

vour'd to ſuppreſs, they had like to have Depos'd him from the *Government*: So prevalent is the Force of a Received Cuſtom, on the Minds of the Unthinking Herd.

Let thou and I therefore, not ſupinely take up with Common Practices; but, like Men of Reaſon, let us adjuſt the Laſt Offices we owe to our Friend, whilſt we pour forth ſome Devout *Oraiſons* for the Health of his Soul, without diſturbing his and our own Repoſe, with fruitleſs Lamentations. And, ſince we are bereaved of his Society on Earth, let us prepare to follow him, and render our ſelves agreeable Company at our next Rendezvous in *Heaven*.

It was an Unjuſtifiable Rigour in *Sultan Ibrahim*, to deprive him of his Eyes, becauſe he had only caſt 'em unhappily on one of the *Sultana's*, as ſhe enter'd the Garden. This Jealouſy, is the peculiar Vice of the *Eaſt*. Yet they are more ſevere in *Perſia*, where 'tis preſent Death, to be within Two Leagues of the *King's* Women, when they travel the Road. But, I never knew, that *Eunuchs* were thus puniſh'd. Or, is there ſuch a Difference between a *White* and a *Black Eunuch*, That the *One* deſerves to loſe his Eyes for beholding that by Chance, which the *Other* is honourably rewarded for having Acceſs to, and ſeldom being out of their Sight?

This was the worſt Puniſhment that *Zeleucus*, the *Law-Giver* of the *Locrians*, impos'd on them that were Actually caught in Adultery. Which puts me in Mind of a Notable

table Instance of this Man's Justice: For, when his own Son, was accus'd, and prov'd Guilty of this Crime; at once to shew the *Tenderness* of a *Father*, and the Incorruptible *Severity* of a *Judge*, he first caus'd One of his own Eyes to be put out, and then One of his Sons: Thus taking on himself, *Half* the Penalty; that so, the *Law* might be satisfy'd in the *Whole*, and yet his Son not be Totally depriv'd of his Sight.

Thou telleſt me no News of our Armies, nor what Alterations have been made amongſt the *Miniſters* of the *Port*, ſince the Death of *Sultan Ibrahim*. We have various Reports here; and ſome ſay, that the New *Vizir Azem* will be no long-liv'd Man. I deſire thee, to write often to me, and ſend me what Intelligence thou can'ſt.

Let nothing ſlip the Knot, which has faſten'd us ſo many Years together, in an entire Friendſhip: But, let us carry that *Magnet* with us to our Graves; that, at what Diſtance ſoever we may be buried, our *Souls* may, by the Force of that Attractive, find one another out, and converſe together, in that *Region* of *Silence* and *Shadows*.

Paris, 9th. *of the* 5th. *Moon*, *of the Year* 1649.

LETTER

LETTER XI.

To the Captain Bassa.

I Know not where this Letter will find thee; on the Shore, or at Sea. If thou art in the *Watry Wilderness*, I have no Art to trace thee. There are no certain Roads in that *Inconstant* Element. It is a mighty Plain, without Path or Track. And though there be certain Stages in it, yet thy Arrival at them, is tim'd at the Pleasure of the Winds and Waves, which will not obey even the *Orders* thou hast received from the *Grand Signior*, *Lord* of the *Four Seas*. Perhaps, thou art in pursuit of some *Venetian* Ships, or other *Christian* Vessels, the *Corsairs* of the *Mediterranean*. Or, thou mayst be Careening thy Fleet, in the securer Retreats of the *Archipelago*. Thou may'st be within a Minute of a Wreck, or just entring a Harbour. Wherever thou art, may *Heaven* preserve thee from the Dangers, which always threaten such, as trust their Lives to a Piece of Wood. For, there will be great Need of thee, if our Intelligence be true in these *Parts*.

It is reported here, That the *Georgian Circassians*, *Mingrelians*, and other *People* who Border on the *Black Sea*, and Obey not the *Law* brought down from *Heaven*, are entred into a *League* against the *Blessed Port*, and have covered those Seas with a Mighty Fleet; while

while the *Prince* of *Georgia*, ruſhes down from his Mountains, with an Army of Forty Thouſand *Armenians*, *Perſians*, and Borderers of *Mount Caucaſus*: That the Former have taken a Thouſand of our Trading *Saicks*, and are advanc'd as far as the *Ferry* of the *Bull*, which thou knoweſt, is but Six Hours Sail from the *Imperial* City: That the Latter, have made Incurſions into the *Territories* of the *Grand Seignior*; put all to the Sword who reſiſted 'em, as they march'd along; burnt and laid waſte the Country: And, that all the *Greeks* and *Armenians*, flock to them, threatning an Univerſal Defection from the *Ottoman Empire*.

As to the Truth of theſe Reports, I can aſcertain Nothing; but am inclin'd to believe, the *Coſſacks* are troubleſome at Sea, and that they may have drawn ſome of their Neighbours into a *League*, thoſe *Pilfering Nations*, who live by Rapine and Spoil, on *both* Elements. Our ſmall Veſſels trading on the *Black Sea*, full of Riches and empty of Arms, muſt needs be a Temptation to thoſe *Pirates*, who are the moſt dextrous at a Robbery, and the boldeſt Fellows in the World. The *Merchants* of theſe *Parts*, who have had ſome Traffick at *Caffa*, and other Towns on the Banks of the *Black Sea*, give a frightful Deſcription of thoſe Tempeſtuous Waters, and no Good Character of the *People* that Border on them. The *Coſſacks*, they ſay, are Valiant and Mercenary; the *Circaſſians* Hardy and Bold; the *Mingrelians* Sly and Crafty; and

and the *Georgians*, of an *Aſtral* Complexion, capable of all Vertues and Vices. The *Firſt* ſeldom act, unleſs encourag'd by the *King* of *Poland*, or the *Czar* of *Moſcovy*; and then they are content with their Pay, and the Lawful Plunder of War. The *Second* are never Idle, when there is hope of Prey, whether they fight their own Cauſe, or are employ'd by others; and fear neither Hunger, Cold, nor any other Extremity, for the Sake of a Prize. The *Third* are Good at a Stratagem, and would ſteal a Man's Teeth out of his Gums, if he be not wary; Great Cowards, yet deſperate in their own Defence, when they ſee no *Medium* between Fighting and Death. As for the *Fourth*, they ſeem to be a kind of Mungrels, a Medly Race, whoſe Character is compounded of the Other *Three*.

They are Stout and Witty, Dext'rous at a Cheat, and no Bunglers at an Ingenious Theft; Great Liars; full of Compliments and External Civilities, but Perfidious and Implacable in their Revenges.

Yet, after all, I cannot believe the *Prince* of this Country, who is a *Tributary* to the *King* of *Perſia*, would venture his *Government* at Two ſuch deſperate Stakes, by breaking the *Peace*, concluded by his *Sovereign* with the *Grand Seignior*, and ſo drawing upon himſelf the Vengeance of them both. Therefore, he is either ſecretly abetted by that *Monarch*, or elſe the News is falſe.

Wouldſt

Wouldst thou know, how this Country came to be Subject to the *Crown* of *Persia*? It was Conquer'd by *Ismael Sophi*, to whom the *Persian Historians*, in Flattery, give the *Epithet* of *Great*. He was the *First* of that *Name*, and of the *Persian* Kings, that refus'd to obey the *Orthodoxe Successors* of the *Sent* of *God*. This Prince, was Valiant in the Field; and no Coward at Wine, if we may believe one of his *Courtiers*, who wrote *Memoirs* of his *Life*. He records Sixteen Battles, wherein he always got the Victory; and Twice that Number of *Royal* Debauches, when he shew'd the Strength of his Brain, in the Company of Foreign *Ambassadors*; with whom he would always Carouse, before they departed his *Court*, that he might sound the Depth of their Instructions; for, none were able to cope with him, at the Juice of the Grape. And he always esteem'd that Liquor, a Friend to Truth.

If he suspected his *Ministers* of *State*, or any of the *Governors* of *Provinces*, he us'd to invite them to a *Banquet*; where, in the Midst of his Drinking, he unravell'd their Secret Inclinations and Counsels; being the most dextrous at picking the Locks of a Man's Heart, of any one living. They never went Alive from his Presence, if by one false Step in their Carriage, though it were but a Word too passionate, or a Look less composed to Resignation, he could discover or frame to himself the Grounds of a just Jealousy. It being ever his *Maxim*, *That Credulity*,

Credulity, was the only Vice, could ruin a Happy Prince. He had another *Saying* alſo, *That* Perſia *was Fertile of Men, but Barren of Faithful Officers.*

I cannot admire theſe Cruel Strains of Policy. Yet *Kings* have Reaſons for their Actions and Words, which we cannot comprehend. The *Philoſophers* ſay, *That Wine was given Us by the* Gods, *to mitigate our Cares; and, for a Time, to make Us Equal to their* Divinities, *in the free Enjoyment of Our Selves.* And, though as a *Muſſulman*, I am not bound to ſubſcribe to the *Principles* of *Pagans*; yet as a Man, Partaker of Fleſh and Blood, I think he doubly miſ-uſes that Liquor, who perverts it to the Ends of Cruelty.

But, this *Monarch* had other Thoughts, when by the Aſſiſtance of the *Georgian* Forces, having ſubdu'd the *Regions* Bordering on the *Caſpian Sea*, at that Time in the Hands of the *Ottomans*, he invited the *King* of *Georgia* to his *Tent*, under pretence of a *Feſtival* Joy for their Mutual Succeſs. The Unwary Prince, truſting to his own Merit, and the Faith of his Neighbour, ventures himſelf with a ſmall Guard to the *Camp* of *Iſhmael*. The *Perſian* entertain'd him, with all the Outward Demonſtrations of Affection and Gratitude, for his repeated Aids: But, in the End of the *Feaſt*, taking Exceptions at ſome Words the *King* of *Georgia* ſpoke, in Praiſe of his own Soldiers, he commanded his *Eunuchs* to ſeize on him, and carry him to the *Tent* of the *Unfortunate* (ſo they call'd

call'd the *Pavilion*, or *Cage* of the *Grandees* fallen into Disgrace.] Then he gave swift Orders, for the *Georgian* Soldiers to be Manacled. And having thus done, he bestow'd the *Government* of *Georgia* on one *Luarzab*; on Condition, that he and his Successors, would embrace the *Faith* of *Hali*, and pay *Tribute* to the *Crown* of *Persia*.

From this *Luarzab*, has the *Government* of *Georgia* descended, not in a *Line* of *Blood*, but at the Pleasure of the *Persian* Kings, to him who now holds it, *Shanvois-Can*; Who, I believe, has more Wit, than to hazard his Possessions, for the Sake of a *Chimæra*.

In this roving from my first Point, thou canst not blame me, since thou thy self act'st by the Rules of *Navigation*, which vary according to the Byass of the *Needle*. Thou followest one *Magnet*, and I another: Yet, let us both meet in the Center of Duty, we owe the *Grand Seignior*.

Paris, 13d. *of the* 6th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1649.

LETTER

LETTER XII.

To Cara Hali, Phyſician *to the* Grand Signior.

THOU wilt ſay, 'tis an unmannerly Way of Congratulating thy New Advance, to begin my Addreſs with Complaints. Yet, Friendſhip overlooks *Punctilio's*. 'Tis not the firſt Time, I have treſpaſs'd on thy Generous Temper. I am indiſpos'd, and cannot act the *Courtier*, though I am raviſh'd to hear the News. It is ſome Support to my Languiſhing Spirits, that whilſt I am crumbling and dwindling away into the *Little Principles* of which I was made, thou my Friend art growing in the *Bulk* of *Mortal Greatneſs*, in the Favour of our *Glorious Sultan*.

However, I cannot but ſuſpect the pretended Kindneſs of him who rais'd thee, I mean the *New Vizir*. Neither haſt thou much Reaſon, to take this ſuddain Reconciliation for any other, than a Maſque of his Old Malice. He cannot forget the Quarrel between thy Father and him, on the Account of *Dara Meſeck*, the *Lieutenant General* of the *Janizaries*; when the brave Old *Cheik*, put a Stop to the deſigned Revenge of this Inhumane Upſtart.

Aſſure

Aſſure thy ſelf, that he who has made his Steps, to the Grandeur he now poſſeſſes, o'er the Neck of his *Maſter*, will not ſpare any from whoſe Wit or Power he may fear a Shock. And, he knows both thy Experience and Intereſt too great, not to miſtruſt the Son of his Enemy.

Beſides, the eminent Command thy Brother has over the *Spahi's*, muſt needs be an Additional Caution to the Man, whoſe Name ſounds no where ſo ſweetly, as in the *Chamber* of the *Janizaries*.

Thou art ſenſible, that the newly reviv'd Animoſity, between theſe *Military Orders*, threatens a Calamity to the *Ottoman Empire*, which cannot be diverted, without a Sacrifice on one ſide or other. And, ſince the *Spahi's* have engag'd ſo many Potent *Baſſa's* in their Quarrels; who can expect to fall, but the Mighty *Favourite* of the *Infantry*?

He knows this very well; and, to prevent his own Ruin, he reſolves on Thine and thy Brother's: Thine, under the Maſque of Friendſhip, till by his Wheadle, he has drawn thy Brother to *Conſtantinople*; where he will not fail to be ſtrangled, that ſo a Creature of the *Vizir*, may be promoted in his Room. And, what will become of thee after this, I leave to thy own Judgment.

Perhaps, thou wilt deſpiſe the Advice of a Sick Man, and impute my Fears to an Exceſs of *Melancholy*; from which Diſtemper, thou knoweſt, I am ſeldom free. But, I tell thee, my *Reaſon* labours under no *Hypocondriack* Diſorders,

Diſorders, though my *Body* may. I am no *Enthuſiaſt*, when I counſel my Friend to avoid an Apparent Danger. However, if thou thinkeſt it needleſs for me to buſy my ſelf in ſuch Caſes, I have done. But I ſhall never ceaſe to pray for thy Proſperity, as often as I comply with the *Law*, in Kiſſing the Floor *Five Times* a-Day, and Repeating the appointed *Oraiſons* of *Faith*.

Methinks, when I write to thee now, my Pen is at a loſs. I am puzzl'd for a Style ſuitable to thy *New* Honour, and our *Old* Friendſhip.

But, if I take too much Liberty, aſcribe it to the Sincerity of my Affection, which knows not how to be reſerv'd or ſtrange to a Perſon, whom once I could call my *Other* ſelf: For, no Wider is the Diſtance between Friends.

Paris, 5th. *of the* 7d. *Moon*,
of the Year 1649.

LETTER

LETTER XIII.

To Chiurgi Muhamet, Baſſa.

I Know not, whether what I am going to relate, will be News to thee, or to any of the *Miniſters* Reſiding at the *Sublime Port*. However 'tis ſo to me; and I am commanded, to conceal nothing of Moment that comes to my Ears.

Mahomet, Eldeſt Son of *Achmet*, the *Dey* of *Tunis*, is now at *Rome*, having embraced the *Chriſtian Religion*. People relate variouſly, the Motives that induced him to his Change. Some ſay, 'twas Intereſt; he having held a private Correſpondence with the *Viceroy* of *Sicily*, who promiſed him, in the King of *Spain*'s Name, to make him *Lord* of ſeveral large *Territories* in the *Weſt-Indies*.

Others ſay, 'twas Diſcontent at his Father's Government, and Auſtere Carriage towards him; the Old Man, having forced him to marry the *Baſſa* of *Tripoli*'s Daughter againſt his Inclination.

But the greateſt Part, aſcribe this Change in *Religion*, to the Force of his *Conſcience*; which, they ſay, was convinced by a *Miracle*, of the Truth of the *Chriſtian Faith*. For, as they relate, being once at Sea in a *Veſſel*, wherein were many *Chriſtians*, and a Dreadful Tempeſt ariſing, the Mariners, who were all *Muſſulmans*, ſeeing the Havock that the Winds and

Waves had made of the Ship-Tackle, gave over all for loſt; and fainting under ſo much Labour, Watching and Terrour as they had undergone, lay down, and let the Ship drive where-ever the Storm would carry her. But, there being a *Chriſtian Prieſt* aboard, Eſteemed a very Holy and Blameleſs Man, he excited the *Chriſtians*, to appeaſe the Wrath of *God* by ſome extraordinary Acts of *Devotion*. Then they all made a ſolemn *Proceſſion* on the Decks of the *Ship*, the *Prieſt* carrying before them, that which they call the *Sacrament*, Imploring the Mercy of *God*, and often calling on *Jeſus* and *Mary*. When behold, as the *Prieſt* ſtood aloft on the *Poop*, reading aloud Part of the *Goſpel*, the Storm Suddenly ceas'd, the Clouds were diſpers'd, the Air grew Serene and Calm, and the Veſſel got ſafe into Harbour. Upon this, they ſay, *Mahomet*, when he came aſhore, took that *Prieſt* along with him, deſiring to be inſtructed in the *Chriſtian Belief*; making a Vow alſo, That he would renounce the *Law* of the *Muſſelmans*, and embrace that of *Jeſus*.

This is what ſuch, as are Zealous for the Honour of the *Chriſtian Faith*, relate concerning this *Prince*'s Converſion. However it be, it is certain, That he privately made his Eſcape from *Tunis* by Sea, and bent his Courſe directly for *Sicily*; where, in a few Days he landed, and was receiv'd by the *Vice-Roy*, according to the *Dignity* of a *Prince*. A while after, he was baptized by an *Arch-Biſhop*, who

who gave him the Name of *Don Philippo*, by which he is called in all Places.

They ſay, he was a little ſcandaliz'd at firſt, when he ſaw with what Freedom, the *Sicilian* Women appeared abroad in the Streets, and convers'd with Men; but, that afterwards, he took a great Delight in their Company, eſpecially thoſe that could ſing well, or play on any Inſtrument of Muſick, to which he is much addicted. And therefore he chuſes to frequent thoſe *Temples*, where their *Service* is perform'd with Variety of excellent *Muſick*, as it is in all great Cities. And for ought we know, the Character which the *Chriſtian Prieſt* gave him, of this *Harmonious* Manner of *Worſhipping God*, might have no ſmall Influence, on a Man naturally affected with that *Science*. Certainly Muſick has a mighty Force on our Affections; and, it is a *Proverb* here in the *Weſt*, *That he who does not love Muſick, has no Soul.* One of the Ancient *Philoſophers*, defined the *Soul* it ſelf, to be an *Harmony*. And another, was ſo ſenſible of the various Effects of this *Science*, in raiſing Different Paſſions in Men, that he left it as an *Aphoriſm*, *Such as the Muſick is, ſuch are the People of a Commonwealth.* Whence, it was the Great Care of ſuch, as took upon them to form the Manners of *Youth*, That no Tunes ſhould be played in their Hearing, which Naturally provoked to Levity and Wantonneſs; but Grave and Martial Strains, ſuch as prompted Heroick Thoughts, and diſpoſed them to Vertue. The *Italians*, are

great *Maſters* of this *Science*; and the Airs which they compoſe for their *Church-Service*, are very deep and raviſhing. VVhich cauſes their *New* Proſelyte, *Don Philippo*, to paſs his Time very attentively, during the Celebration of their *High-Maſs*, and their *Even-Song*. They report, That he will turn *Jeſuit*.

He went from *Sicily*, loaded with Gifts and Preſents, and came to *Rome*, the Seat of the *Chriſtians Chief Mufti*, whom they call the *Pope*. He is much honoured and careſſed by the *Holy Father*, and all the *Cardinals*, who have told him ſo many fair Things of the *Nazarene Faith*, and ſhew'd him ſo many *Sacred Reliques* of *Antiquity*, that he thinks himſelf already within the *Verge* of *Heaven*, and that *Rome* is no other, than the *Suburbs* of *Paradiſe*. There is ſomething very charming and ſweet, in the Converſation of the *Chriſtian Prelates*, if they be Men of Learning, as moſt generally they are. And, 'tis no wonder that ſuch Polite Company, ſhould prevail much on the flexible Temper of a young *Prince*, who is as a *Pilgrim* in a ſtrange *Country*, where he can hear Nothing, but perpetual *Eulogies* of the *Chriſtian Religion*; nor ſee any Thing, but Objects, which ſerve only to confirm in his Mind, a Venerable *Idea* of that *Faith* he has embraced. Beſides, they ſay, he is fallen deeply in Love with a young *Roman* Lady. So that there is no Hope of reſcuing him from the Power of ſo many Enchantments.

Therefore,

Therefore, giving him over as loſt, let us pray the *Omnipotent*, to eſtabliſh *Us* in his *Truth*; that neither Intereſt, Paſſion, nor an Erroneous Conſcience, may ever be able to make us ſwerve from the *Law* written in *Heaven*; but, that we may adhere to *God* and his *Prophet*, with a Thouſand *Souls*.

Paris, 5th. *of the* 7th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1649.

LETTER XIV.

To Sala, Tircheni Emin, Superintendent *of the* Royal Arſenel *at* Conſtantinople.

WE are all alarm'd here, with the News of I know not what boiſterous Adventures of the *Coſſacks*, and their Neighbours, that poſſeſs the Ancient *Kingdom* of *Colchis*. Had I not a firm *Faith* in the *Alcoran*, 'twould fill me with *Panick* Fears. But, no Attempts can prevail, againſt the Men fighting under the *Shadow* of the *Prophet*. He deſcended with a Conſummate Authority, from the *Monarch* who commands all Things. The *Mandate* of *Heaven*, will diſperſe the *Infidels*. The *Seven Vizirs* Above, were Witneſſes to the Words, whoſe *Eccho*'s caus'd

Thuder, when the *Prophet* retir'd from the *Steps* of the *Throne*. Had not *Moſes* given him warning (who remembred the Noiſe in the *Mount*) the *Apoſtle* had loſt his *Addreſs*, and been confounded before the *Angels*. But, encourag'd with the Whiſper of the *Man* with *Horns*, he made no Default in his *Conge*: And, with little Loſs of Time, arriv'd to the *Ninth Sphere*, where he proclaim'd the *Neſiarum*; and, all the *Inhabitants* of that *Orb*, reſorted to the *Banner* which he had in his Hands. The *Prophet* told 'em, *'Twas only for a Tryal of their Fidelity*. They made Obeiſance, and retir'd. From that Place, he made no Scruple, but that the *Elect* in *Heaven* and *Earth*, would obey the *Divine Patent*. He finiſh'd his Deſcent Triumphantly, and pitch'd his Feet on *Mount Uriel*. Thoſe that believe *Hali*, ſay 'Twas on the Top of the *Ragged Rock*. But let *Hereticks* alone in their *Infidelity*. Be it where he pleaſed *God*, he ſpoke the *Words* that ſhall ne'er be Revers'd when he diſplay'd the *Heavenly Silk*, and ſaid, *Whoever takes up Arms againſt this* Banner, *ſhall be reputed an* Infidel; *He ſhall be exterminated from the Earth*.

I often think on theſe Paſſages in the *Holy Memoirs*, the *Collections* of the *Life* full of *Wonders*. Then I comfort my ſelf with this Thought, That if all the *Uncircumcis'd* in the *World*, ſhould enter into a Combination, they would not ſucceed againſt the Men, fighting under the *Commiſſion* with the *Seal*.

I have

I have ſent a Letter to the *Baſſa* of the *Sea*, acquainting him with the News of this *Expedition* of the *Coſſacks*. Since which I am informed, that theſe *People* are Headed by a famous *Pirate* in thoſe *Parts*, a Man of a daring Spirit, and capable of the boldeſt Undertakings. The *French* Merchants, who have traded in the *Black Sea*, give him a high Character; and portend great Injuries to the *Ottoman Empire*, from the Succeſs of his Arms: For, they ſay, he is a Good *Captain*, both by *Sea* and *Land*. I have heard ſeveral different Stories of his Birth and Education: But, this I am going to relate, comes from the beſt Hands, and ſeems moſt probable.

His Name is *Pachicour*, a *Circaſſian* by Birth, but bred up in a *Sea Town* of the *Ukrain*, near the *Mouth* of the *Neiſter*. He left his *Native* Country, at the Age of Twelve Years, out of a Deſire to ſee *Foreign Parts*; Embarking himſelf, unknown to his Parents, in a Veſſel of *Podolia*, which then was ready to ſet ſail from *Bala-Clug*. He carry'd with him a ſmall Sum of Mony, which he had purloyn'd from his Father, and ſerv'd as a Fund of his future Fortune: For, arriving at a certain Town in *Podolia*, he frequented the *Keys*, and offer'd his Service to ſeveral *Merchants*; one of which, obſerving in his Face the Marks of a Promiſing *Genius*, entertain'd him in his Houſe. He liv'd with him Seven Years, and perform'd his Office ſo well, that he made him his *Factor* to *Conſtantinople*.

Pachicour diſcharg'd his Truſt there, with much *Profit* to his *Maſter*, and *Honour* to *himſelf*. So that at his Return, ſeveral *Merchants* entruſted him with their Goods; and ſent him to trade at *Caffa*, and other Towns on the *Black Sea*. His Judgment and Reputation encreaſing with his Years, he became in Time Famous in all the Trading Towns. And, ſuch was his Credit in the *Ukrain*, that all the *Merchants* put their Veſſels and Goods into his Hands: So that he ſail'd many Times with a Fleet of Twenty Ships, having the Diſpoſal of all the Goods, committed to his Management. He grew ſo rich in Time by his Dealings, that he was able to drive a Conſiderable Trade for himſelf. And then it was, he began to lay the Foundation of a Deſign, which he has ſince executed. His *Genius* was too Active, always to confin'd to this ſlow Way of growing *Great*: Therefore he was reſolv'd at one Blow, to raiſe his Fortune to the Pitch he aim'd at. He was the only *Broker*, *Banquier* and *Merchant*, where-ever he came.

It was no difficult Thing for a Man of ſo vaſt a Credit, to raiſe an extraordinary Stock; and *Pachicour* could eaſily ſilence the Alarms of *Conſcience*. There happen'd alſo a Juncture, very proper for his Deſign. For, while he was at *Iſgaou*, a Port of *Circaſſia*, Day and Night projecting how to exalt himſelf, a *War* broke out between his *Countrymen* and the *Mingrelians*. The Latter appear'd with a *Navy* at *Sea*, which alarm'd all the *Maritime*

time Parts of *Circaſſia*. *Pachicour* whoſe Invention was always buſie, took a Hint from this, to accompliſh his Plot. Expedition was his chiefeſt Game. Therefore he ſpeedily made the utmoſt Uſe of his Credit, among the *Podolian Merchants*, and other *Foreigners* reſiding at *Iſgaou*. And, when he had amaſs'd together prodigious Sums of Gold, for which he only gave them *Bills* of *Exchange*, he privately ſends away this huge Treaſure, with all his Jewels, Tiſſues, and other Rich Merchandiſe, to his Fathers Houſe, who liv'd not many Leagues from this Town.

Within Two Days after this, the *Mingrelian Fleet* made a Deſcent at *Iſgaou*, ſack'd it, carry'd away Two Thouſand Captives, and went to their Veſſels again.

Pachicour, who knew how to make an Advantage of this Opportunity, privately fled after his Wealth, as ſoon as the *Mingrelian Fleet* appear'd before the Place. And it happen'd, that moſt of his Creditors were made Slaves, and tranſported to *Mingrelia*. He had no Need to take any farther Care, but how to ſecure his Riches from his Pilfering Neighbours: For, the *Circaſſians*, are all *Profeſs'd Thieves*. He therefore makes haſte to his Father; and having gratified him for his Trouble, he in a ſhort Time purchas'd Four *Men of War*, with which he ſets up for a *Pirate*, infeſting thoſe Seas, and Robbing all the *Merchants*, except thoſe who had formerly entruſted him. His Bounty and Valour, charm'd all that ſerv'd him, And,

his Fame ſpreading with his wonderful Succeſs, many *Circaſſians* put out th Sea, and join'd with him: So that in a little Time, he made no ſmall Figure in the *Kingdom* of *Neptune*. Seeing himſelf *Commander* of a *Powerful Navy*, he found out quickly the *Mingrelian* Fleet, and engaging with them, got a Glorious Victory.

Soon after, a *Peace* was concluded, and *Pachicour* was declar'd *Admiral* of all the *Circaſſian* Sea-Forces: To whom the *Mingrelians* were oblig'd by *Treaty* to join theirs, and to obey *Pachicour*'s Orders. In a little Time, this fortunate *General* became ſo famous, that the *Coſſacks* ſent to him an *Agent*, and enter'd into a *League*; furniſh'd out Three Hundred Veſſels, and join'd the *Circaſſian* and *Mingrelian* Fleets.

This is the Bottom of the *New Expedition*, which makes ſo loud a Noiſe in theſe *Parts*.

Thou who art *Maſter* of the *Arſenal*, wilt know what Meaſures are fitteſt to be taken, againſt this bold *Infidel*, if he perſiſts to break the *Peace* of the moſt *Serene Empire*. Yet, though he is an Enemy, let us not envy him the Praiſes, that are due to his Wit and Courage. He ſeems to ſurpaſs the Sneaking *Thieves* of his own *Nation*; and undertakes Nothing but *Sovereign Cheats*, and *Noble Thefts*, ſuch as would paſs for *Vertuous Actions*, in a Man of a *Higher Birth*.

Ida

I do not plead for *Robbery*, nor take the Part of an *Infidel*; but, if I had Time to tell thee, ſome *Heroick* Paſſages of this *Pirate*, thou wouldſt ſay, he is worthy of a Generous and Favourable Uſage, ſhould he become a Captive. In another Letter, I will oblige thee with a Relation, which will not be unwelcome to a Man, who gives not Sentence with the Vulgar. I had more to ſay on another Subject, but I am interrupted. Pardon the Effect of my Duty to the *Grand Signior*.

Paris *the* 19th. *of the* 8th *Moon*,
of the Year 1649.

LETTER XV.

To Melec Amet, Baſſa.

THere is News arrived here lately, of the Murther of the *Engliſh Embaſſador* at the *Hagne*. His Name was *Doriſlaus*. He was ſent by the *New Governours* in *England*, to make an *Alliance* with the *States* of *Holland*, and to ſatisfie them in Reference to their late Proceedings againſt their *Sovereign*. 'Tis ſaid, his *Negotiation* would have had but little Succeſs, in Regard the *Prince* of *Orange*, who is *Preſident* or *Chief* over the *States*, and who married the Daughter of the *Engliſh*

King

King, takes to Heart the untimely Death of his *Father-in-Law*, and cannot be reconciled to his Murderers. Yet, 'tis to be thought, that *Princes* are no farther touch'd with one anothers Misfortunes, than concerns their Intereſt.

However, on the 3d. Day of the 5th. *Moon*, ſome *Scots* enter'd into the Lodgings of the *Embaſſador*, and having diſpatch'd him with ſeveral Wounds, made their Eſcape. It is not certainly known, who ſet theſe *Aſſaſſins* at Work. People deſcant variouſly, as their Affections byaſs them. Some reflect on it, as a Judgment *Juſtly* inflicted by *God*, though by an *Unjuſt* Act of Men, on one who had been a Notorious Promoter of his *Sovereign*'s Death. Others cenſure it, as a moſt Impious *Sacrilege*, in Regard the Perſons of *Embaſſadors*, are by the *Law* of *Nations*, eſteem'd Sacred and Inviolable; and, the Injuries which they ſuffer, are interpreted, not only as done to their *Maſters* who ſend them, but to all Mankind: As if *Human Nature* it ſelf were wrong'd, in the Perſons of *Publick Miniſters*.

Indeed, there is no Method of eſtabliſhing or conſerving Friendſhips and *Alliances* between different *Nations*, if their *Agents* be not ſecured with an Immunity from Affronts and Violences.

The *French* relate a pretty Paſſage of one of their *Kings*, who before he came to the *Crown*, being *Duke* of *Orleans*, had receiv'd very ill Uſage in his Travels from a certain *Italian Lord*, call'd the *Baron* of *Benevento*. After this Prince was poſſeſs'd of the *King-*

dom,

dom, the ſame *Italian Lord* was ſent *Embaſſador* from the *Viceroy* of *Naples*, to congratulate his *Acceſſion* to the *Throne* of his *Anceſtors*. Some *French Courtiers*, who had been Witneſſes of the Injuries this *Lord* had formerly done to their *Maſter*, now perſwaded the *King* to Revenge himſelf, by cauſing ſome groſs Indignities to be done him, whilſt he had him in his Power. To whom the Wiſe *Monarch* reply'd, *It becomes not the* King *of* France, *to revenge on the* Embaſſador *of* Naples, *the Injuries which the* Duke *of* Orleans *receiv'd from the* Baron *of* Benevento.

'Tis ſaid, the *Engliſh* Nation have demanded Satisfaction of the *Hollanders*, for the Murder of their *Embaſſador*; but were anſwer'd, *That they themſelves, ought firſt to Expiate the Murther of their* King.

The *Scots* have Revolted from the *New Government* in *England*, and are yet in Suſpence, Whether they ſhall ſet up the Son of the Late King, or Form themſelves into an *Independent Republick*. The *Iriſh* are ſtedfaſt to the Intereſts of the *Crown*. And many *Iſlands* in *America*, ſubject to the *Kings* of *England*, have now deny'd all Obedience to the *New Engliſh Government*, which ſeems to tend towards a *Democracy*.

There is much talk of one *Cromwel*, the *General* of the *Engliſh* Forces in *Ireland*. This Man from a Private and Obſcure Eſtate, is aſcended to the Dignity of a *General*, having purchas'd this Command, by his Conduct and Valour. The *French* extol him,

for

for the Greateſt *Soldier* of this Age: And, if Fame be true, he is no leſs *Stateſman*.

As a Mark of the Reſpect I owe thee, thou wilt receive with this Letter, a Piſtol of Curious Workmanſhip, which being once charg'd, will deliver Six Bullets, one after another. If thou accepteſt this ſmall Preſent, it will be an Argument of thy Friendſhip.

Paris, *the* 19th. *of the* 8th *Moon*,
of the Year 1649.

LETTER XVI.

To the Venerable Mufti.

I Have often wondred at the *Lethargy*, wherein the *Nazarenes* ſeem to be drown'd. They forget what they read in their own *Bibles*; They there encounter with Expreſſions, which ſavour of the *Eaſt*. Every Page of the *Written Law*, reliſhes of the *Dialect* which is Pure and Lively; though the *Tranſlators* have cropt the Flower of the Senſe. I have read their *Bible* in *Greek*, *Latin*, and *French*; but none of theſe *Languages*, expreſs to the Life the *Original Hebrew*: Nor can it be expected. It is impoſſible to ſcrew up the Dull *Phraſes* of *Europe*, to the Significant *Idioms* of *Aſia*. We may as well expect *Dates* to ſpring from a *Reed*. And for that Reaſon, it is forbidden.

forbidden the *True faithful*, to Tranſlate the *Volume* of *Light* from the *Original Arabick*: Which is no other, than *Hebrew* in its *Ancient Purity*.

This is the *Language* of thoſe, who dwell above the *Seventh Orb*. 'Tis the *Dialect*, wherein *God* converſes with the *Pages* of his *Divine Seraglio*: Wherein all the *Records* of the *Celeſtial Empire* are writ. And when he iſſues out *Orders* to the *Miniſters* and *Baſſa's* of *Heaven*, *Haſmariel* the *Secretary* of the *Immortal Divan*, uſes no other Character or Speech, but that which is peculiar on Earth, to the Sons of *Iſmael*, the Inhabitants of the *Region* on the *Eaſt* of the *Red Sea*. In fine, this is the *Language*, wherein the *Omnipotent* thought fit to diſcover his Pleaſure to *Mortals*.

Believe *Mahmut*, when he tells thee with profound Submiſſion, that he has taken ſome Pains to pry into thoſe *Languages*, which have been the Channels of *Divine* Knowledge. I have been peculiarly ambitious, to ſtudy the *Anatomy* of *Oriental* Words: And it would be no *Hyperbole* to ſay, I have learn'd to diſſect even the very *Syllables*: Wherein the various placing of Points and Letters, alters the Senſe, or at leaſt makes it Ambiguous. So Significant and Myſterious, are Our *Sacred Characters*.

I ſpeak not this in Peeviſhneſs, or to vindicate my ſelf, from the Contempt which *Ichingi Cap' Oglani* has put upon me. I have no Emulation in that Point. Nor can any

little

little Spur of Pedantick Ambition, make me forward to contend with a Man, whose whole Talent consists, in knowing and remembring other Mens *Works*; as if he had studied at *Athens*, only for this End, to learn the facetious Art, of turning his *Brains* into a *Catalogue* of *Books*: But I reflect on the *Learned* among the *Nazarenes*, who are chiefly to blame, having the Custody of the *Book* delivered to 'em from the *Jews*. And among them, the *Translators* of that *Volume*, are past Excuse; for, they have deflow'd the *Original*, and robb'd the *Virgin Language*, of its Beauty and Honour: Whilst the rest are Witnesses, and silent Abettors of the Rape, in concealing the Indignity has been done to the *Letters* Form'd by the *Finger* of *God*, and full of *Divine Mysteries*.

In thus accusing the *Christian Interpreters* of the *Bible*, I do not patronize the *Critical* Whimsies of the *Jewish Caballists*. They are exploded by all Men of Sense. Yet there is a *Medium*, between the Excess of that affected Niceness, which has rendred the *one* Ridiculous, and of that study'd Carelessness, to which the Obscurity of the *Other* is owing. As the *Hebrews*, by pressing the Letters too close, have squeez'd out *Divine Chimera's*; so the *Christians*, in using too slack a Hand, have scarce gain'd a gross Draught of Common Humane Sense, leaving the Genuine *Elixir* of the Writer's Meaning behind.

I will not lay much to the Charge of the *Translators*, employ'd by *Ptolomy Philadelphus*,

phus, King of *Ægypt*. These were no *Christians*; nor yet in the Number of those, who *Adored* the *Celestial Bodies* and *Elements*: Nor did any of them, pay their *Devotions* at the same *Altar* with that *Ægyptian Monarch*, who was a *Worshipper* of the *God Serapis*: But they were *Jews*, Seventy, or Two more in Number, as the *Tradition* goes. And, being every one Commanded *severally* to *Translate* those *Manuscripts*, which the *Jews* esteem'd the *Oracles* of *God*, without conversing with, or seeing each other; 'tis said, their *Versions* all agreed to a *Syllable*.

This is the Story of the *Jews*, and seems to be Credited by the *Christians*: Yet some have found many Errors and Incongruities, in that *Celebrated Copy*. And, 'tis easie for an Impartial Eye, especially in the Head of an *Oriental*, to spy many more.

But the *Latin*, which they call the *Vulgar Translation*, is full of Mistakes. And the Pretended *Saint* who made it, should have gone farther than *Palestine*, for his Intelligence in *Ancient Hebrew*. His Name (if I mistake not) was *Hieronymus*. He pass'd many Years, in a *Cell* near the suppos'd *Tomb* of the *Christians Messiah*, in the *Holy Land*: Where, they say, he was *Inspir'd* with the *Knowledge* of *Hebrew*; and from thence, ventur'd upon a *Translation* of the *Old Testament*.

Thou wilt not expect a Certificate of these Things from *Mahmut*, who only tells thee what he has read in *Christian* Authors, whom they call the *Historians* of their *Church*.

But,

But, I can aſſure thee, 'twas no *Spirit* of the *Eaſt*, aſſiſted this *Eccleſiaſtick* in his *Verſion*. For, he comes far ſhort of rightly rendring the Lofty *Hyperboles*, Appoſite *Similitudes*, Elegant *Figures*, and other *Ornaments* of *Speech*, peculiar to the *Writings* of thoſe, who firſt ſee the *Riſing Sun*. Such are all thoſe, penn'd in the *Eaſt*: From which we muſt not exclude the *Manuſcripts* of *Moſes*, and the Reſt of the *Hebrew Prophets*, *Poets*, *Hiſtorians* and *Philoſophers*. Of theſe does the *Old Teſtament* conſiſt; except one *Book*, writ by my Countryman *Job*, who Five Times foil'd the *Devil*, in ſo many *ſet Combats* before *God*.

What ſhall I ſay then, of the *Tranſlations* that have been made of their *Bible* in other *Languages*, not ſo Copious and Significant as the *Latin*?

Since the Diviſion aroſe, between the *Roman-Catholicks* and *Proteſtants*, their *Bible* has been taught to ſpeak the *Dialect* of all or moſt *Nations* in *Europe*. Yet, ſuch is the Unhappineſs of the *Franks*, that they more they tamper with the *Language* of *Great Purity*, the worſe they ſucceed. Which has occaſion'd ſome Learned Men, as I am inform'd, to mark above a Thouſand Faults, in the Laſt *French Verſion* of that *Myſterious Book*.

What Room will they leave for the Cenſures of the *Muſſulmans*, if the *Chriſtians* themſelves are thus Critical, upon the *Grand Patent* of their *Salvation*?

It would be an endleſs Task, to recount all

all the Errors that may be diſcern'd in the Various *Traductſ* of the *Bible*, by any Man that has Convers'd in the *Eaſt*. Neither will I entrench on thy Patience, to gain the *Character* of a *Critick*.

Permit me to glance only on the *Pſalter*, or the *Odes* of *Sultan David*. How flat and dull are the *Meaſures* of the *Chriſtian Tranſlators*? How low have they ſunk the Senſe of that *Royal Poet*? He never begun to warble forth any of thoſe *Divine Songs*, till firſt inſpired by a *Seraph*, whom he had lur'd down from *Paradiſe*, by the Melody of his *Harp*. That *Seraph*, was *Maſter* of the *Muſick* Above, as the *Hebrew Doctors* teach. Every Time *David* play'd on his *Inſtrument*, *Ariel* (for ſo was the *Spirit* call'd) made his Deſcent, and ſung with a Grace which cannot be expreſs'd. The Docile *Poet*, ſoon learn'd both his Notes and Words. Seven Hundred Times, *David* touch'd his Harmonious Strings, and ſo often the *Angel* ſtood by him with the *Book* of the *Quire*. He taught him Seven Hundred *Sonnets*, that are Chanted by the *Lovers* in *Paradiſe*. But the *Devil* ſtole 'em from the *King*, whilſt he was gazing on another Man's Wife, bathing her ſelf in an adjoining Garden.

Yet there are above a Hundred *Hymns* remaining, which *David* compos'd by Memory out of the Former. But, ſome Sects among the *Chriſtians*, have turn'd 'em to the *Ballads* of the *Vulgar*.

So have they dealt by that ſurpaſſing *Poem* of *Solyman*, taught him by the *Ethereal Tutor*

ter of his *Father*. For *Ariel* was enamour'd of One of the *Virgins* of *Paradiſe*, at the ſame Time, that *Solomon* enjoy'd *Pharaoh*'s Daughter, and had newly built for her a *Seraglio* of *Cedar*. The *Heavenly Lover* therefore, to accommodate himſelf to the *Paſſion* of the *Mortal*, taught him One of the *Paſtorals* of *Eden*, a *Song* peculiar to his Own *Amour*.

But the *Nazarenes*, have turn'd it to a Dry and Inſignificant *Allegory*, by their *Gloſſes*: Putting an Affront alſe upon *Rhetorick* and *Poetry*, in Wording their *Tranſlation*.

If I ſhould go on, and number the Miſtakes they have made in the *Writings* of the *Prophets*, and other *Books* of the *Old Teſtament*, though it were but in this *General* Manner, I ſhould tire thee out: But to recount the *Particulars*, would be a *Thirteenth Task* for *Hercules*.

Yet after all theſe Defaults of the *Learned*, neither *they* nor the *Ignorant* can be excus'd from Wilful Blindneſs, in ſhutting their Eyes againſt the Twilight, which appears in the Worſt *Tranſlation*, and is ſufficient to direct any Man to the *Eaſt*, where *Wiſdom* ſhines in her *Perfect Splendor*.

There are Expreſſions all over the *Scriptures*, which point to the *Laws*, *Cuſtoms*, *Habits*, *Diet* and *Manner* of *Life*, us'd in the *Regions*, Firſt Viſited by the *Morning-Sun*. Theſe are the ſame *Now*, as they were of *Old*. And the *Muſſulmans* of this *Age*, obſerve no other Rule of Life, but what was practis'd by the *Patriarch Ibrahim*, above Three Thouſand

ſand Years ago, and by all the *Faithful* of thoſe *Times*. Our *Marriages*, *Circumciſions*, *Funerals*, *Prayers*, *Waſhings*, and all other *Ceremonies*, of *Religion* or *Civility*, are the ſame *Now* as *Then*. There is nothing added or diminiſhed, ſave the *Faith* and *Obedience* we owe to *Mahomet*. the *Ambaſſador* of *God*, and to the *Volume* put into his Hands by *Gabriel*, *Prince* of the *Divine Meſſengers*.

Our very *Habits*, and the *Manner* of our *Building*; our *Salutations*, and whole *Addreſs*, are the ſame at this Day, as the *Scripture* tells us, were in Uſe in thoſe *Ages* next after the *Flood*, among the *Patriarchs* and *Prophets*, and among all the *True Believers*, the *Poſterity* of *Ibrahim*: Eſpecially the *Deſcendants* by the *Right Line*, the *Stem* of *Iſmael*, the Eldeſt Son of *him*, who entertair'd *Three Angels* at Once in his *Tent*.

Yet the *Infidels* will not conſider it: But perſuade themſelves, they are the Only *Children* of the *Faithful Ibrahim*; pretending to practiſe, in I know not what *Figurative Senſe*, the Life we lead in truth: Cheating themſelves with *Empty Symbols*, while we enjoy the *Subſtance*.

But thou, *Great Succeſſor* of *Ibrahim* and the *Prophets*, vouchſafe to pray for *Mahmut*, That whilſt his Duty to the *Grand Signior* obliges him to dwell here in the *Weſt*, and to converſe with none but *Infidels*, he may ſtill retain the *Faith* of the *Eaſt*, the *Devotion* of an *Iſmaelite*, and the *Purity* of a *True Believer*. Still crying in his Heart, even in the

Temples

Temples of the *Infidels*; There is but One *God*, and *Mahomet* his *Meſſenger*.

Paris, 5th of the 9th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1649.

LETTER XVII.

To the Chiaus Baſſa.

THE *Peace* agreed on laſt Year, between the *Germans* and *Suedes*, is not yet fully eſtabliſh'd and confirm'd, There has been a *Ceſſation* of *Arms* ſince that Time. And now the *Duke Amalfe*, on the *Emperor's* Side, the *Duke* of *Vandort* for the *King* of *France*, and he of *Erskin* for the *Crown* of *Suedeland*, are met at *Norimbergh*, to conclude a Final *Ratification* of the *Articles*.

During this *Conſult*, the *Suediſh* Army are permitted by the *Emperour's* Agreement, to Quarter up and down in *Seven Circles* of the *Empire*, and not to be diſcharg'd, till all their Arrears are paid at the Coſt of the *Germans*. 'Tis ſaid, it will amount to Three Millions of *Sequins*. This *War* has laſted near Thirty Years; in which, above Three Hundred Thouſand Men have loſt their Lives.

As to the *Engliſh* Affairs, the prevailing Party there have declar'd that *Ancient Kingdom* to be a *Free State*, and the *Monarchy* is

Aboliſh'd

Aboliſh'd by a *Publick Act*. Nevertheleſs, after *Charles* was beheaded, his Eldeſt Son was Proclaim'd *King*, both in *England* and *Ireland*, by ſome of the *Nobles* and *Gentry*, that were Friends to that *Royal Family*. And in *Ireland*, a certain great *Duke* appear'd at the Head of a Numerous Army, in Behalf of the Young *King*'s Intereſt, having layd Siege to the *Metropolis* of that *Kingdom*; which, with one other Town, were the only ſtrong Holds, that reſiſted the *King*'s Party. But in the 8th. *Moon*, the *Army* which the *Engliſh States* had newly ſent over to that *Iſland*, engag'd with the *Forces* of this *Duke*, entirely routed them, killing Two Thouſand Men on the Spot, and taking many Thouſand Priſoners, with all their Ammunition and Baggage. This being ſeconded with other Victories, in a ſhort Time, reduc'd that *Kingdom*, under the Obedience of the *Engliſh States*.

In the mean Time, I hear no pleaſing News from the *Levant*. Veſſels daily arrive in the *Havens* of *France*, who confirm each other's Relations, of a Dreadful *Naval* Combat, between our *Fleet* and that of the *Venetians*; wherein they ſay, we have loſt Seventy Two *Gallies*, Threeſcore *Merchant*-Veſſels, and Eighteen *Ships of War*: That in this Fight, Six Thouſand Five Hundred *Muſſulmans* have loſt their Lives, and near Ten Thouſand were taken Priſoners.

I tell thee, theſe are great Breaches in the *Navy*, which, belonging to the *Lord* of the *Sea* and *Land*, has aſſum'd to it ſelf the Epi-

thet

thet of *INVINCIBLE*. Theſe are Blemiſhes in the Enſigns of high Renown; Reproaches to the *Empire*, which we believe is to ſubdue All *Nations*. I reflect not on the Courage, or Conduct, of the *Captain Baſſa*. Neither am I willing to help forward the Ruin of a Man, who cannot expect to be honour'd with a Veſt, a Sword, or any other Marks of the *Sultan*'s Favour for his Service in this Sea-*Campagne*. I am Naturally compaſſionate. 'Tis not in my Praiſe I ſpeak it; for, I believe this Tenderneſs, to be rather a *Vice* of my *Conſtitution*, than to have any Rank in the *Morals*, much leſs to be of Kin to the *Family* of *Vertues*. I pity a Man falling into Diſgrace, on whom the *Weather* of the *Seraglio* changes, from which he muſt expect Nothing but Clouds and Storms. Thoſe Tempeſts will prove more Fatal to him, than any that ever toſs'd his *Fleet* on the Ruffled *Ocean*. In all probability, he will ſuffer a Shipwrack of his Fortune, if not of his Life. Therefore, 'tis with extream Regret, I muſt ſay that which may haſten his Fall.

But I am commanded, not to conceal any Intelligence that relates to the Intereſt of the *Sublime Port*; nor to ſpare the Son of my Mother, if I know him Guilty of Criminal Practices.

All that I have to lay to the Charge of the *Baſſa* of the *Sea*, is, a Private Correſpondence which he holds with *Cardinal Mazarini*. This I diſcover'd by the Aſſiſtance of a *Dwarf*, whom I have often mention'd in

my

my Letters to the *Grandees* of the *Port*. I need not repeat to thee, what I have ſaid already to them, of the Birth, Education and *Genius* of *Oſmin*, (for, ſo is the little Spark call'd) nor of the Method I have put him upon, to wind himſelf into the Secrets of the *Publick Miniſters*. Only thou mayſt report to the *Divan*, That this diminutive Man, continues to purſue his Advantages of Acceſs to the Cloſets of the *French Miniſters*, whereof I gave an Account laſt Year, in a Letter to *Chiurgi Mahammet Baſſa*.

Thou may'ſt aſſure them alſo, that when he was Yeſterday in the Chamber of *Cardinal Mazarini*, he caſt his Eye on a Letter, which lay open on the Table; whilſt the *Cardinal* was in earneſt Diſcourſe, with an Extraordinary *Courier* from *Rome*. He had not Opportunity to read more than the *Superſcription*, and a Line or two of the Matter; which contain'd theſe Words:

The Mild Commander, The humble Shadow of the Bright Star of the Sea, Bilal *Captain Baſſa*,

To the moſt *Illuſtrious Prince* of the *Kingdom* of the *Meſſiah*, Eminent among the *High Lords* of Holy Honour, the Sublime *Directors* of the *People* of *Jeſus*, Aſſiſtant to the Chair of *Sovereign Dignity*, the Seat of the *Roman Caliph*, *Julio Mazarini*, *Cardinal*, and our Friend.

May whoſe later Days, encreaſe in Happineſs.

THY *affectionate Letter and Preſents, were deliver'd ſafe to me, as I lay at Anchor with the* Fleet *under my Command, not far from the* Iſland *of* Chios. *And as a Mark of my acknowledgment, and good Will to thee, and all the* Nazarenes; *I embrae'd in my Arms, the Noble Captain,* Signior Antonio Maratelli, *who had the Honour to be truſted with this Negotiation. I immediately diſrob'd my ſelf, and caus'd that brave* Italian, *thy Meſſenger, to be veſted with my own Garment, as a Pledge of* ———

Before *Oſmin* cou'd read farther, the *Cardinal* approach'd the Table, and took up the Letter, letting fall ſome Words to the *Courier*, by which the *Dwarf* was confirmed in his Suſpicion of the *Baſſa*'s Perfidiouſneſs, and that this Letter newly came from him. He poſted immediately to give me an Account of this Paſſage; believing it to be, as it is, of great Import. For, he has a ſingular Regard for the *Family*. which firſt exterminated the *Grecks* from *Conſtantinople*.

Thou know'ſt what Uſe to make of this Intelligence. I am not Cruelly inclin'd, but I muſt do my Duty. The Reſt I refer to thy Prudence.

I will

I will only advertiſe thee of One farther Remark of *Oſmin*; who by comparing what he has ſeen now, with a Diſcourſe he once before over-heard between *Mazarini* and a French *Nobleman*, whilſt he lay under the *Cardinal*'s Table, (which I have inſerted in one of my Letters) concludes, That the *Baſſa* there mention'd by the *Cardinal*, was this ſame *Bilal Baſſa*, who was at the Inſtance of the *Janizaries*, made *Baſſa* of the *Sea*.

I could not without making my ſelf an Accomplice, conceal ſo foul an Ingratitude to the *Grand Signior*, and ſo Villanous a *Treaſon* againſt the *Empire*, which holds the *Firſt Rank*, among all the *Dominions* on *Earth*.

Paris, 24th. *of the* 9th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1649.

LETTER XVIII.

To Cara Hali, Phyſician *to the* Grand Signior.

WE have had a violent hot *Summer* in theſe *Parts*, with much *Thunder* and *Lightning*; which has done conſiderable Damage to the *Farmers*, in burning their Hay and Corn in their *Granaries*. Complaints arrive here daily from all the *Provinces*, That *Heaven* has conſum'd their *Harveſts*.

This the *Court*-Party interpret, as a *Judgment* on them for their *Rebellions*; cauſing it to be induſtriouſly ſpread about in all Companies, That *Heaven* is Angry with the *Inhabitants* of *Guyenne*, *Bourdeaux*, and other *Provinces*, for taking up Arms this Year againſt their *Sovereign*. I know not how far this Cenſure is Juſtifiable: But 'tis obſerv'd, That the People of theſe *Rebellious Provinces*, have received more Apparent and Irreparable Injuries by the *Lightning*, than thoſe of other *Parts*. Several *Members* of the *Parliament* of *Aix*, were found dead in their Beds, after a Tempeſtuous Night of *Lightning*. And, next Day, the *Roof* of the *Houſe* where they *Aſſembled*, fell down and kill'd ſeveral.

In the *Great Church* of *Bourdeaux*, as they were Celebrating their *Maſs*, a Ball of Fire broke in from behind the *Altar*, ſmote down ſeveral

ſeveral *Images*, and filling the *Church* with an Intolerable Stink, flew out at a Window, without doing any farther Harm. And a great Bank of Money, rais'd by this City to pay their Souldiers, was all melted down by *Lightning*, to the Aſtoniſhment of thoſe who ſaw it; for, it was done in the Day-Time, the *Grandees* of *Bourdeaux* being preſent. It would be endleſs, to recount all the Miſchiefs that have been done in thoſe *Parts*. We had no great Harm here, ſave that almoſt all the *Wine* in the City, was turn'd to a Kind of *Vinegar* in one Night. Which the *Philoſophers* attribute to the Peculiar *Energy* of *Lightning*; which plays the *Chymiſt* with this Liquor, and in a Moment ſeparates and drinks up its Vital Spirits, leaving only a *Mortuum Caput* behind.

The *Seaſon* has been ſo hot during the *Dog-Days*, that the Air it ſelf ſeem'd Combuſtible; and the very Winds, from whence we look'd for Refreſhment, were like the Breath of a Stove: All Things ſeem'd ready to take Fire, as if the *Elements* waited for the *Grand Conflagration*. Heat was the Cry every where. Men's Bodies were ſcalded with Internal Flames; the Shade of Trees afforded no Relief; the Fountains could not allay their Thirſt. All *Nature* ſeem'd to be in a *Fever*, ready to expire.

Now thoſe Fervors are abated, and we begin to have Froſty Mornings. The Nitrous Air, reſtores Mens Appetites. Abundance of Rain, has new-moulded the gaping parch'd

Earth, and produc'd a *Second Spring*. The Husbandman comforts himſelf with the Hopes of *Another* Crop of Hay, to repair the Loſs of the *Former*, which the *Lightning* robb'd him of. In the mean Time, the Winds are very buſie, in diſrobing the Trees, and ſcattering not only their Leaves, but alſo the Fruit that is not gather'd, on the Ground; whereby a *Banquet* is prepar'd for the *Hogs* in every *Orchard*, who claim as much Right to feed on what lies on the *Common Table*, as their *Owners*. And 'tis no Unpleaſant *Muſick*, to hear a Herd of *Swine*, ſet their Teeth at Work on the Wind-fallen Apples. At leaſt, this Spectacle and Noiſe, is delightful to me, who have been without Appetite theſe Three *Moons*, and but juſt begin to recover my Stomach. I often ride out of *Paris*, on Purpoſe to take the Country Air, where my Bread taſtes more ſavourly than in the City. There appears ſomething ſo Harmleſs and Innocent in the Faces and Behaviour of the *Ruſticks*, as Effectually relieves my *Melancholy*. I cannot diſcern in them, any Signatures of *Court-Craft* and Villany. Their Converſation, chears my Spirits. I love to hear them talk of their *Rural* Affairs. My Eye follows the Ploughmen with Envy. Then I could wiſh it had been my Lot, to have been bred up in ſome homely Cottage, where I might have tended Oxen, Sheep or Aſſes; all which, Act Regularly according to their *Nature*: Whereas,

he

he that is the *Servant* of *Princes*, is compell'd to do many Things contrary to his *Reaſon*; which is the greateſt Unhappineſs can befall a Man. How ſweet is the Sleep of the Husbandman by Night, and how void is his Mind of imbittering Cares by Day? He riſes with the *Lark*, and is as chearful as that pretty Bird, ſaluting *Aurora* with a *Song* or a *Leſſon* on his *Pipe*. He ſnuffs up the wholſom and fragant Dew of the Morning, as he walks over the Lands. He beholds with Admiration and Pleaſure, the Gilded Clouds and Tops of Mountains, when the *Sun* comes forth of his *Bed-Chamber* in the *Eaſt*. He ſpurs himſelf on to his daily Labour by the Example of that Active *Planet*, following his Work with Content and Joy. His Food is Pleaſant both in his Mouth and his Belly; he feels no after-Pangs through Satiety; but well refreſh'd and nouriſh'd with his Homely Diet, he lies down with the Lamb, and ſleeps in Peace, never dreaming of *State-Intrigues*, or the *Plots* of the *Mighty*. Thus he paſſes his Life, in a Circle of Delights.

Tell me, Dear *Hali*, are not theſe proper Objects of Envy, to a Man in my Circumſtances? Or, canſt thou blame *Mahmut*, who has neither Health of Body, nor Peace of Mind, for wiſhing himſelf in a Condition, which would entitle him to both? I am entangled in a Thouſand Snares: My Employment is a Perfect Riddle. I muſt ſay and unſay the ſame Things, as often

as Occaſion requires. I muſt tell an Hundred Lyes, ſwear and forſwear my ſelf every Hour, if the Intereſt of the *Grand Signior* be at Stake. I muſt be a *Mahometan Chriſtian*, *Jew* or any Thing that will ſerve a Turn; Diſſemble with *God* and *Man*, Blaſpheme the *Prophets*, Curſe the *True Believers*, and my ſelf too, rather than baulk the *Cauſe* I am engag'd in. And yet, all this while they will perſwade me, I am a good Man, and ſhall go to *Paradiſe*. As if the *Mufti's* Diſpenſations, were available to cancel the Expreſs, Poſitive *Law* of *God*! Do they think to amuſe me with ſuch Umbrages, and ſend me muzzl'd to *Hell* with my Eyes open? I tell thee, I have a *Conſcience*, and ſuch a *Conſcience*, as will not let me be at Reſt in this Manner of Life. It were better to die, than to live ſtain'd with ſo many Prevarications. I know not what to do, amidſt ſo many Terrors: I feel my Body decay apace, and haſtening towards its Diſſolution; What will become of me, if I ſhould die under the Burthen of ſo many Sins? What Anſwer ſhall I be able to make, to the *Two Inquiſitors* of the *Grave*, the *Angels* who ſhall Examine me, Who is my *God*? and, Who is my *Prophet*? and, What is my *Faith*? The Darkneſs of that *Region* of *Shadows*, will not be ſufficient to hide my Bluſhes, and the Confuſion I ſhall be in at ſo preſſing a Tryal.

All my Comfort is, that I have yet Friends left, to whom I may freely vent my Thoughts, and ask their Counſel.

If

If thou haſt any Remains of that Friendſhip that has been between us, weigh my Caſe throughly, and tell me, Whether I am not loſt for Ever, without a Change of Life? Flatter me not, neither uſe the Artifices of Civility, in Palliating my Crimes. But, ſearch my Wounds, and give me thy Advice without a Veil; and *Mahmut* ſhall eſteem thee, the *Phyſician* of his *Soul*.

Paris, 24th. *of the* 9th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1649.

LETTER XIX.

To Kenan Baſſa, Chief Treaſurer *to his* Highneſs *at* Conſtantinople.

IF I have not addreſſed to thee before, attribute it to my Ignoranee of thy *Quality* and *Perſon*. As ſoon as I heard of thy Advancement to this *Important Truſt*, I reſolved to ſalute thee, as becomes a *Slave* in my Poſt, and to wiſh thee all the Happineſs thou canſt deſire. Yet, when I congratulate thy *Riſe*, remember, I do but welcome thee to a *Precipice*, a meer *Pinnacle* of *Fortune*, where thou haſt no Reaſon to expect ſecure Footing. The Blaſt of an Envious Mouth, will make thee totter. Thou breatheſt in an *Element*, full of Tempeſts. The ſly Practices of a *Ri-*

val, may undermine thee; or, the more open Frowns of thy *Sovereign*, may caſt thee down. Thou art ever liable to the Malice of the Vulgar, and not a little in Danger of thy own Weakneſs, the Inſeparable Companion of Humanity. If thou ſhouldeſt once look with Diſdain on thoſe that are beneath thee, the vaſt Diſtance and Height of the Proſpect, may make thee Giddy. Therefore, it will be good for thee, to have thy Eyes always fixt on thy ſelf. That will prove the beſt *Chart*, by which to ſteer thy Courſe, through the Rocks and Sands, which on all Hands threaten the Life of a *Courtier*. It will not be amiſs alſo, to place before thee, the Examples of Wiſe Men, thy *Predeceſſors*. There is a greater Force in theſe, than in the beſt Counſels; becauſe, Matter of Fact, leaves no Room for Diſtruſt: Whereas, Men are naturally jealous of thoſe who pretend to inſtruct them. We are all fond of our own Reaſon and Judgment; and are apt to ſuſpect him of ſome Deſign, who ſeeks to perſwade us, though to our Good. Beſides, there is a *Species* of *Pride*, a *Punctilio* of *Honour* in *Mortals*, which will hardly permit us to yield our ſelves in a Condition, to need anothers Advice: Whence comes the *Arabian Proverb*, which ſays, *A Man profits more by the Sight of an Idiot, than by the Orations of the Learned.* We all love to make our own Experiments, and ſooner truſt any Senſe than our Ears. Therefore, the *Lacedemonians* cauſed their *Slaves* to be made drunk in the Preſence of their Children; that from

from the *Squalidneſs* of the *Spectacle*, they might conceive a Hatred againſt that Vice, which by all the *Inſtructions* in the World, they would never learn to abhor.

The Crimes of ſome in thy *Station*, have more of Sobriety in them, but leſs Honeſty. Wonder not at the Expreſſion, nor accuſe me of Impudence. I reflect only on the *Wicked*: Number not thy ſelf among them.

Thou knoweſt, it has been an Ancient Cuſtom for our renowned *Emperors*, to divert themſelves at certain Times, with the Sight of their *Ineſtimable Treaſury*. I an no Stranger to the Ceremonies uſed at ſuch Times. One would think it impoſſible, amidſt ſo much Caution, that the *Grand Signior* ſhould be defrauded of the leaſt part of his Wealth. I do not ſpeak of the *Chamber* of *Arms*, or thoſe others which makes up the *Imperial Wardrobe*. The Bulk and Weight of thoſe Rich Velvet *Broccades*, and other Furniture of Gold and Silver, diſcourages the Theft. But who can number the *Robberies* that have been committed among the *Jewels*, and *Invaluable Rarities* of the *Myſterious Cloſet*? It has been found eaſie to conceal and tranſport from thence, whole Beds of Diamonds and Chains of Pearl, undiſcovered, I will not ſay unſuſpected, at the Times when *Anackdar-Agaſi* gives *Three Knocks*, on the *Cabinet* of the *Keys*.

Theſe are Hours of Munificence and Royal Bounty, when the *Auguſt Lord* of the *Mines*, is pleas'd to gratifie his *Slaves* with Gifts, and make

make them ſenſible they ſerve *Him*, who commands this *Upper World*, and that *Underneath*.

No *Prince* can diſcommend this Domeſtick Sport of our *Sovereign*, when he makes his *Pages* ſcramble for *Diamonds* and *Rubies*; ſince it gives him a Taſte of his own *Humanity*. Nothing being more agreeable, in Caſes on this ſide of Amorous Jealouſy, than to let others partake of our Pleaſures. And, 'tis the peculiar Delight of *Kings*, ſometimes to lay aſide their State and Grandeur, to be familiar with their Attendants; making them their Companions, or at leaſt, their *Proxies* in many Enjoyments.

But, 'tis pity this Favour ſhould be abuſed, as it has been in the Inſtance I mention'd. Thou art no Stranger to the *Records* of the *Haſna*, which tell us, That when *Gelep Chiaus-Baſſa*, was made *Chief Treaſurer* in the *Reign* of *Sultan Muſtapha*, the Lucre of the Glittering Jewels had tempted him to defraud his *Maſter*, to the Value of Five Hundred Thouſand *Sequins*. Which, upon the Information of Three *Pages*, and a diligent Search, were found in his Trunks.

It has been whiſper'd alſo, That few have enjoyed that Office, who have not purloyn'd Something from the *Imperial* Coffers. They ſay, 'tis an Hereditary Theft, deliver'd by Tradition from one to another. Every *Haſnadarbaſſi* being advanc'd to that Honour, by the Recommendation of his *Predeceſſor*, for the Service he has done him in conniving

at

at theſe Practices, which cannot be hid from any of the *Sixty* who Guard the *Royal Wealth*.

Thou canſt not blame me, for putting thee in Mind of theſe Things; in Regard I am commanded, to write with all Freedom to the *Sublime Miniſters*, whatever concerns the Intereſt of Our *Great Maſter*.

I have no more to ſay, but to deſire thee, in tranſmitting what Money is appointed for me, to be Timely and Punctual; to ſend *Dupſicates* by different *Poſts*, that if one ſhould miſcarry, I may not be at a Loſs: For, there is no Credit for a *Muſſulman* in *Paris*. *Eliachim* would ſupply me with what may ſuffice a *Dervich*; but, it belongs to thee to take Care, that I want not what is requiſite for an *Agent* of the *Grand Signior*.

Paris, 22d. *of the* 10th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1649.

LETTER

LETTER XX.

To Peſtelihali, *his Brother.*

I Unwillingly Concluded my laſt Letter, before I had vented half my Thoughts on thoſe *Oriental* Subjects, ſo full of Inſtruction and Pleaſure. Thy *Journal* is become my Pocket-Companion. I carry it with me to the *Gardens*, and *Solitudes*, and even to the *Libraries*, and *Churches:* To which Laſt, I am obliged to go ſometimes, That I may avoid Suſpicion.

The *Chriſtians*, when they enter the moſt Delightful *Gardens* of *Paris*, ſpend their Time, and weary themſelves, in walking forward and backward. They will meaſure ſeveral Leagues, in Traverſing one *Alley:* Which vain Cuſtom, thou knoweſt, is contrary to the Practice of the *Eaſtern* People, who love to ſolace themſelves, in ſitting ſtill under the cool Shades, and feeding their Eyes with the Grateful Verdure of Trees, their Noſes with the fragrant Smell of Herbs and Flowers, and their Ears with the pretty Melody of the Birds: All which, ſerve as Helps to their Contemplation.

After this Manner, I many Times paſs away ſome Hours in the *Gardens* of this City, whereof there are great Plenty. And, when I am cloy'd with the forementioned Pleaſures, then I take out thy *Journal*, and fall to Reading;

ing; which winds up my Thoughts afreſh, like a Watch that is down: Nay, it opens new Sources of Contemplation, and ſerves as a Miraculous *Taliſman*, to bring *China*, *India* and all the *Eaſt*, into the Place where I am; ſo Lively and Natural, are thy Diſcourſes of thoſe *Parts*.

When I am in the *Churches*, it ſerves me inſtead of a *Prayer Book*: And, whilſt Others are babbling over they know not what, or, at leaſt, they care not what; I offer up to *God* the *Firſt-Fruit* of my Reaſon and Knowledge, which he has given me to diſtinguiſh me from all Sorts of Beaſts, whether in Humane Shape, or not.

When I go to the *Libraries*, I compare thy *Journal* with the *Writings* of Others who treat of the ſame Matters; and find, that thou agreeſt with ſome, correcteſt the Miſtakes of others, and in all, ſheweſt a *Genius* elevated above all others of the Common *Hiſtorians* and *Travellers*, who ſeek rather to amuſe the Reader with uncouth Stories and Adventures, than to Inſtruct him with what is really Uſeful and Profitable.

Thus thy *Journal*, is become the Companion of my Solitudes, the Object of my Studies, and the Help to my Devotions Abroad; and, it is no leſs, the Diverſion of my Retirement and Melancholy at Home. I am a great Admirer of *Antiquity*: And therefore an old Craggy Rock, o'r-grown with Moſs, and full of gaping *Chaſms*, is a more agreeable Sight to me, than the Flow'ry Meadows or Verdant

Verdant Groves; becauſe the *Former*, looks like a *Relique* of the *Primitive Chaos*; whereas, I know the *Latter*, to be only the Product of the Laſt *Spring*. 'Tis for this Reaſon, thy *Narrative* affords me ſo vaſt a Delight, becauſe it treats of the moſt Ancient *Kingdoms* and *Governments* in the *World*: And is not ſtuffed, with *Chimæra's* and *Fables*, as moſt *Relations* of thoſe Countries are; but, gives a ſincere and true Account of whatever is Conſiderable, without touching on Impertinencies.

But, above all, I am delighted with that Part, which relates thy Travels in *China*: That Country, being of ſo vaſt an Extent, ſo Rich, ſo Populous; the People ſo Induſtrious, Learned and Politick (beſides the *Antiquity* of their *Empire*, which cannot in that Point be matched by any *Government* under the *Heavens*;) that the Exact Knowledge of theſe Things, ſeems to me of greater Moment, than any other Diſcoveries whatſoever.

What thou ſayeſt of the *Chineſe* Letters and Words, ſhews, that thou haſt made ſome Inſpection into that *Language*. And, thy Remarks on the long *Succeſſion* and *Series* of their *Kings*, is an Argument, That thou art no Stranger to their *Chronology*, which takes in many Thouſands of Years before *Noah's Flood*. Thou art very exact in enumerating their Publick *Tribunals* and *Courts* of *Juſtice*; as alſo, in deſcribing ſome Remarkable Bridges, Temples, Palaces, and other Structures:

Structures: Which ſerves to give the Reader a true *Idea*, of the Magnificence and Grandeur of the *Chineſe Emperors*; and of the Ingenuity of the *People*, who ſeem to excel all others in *Arts* and *Sciences*. In a Word, it is evident, That thou didſt not paſs thy Time with thy Arms folded, whilſt thou wert in that *Kingdom*. And, I know not how better to expreſs the Eſteem I have for thee, on the Account of the Pains thou haſt taken, to Inform both thy ſelf and me in Matters of ſo great Importance, than by giving thee an Account of what Progreſs the *Tartars* have made in the *Conqueſt* of that *Empire*, ſince thy Return to *Conſtantinople*. In my Laſt, I acquainted thee with the *Coronation* of the *Tartar*-King at *Pekin*. Since which, Other Veſſels are arriv'd from thoſe *Parts*, which bring an Account, that the Young *Tartarian Conquerour*, ſoon puſhed forward his Victories. And marching with an Army into *Corea*, (which *Kingdom*, thou knoweſt, borders on *China*) the King of that *Country*, made his Submiſſions; and entring into a League with *Zunchi*, held his *Crown* in *Fee* of that Victorious *Emperour*.

Afterwards, he haſtened to ſubdue the *Provinces* which remained Unconquered. His Method in accompliſhing this great Work, was by ſwift Marches, like another *Alexander* the *Great*; and by laying Siege to the Principal City of a *Province*, which he never failed, either to take by Force, or compelled to ſurrender, that ſo they might eſcape Famine.

mine. And when this was done, he took Poſſeſſion, both of it and the whole *Province*, ſummoning the Cities of Leſſer Note to ſurrender; which they ſeldom refuſed, after they had beheld the *Fate* of the Firſt. Thus in a little time, he became *Maſter* of all that ſpacious *Empire*.

The Fame of his Succeſs, quickly brought Innumerable *Tartars* out of their *Native Country*, to follow the Fortune of their *Emperour*. To theſe he gave the *Chief Offices* of his *Army*, and continued the *Chineſes* in the Adminiſtration of *Civil* Affairs. And, as a Token of their Subjection, he commanded all the *Chineſes*, to cut their Hair ſhort, and to cloath themſelves after the Faſhion of the *Tartars*.

They give a High Character of this Young *Prince*, who amidſt ſo many Succeſſes and Triumphs, diſcovers not the leaſt vain Glory, but contains himſelf within the Bounds of a vertuous Moderation, aſcribes all to the *Decrees* of *Deſtiny*, and, is not in the leaſt puffed up, with any of his Glorious Actions; which is an Argument, of a Spirit truly Heroick. And yet, this *Prince* is an *Idolater*, as are all the *Tartars* of that Nation; or rather, they are Men of no *Religion*, which makes their *Morals* the more admirable. For, according to the Relation of thoſe who came laſt from *China*, the *Tartars* are a very Temperate and Continent People, abhorring thoſe Vices, which are but too common in other Parts of the World, and from which the *True*

Believers

Believers themſelves are not Free. They are Rigorouſly Juſt alſo, and puniſh all Manner of Fraud and Deceit, with Immediate Death. As for their Conduct and Courage in the *Wars*, there is no *Nation* ſurpaſſes them, Few are their Equals. They are Paſſionate Lovers of an Active Life, ſpending moſt of their Time on Horſe-back, either in Hunting Wild Beaſts, or fighting with their Enemies. And their Horſes are the beſt and moſt Courageous in the World. There is Nothing the *Tartars* ſo much deſpiſe, as the Sedentary Life of *Students* and Learned Men; accounting them, the Burden of a *Commonwealth*, lazy Drones, fit only to be ſold for Slaves. But Men of Service and Merit in the Wars, they have in great Eſteem; never failing, to reward ſuch with Dignities and Commands, proportionable to their Deſerts and Capacities. Nay, ſuch is the Martial *Genius* of this Nation, That the very Women Ride to the Wars with the Men, and perform Exploits above what is expected from that ſoft and delicate Sex. Both Men and Women, are habituated from their Infancy, to live in Tents or Waggons, there being very few Cities in all *Tartary*. There they are inur'd to Hunger, Cold, Thirſt, and all the Methods of a Frugal and Hardy Life. This is that, which renders them Excellent Soldiers, and a Terrour to all the Nations round about them. This is that, which ſo ſoon Reduced all *China* to their Obedience; the *Chineſes*, among all their Vertues and Accompliſhments, being the moſt

Effeminate

Effeminate People on Earth. This no doubt, thou haſt obſerved.

Brother, I adviſe thee, to go to *Kerker Haſſan, Baſſa*, our Countryman, and preſent to him theſe Obſervations on the *Tartars*; which thou mayſt eaſily do, by tranſcribing what is for thy turn, out of this Letter. He Inherits his Father's *Genius*; who, thou knoweſt, was one of the Greateſt *Hunters* in all *Arabia*, and had a Character, not much different from what I have here given thee of the *Tartars*. That *Baſſa*, will take great Delight in theſe *Memoirs*, and will think himſelf obliged, to make thee ſome proper Acknowledgment. He is Generous and Great, and it lies in his Power to promote thee. I have writ to him already, and have given him an *Encomium* of thy Ability. I will ſecond it with another Letter, in Anſwer to one I lately receiv'd from him, wherein he deſires a farther Account of *China*. I will inform him therefore, of ſeveral Paſſages out of thy *Journal*. He, no doubt, to make a farther Tryal of thy Knowledge, will ask thee ſeveral Queſtions, relating to theſe Matters. So ſhalt thou have a fair Opportunity, of rendering thy ſelf Conſpicuous, and of gaining his Eſteem. Follow my Advice; take Time by the Fore-lock, and the Event ſhall prove Happy.

Paris, 8th. *of the* 11th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1649.

LETTER

LETTER XXI.

To Kerker Haſſan, Baſſa.

I Received thy Commands, and am proud of the Honour thou haſt done me, in requiring the ſmalleſt Service at my Hands; eſpecially, one of this Nature: Which is an Argument, that my Former Relation of *China*, was acceptable to thee. This I account my Honour and Happineſs, that I have a Brother, who has made ſuch Conſiderable Improvements in his *Travels*: For, 'tis to him, I owe the Knowledge I have of that Country, and the other *Parts* of the *Eaſt*. As for my Couſin *Iſouf*, he would never vouchſafe to ſend me a Syllable, relating to his *Travels*, though he had rambled throughout all *Aſia*.

I deſired this Favour of him in ſeveral Letters, but have received no Anſwer; ſo that I know not, whether he be Dead or Alive. My Friends are very backward in writing to me: And, unleſs it be ſome of the *Miniſters* of *State*, who ſometimes honour me with a *Diſpatch*, though very rarely, I hardly receive a Letter from my familiar Friends and Relations in Twenty *Moons*. Which makes me conclude, that Abſence of ſo long a Date, has quite blotted me out of their Minds.

As to what thou deſireſt farther to know concerning *China*, my Brother ſays, That

Empire

Empire contains 4400 wall'd Towns and Cities; 3000 Caſtles and Towers of Defence on the Frontiers, wherein are always Garriſoned a Million of Soldiers, who are relieved at due Times, by others of equal Number. There are a Million alſo conſtantly kept in Pay, to guard the *Governours* of *Provinces*, *Embaſſadors*, and other *Officers* of *State*. The *Emperour* of *China*, maintaining Five Hundred Thouſand Horſe, to attend his Perſon. All this is, in Time of *Peace*. But, upon any *Revolt* or *Invaſion*, the Forces are Innumerable. There are in *China* 331 Bridges, Remarkable for their Strength and Magnificence, beyond all others in the World; 2099 Mountains; Lakes and Medicinal Fountains 1472; 1159 Triumphal Arches and other Monuments, erected in Honour of Valiant and Learned Men; 272 Libraries, abounding with all Manner of Excellent Books. *Temples* 300000, and as many *Prieſts*, beſides the *Convents* of their *Religious*. They reverence 3036 Male-*Saints*, and 208 Female. All which have *Temples* dedicated to their Honour, beſides thoſe which are conſecrated to the Sun, Moon, and Stars, Fire, Air, Earth and Water, and to the *Heavens* which comprehend All, and to the *Celeſtial Gods* who rule All, and to the *Supreme God*, Creator of the *Worlds*. In theſe *Temples*, they celebrate the Praiſes of their *Gods* and *Heroes*, with Muſick and Songs, Incenſe and Sacrifices; believing, that all Things which are conſpicuous for the Excellency of their Nature, or from which

which Mankind receives any General or Extraordinary Benefit, ought to be worſhipped with *Divine* Honours. In this, they differ not from the Ancient *Pagans* of *Greece* and *Rome*, who had almoſt as many *Gods* and *Goddeſſes*, as there were ſeveral Creatures in the World; ſo that there was no Beginning nor Ending of their Superſtitions: And, the moſt Learned, and Contemplative of their *Prieſts*, found the *Ceremonies* of their *Religion*, to be an Inextricable Labyrinth, where they were often loſt. Certainly, happy are the *Faithful Muſſulmans*, who *Adore* but *One God*, the *Fountain* of the *Univerſe*, without entangling themſelves, in the Abſurdities of *Infidels*.

The *Chineſes*, are great Admirers of Themſelves, and their Own *Nation*; believing, that no People can ſtand in Competition with them, for Learning, Wiſdom and Riches. They have a very contemptible *Idea* of all other *Countries*, with their Inhabitants; Eſteeming them, either as *Idiots*, or *Monſters*.

This Conceitedneſs, is owing to their Ignorance of the Reſt of the World; for, they ſeldom or never, travel beyond the Limits of their own *Empire*.

I could ſay a great Deal more of this People; but, it will be better for thee, to hear it from my Brother, who has been there, and can give thee ample Satisfaction in all Things, relating to that *Empire*. I have wrote to him, to go and kiſs the Duſt before thy Feet. If thou makeſt Tryal of his Abilities, thou wilt

wilt find him improved by his Travels, a Man fit for Buſineſs, and one in whom thou may'ſt confide; Which is a Vertue, never enough to be prized in theſe corrupt Times.

In theſe Things however, mingle thy own Diſcretion, with the Kindneſs of a Country-Man, and the Affection of a Friend.

Paris, *the* 8th. *of the* 11th. *Moon, of the Year* 1649.

LETTER XXII.

To Cornezan, Baſſa.

WEre *Ovid* alive, the Events of this Year, wou'd afford him Matter for *New Fictions*. He would either tell us, that the *Goddeſs* of *Love* had ſet a Spell upon *Mars*, and charm'd him into Good Nature; or, that he had drank ſo large a Draught of *Nepenthe*, as had made him forget his Old Trade, of embroiling *Mortals* in *Wars*. However it be, *Hymen* ſeems to have the greateſt Share in this Year's Actions. For, inſtead of Battels and Sieges, the *Nazarene Princes* have been engaged in Encounters of a Softer Character, the Gentle Affairs of *Love* and *Marriage*.

In the Firſt *Moon*, the *New King* of *Poland*, whom they call *John Caſimir*, Married the Widow of his Deceaſed Brother. In the Ninth

Ninth, the *Prince* of *Hanault*, Eſpous'd the *Duke* of *Holſtein*'s Daughter. And the laſt *Moon* was Remarkable for Two Matches; One of the King of *Spain* with *Anna Maria*, the *German Emperor*'s Daughter; the Other, of the *Duke* of *Mantua*, with *Iſabella Clara* of *Auſtria*.

Theſe are all bruſhing forward in the Crowd of the *Living*; they are buſy in augmenting the *Generations* of *Men*: Whilſt others of as *High Blood*, are gone to encreaſe the *Number* of the *Dead*; being enroll'd amongſt the *Ghoſts*, and made *Denizons* in the *Region* of *Shadows*.

The *Empreſs* of *Germany*, died in the Fifth *Moon*. The *Duke* of *Braganza*, in the Ninth. The *Dutcheſs* of *Modena*, in the Eighth. And a certain *German Prince*, whoſe Name I have forgot, died in the *Moon* of *October*. Beſides theſe, Death has alſo Arreſted *Oſſalinski*, the *Great Chancellor* of *Poland*; *Wrangel*, *General* of the *Swediſh* Army; *Frederick*, the *German Embaſſador* at *Rome*; *Ferdinand*, *Elector* of *Cologne*; and the *Vice-Roy* of *Bohemia*, who was by his Enemies thrown out of a Window and had his Brains daſh'd out. So that tho' *Mars* may have ſeem'd to lie Dormant this Year, yet his Companion in Miſchief, Old *Saturn*, has been very Active, as the *Aſtrologers* ſay, who attribute all Events, to the *Influx* of the *Stars*. Some are alſo of Opinion, that the *Eclipſes* of the *Sun* and *Moon* this Year, were Preſages of the Death of theſe *Great Perſons*. They might as well plead,

That the Daily *Riſing* and *Setting* of thoſe *Luminaries*, Portended all the Tragical Events that happen'd on Earth; ſince it is not more *Natural* for them, to continue Unalterably Moving from *Eaſt* to *Weſt*, than it is for them to be Obſcur'd, at certain determin'd Stations, in their Journey, by *Interpoſitions* which happen of Courſe.

We are Strangers to the *Chronologies* of the *Chineſe* and *Indian Gentiles*. Neither can any good Account be now given, of the Ancient *Egyptian* and *Aſſyrian Records*. They run many *Ages* back, beyond the Common *Epocha*, of the *Beginning* of the *World*.

But the whole *Syſtem* of *Known Hiſtory*, relates but Two *Extraordinary* or *Preternatural* Changes in the *Courſe* of the *Sun*, during theſe Six Thouſand Years.

One, when that *Luminary* ſtood ſtill in the Time of *Jehoſhua*, *General* of the *Iſraelites*, to ſerve the *Ends* of *Deſtiny*, and prolong the Light of the Day to a double Proportion, till the Oppoſite Army was quite deſtroy'd, and not one of the *Uncircumcis'd* could eſcape the Swords of the Victorious Sons of *Jacob*.

That Day prov'd a long Night to their *Antipodes*. They turn'd themſelves in their Beds, when they had out-ſlept the Uſual Hours of Night, and ſaid in their Hearts, *Surely the* Sun *is fall'n aſleep, or is Banqueting with the* Gods *of the* Sea. *Perhaps* Thetis *detains him in her Embraces, whilſt the* Tritons *faſten his Slumbers with their ſofteſt Muſick: Or* Neptune

regales

regales in the Palaces of the Diep. Thus the Diſconſolate *Nations* argu'd in their Chambers. They were alarm'd with Fears of Unknown Events.

Such as dwelt on the Borders of the Earth, and were accuſtom'd to mark the conſtant *Ebbing* and *Flowing* of the *Sea*, admir'd the Delay of the Uſual Tides, and ask'd, *What was become of the Moon?* for, that *Planet* alſo ſtood ſtill with the *Sun*.

The Light of their Souls was Eclips'd, and their Reaſon labour'd under a greater Darkneſs than that which troubl'd their Eyes. They were Ignorant of the *VVorks* of *God*; and knew not, that the *Celeſtial Orbs* ſtood ſtill at the Command of the *Spirit* which formed them, even at the *VVord* of the *Prophet* Inſpir'd from *Above*.

So in the Days of *Hezekiah*, King of the *Jews*, the *Sun* went back in his Circuit, and all the *Frame* of *Heaven* was Retrograde, to confirm the *Prophet*'s Good News, when he told the ſick King, *That Fate had Prolong'd his Life for Fifteen Years*. This was in the Days of *Merodach Baladan*, the *King* of *Babylon*, who ſent *Ambaſſadors* to congratulate *Hezekiah*'s Miraculous Recovery.

Beſides theſe, nothing has happen'd to the *Sun*, or any of the *Heavenly Bodies*, beyond the Ordinary Courſe of *Nature*. A Man may as well Prognoſticate from Cloudy Weather, the Calamities of *Emperours* and Meaner Men, as from the *Eclipſes* of the *Sun* and *Moon*: Since the *One* as well as the *Other*, obſcures the Light

of thoſe *Heavenly Bodies* : And the *Former*, quite hides them from Us; which is the greater Eclipſe of the Two.

Let us pray *Heaven*, to grant us the continual Uſe of our *Senſes*, and not to *Eclipſe* the *Light* of our *Reaſon* ; and we need fear no *Diſaſters*, from the *Common Appearances* of *Nature*.

Paris, *the* 7th. *Moon Chaban, of the Year* 1649.

The End of the Firſt Book.

LETTERS

LETTERS
Writ by
A Spy at *PARIS.*

VOL. IV.

BOOK I.

LETTER I.

To Mahammed Eremit, *Inhabitant of the* Prophetick Cave, *in* Arabia *the* Happy.

PArdon my Importunity, if I this once trouble thee with an Addreſs of Scruples, begging thy Counſel in the Affairs of my *Soul*. I ſeem to my ſelf as a Traveller loſt in a Wilderneſs of Doubts and Uncertainties, without Guide or Conduct. Not that I queſtion the Truth of our *Holy Re-*

ligion, or miſtruſt the *Authority* of the *Sent* of *God*. Certainly, I revere the *Book* of *Glory*, whoſe *Sacred Verſicles*, are tranſcribed on my Heart. But, there is wanting to every Man, a particular Conduct in the Intricacies of this Life. I have not the Art of applying the General *Precepts* of the *Law*, to my Own Perſonal Occaſions and Neceſſities. Infinite Difficulties ariſe from my daily Affairs. My Converſation with *Infidels*, and the Duty I owe my *Great Maſter*, entangle my Conſcience. I am embaraſſed on all Hands; and whilſt I ſtudy to conſerve Purity, I find my ſelf ſtill defiled.

I am no *Heretick*, nor in the Number of thoſe who are *Predeſtinated* to be *Damn'd*, for the Injurious Love they bear to *Hali*; Injurious, I ſay, becauſe it derogates from the Honour they owe to *Omar*, *Oſman* and *Ebubecker*, the True Succeſſors of the *Apoſtle* of *God*.

As I firmly believe the *Alcoran*, ſo I give an entire *Faith* to the *Book* of *Aſſonah*, or the *Agreement* of the *Wiſe*, with the *Writings* of the Four Principal *Imaums*, *Haniff*, *Schaſi*, *Melechi* and *Hambeli*. And I am reſigned to the *Sentence* of the *Mufti*, as our *Fathers* were of *Old*, to the *Oraculous* Determinations of the *Babylonian Califfs*. I Curſe the *Kyzilbaſchi* with as much Devotion, as I pray for the Health and Felicity of *True Believers*. I ſpit at the Naming of them, who deny the *Chapter* of the *Covering*, and the *Verſicles* brought down by the *Squire* of *Gabriel*, in

Honour

Honour of the *Prophet*'s Wife. I never lifted up my Hand againſt any who deſcended from the *Divine Meſſenger*. And if in my Paſſion, I have ever Curs'd a *Muſſulman*, I took of the Duſt under his Feet, and laid it on my Lips, before the Shadow of the Sun had advanced a Hairs-breadth; and ſo I hindred the ſwift *Recorder* of our Words, from Regiſtring the Imprecation. For, that Duſt, I believe, has Power to blot out the Memorials, of our Evil Words and Works.

When I meet a *Santone*, or one of thoſe Divinely Mad, I put in practice the Leſſon of *Orchanes*; and honouring the *Holy Frantick*, I fall down and Adore *Vertue*, in that Contemptible Diſguiſe.

I neglect none of the *Purifications*, Commanded by Our *Holy Lawgiver*; but rather add thoſe, that we *Arabians* have received by Tradition from our *Fathers*, the Sons of *Iſmael*: Yet, I hope, in Caſe of Neglect, ſome Indulgence is allowable to a *Muſſulman*, in a Country of *Infidels*. I uſe the *VVaſhing* of *Abdeſt* at all Times in my Chamber, where no Curious Eye can obſerve my Cleanlineſs; or Suſpicious Apprehenſion draw Concluſions of my being a *Mahometan*. But I cannot thus practiſe the *VVaſhing* of *Taharet*; there being not ſuch Conveniences for that Purpoſe in *Paris*, as in *Conſtantinople*. Yet, I am careful to ſupply this Want, by other Methods of Purity; otherwiſe, I ſhould be an Abomination to my ſelf. There is no Neceſſity, that I ſhould frequent the *Bath*, who never touch-

ed a Woman: Yet, I often go into the River, taking a Boat with me for that End, and cauſing my ſelf to be rowed half a League from the City, wherein a little Bay or Creek, I waſh my whole Body, that I may do ſomething beyond the Obligations of the *Law*, to expiate the Involuntary Breaches of my Duty. Yet, after all this, I cannot call my ſelf *Clean*.

I *Pray* at the Appointed Hours; Or, at leaſt, if the Affairs of my *Commiſſion* hinder me from complying with the *Law*, as to the exact Times of the Day, I atone for that neglect, by *Watching* the greateſt Part of the Night. And, to the *Oraiſons* appointed by *Authority*, I add *Supernumerary Prayers* of my own, to evidence the *Sincerity* of my *Devotion*.

I *Faſt*, and give *Alms*, according to my Ability. I beſtow much Time, in Reading and Meditating on the *Alcoran*. In a word, I do all that my Reaſon tells me is Neceſſary, to render me a good *Muſſulman*; and yet, I have no Peace in my Mind. Methinks, I ſee our *Holy Prophet* furrowing his Brows at me and darting angry Looks from his *Paradiſe*. He ſeems to reproach me with Uncleanneſs and Infidelity. By Day my Imagination troubles me; and at Night, I am Terrify'd with Fearful Dreams. Which makes me conclude, That notwithſtanding all my Obedience to the *Law*, and the ſtricteſt Care I take to acquit my ſelf a *True Believer*, yet I am far ſhort of my Aim; and therefore, I number my ſelf with thoſe, with whom *God* is diſpleaſed.

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It is impoſſible to expreſs the Horror, which this Thought creates in me. I am overwhelmed ſometimes with Melancholy and Deſpair. And, becauſe I am forc'd to keep my Grief to my ſelf, without having the Privilege of Venting it to a Boſom Friend, it is ready to burſt my Heart.

This is my Condition at Certain Seaſons; which I eſteem as bad, or worſe, than thoſe who are Doom'd to *Aaraf*. For as they cannot enjoy the Felicities of *Paradiſe*, ſo they are ſecured from the Torments of the Damn'd: Whereas, for ought I know, my Portion may be in *Hell*. Wilt thou know how I redreſs this Evil Temper of Mind, and what Method I take to cure my Melancholy? Receive it not as Flattery, when I tell thee, Thou art my Phyſician, and the *Idea* of thy Innocent Life, my Medicine. When I have rowl'd over Ten Thouſand Thoughts, which afford me no Eaſe or Relief, no ſooner do I fix my Contemplation on the *Solitary* of Mount *Uriel*, but a ſudden Beam of Light and Comfort, glances through my Soul. I promiſe my ſelf greater Satisfaction from thy Advice, than from all the *Imaums* and *Moliahs* of the *Empire*.

Tell me therefore, O *Holy* and *Pious Eremit*, how I ſhall diſſipate theſe Miſts of Grief and Sadneſs, which envelop my Mind, and threaten to ſuffocate my Intellect.

If in this Darkneſs and Confuſion, I ſhould apply my ſelf to the *Diſciples* of *Alhazan* for Inſtruction, they will puzzle me with Intri-

cate Niceties, about the *Eſſence* and *Unity* of *God*: Whereas, I am too much troubled already, with diſtracting Speculations. I ſeek not to dive into that which is *Incomprehenſible*, but to be inſtructed in the Plain and Intelligible Way to to *Happineſs*. What imports it, whether *God* be *Good* by his *Goodneſs*, or by his *Eſſence*? This is, to throw *Metaphyſical* Duſt in my Eyes, and ſo leave me in a worſe Condition than they found me.

No better Light, muſt I expect from the *Momſconderan*: For, if they are ſtrict Obſervers of the *Law*, ſo am I, where the *Precepts* are applicable to my Condition and Circumſtances. But, I want a Direction in many Emergencies, for which the *Alcoran* ſeems to have made no Proviſion, but leaves every Man, to the Conduct of his own Prudence. And, I muſt confeſs, I dare not truſt mine, in all Caſes of this Nature. Beſides, inſtead of Interpreting to me in a plain Style the *Statutes* of the *Law*, they will Confound me with High and Unintelligible Notions of the *Divine Attributes*, which are ſufficient to dazle the Intellect of the Brighteſt *Seraphim*. And, if they could once perſwade me to be zealous for their Speculations, I might in Time turn ſuch another Religious Fool, as was one of their *Followers*, the *Poet Namiſi*, who being wrapt in his profound Speculations of the *Divine Unity*, and hearing an *Imaam* pronounce the *Sacred Sentence*, *God is One*, gave him the Lye, and told him, That he multiply'd the *Divinity*, in aſſigning it any *Attribute*, though

it

it were only that which expreſſed his *Unity*. For which Impudent Aſſertion, he was ſea'd alive.

In as bad a Condition ſhould I be, if I ask'd the Adviſe of the *Muſerin*, thoſe *Infidels* in Maſquerade, who under the Diſguiſe of *Muſſulmans*, deny the *Being* of a *God*, aſſert all Things to come by Chance, and live without Hope or Faith of Another Life. For, if this were true, that there were no Reward or Puniſhment of Good or Bad Works, I would either ſoon make my Way to Earthly Happineſs, by not boggling at any Vice that would conduce to that End; Or, if I fail'd in that Attempt, I would not tamely wait for a *Martyrdom* from Men, but bravely rid my ſelf of a Life, which was attended with nothing but Miſery.

Almoſt as bad as theſe, are the *Hairet*, thoſe *Mahometan Scepticks*, who dare not truſt their own Reaſon, but are ever Wavering and Irreſolute. If I ſhould ſeek for Inſtruction at their Hands, they would anſwer me, *God knows beſt what I ought to do*, and ſo leave me in the ſame Suſpence as I was before.

Much worſe are the *Guiid*, thoſe Moroſe Interpreters of the *Law* of *Mercy*, who damn a Man irrecoverably to *Hell*, for committing one Mortal Sin. This is enough to drive all Mankind to Deſpair.

Indeed the *Morals* of the *Sabin* pleaſe me, who ſeem to be perfect *Mahometan Stoicks*, aſcribing all Events to *Deſtiny*, and the *Influence* of the *Stars*. I could willingly embrace the

the Advice of *Philoſophers*, who appear ſo void of Paſſion; but I could never join with them, in Adoring the Sun, Moon and Conſtellations of *Heaven*, becauſe the *Alcoran* has expreſly forbidden it. And, were there no ſuch Prohibition, my own Reaſon would convince me, that I ought as well to Adore the Fire for warming me and ſerving my other Neceſſities, or the Water for quenching my Thirſt and Purifying me, or my own Hands for feeding me, as to pay theſe Divine Honours to the *Celeſtial* Bodies; ſince the one, as well as the other, Act according to their Nature.

In a Word, of all the Innumerable *Sects*, into which the *Muſſulman Empire* is divided, I cannot expect entire Satisfaction from any; for, if they appear Orthodox in ſome *Tenets*, in others they are manifeſtly *Heretical*. Yet, I cannot but ſet a higher Value on ſome, than Others, as their Doctrines and Practices approach nearer to Reaſon and Truth. For, I am not yet ſuch an *Academick*, as to ask that Mock-Queſtion, *What is Truth?*

Doubtleſs, our *Fathers* knew it, and the *Meſſenger* of *God* was ſent to divulge it on Earth. But, if Ignorance, Superſtition and Error have baniſhed it from *Courts* and *Cities*, let us ſeek it in the *Deſarts*. Perhaps we may find this Wanderer among the Rocks and Woods; or, 'tis poſſible ſhe has ſheltered herſelf in ſome Den or Cave, as hoping for greater Favour from the Wild Beaſts, than from the Society of Men.

If

If *Truth* be no where to be found Entire, but has divided her ſelf among the Different *Religions* and *Sects* in the World, then, rather than miſs of this *Divine* Jewel, I will ſearch for it in Fragments; and whatſoever is Rational and Pious in any *Sect*, I will embrace, without concerning my ſelf in their Follies and Vices.

After all, the *Munaſihi* ſeem to me, the only Orthodox and Illumined of God, who declining the private By-Ways of *Schiſmaticks*, walk in the High Road of Priſtine Juſtice and Piety, following the Steps of the *Ancients*, and obeying the Traditions which know no Origin. Among theſe, thou appeareſt as another *Pythagoras*; confirming them by thy Example in an Innocent Life; enduring the utmoſt Severities of Abſtinence, rather than be Guilty of ſhedding the Blood of thoſe Creatures, which the *Great Lord* of *All Things* Created, to enjoy the Herbage of the Field, and to partake of the Common Bleſſings of *Nature*, as well as We.

To thee therefore I have Recourſe, as to an *Oracle*. Tell me, O *Sacred Sylvian*, am I not obliged to obey the Inſpirations of my *Nature*, or *Better Genius*, which tells me, 'Tis a Butcherly and Inhuman Life, to feed on ſlaughtered Animals? Did not all thoſe who aim'd at *Perfection* among the *Primitive Diſciples* of the *Prophet*, abſtain from Murdering the Brutes? 'Tis true, the *Meſſenger* of *God*, did not poſitively enjoin *Abſtinence* from *Fleſh*; yet he recommended it, as a *Divine Counſel*.

And,

And, thoſe to whom he indulged the Liberty of Eating it, he ty'd up to certain Conditions. Do not all the *Religious Orders* Preach up *Abſtinence*, both in their *Sermons* and *Lives*? I make no longer Doubt, but the Corruption of Manners, and Voluptuouſneſs of Men, are the Cauſes, that this *Ancient* Sobriety is now diſus'd and ſlighted. My own Experience confirms me in this Opinion, who have often attempted to live in *Abſtinence*; but, by the Force of a Voracious Appetite, ſuffered my ſelf to be carri'd back to my old Intemperance.

Yet, in Eating Fleſh, I have been preciſely careful, to obſerve the Prohibitions of our *Holy Prophet*, ſo long as it was in my Power. I never *Knowingly* taſted of *Blood*, nor of any Thing *ſtrangled* or *knocked* down. But, it is Impoſſible for me to aſſure my ſelf of this; or that all the Fleſh I Eat, was *killed*, in Pronouncing that *Tremendous Name* which gave it *Life*. Neither could I Once eſcape a Neceſſity, of Eating *Swine's Fleſh*.

But, I abominate my ſelf for this Involuntary Crime. And, to obviate the like Temptation for the Future, I will taſte of Nothing, that has Breath'd the Common Air; being inclined to believe the *Metempſychoſis*: Which, if it be true, I wiſh for no greater Happineſs, than that in my next Change, my *Soul* may paſs into the Body of the *Camel*, which ſhall carry thee to *Mecha*.

Paris, *the* 14th. *of the* 1ſt. *Moon*, *of the Year* 1650.

LET-

LETTER II.

To Minezim Aluph, Baſſa.

MY Intelligence from the *Imperial Port*, ſometimes arrives late; either through the Neglect of *Kiſir Dramelec*, to whom that Care is committed, or through the Badneſs of the Roads, which many Times are Impaſſable. Beſides the frequent Stops and Interceptions of the *Poſts*, in this Time of *War*. Which is the Reaſon, I do not always hear of the *Alterations* at the *Seraglio*, and the *Changes* that are made in the *Governments* of the *Shining Empire*, till many *Moons* are paſs'd. Who is exalted, or who made *Manſoul*, are Things to which *Mahmut* is for a Time a great Stranger.

Therefore, thou haſt no Reaſon to be offended, that I am thus late in ſending to thee my Congratulatory Addreſs. But reſt confident, that I wiſh thee increaſe of Happineſs, like the *Sprouting* of the *Palm*.

As a Mark of my Duty and Affection, I ſhall now acquaint thee with News, which though it may ſeem of ſmall Import to the *Divan*, yet has ſtartl'd all *Europe*.

It is the Impriſonment of Three of the *French Princes*; not thoſe of the *Ordinary Rank*, but *Branches* of the *Royal Stem*, whoſe Names are not unknown in the *Seraglio*, the *Reſidence* of *Fame*. They are, the *Princes* of

Conde

Conde and *Conti*, Brothers, and the *Duke* of *Longueville*, Husband to their Sister. They are the Principal Subjects in this *Nation*; all Three, having the *Majestick Blood* of the *Kings* of *France*, running in their Veins.

They owe their Confinement to *Cardinal Mazarini*, or rather to their own Inartificial Conduct. The *Prince* of *Conde*, is a Passionate Man; and has never learn'd, how to conceal his Resentments. When he first return'd from the Battel of *Lens* in *Flanders*, whereof I formerly gave an Account, the *Insurrection* in *Paris* began. The *Prince*, block'd up the City, and promis'd the *Cardinal* (against whom alone all this Storm was rais'd), that he wou'd either bring him back in Triumph to *Paris*, or die in the Attempt. He perform'd his Word; and the *Cardinal* rode through the Streets of *Paris*, in the same Coach with the King, Queen, and all the *Royal Blood* after the Siege was rais'd, and a *Peace* concluded. And the *Prince*, when he alighted out of the Coach, addres'd himself thus to the *Cardinal*: *Now, Sir, I esteem my self the happiest Man in the World, in that I have been able to perform my Engagement, in bringing your* Eminence *back to* Paris; *and that by my Presence, the Hatred which the Multitude have for your Person, was repress'd whilst you pass'd through the Streets.*

This touch'd the *Cardinal*. And indeed the Queen, with all the Rest, were sensible, that the *Prince* had too far over-shot himself, in this last Expression. However, the

Cardinal

Cardinal reply'd in a Kind of Modeſty, not wholly void of Choler and Diſdain; *Sir, You have not only oblig'd me to that Heighth, but have done the* Kingdom *ſo conſiderable a ſervice in this Action, That I fear, neither Their* Majeſties *nor my ſelf, ſhall be ever in a State, to make you anſwerable Compenſation.*

Thoſe who ſtood by, and heard theſe interchangeable Diſcourſes, were apt to interpret the *Firſt* for a Reproach, and the *Second* as a Menace. Since it is not unuſual for Great Men, to over-value the Services they do their *King* and *Country*; and for *Princes*, when they cannot duly reward an Eminent Performance, to turn their Gratitude into Hatred.

This is certain, that the *Prince* of *Conde* has preſum'd much, on the Merit of his late Services; and, it was not eaſie for the *Queen* or the *Cardinal*, to invent ſuch Acknowledgments as he expected. For he imagin'd, they ought to deny him Nothing, who had ſo often hazarded his Life for their Intereſt.

It was on this Ground, he thought he had a Right to interpoſe in a Marriage, which *Mazarini* deſign'd to make between one of his *Nieces*, and the *Duke* of *Mercœur*.

This *Duke* is of a *Family*, which has been a long Time at Variance with that of the *Prince* of *Conde*: And therefore, the *Prince* was jealous leſt the *Cardinal*, by the intended *Match*, ſhould fortifie his Intereſt among the *Prince*'s Enemies; and ſo be in a Condition, not to want his Protection; the only Thing he was ambitious of. For, cou'd he have once reduc'd

duc'd the *Cardinal* to this Neceſſity, he himſelf had been abſolute *Maſter* at *Court*. Therefore, he oppos'd the *Match*, with all Vigor and Induſtry. This netled the *Cardinal*. He complains to the *Queen*, of the *Prince*'s Unkindneſs. She intercedes, and uſes her utmoſt Endeavours, to reconcile the *Prince* to this Marriage. But his Brother, the *Duke* of *Longueville*, had ſo poſſeſs'd the *Prince* with a Jealouſie of the *Cardinal*'s Proceedings, that no Arguments cou'd prevail on him, or overcome his fix'd Averſion for *Mazarini*'s deſigned *Alliance* with the *Houſe* of *Vendoſme* (ſo they call the *Family*, from whence the *Duke* of *Mercœur* is ſprung.) He rails at the *Cardinal*, and lampoons him in all Companies. This begets ill Blood in the *Supreme Miniſter* of *State*, who ſecretly reſolves the *Prince*'s Ruin.

In this, his Policy and Malice, exceeded the petty Revenges of the *Prince*; who being of a frank, open Heart, contented himſelf with Railleries, and Satyrical Expreſſions, whilſt the *Cardinal* conceal'd his Anger, under the Maſque of extraordinary Civilities; returning all the Contempts of the *Prince*, with a Reſpect, which ſeem'd to ſpeak much Affection and Devoir.

He has been a long time tampering with a *Faction*, which goes by the Name of the *Frondeurs*. Theſe were his Enemies, not ſo much in Hatred of his Perſo, as out of a Zeal to ſerve their *Country*, which they imagin'd, was oppreſs'd under the Conduct of this *Miniſter*.

Theſe

These he has lately gain'd over to his *Party*, by repreſenting to them the *Prince* of *Conde*, as the Author of all thoſe Evils, which they aſcrib'd to himſelf: Whilſt at the ſame Time, he perſuaded the *Prince*, that they had ſome Deſign againſt his Perſon. Thus he artificially blinded both *Parties*, and engag'd them in mutual Revenges; privately animating the *Frondeurs* againſt the *Prince*, and provoking the *Prince*, to ſeek the Ruin of the *Frondeurs*. By this Trap, the *Prince* was inveigl'd to conſent, and give Orders for his own *Impriſonment*, whilſt he was made to believe, the *Arreſt* was deſigned againſt his Enemies; and the People were ſatisfy'd, ſince they were perſuaded, the *Faction* of the *Frondeurs* had a Hand in the *Plot*.

The 18th. of the laſt *Moon*, the Three *Princes* were taken into *Cuſtody*, and ſent to a Place, they call the *Caſtle* of the *Wood* of *Vinciennes*, ſome Leagues from *Paris*. The ſame Day, the *Queen* ſent for the *Dutcheſs* of *Longueville* to come to her; but, the wary *Dutcheſs*, wou'd not put her ſelf into a *Cage*. She immediately fled in Diſguiſe, to a *Sea-Town* belonging to her Husband.

'Tis ſaid, the *Prince* of *Conde* had Notice given him, of his Deſign'd Impriſonment; but that he wou'd not eſcape, projecting to himſelf ſome greater Advantages, from the Diſcontents of the *People* (who now behold him as a *Patriot*) than from a Clandeſtine, or Fugitive Liberty. This is certain, his Coach broke on the Road, between *Paris* and *Vinciennes*; and

and 'tis thought, his Friends might eaſily have reſcu'd him: For, this Accident, occaſion'd a Stop of Six Hours in their Journey; Time enough to have rais'd a Thouſand Men to his Relief, being only guarded by Sixteen *Cavaliers*. But it ſeems, he courts the *Cardinal's* Perſecution, that he may have deeper Grounds for Revenge. I know not, whether his Policy is juſtifiable, or no: But if I were in his Circumſtances, I ſhou'd hardly take this Method to gratify my Reſentments; which in all Probability I ſhou'd not be in a Condition to accompliſh, till the *Greek Calends*, that is, *Never*.

Paris, *the* 4th. *of the* 2d. *Moon*,
of the Year, 1650.

LETTER III.

To the Reis Effendi, *Principal Secretary of the* Ottoman Empire.

THE *Devotees* among the *Franks*, talk much of the *Jubilee* that is to be Celebrated this Year at *Rome*. They enrich their Phancies, with the Hopes of I know not what *Spiritual Treaſure*, which the *Roman Mufti* or *Pontiff*, will diſtribute among the *Pilgrims* that reſort to *Rome*, during this *Holy Year*.

This,

This, as I am told, is Celebrated in Imitation of the *Sabbatical Year*, formerly obſerved by the *Jews*, when they poſſeſs'd the *Holy Land*. The *Hebrew Writers*, ſuch as *Joſephus* and others, call That alſo the *Year* of *Jubilee*. Their *Cabbaliſts*, like the *Pythagoreans*, pretended to derive Great *Myſteries* from certain *Numbers*: And the Number *Seven*, was had in particular Veneration by the *Hebrews*: Therefore they kept every *Seventh* Day, Week and Year, *Holy*. In the *Seventh* Year it was not Lawful to till the Ground, plant Vineyards, or ſow any Seed. And when *Seven* Times *Seven* Years were expired, the Year of *Jubilee* was proclaim'd, being always the *Fiftieth*. They proclaim'd it by Trumpets, throughout the whole Country of *Paleſtine*, in the Forty Ninth Year. And the *Muezins* cry'd in the Gates of their Cities and *Synagogues*, at the Beginning of the *Jubilee*: "Let every Man return this Year to his Own "*Poſſeſſion* and *Tribe*, whether he be a *Slave* "or *Free*. He that has ſold his Houſes or "Lands, if he was not before able to redeem "them, let him this Year take Poſſeſſion of "his Inheritance. He that is become another "Man's *Slave*, and neither himſelf nor his "Friends can redeem him, let him this Year "be diſmiſs'd, and ſent home to the Family "to which he belongs; for, henceforth he is "*Free*, by the *Indulgence* of the *Law*. Let no "Man ſow the Ground, nor gather the Fruits "that grow of themſelves this Year. But, let "the Earth as well as its Inhabitants, enjoy Li-

"berty

" berty and Reſt; for, this is the *Year* of *Grace* " and *Divine Bounty*.

After this manner was the *Hebrew Jubilee* Proclaim'd, and Obſerv'd. And, they ſay, from thence aroſe the *Cuſtom* amongſt the *Chriſtians*, who, in many Things, may be ſtyl'd the *Jews* Apes. But others ſay, that the preſent *Roman Jubilee*, is deriv'd from the *Secular Games*, Celebrated by their *Pagan* Anceſtors; In Regard, This was renew'd every Hundred Years at firſt, even as thoſe *Games* were. Whence it was, that the *Cryer* in thoſe Days, at the *Indiction* of the *Secular Games*, ſaid, " Come to the *Plays* which no Man Li- " ving has yet ſeen, nor ſhall ever ſee again. For, Man's Life being Generally ſo Short, they thought it improbable, that any *Mortal* ſhould live to ſee this *Solemnity* repeated.

The Modern *Jubilee*, was firſt Publiſh'd by *Boniface* IX. *Biſhop* of *Rome*, in the Year 1300 of the *Chriſtians Hegyra*. At which Time, he promis'd Full and Entire *Remiſſion* of *Sins*, to all who ſhould reſort in *Pilgrimage* to *Rome* that Year. After him, it was Celebrated every Hundred Year, according to his Inſtitution, till the Days of *Clement* VI. Who, at the Inſtance of the *Roman* Citizens, reduc'd it to every Fiftieth Year. Then *Urban* VI. another *Pope*, reduc'd it to the Thirty Third Year. And laſt of all, *Paul* II. contracted the Interval to Five and Twenty Years. Which Space of Time, has been obſerv'd by all his *Succeſſors* to this Day.

If

If thou wouldſt know the Reaſon, why they have thus alter'd the *Periods*; It is for Profit. For, in the Year of *Jubilee*, there is a vaſt Conflux of People, from all Parts of *Europe*: Who bring a far greater Treaſure into the Roman Coffers, than they carry away from that City. Though the *Pope*, 'tis ſaid, is very Liberal of that which they call the *Treaſure* of the *Church*: Which is a certain *Fund* of *Merits*, and *Superabundant Graces*, left by the *Meſſiah* and his *Saints*, in the Cuſtody of this *Prelate*, to ſupply the Defects and Infirmities of Sinful Men. And they believe, 'tis only in his Power, to diſpoſe of this *Heavenly Wealth* to whom he pleaſes. They talk alſo of *Indulgencies* and *Pardons*, whereby the *Holy Father* can redeem Men from all Sin, and the Puniſhments that are due to it. And this Wonderful Prerogative, they ſay, does not only benefit the *Living*, but extends even to the *Souls Departed*; whom the *Pope*, according to their Perſuaſion, can free from the *Torments* of *Purgatory*, and at his Pleaſure admit into the *Gates* of *Paradiſe*.

We that are *Muſſulmans*, cannot declaim againſt the *Doctrine* of *Praying* for the *Dead*, ſince it is practis'd by all the *Faithful*. Neither have we reaſon to inveigh againſt *Indulgencies*, or *Releaſes* from *Penance*. But that the Power of granting and diſpenſing theſe Favours, ſhould be only repoſited in the *Chriſtian Mufti*, will not accord with the *Faith* of a *True Believer*. We know who ſwore by the *Hoofs* of his *Swift* and *Faithful Elborach*,

Elborach, which in One Night carry'd him a Journey of *Six Moons*, that from thenceforth the *Key* of *Aaraf*, or the *Place* of *Priſons*, was committed to him. Doubtleſs, the *Omnipotent* can transfer his *Commiſſions*, when and to whom he pleaſes. If he once gave this Authority, of *Remitting Sins*, to the *Meſſiah*, and *Peter* his *Lieutenant*, does it follow, that all Peter's *Succeſſors*, the *Califfs* of *Rome*, have retain'd this *Privilege*? There have been many *Good* Men in that Seat, and not a Few *Wicked*: Some *Prophets*, and ſome *Magicians*: A *Catalegue* interſpers'd with *Saints*, *Martyrs*, *Butchers* and *Devils*.

But 'tis evident, they forfeited their Authority, when they declin'd from the Truth, from the unblamable Profeſſion of the *Divine Unity*, and reſiſted the *Meſſenger* of *Heaven*, ſent to correct their Errors, reform their Vices, and reduce Mankind to *One Law* of *Purity* and *Light*.

I write not Partially, nor am I imbitter'd againſt the *Patriarch* of the *Romans*. He is a Man like others, ſubject to the *Will* of *Deſtiny*. The *Babylonian Califfs* and thoſe of *Ægypt*, Succeſſively enjoy'd the ſame Power, tranſmitted to them from the *Prophet*, who ſeal'd up all the Former *Diſpenſations*. Yet in Time, through their Sins, they forfeited their Authority, together with their *Empire*, when the *Bright Oſmans* Conquer'd *All Things*. Then was the *Prophetick Office* tranſlated to our *Mufti*, the *Guide* of thoſe who poſſeſs the *Sepulchre* of *Mahomet*. To him all the *World* ought

ought to have Recourſe for *Solution* of their *Doubts*, *Direction* in their *Lives*, *Abſolution* from their *Sins*, and for the *Paſſport* of *Immortality*, the *Feſta* requir'd of all that enter the *Gates* of *Paradiſe*.

But all Mortals, are Naturally tenacious of whatſoever advances their Honour and Intereſt. *Kings* hug *Empty Titles*, that yield them no Profit. And the *Roman Biſhops*, are unwilling to acknowledge themſelves diveſted of the Privileges, which were once annex'd to that *Chair* of *Peter*. They ſhew the *Keys*, the *Symbols* of a *Power*, which they have loſt. And the Credulous *Nazarenes* believe, that *Heaven* and *Hell* are Open'd and Shut at their Pleaſure. On the *Eve* of the *Meſſiah*'s *Nativity*, the Preſent *Pope* Knoc'd *Three Times* with a *Golden Hammer*, at the *Gates* of the *Principal Moſque* in *Rome*. Which were then Open'd, to ſignifie the enſuing Year of *Jubilee*; when the *Chriſtians* are perſuaded. that *Heaven* is open to all that viſit *Rome*, in this *Holy Time*.

I wiſh thee a Life of many *Jubilee's*.

Paris, 9th. *of the* 3d. *Moon*,
of the Year 1650.

LETTER IV.

To the Flower *of* High Dignity, *the Moſt Magnificent* Vizir Azem.

WHEN I firſt heard the News of the *Troubles* that have been at *Conſtantiniple*, the *Depoſition* of *Mahomet*, the late *Vizir Azem*, and the *Advancement* of the *Janizar-Aga* to that *Dignity*, I imagin'd it had been *Caſſim Hali*. But, it ſeems, that Brave Old Soldier, is elevated to a more *Lofty Station*: He has enter'd the *Immortal Poſſeſſions*, being tranſlated to an *High Seat*: For, I underſtand, he has his Reſt in *Paradiſe*. On that *Hero*, be the *Mercies* of the *Supremely Indulgent*: Whilſt I turn my ſelf to thee, his *late Succeſſor* in that *Military Honour*, but now the *Lieutenant* of the *Shadow* of *God*. I touch the Earth *Thrice* with my *Forehead*, when I ſalute thee, *Great Prince* of the *Vizirs*, in Token of my Humility and Reverence; and, in Remembrance of my Original: That I, who am but the Product of Duſt, a meer Worm, may not commit an Indecency, when I addreſs to the *Bright Image* of our *Auguſt Emperour*, who is the *Type* of the *Sun*.

In ſpeaking to *Perſons* of thy *Immenſe Power*, I ſtrive equally to ſhun Flattery, and Diſreſpect; endeavouring to deport my ſelf with

with an Even Courſe, between thoſe Two Extremes, as *Mariners* ſteer between *Scylla* and *Charybdis*. Theſe are dangerous Places in the *Sicilian Seas*.

All *Europe* Celebrates thy Praiſes, and Extols thy Juſtice, for releaſing the *Ambaſſador* of *Venice*, Impriſon'd in the 4*th* Moon of this Year. They ſay ſince thy Aſſumption to this Important *Truſt*, the *Ottoman Port* is Reform'd, and grown more Civiliz'd: (For, the *Franks* eſteem all the *Followers*, of the *Prophet*, who could neither Write nor Read, as *Barbairas*.)

Here is much Talk, about the Defeat given to Our Forces in *Hungary*. The *French* ſpare for no *Encomium's* on the *Baſſa* of *Buda*, who fought Valiantly, till his Legs were ſhot off; and then caus'd himſelf to be carry'd up and down through the Army, to encourage his Soldiers. Neither do they diminiſh the Glory that is due to his *Son*, who receiv'd his Death, in defending his *Father*, at what Time the Old Captain was taken Priſoner.

But they blame the Conduct of him who Beſieg'd the *Fort* of *Cliſſa*, in Regard he undertook it in the Wrong *Seaſon* of the Year. The Defect of a *General's* Judgment in ſuch Caſes, is many Times Fatal to an Army. The *French* are the beſt in the World, at ſpying Advantages, and the moſt dextrous in making Uſe of them. Moſt of their *Campagnes*, are ſpent in their Trenches, or in light Skirmiſhes; ſeldom hazarding a Battel, unleſs

leſs on ſome unequal Terms, to their own Intereſt; and then they never let ſlip the Opportunity. This commends their *Policy*, but is no great Argument of their *Courage*: For, true Valour never regards Dangers.

Adonai the *Jew*, ſends me Word, That the *Venetians* are put in great Hopes, of accommodating their Affairs with the *Myſterious Divan*, ſince the Releaſe of their *Bailo*: Yet, both they and all the *Nazarenes*, reſent highly the Strangling of his *Interpreter*.

They underſtand not the Meaſures of the *Sublime Port*, full of Wiſdom and Juſtice; and, that by the Terror of ſuch *Examples*, the *Miniſters* of the *Righteous Throne*, ſeek to prevent future Wickedneſs.

In theſe *Weſtern Courts*, a little Gold, or a great Friend, ſhall eaſily palliate and procure a *Pardon* for the *Greateſt Crimes*. Their *Proceſſes* here, are ſlow in the Execution of Juſtice: Being Strangers to the Impetuous Orders, and ſwift Performance practis'd in the *Eaſt*. Beſides, this *Interpreter* ſported himſelf to Death, by the Licentiouſneſs of his Tongue. He delighted to play upon *Majeſty*, and with an Inſolent Laſciviouſneſs of Speech, to deceive *Him*, whoſe high, ſublime and remote Intellect, uſes no other Expreſſions of his Wrath, but the Hands of his *Mutes*. It does not become the *Emperor* of the *World*, to be profuſe in Words, as the *Chriſtian Princes* are, who take great Pains

to

to ſatisfie their *Vaſſals*, of the Juſtice of their Proceedings. They cannot Condemn the VVicked without a Formal Proceſs, wherein various VVits ſhew their Skill in canvaſſing the Cauſe, which, upon ſincere Evidence, may be decided in Two Words. This is the *Maſquerade* of *Chriſtian Juſtice*, a mere Trap for Gold, the Secret of the *Weſtern Lawyers*, who enrich themſelves, at the Price of other Mens Folly, and to the Diſgrace of the *Monarch*, who there pretends to Command.

Should thoſe *Men* of *Law* ſee this Letter, and know who wrote it, how would they not Circumciſe and Flay the minuteſt Daſh of my Pen, to find Arguments of Revenge againſt a *Muſſulman*?

All Men are full of themſelves, and their Own Principles: And the *Nazarenes* of the *Weſt*, are ſo brimming with them, that there is no Room left for Inſtruction of Amendment. Like the *Chineſes*, they boaſt of their own Science and Wiſdom, reputing all the Reſt of the VVorld *Ignorant* and *Blind*.

They are ſo Narrow in their *Tenets*, ſo Dogmatical in their *Deciſions*, and ſo conceited of *All*, that it is difficult for a Man who has convers'd in a freer Air, to frame himſelf to their Rules.

By what I have ſaid, thou may'ſt determine, That it is no Eaſie Task for an *Arabian* Native, bred in the *Seraglio*, to con-

form himſelf *adroit*, to the Humours and Faſhions of *France*. Yet, I curb all the *Natural* Propenſions of my *Birth*, *Blood* and *Education*, as much as in me lies, that I may ſerve the *Grand Signior*. I am *Incognito* in all Reſpects, ſave thoſe wherein I cannot be hid. And I would change my *Maſque* a Hundred Times over, rather than fail of my Ends.

What can I ſay more to him, who only values a *Slave* for his Deeds?

I turn not my Back on thee, Sublime *Idea* of *Abſolute Power*: but, retiring after the moſt Reſpectful Manner of the *Eaſt*, I make a Thouſand Obeiſances, till the *Antiport* has cover'd me from thy *Illuſtrious Preſence*.

Paris, 17th. *of the* 4th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1650.

LETTER

LETTER V.

To Sedrec Al' Girawn, Chief Page *of the* Treaſury.

THOU wilt have Reaſon to wonder at a Man pretending Acquaintance with thee, whom thou canſt not remember to have ſeen. 'Tis from my Brother *Peſtelihali*, thy former *Maſter*, I received the News of thy late *Preferment*, who art thy ſelf but Early in Years. Yet no Time is Unſeaſonable, to a Man Mature in Vertue and Wiſdom.

I knew thee an Infant, in the Arms of thy Mother, the Widow of an *Arabian* Souldier, who ſerved my Brother in the *Wars* of *Perſia*. There appeared then, ſuch Evident Symptoms of thy future Wit and Dexterity, as prompted thy Father's *Captain*, to take thee into his Protection and Care; and thy Mother by her Charms, ſoon found a Way to his Boſom.

I write not theſe Things to Reproach thee with the *Meanneſs* of thy *Birth*. Thy *Merits* equal thee with thoſe who are born of *Nobles*. It is not the Cuſtom of the *Eaſt*, to prefer Men for their *Parentage*, or becauſe they can ſhew the *Duſty Statues* of their *Anceſtors*. This is the peculiar Overſight of the *Infidels*, to give that Honour to *Names*, and Men of a *Noiſy Deſcent*, which is only due to *Vertue*. There are *Families* in *Rome*

at this Day, who boaſt of their *Pedigrees* and that they ſpring from the Renowned *Hero's*, that are Recorded in the *Hiſtories* of that *Empire*. But, they Glory in their Shame; ſince they are quite degenerated from the brave *Qualities*, which ennobled their Progenitors; and by their ſordid Actions, are become a daily Subject for the Deſcants of *Paſquil*. This is an *Image* in a certain publick Place in *Rome*, to which in the Night-Time, they affix the *Libels* which they dare not own: A kind of dumb *Satyr*, on the *Vices* of the *Grandees*; not ſparing even the *Chief Mufti* of the *Chriſtians*, if he is Guilty of any Follies, which merit to come within the Verge of a *Lampoon*.

It was no Contemptible Jeſt, which was in this manner put upon the preſent *Pope*, and one of his *Nephews*, at the latter End of the laſt Year. It ſeems, the Good Old *Father* had advanced this *Spark*, from a poor Ignorant *Tayler*, to the *Dignity* of a *Roman Baron*; beſtowing on him *Offices*, which brought him a *Revenue*, ſufficient to maintain his *Title* and *Port*. All the Ancient *Nobility*, were diſguſted at this: And ſome arch *Wag* was ſet at Work, to ridicule the *Pope's* Conduct, and the New *Baron's* Honour. Wherefore, on the Day which the *Nazarenes* Celebrate, with Great Solemnity, for the *Birth Day* of *Jeſus* the Son of *Mary*; Early in the Morning, the forementioned Image, *Paſquil*, was obſerved to be Apparell'd all in Rags, and a very naſty Habit with

with a *Schedule* of Paper in his Hand, wherein was writ, *How now* Paſquil; *what! all in Rags on a* Chriſtmas-*Day?* (for, ſo they call the *Nativity* of their *Meſſias.*) And Underneath was Inſcribed this Anſwer: *Alas, I cannot help it; for my* TAYLOR *is become a* LORD.

Yet, notwithſtanding the *Obſcurity* of this Man's *Birth*, and the *Meanneſs* of his *Former Trade*, he became an Eminent *Stateſman*, after the *Pope* had exalted him to that *Dignity*; and lived with an Unblemiſhed Reputation, whilſt he ſaw all or moſt of the Ancient *Nobility*, Paſquill'd every Day, for their Effeminate Vices.

By what I have ſaid, thou may'ſt be aſſured, that I have not the Leſs Eſteem for thee, becauſe thou waſt not the Son of a *Baſſa*; ſince, had thy Father liv'd, his Fortune and Courage might have promoted him to that *Honovr*, or a *Command* equal to it; and thou thy ſelf art in a fair Way, to ſupply ſome Future Vacancy, in thoſe Great *Charges* of the *Empire*.

I have no News at preſent to ſend thee, ſave that the Three *French* Princes, of whoſe Impriſonment I gave an Account to *Minezim Aluph*, are removed by *Cardinal Mazarini*'s Order, from the *Caſtle* of *Vincienues*, to a *Sea-Town* called *Havre de Grace*, for fear they ſhould be reſcued by *Marſhal Turenne*, who is much Devoted to their Intereſt. The *Princeſs* of *Conde*, is retired to *Bourdeaux*, a City at this Time in Arms againſt the King,

having alſo with her the Young *Duke* of *Enguien*, her Son.

The *Marſhal de la Meilleray*, is gone with his Army to beſiege this Place; and, 'tis ſaid, the King will ſoon Follow with the Whole *Court*. All Things ſeem to portend another Relapſe of this *State*, into the *Old Diſorders*.

But this is not of ſo near a Concern to us that are *Muſſulmans*, as the Quarrels that I hear are broach'd between the *Janizaries* and *Spahi's*. They ſay, the whole *Ottoman Empire*, is warp'd this Way and that Way, into Contrary Factions; and that the *Seraglio* it ſelf, is full of different Cabals, on the Account of theſe *Military Orders*. It afflicts me with extreme Grief, to receive Nothing but ſad News from the *Port*, which is, or at leaſt ought to be, a *Fountain* of *Joy* to the *Whole Earth*. I pray *Heaven* avert the *Omen*; for it looks with an Ill Preſage, when the *Champions* of the *Divine Unity*, are thus divided againſt themſelves.

If thou wilt take my Advice, enter not thy ſelf into the Secret of either Party; but poiſing thy Affections with Prudence, ſtand Neuter to all Things, but the *Grand Signior's* Intereſt. In that be as Zealous as thou canſt. As for the Reſt, wait the *Decrees* of *Deſtiny*,

Paris, 29d. *of the* 5th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1650.

LETTER

LETTER VI.

To the Kaimacham.

GRaphul *Eben Shahenſhah*, the *Arabian Philoſopher* has ſaid it, and every Mans Experience confirms it, That no *Humane* Care can prevent the Accompliſhment of what *Heaven* has *Decreed*. There are certain Moments of our Lives, wherein *Fate* delights to mock our Wit and Prudence, to baffle our ſtricteſt Caution, and ridicule all our Conduct; That we may learn the Leſſon of *Reſignation*, and not truſt too much to our ſelves.

When I firſt ſaluted the Light of this Morning Sun, my Spirits were Serene and Joyful: No melancholy Dreams, had left their Black Impreſſions on my Mind; no ſadning Thoughts poſſeſs'd my Soul: I awak'd cheerful and ſprightly as the Lark. After I had Ador'd the *Omnipotent*, and perform'd my Accuſtom'd *Holy Things*, I began to reflect on my own Happineſs, in that I had ſo many Years ſerv'd the *Sublime Port*, in this *Station*, full of Difficulties and Perils, yet by no Miſfortune, had ever betray'd the leaſt ſecret of my *Commiſſion*. It pleas'd me to think, I ſtill paſs'd for *Titus* of *Moldavia*, among the *French*, who are the moſt apprehenſive People in the World; and even in the Opinion of *Cardinal Mazarini*, who, like *Janus*, has more

more Eyes than Two. I Embrac'd my ſelf (if I may ſo ſpeak) in the Conceit of my Good Succeſs; concluding, I was born under *Fortunate Stars*, and that no Diſaſter could ever hurt me.

But I took wrong meaſures of the *Ways* of *Deſtiny*, which are as Untraceable as the Minds. For before Mid-Day, my *Sun* was *Eclipſed*; the *Air* of my *Soul* ruffl'd with *Storms*, and all my *Joy* turn'd to *Mourning* and *Sadneſs*.

Wilt thou know the Occaſion of my Grief? It was this. In the Year 1645, according to the *Style* of the *Nazarenes*, I received ſome particular Inſtructions from the then *Vizir Azem*, putting me in Mind of the Hazards I run in this Poſt, and giving me ſtrict Charge, to beſtow all my Letters in a ſecure Place, whether the Tranſcripts of thoſe I write to the *Miniſters* of the *Port*, (for I always retain'd a Copy of the Original) or the *Diſpatches* I receive from thence.

That *Miniſter* was afraid, leſt I might ſome Time or other be diſcover'd; and conſequently, that my Chamber would be ſearch'd. Therefore obeying his Hint, I immediately carry'd all my *Writings* to *Eliachim* the *Jew*; knowing his Houſe to be free from any Jealouſy of the *State*, and that the moſt Important Secrets in the World, might be there an *Age* unreveal'd.

The *Letters* of my Writing, were enclos'd in One *Box*, and thoſe which I received from the *Invincible Port*, in Another. And this

was

was my Conſtant Cuſtom from that Time: As oft as I writ to the *Miniſters* of the *Divan*, or had perus'd the *Diſpatches* which came from them, I diſpos'd of both in their proper Places, leaving all to the Care of *Eliachim*.

But, neither his Caution nor mine, were ſufficient to prevent the *Reſolves* of *Heaven*. It was determin'd Above, That we ſhould loſe ſome of theſe Papers. *Eliachim* came to me to Day, before the *Hour* of *Ulanamiſi*, all in Paſſion, aſtoniſh'd, raving and ſtaring like a Mad-Man. As ſoon as he enter'd my Chamber, he tore his Inner Veſt, which was of Crimſon Silk, fring'd round with Gold; and cry'd, *We are undone, betray'd and ruin'd!*

I preſently thought of my *Writings*; and ask'd him, Whether they were ſafe. In a Word, he told me he had loſt the *Box*, which contain'd the Letters ſent from the *Miniſters* of the *Port* to me, and that his *Slave* a *Negro*, whom he kept in his Houſe, was miſſing. Thou mayſt imagine, Sage *Miniſter*, that this News put me into no ſmall Confuſion. I preſently ſuſpected, that this Villain of a *Negro*, had got the *Writings*, and was gone to *Cardinal Mazarini* with 'em: But then recollecting with Cooler Thoughts, That this *African* underſtood not *Arabick*, in which *Language* alone *Eliachim* and I us'd to converſe; and, that conſequently, he never could know our Affairs, or read the *Letters*, which might tempt him to ſuch a *Treaſon*, I was at a Loſs what to think of it: Neither am I

better

better ſatisfy'd now, though I have ruminated on it theſe Twelve Hours. Only I think, if *Cardinal Mazarini* has theſe *Papers* in his Cuſtody, he would have given Orders before this Time, to ſeize the ſuppoſed *Titus* of *Moldavia*. For, ſome of theſe *Letters* take Notice of my having aſſumed that Name. But I cannot perceive any Attempt has been made in that Kind, or that any Body has been to enquire for me at my *Lodging*. For, I ſet *Spies* to obſerve, as ſoon as I departed thence with *Eliachim*, which was about Noon. We are now together in a Friend's Houſe, where we ſhall continue till we hear farther of this Event. As yet we are in the Dark, and full of Fears: But Time, which brings all Things to Light, will convince us, what we have to truſt to.

In the mean while, there is little News, ſave a Diſcourſe of a certain *Convention* at *Norembergh*, and the Great *Jubilee* which is Celebrated at *Rome*; where, they ſay, the *Chriſtians Chief Mufti*, the Week before their *Beiram*, or *Eaſter*, waſh'd the Feet of Twelve *Pilgrims*; and that *Cardinal Ludoviſio*, entertain'd Nine Thouſand of theſe *Devotees* at once, with a very Magnificent Feaſt. They ſay alſo, That the *Pope* will get this Year Two Millions of *Sequins*, by the Reſort of *Pilgrims* to that City.

The King of *Denmark*'s *Reſident* at this *Court*, has received a Letter, which Certifies him, that his *Maſter* has declar'd Prince *Chriſtian* his Son, *Succeſſor* in the *Throne*.

They

They talk alſo, of a Marriage lately Solemniz'd between *Charles*, a *German Count*, and *Charlotte*, Siſter to the *Lantgrave* of *Heſſe-Caſſel*.

But that which moſt takes up Mens Ears, and employs their Tongues and Thoughts, are the *Civil Wars* of this *Kingdom*; which is all in a Flame, by Occaſion of the Impriſonment of the *Prince* of *Conde*, and his Brothers. The Citizens of *Paris* are very jocund, at the repeated News of the King's ill Succeſs: For, they wiſh not well to his Arms, whilſt employed againſt the *Malecontents*.

Illuſtrious Old *Grandee*, I wiſh thee the Years of *Neſtor*, and thoſe Calculated by Full *Moons* of *Proſperity*. But I pray *Heaven* avert from thee, ſome of his Moments; wherein, they ſay, he was tormented with the *Gout*, as I am at this Inſtant. It is a Pain hardly to be ſupported.

Paris *the* 11th. *of the* 6th *Moon*,
of the Year 1650.

LETTER

LETTER VII.

To the ſame.

BY the *God* whom I Adore, and by his *Shadow*, I ſwear, There is no Diſloyalty in *Mahmut*: Yet his Life is full of Temptations and Perils. The *Box* of *Letters* I mention'd in my Laſt, is irrecoverably gone, and laid up in the Bowels of the Earth; if we may believe the Confeſſion of a Man, every Angle of whoſe Heart, has been ſearch'd with exquiſite Torments, even to Death.

Eliachim's Slave, the *Negro* whom I ſpoke of, miſtook that *Box*, for one very like it, out of which he had often ſeen his *Maſter* take *Jewels*: For, this is the particular Merchandiſe of that *Jew*. And the Weight of each was not ſo Unequal, as to rectify his Error. Lucre tempted him, and the deſire of Liberty. Whilſt the Darkneſs (for he committed the Villany before Sun-riſing) and his own Guilty Fears, conſpir'd to baffle his intended Theft. The *Boxes* ſtood together (ſo Careful was *Eliachim* of the *Sublime Secrets*, as not to venture 'em in a Place leſs ſecure, than that of his *Jewels*) and the Villain haſty to be gone, and confounded for want of Light, took up that wherein were the *Writings*, inſtead of his deſign'd Prey, the *Jewels*. He went directly into the Fields, purpoſing to bury this ſuppos'd Treaſure in the Earth,

in

in ſome private Place, where he might take it forth at Diſcretion. But firſt opening the *Box*, to ſupply himſelf with ſuch *Stones* as he thought would be unqueſtionable Pawns for Mony, to anſwer his preſent Neceſſities, that ſo he might the better provide for his Concealment; he was aſtoniſh'd, and his Heart became like Lead, when he found Nothing but Papers, full of Characters, to which he was wholly a Stranger. A Thouſand Reſolutions preſented themſelves to him, in that Agony of his Mind, and he knew not which to fix on. Sometimes he thought to carry the *Box* back again as he found it; and ſince his Deſign had been thus ſtrangely baulked, to Content himſelf till another Opportunity. But then he conſider'd, 'twas too late to return before his *Maſter* would miſs both his *Slave* and *Box*; for the Sun was now far advanced in our Hemiſphere, and *Eliachim* is an early Riſer. In a Word, therefore he thought it the ſafeſt Way, to bury it in the Ground, as he firſt intended had it been the *Box* of *Jewels*, and ſo ſhift for himſelf. Propoſing to himſelf this Advantage, in hiding the *Papers* in a ſecure Place, That if they were of Value, he might at any Time make Compoſition with his *Maſter*, by diſcovering where they were.

All that I have here related, is drawn from his own Mouth in the midſt of Tortures. For *Eliachim* ſoon heard of his Fugitive *Negro*, who was ſeiz'd on the Rode to *Lyons* by ſome Correſpondents of this *Jew*. Who having

having Intelligence of it, took Horſe immediately, and went to the Place. He did not think it ſafe to make a publick Buſineſs of it, or to arraign him before the appointed *Judges* of the *Country*; But relying on the *Juſtice* of his *Cauſe*, and the *Right* of a *Maſter*, he privately put him to *Tortures* of divers Kinds, in a Houſe where he cou'd command any Thing.

The ſtout *African*, at firſt deny'd that he had medl'd with any *Box*; ſaying, he eſcap'd purely for the Sake of *Liberty*. But when a Succeſſion of divers *Torments* had quite overthrown his Conſtancy, he confeſſed all that I have already related. *Eliachim* ſtill ſuſpecting worſe, and that he only fram'd this as a plauſible Story to be freed from, or at leaſt to reſpite the Pains he ſuffered, caus'd ſharp Thorns to be thruſt under the Nails of his Fingers and Toes; believing, that the Extremity of ſo ſenſible a Pain, wou'd extort the true Secret from him. But he cou'd get Nothing elſe from the poor excruciated *Negro*, though now almoſt ready to expire, than that he had hid the *Box* under-Ground in a certain Corner of a Field, out of the City: To which he knew not how to direct *Eliachim*, but promis'd to ſhew it him if he wou'd carry him alive to *Paris*.

This was no hard Task to perform, in the Opinion of the *Jew*; it being but a Days-Journey to this City, from the Place where they then were. But he was deceived in his Hopes; and now all the Applications and Cordials they cou'd uſe, came too late: For, that very Night, the *Negro* breath'd out his Soul.

However,

However, when *Eliachim* came to *Paris*, he follow'd the Directions of his dead *Slave* as well as he cou'd, in ſearching every Corner of the Fields on that Side of the City, where this *Black* had been ſeen to go out. But all to *no* Purpoſe. He cou'd find nothing; nor have we any Hopes, ever to ſee that *Box* again. Yet I have many Qualms of Fear, leſt ſome Time or other it ſhould come to Light, to our Diſadvantage and Ruin.

I deſire thy Inſtructions, Sage *Governour* of the *Capital* City, how I ſhall deport my ſelf, if it be my Lot to be diſcover'd. As to the Remaining *Box*, which has in it the Tranſcripts of my own *Diſpatches*, I have taken it Home to my Lodging. Believing it will be as ſafe here, as in the Houſe of *Eliachim*; ſince that faithful *Jew*, is no more exempted from Contingencies, than my ſelf: And I have no Servant to betray me.

This *Kingdom* abounds at preſent, in Treaſons and Rebellions. The *French* ſpare not to maſſacre one another, for the Sake of a Paſſion: While the *Spaniards* make their Advantages of theſe Inteſtine Feuds. For, under Pretence of aſſiſting the *Princes* of the *Blood*, they get Footing in *Picardy*, from whence it will not be eaſy to expel them. *Leopold*, *Arch-Duke* of *Auſtria*, is at the Head of the *Spaniſh* Army; and has taken ſeveral Towns, belonging to the *French King*.

When the *Quarrels* of theſe *Infidels* will end, I am not ſollicitous; my Thoughts being ever taken up, in the Service which I owe to the *Empire* of *True Believers*. I can-

I cannot bid thee Adieu, Illuſtrious *Kaimacham*, till I have aſſur'd thee, I am macerated with Zeal for the *Grand Signior*.

Paris, 23d of the 9th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1650.

LETTER VIII.

To Solyman Kuſlir Aga, Prince *of the* Black Eunuchs.

AFter I had perus'd thy *Diſpatch*, wherewith thou haſt honoured the *Slave Mahmut*; as I was full of Joy for the continued Demonſtrations of thy Friendſhip and Protection, ſo my Breaſt conceiv'd an Indignation at the Affront, which has been offer'd to the *Sublime Port* by the *Cham* of the *Tartars*, in preſuming to demand the *Tutelage* of our Auguſt *Emperor*. It is an Indignity to the *Miniſters* of *Supreme Juſtice* and *Honour*, *Lights* of the *Imperial Divan*, to whom is committed the Cognizance of all Human Events; The Illuſtrious *Vizirs*, who manage the Affairs of the Mighty and Invincible *Sultan Mahomet*, whoſe *Throne* may *God* fortify, till the *Moon* ſhall no more appear in the *Heavens*.

Thoſe People have been ever thirſty of Rule, and 'tis number'd among the Vertues of their *Anceſtors*, that they enlarg'd their *Dominions* by

by the keen Edge of their Swords. But in all the *Regiſters* and *Archives* of the *Empire*, it has not been found, that any of that Nation challeng'd a Right to Govern our *Sultans* though during their Minority. It is ſufficient, That they ſhall have the Honour (according to the Ancient *Capitulations)* to ſucceed in the *Throne* of the *Oſman* Princes, if ever that *Sacred Line* ſhou'd be extinct. Which *God* avert, till the *Final Conſummation.*

It is a Wonder, they demanded not alſo his *Royal* Brothers, the other Sons of *Sultan Ibrahim*; that ſo they might at one Blow, cut off the whole *Oſman Race*, and take *Poſſeſſion* of the *Vacant Throne.*

I have not heard any Thing theſe many *Moons*, what is become of thoſe *High-born Infants*; whether they are alive, or ſacrific'd to the Jealouſie of the *Sultan*, as has been the Cuſtom. Here are various flying Reports concerning them. Some ſay, that thou haſt convey'd away *Sultan Achmet*, and that he is privately Educated in the Houſe of a certain *Georgian.* The *Bleſſing* of *Mahomet* be upon thee, and refreſh thy Heart, if thou haſt taken this Care to preſerve the *Life* of an *Oſman* Prince, which is more precious than a Hundred Thouſand of *Common Birth.*

As for *Solyman* and the Reſt of that Sublime *Race*, the *French* give 'em over for loſt; And I cannot contradict 'em, for want of true Intelligence. Beſides, I have Reaſon to fear it is too true: In Regard it has been the cruel Practice of all, or moſt of our late *Emperors*, either

either to ſlaughter their Brethren as ſoon as they aſcend the *Throne*, or to put 'em to a more lingring Death and Martyrdom in a Priſon.

'Tis true indeed, our preſent *Sovereign* is not yet arriv'd to thoſe Years, wherein Children commonly loſe their Native Innocence. I believe, he ſuſpects none of his Brethren, nor harbours any unkind Thoughts againſt their Lives. Yet Cruelty may be inſinuated into his Tender Years, by the Artifices of his Mother; eſpecially againſt thoſe of his Father's *Blood*, that did not alſo partake of hers. For *Sultan Ibrahim*, thou know'ſt, had Children by other Women, beſide the *Sultana Valede*.

The *Malteſes* think they have one of theſe *Royal* Infants in their Poſſeſſion: Thou know-eſt the whole Story of thy *Predeceſſor's* Voyage toward *Egypt* with his Beautiful *Slave* and her Son, whom theſe *Infidels* honour as the *Off-ſpring* of the *Grand Signior*. Thou art not Ignorant alſo, that this *Infant*, with his *Mother* were Baniſh'd, out of Jealouſie; by the Order of *Her* who bore in her Womb *Sultan Mahomet*, our Glorious *Sovereign*. The Remembrance of which makes me tremble, for the Sake of the Young *Princes*, if there be any yet remaining alive. It is in thy Power to certify me, and in doing ſo thou wilt rid me of much Anxiety.

I am but a *Slave* of the *Slaves* who ſerve the *Grand Signior*; and it is not decent for me to deſcant on the Actions of our moſt *Abſolute* Monarch, whoſe Will is not to be controul'd.

But

But I am ſtill a Man, and have ſome Share of Humanity and Reaſon. Thou alſo art my particular Friend, and wilt permit me to diſcourſe with Freedom. Was it not a *Bloody Feaſt*, to which our King's Great Grandfather, *Mahomet* III. invited Nineteen of his Brethren, on the Day of his *Inauguration*? Was it not a cruel Act, to cauſe thoſe *Royal Gueſts*, in whoſe Veins ran the *Blood* of his *Own Father*, to be ſtrangled, before they departed from his Table? No leſs Inhuman was it of *Mahomet*, the late *Vizir Azem*, to guide the Hand of this our Preſent *Sovereign*, when but Six Years Old, and incapable of knowing what he did, to ſign a *Warrant* for the *Execution* of his *Father*. Well may the *Nazarenes* call us *Barbarians*, when they contemplate the *Empire* of the *Muſſulmans*, ſupported by ſuch *Unnatural* Methods.

Thou that haſt the Superlative Honour, of being the Immediate *Guardian* of our Young *Emperour*, wilt pardon the Liberty I take. Aſcribe all to the Force of my Zeal and Loyalty. Thou art Valiant and Wiſe. Protect thy Charge, as the *Chryſtal* of thine Eyes, which thou wilt not ſuffer to be hurt by the Duſt of the Streets.

Paris, 14th, *of the* 10th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1650.

LETTER

LETTER IX.

To Gnet Oglou.

NOtwithſtanding all my *Philoſophy*, I have not Command enough of my Paſſion, to conceal it from thee, who haſt always been the Partaker of my Unequal Fortunes. What ever Magnanimity of Spirit I pretended to formerly in my Sickneſs, 'tis at preſent overcome by the Deſire of Eaſe. At that Time, I remember, ſome *Stoical* Conſiderations made me induſtriouſly hide from thee the tormenting Pains I felt. I endeavoured to diſguiſe my Sufferings, and to paint my Miſery in ſuch Colours, that it could hardly be diſtinguiſhed from Happineſs. But now I have not Courage enough, to hide from thee my Fears and Apprehenſions: And all *Seneca's Morals*, are too little to hinder me, from complaining of the Uncertainty that we daily experience in Human Affairs. This is a *Theme* ſo Popular, that were not my particular Misfortunes very preſſing, 'twould make me ſick to ſay any Thing on a Subject, that has been in every Man's mouth, ſince the Time that our *Firſt Father* appear'd among the *Trees*. Therefore thou may'ſt be aſſured, I am not going about to make a *Declamation*, or play the *Orator*; to expatiate and make large Deſcants, on the *Inſtability* of *all Things*. What I have to ſay, referrs to my ſelf, and no body elſe, ſave

ſave to thoſe who are the Occaſion of my Melancholy.

In the 10th. *Moon* of the laſt Year, I ſent a *Letter* to *Kenan Baſſa*, the New *Haſnadar-Baſſy*. I have a *Copy* of it by me, as I always retain of whatever *Diſpatches* I ſend to the *Sublime Port*, whether to the *Publick Miniſters*, or my *Private Friends*.

I have perus'd this *Letter* ſeveral Times within theſe Eight and Forty Hours, and can find no juſt Ground of Offence, which that *Grandee* cou'd take thereat: Unleſs he was angry with me, for deſiring him to be careful in tranſmitting my Money. As for the Reſt, I only obey'd the particular Inſtructions, I receiv'd from *Mahomet* the late *Vizir Azem*: Who commanded me not to ſpare the Greateſt *Miniſter* of the *Port*, if I had reaſon either to counſel or to reprehend him. For, ſaid he in his *Letter*, *To this End art thou plac'd at ſuch a Diſtance, that beſides the Service thou doſt our* Sovereign *in diſcloſing the Secrets of the* Infidels, *thou mayſt alſo be free to write, whatever thou thinkeſt will conduce to his Intereſt, without ſtanding in Fear of the Revenge of the Grandees.* Theſe were the very Words, of the *Prime Miniſter* of the *Ottoman Empire*.

Now I only told him of ſome Miſcarriages in his *Predeceſſors*, warning him to be wary in his *Station*. Either he was offended at this Freedom I took, or becauſe I preſum'd to adviſe him how to order my *Bills*. Be it which it will, I have a ſevere Reprimand from the *Reis Effendi*, whom I have the greateſt

Reaſon in the World, to eſteem my Friend.

It wou'd never have vex'd me, had he wrote plainly, and not diſguiſed his Sentiments. But all was obſcure, ſaving One blunt Expreſſion, which convinc'd me, That the real Ground of all this Anger was my *Letter* to *Kenan*, wherein I deſir'd his Care as to my Money.

Can that *Miniſter* blame me, for being apprehenſive of Want in a Foreign Country, a *Region* of *Infidels*, where I have no other Commerce, but with *Courtiers* and *Strangers*; where if I ſhould be in the leaſt ſuſpected, they wou'd preſently put me in Priſon, which wou'd hazard a Diſcovery of the *Sublime Secrets*? Does he not know, That *Money* commands all Things; and that the Greateſt *Potentates*, obey the Power of *Gold*? It cannot be imagin'd, but that a Man in my *Poſt*, has a Thouſand preſſing Occaſions for Money, which 'tis troubleſom to expreſs. And I have had very wrong Notions of my *Employment*, if I deſerve on this Account, to be reprov'd and threatn'd with ſuch Politick Circumlocutions: For, the *Secretary* charges me, with Unwillingneſs to continue in the *Service* of the *Ever Happy Port*: As if he thought my Fidelity were corrupted, or that I had an Inclination to the *Nazarene* Intereſt.

I tell thee, my *Gnet*, *Perfidy* I ever abhorr'd. This appears to me, the moſt terrible and odious of all Vices. I cou'd bear the Guilt and Reproach of a great many Crimes, which have leſs of Malice in their Conſtitution. I am not aſhamed of many Venial Frailties, which

which I daily commit, though the *Law* is ſevere againſt them. But, cou'd any Man accuſe me of Wilful Treachery, and Ingratitude, I wou'd pray inſtantly, That the *Luminaries* of *Heaven* might be extinguiſh'd, and that no *Terrene Subſtance*, might henceforth have in it the leaſt *Potential Light*: That ſo I might neither be capable of ſeeing my ſelf, or of being expos'd to the Eyes of Others. And the better to eſcape the Confuſion, which wou'd attend that Horrid Guilt, I would not only avoid Human Society, but if it were poſſible, I wou'd run away from my ſelf.

After all this, methinks ſuch a Temper need not be ſuſpected, as averſe from the Intereſt, to which he has ſo ſolemnly ſworn.

I wou'd not have troubled thee with the News of any other Affliction; but, to be ſuſpected of what I never was Guilty of, and to be menac'd in dark Myſterious Terms, not by an Enemy, but by my Friend, and one who has in his Keeping the *Immortal Records* of my *Zeal* and *Integrity*; This cuts me to the Heart. And I had no other Way to eaſe my ſelf, but by venting my Anguiſh to thee.

If any of the *Miniſters* will charge me with Weakneſs, or want of Ability to act in this *Station*, I ſhould have no Reaſon to repine: Since none of them can think ſo meanly of *Mahmut*, as he does of himſelf. I boaſt of Nothing, but a Loyalty to my Truſt, incapable of being corrupted.

But I forget that I am a *Muſſulman*, and therefore ought to be reſig'd to the *Will* of *Heaven* in all Things, without Complaint or Murmur. Beſides I am infinitely oblig'd, in many Regards, to the *Reis Effendi*; and therefore, he may be allow'd to take his own Advantages. Perhaps his Reproofs may be Juſt, and 'tis my own Peeviſhneſs that hinders me from diſcerning it. However, I cou'd wiſh he wou'd henceforth expreſs his Reſentments with leſs Obſcurity, and not give me Grounds to apprehend the Loſs of his Friendſhip.

For, where I once love, I hate a Change. And if thou beeſt of the ſame Mind, We Two ſhall continue our *Friendſhip*, to the *Other Side* of the *Grave*.

Paris, 30th. *of the* 11th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1650.

LETTER

LETTER X.

To the Reis Effendi, *Principal Secretary of the* Ottoman Empire.

IF thou wilt permit me to learn Something from *Husbandmen*, They ſay, 'tis not profitable to plow the Fields whoſe barren Glebe brings forth Nothing but Briars and Thorns. Such are the Grounds of Paſſion and Anger among Friends. Let 'em lie Fallow for ever. Perhaps, thou wilt call it Preſumption in me, to challenge ſuch a Relation between us. Or, if thou owneſt the Title of a Friend, thou wilt claim a Right to reprove me. Be it how it will, Reproofs make the beſt Impreſſion, when they are given with Mildneſs and Moderation. Eſpecially they ought not to be founded on a Miſtake, or falſe Apprehenſion. For they appear like Arrows diſcharg'd in the Dark, which being ſhot at Random, may by giving an undeſerved Wound, make an Enemy of a Friend, or at leaſt render a Friend ſuſpected to be an Enemy.

But I tell thee, I will not blow up the Embers of a Fire, whoſe Flame is extinguiſh'd long ago, and whereof by this Time, I hope, there remains not the leaſt Smoak. I never lov'd to add Fuel in ſuch Caſes: Otherwiſe had I return'd an Anſwer to thy angry Letter, in the Heat of my Reſentments, I might

have play'd the Incendiary: For I had both Matter enough, and Paſſion ſufficient, to ventilate the already kindled Sparks. And, of this, I know thou art ſenſible.

Well! to make the beſt Conſtruction of it: The *Haſnadarbaſſy* was affronted, I believe, at the Freedom I took in adviſing him; not knowing that I had Poſitive Orders to do ſo, even to the *Firſt Miniſter* of *State*, if I ſaw Occaſion. And to vent his Choler, he miſrepreſented the Buſineſs to thee, hoping by thy Means, to awe me into a fawning Acknowledgment of my ſuppoſed Crime. If this was thy Intention in writing that ſharp Letter, I ſmile at his Miſtake; but am ſorry for thine, becauſe I eſteem thee my Friend. 'Twas but an Overſight in you both; and ſo let it paſs.

Thy Friendſhip I court, and refuſe not his, nor that of any *Officer* of the *Seraglio*. I honor all the *Baſſa's* and *Miniſters* of the *Imperial Port*: I ſhew to every one the Reſpect that is due to his *Quality*: But I am commanded to write with Freedom to all, and not to ſpeak, as if I had the Bearded Head of a Barly-Stalk on my Tongue, which is apt to ſlip down a Man's Throat, and threatens to choak him that ſpeaks whilſt it is in his Mouth. This Charge I firſt receiv'd from the late *Vizir Azem*, *Mahomet*, and it has been ſince renew'd with freſh Inſtructions from others of *Great Authority*. They all tell me with much Aſſurance, That one chief End of my being plac'd here is, that being

out

out of the Limits of the *Ottoman Empire*, yet holding a conſtant Intelligence, I may freely and withou Fear, reprove the Vices and encourage the Virtues of the Greateſt *Governors* and *Princes* among the *Muſſulmans*. Nay, I am threat'ned with Puniſhment and the *Sultan*'s Diſpleaſure, if I neglect any Opportunity of this Nature, or appear Partial and Timorous in my Reprehenſions.

For, it ſeems, this is judged the moſt ready and effectual Method, to reform the Corruptions that are crept into Court, Camp and City: Since every Man is oblig'd to communicate the Letters which he receives from me: And they are all *Regiſtred* by thy Care: Whereby the *Grandees* are compell'd, either to live within the Limits of Juſtice, and their Duty, or elſe to be the Diſcoverers of their own Faults: Which will unvoidably bring them into Diſgrace, if not the Loſs of their Liberty and Lives; or at leaſt put them to the Expence of coſtly Preſents, to make their Atonement. And thou knoweſt, ſome Men would almoſt as willingly part with their Lives, as their Money, which is their *God*.

After all this, I hope thou wilt not be diſpleaſed, if I perform my Duty. It is not for me to be frighted with Menaces, or ſoftned with Bribes. My Integrity is Proof againſt the Pride of the one, and Baſeneſs of the other. Yet I have great eſteem for the *Treaſurer* and thee, with other *Miniſters* who are my Friends. I could, to ſerve ſuch, freely hazard my Liberty, Fortune and any Thing

but my Honour, which I value at a far higher Rate than my Life.

Thou may'ſt *Regiſter* it for a Truth, That an *Engliſh Embaſſador* was in the 6th. *Moon* of this Year, murder'd by *Villains* in his Chamber at *Madrid*, the *Capital* City of *Spain*. There has been alſo a Great Battle fought in *Scotland*, between the Army of that *Nation*, who maintain their King's Intereſt, and the Forces of the New *Engliſh Common-wealth*; wherein the Latter obtain'd a Signal Victory, having kill'd Three Thouſand on the Spot, taken Nine Thouſand Priſoners, Fifteen Thouſand Arms, Two Hundred Enſigns, and all their Cannon and Baggage. Theſe are Proſperous Beginnings of that *Republick*, and redound much to the Honour of the *Engliſh General*, *Oliver*, whom every Body extols for a Gallant Man. And I can aſſure thee, theſe *Weſtern Nations* are not barren of *Hero's*.

Principal Scribe of the *Muſſulmans*, I wiſh thy Heart may be a *Tranſcript* of the *Beſt Copies*.

Paris, 1ſt. *of the* 12th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1650.

LETTER

LETTER XI.

To Solyman Aga, Principal Chamberlain *of the Womens Apartments in the* Seraglio.

THeſe *Tartars*, of whom I ſpake to thee in my laſt, are a ſtrange Sort of People in their Manner of Life. But we muſt not cenſure 'em, becauſe we are of Kin. I ſpeak not of my ſelf: For, though I am an *Arab*, yet the greateſt part of thoſe who ſerve in the Armies of the *Grand Signior*, are deſcended from the *Crims*. I mean, the *Spahi's* and *Timariots*. Thou know'ſt the *Originals* of theſe *Military Orders*, and that they are more Honourable than the *Janizaries*; who being *Strangers* by *Blood*, are brought up to the *Lure* of the *Seraglio*. They know neither Father nor Mother, (I ſpeak of the *Tributary* Youths) nor have they any Partial Fondneſs for their *Native* Country. They are Educated in a perfect Reſignation to the *Grand Signior*, and his *Chief Miniſters*: Yet often diſobey both, and not ſeldom put 'em in Hazard of their Lives. How many *Vizirs*, have been ſacrificed to a cunning *Janizar-Aga*; who to prevent his own Ruin, has tempted thoſe under his Command to Mutiny, and accept of no Atonement for their pretended Grie-

vances, leſs than the Life of the *Firſt Deputy*. The Rigid *Fate* of *Sultan Oſman*, Uncle to our preſent *Sovereign*, will not be forgot by thoſe who love the *Ottoman Family* better than theſe *Baſtard Hectors*. Shall the *Empire* of *True Believers*, be ruin'd by the *Renagades*? Beſides, their *Diſcipline* is extreamly corrupted; they marry, and follow *Mechanick* Trades, repugnant to the Auſtere Manners of the *Primitive Guards*, who were wholly attentive to *Martial* Exerciſes.

Were this to come to the Hands of a *Janizary*, he would curſe me to the *Pains* which have neither *Medium* nor *End*. Yet I had once a Friend of that *Order*, *Caſſim Haly*, the *Chief Aga*, a brave Man, and of the ſame Sentiments as my ſelf. He ſought to reform that Diſorderly *Militia*, but was oppos'd by the Wiſe Men in Power. He wou'd freely have ſacrific'd his own Grandeur and Intereſt, for the Good of the *Muſſulman Empire*; but was over-aw'd by thoſe, who had no other Intereſt, but in its Ruin.

Thou know'ſt who I mean: Neither am I a Stranger to the Heroick Bravery of the Faithful *Solyman*, when he bearded the *Boſtangi Aga* on that Account. That *Gardiner* was of the *Faction*, being the Son of a *Janizary*, and train'd up in all the Practices of the *Seditious*. It makes me aſham'd, when I hear the *Infidels* upbraid the *Wiſeſt* of the *Wiſe*, the *Supreme Monarch* on *Earth* with Folly, for permitting this Inſolent and Mutinous *Soldiery* to continue in tthe *Empire*. And I tremble

to

to think, That one Time or other, the Renown'd *Off-spring* of *Ertogriel*, will owe its Ruin and *Cataſtrophe*, to theſe Diſloyal *Vipers*, whom it cheriſhes in the *Seraglio*.

Much more aſſur'd is the *French* King, of his *Guards* of *Switzers*; whoſe Fidelity was never ſtain'd, with the leaſt Infamous Brand of Perfidiouſneſs, in taking up Arms againſt their *Maſter* whoſe Bread they eat. Theſe are Mercenary Soldiers, who travel out of their *Native* Country, to ſerve *Foreign* Princes; and will ſhed the laſt drop of their Blood, rather than betray their Truſt. Therefore they are admitted into the *Palaces*, and nigh the Bed-Chambers of the *Pope* and the *King* of *France*, with full Confidence of their Valour and Integrity.

As for their *Country*, it is barren and poor, conſiſting chiefly of Rocks and Deſarts: Which occaſions the Youth, who are generally very ſtrong and hardy, to ſeek their Subſiſtence Abroad, by ſerving in the *Guards* and *Armies* of Neighbouring *Monarchs* and *States*.

Some Regiments of the *Switzers*, now ſerve in the *Wars* of *Candy*, under the *Standard* of *Venice*.

There are Veſſels arriv'd lately in ſome of the *French* Harbours, which bring News of the Ill Succeſs of our Arms in the *Siege* of *Candia*, the Chief City of that *Iſland*. They talk, as if above Two Thouſand *Muſſulmans* were blown up in the Ninth *Moon*; and that *Chuſaein Baſſa*, diſcourag'd by this Loſs and with the Inconveniences of the approach-

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ing *Winter*, was forc'd to raiſe the *Siege*, in the *Moon* of *October*.

The *French* magnify the Valour of the *Knights* of *Malta*, who ſignaliz'd themſelves by many brave Actions, during this *Siege*. And if all be true, that is related of theſe *Chriſtian Champions*, we cannot in common Juſtice deny 'em their due Character, and number ſome of them at leaſt among the *Hero's*.

Otherwiſe, we ſhou'd come ſhort of theſe *Weſtern Nazarenes* in *Generoſity*, who with no leſs honourable Expreſſions, extol the repeated Courage, and invincible Conſtancy of the Illuſtrious *Chuſaein*, and the Alacrity of all the *Muſſulman* Soldiers, in the Service of our *Great Maſter*.

Yet they cannot forbear reflecting on the Cowardice of the *Janizaries*; who after that fatal Blow, had they ſtoutly maintain'd their other Poſts, that brave *Baſſa* wou'd not ſo ſoon have quitted the *Siege* of this *Important Place*.

As for other News, I have little to acquaint thee with, ſave a ſeeming Calm at preſent in this *Kingdom* of *France*, which has for the greateſt Part of the Year, been haraſs'd with *Civil Diſcords* and Slaughters. *Bourdeaux*, the Chief City, which held out againſt the King, is now reduc'd to Obedience, the pacify'd *Monarch* retired, and an Appearance of *Peace*.

The *Queen* of *Sueden*, we hear, was ſolemnly *Crowned* in the Tenth *Moon* of the laſt Year,

Year, having declar'd for her *Succeſſor*, *Caro-lus Guſtavus*, Prince-*Palatine*, and her Cou-ſin.

In the ſame *Moon*, died the *Prince* of *O-range*; and ſoon after, the *Count d' Avaux*, a *French-Grandee*, and *Miniſter* of *State*.

In the mean Time, I rejoyce to hear, that my old Friends are alive and Flouriſhing; and, that the Knot is not looſened, which was tyed in our *Youth*. May it continue firm, to the *Day* of the *Earthquake*, and to a *Term Unlimited*.

Paris, *the* 29th. *of the* 1ſt. *Moon*,
of the Year 1651.

LETER XII.

To Kiſur Dramelec, Secretary *of the* Nazarene *Affairs at the* Port.

IN the Name of *God* and his *Prophet*, what Occaſion hadſt thou to ſend me ſuch an an-gry Letter; Thou that art thy ſelf but a *Slave*, as I am, to the *Slaves* of him, whoſe *Throne* is above the Flight of the Eagle! Doſt thou think to frighten *Mahmut* into a ſordid Com-pliance with thy Ambition, whom Nothing can terrify, ſo long as he preſerves himſelf free from any Stain of Diſloyalty? I tell thee,

I'm

adviſe thee, to forbear threatning. It is a Reflection on thy Prudence, to menace a Man who has no other Reſentments of thy Paſſion, than to own himſelf oblig'd to thee, for ſo open a Diſcovery of it. Would'ſt have the very Spleen of my Humour? I ſmile at thee. Thou haſt made me as Jocund as *Democritus*. If thou know'ſt not who I mean; He was a pleaſant ſort of a Philoſopher, to whom all Human Actions, were Objects of Mirth. There was another whining *Sage*, that perpetually wept. The moſt Comical Paſſages, and ſuch as mov'd all Men to Laughter, drew Floods of Tears from his Eyes. His Name was *Heraclitus*. It is hard to determine, which of theſe Two was in the Right. But I think I am not much in the Wrong, to be a little pleaſant with thee. Perhaps, it may put thee into a better Humour. However, I would not have thee be diſpleas'd with thy ſelf, for being of ſo peeviſh a Diſpoſition. 'Tis obſerv'd, That Paſſionate Men are always beſt Natur'd, and free from ſecret Malice. *Choler* is as neceſſary as our *Blood*. Without the *Latter*, we cou'd not live; and if we were void of the *Former*, our *Lives* wou'd be as *Unactive*, as that of *Snails* and *Oyſters*. We ſhou'd be abſolute *Drones*.

Hippocrates, the famous *Phyſician*, ſays This *Complexion* is the moſt Noble of all the *Four*, transforming *Men* to *Heroes*, and refining our *Earthly Mold*, to a Conſtitution like that of the *Immortal Gods*; whoſe *Bodies*, according to the *Poets*, conſiſt wholly of an *Ethereal Flame*. There-

I'm another *Achilles*, Invulnerable all over, ſave the *Soles* of my *Feet*, which are the *Emblems* of our moſt tender *Affections*. There thou may'ſt wound me, with the ſoft Arrows of pretended Friendſhip. But if once thou appeareſt, with the Naked Face of an Enemy, I'm preſently on my Guard.

Thou accuſeſt me of many Crimes, whereof I was never Guilty, loadeſt me with a Thouſand undeſerved Reproaches, and all to vent thy Choler: Threatning me with Revenge, becauſe I once excus'd the Lateneſs of my Addreſs to *Minezim Aluph Baſſa*, then newly Veſted by our Munificent *Sultan*, by laying the Blame on the Badneſs of the Ways, or the Inſolence of Soldiers by whom the *Poſts* are often intercepted in Time of *War:* or, in Fine, on thy Neglect in not ſupplying me with more early Intelligence. Wherein 'tis eaſy to diſcern, That thou wert the laſt I wou'd accuſe to that *Miniſter*, though thou wert Principally in the Fault. For I was afterwards inform'd, that the *Poſts* were neither retarded by any *Impaſſable* Roads, or ſtopp'd by the *Orders* of *Military* Men, but arriv'd here at their accuſtom'd Seaſons. Wherefore thou haſt no Reaſon to be offended at me, unleſs it be for the Shortneſs of my Accuſation, and that it was defective in Malice.

Thou wouldſt take it ill, if in my own Defence I ſhould complain to the *Vizir Azem*, of thy frequent Neglects in this Kind. But I ſcorn to vindicate my ſelf, at the Price of another Man's Diſgrace and Peril. Only I adviſe

Therefore be not diſcouraged, neither repine at a Temper, which ranks thee among thoſe, to whom *Sacrifices* are made. On the other Side, take it not amiſs from *Mahmut*, if he tells thee, he has not Devotion enough, to become thy Voluntary *Victim*.

Yet if I cannot be ſo obſequious as to throw my ſelf away, by acknowledging Crimes wherein I was never concerned, and for which I have a Natural Abhorrence; reſt ſatisfy'd at leaſt, That I will ſerve thee as far as I can, without entrenching on the Duty I owe to the *Grand Signior*. And be aſſured, I will do thee no Harm, ſo long as thou obſerveſt that Rule.

In fine, I adviſe thee to order thy Steps like a Man that is walking in the *Bogs* of *Egypt*, where if he obſerve the *Track* of thoſe who have gone before him, he may be ſafe; but if his Foot ſlips, he Sinks in the *Mire*. Such is the *Life* of *Courtiers*.

Paris, *the* 18th. *of the* 2d. *Moon*,
of the Year, 1651.

LETTER

LETTER XIII.

To Minezim Aluph, Baſſa.

IN the Beginning of the laſt Year I ſent thee a *Diſpatch*, wherein I acquainted thee with the *Impriſonment* of Three *Princes* of the *Royal Blood* of *France*. Now thou ſhalt receive the News of their *Liberty*.

They were releas'd by an *Order* from the *King*, on the 13th Day of this *Moon*, and arriv'd in this City on the 16th, which was Yeſterday, attended by a numerous *Cavalcade*, conſiſting of ſome *Princes*, divers of the *Nobility* and *Gentry*, and one wou'd think, of *Half* the *Citizens* of *Paris*. Even thoſe who triumph'd laſt Year, and made Bonfires for their Confinement; Yeſterday throng'd out of the City, to welcome them Home with Acclamations of Joy, and to congratulate their Releaſe. So fickle and inconſtant a Thing is the *Multitude*, driven hither and thither, with every Artificial Declaration of *Stateſmen* or Pretence of *Faction*.

But there were divers *Princes* and *Noblemen*, who from the Firſt Hour of their being ſeiz'd, reſolv'd not to leave a Stone unturn'd to procure their Freedom. The *Grandees* that were their Friends, retir'd to their *Governments*, and rais'd *Rebellions* in the *Provinces*. All the *Kingdom* was haraſs'd with *Civil Wars*. The *Parliaments* decreed againſt the

the *Court*: And there wanted not Cabals of Seditious *Courtiers*, even in the *Palace* of the *King*, to undermine the *Royal* Authority; which the *Cardinal Miniſter* thought to eſtabliſh, by the Impriſonment of the *Princes*. In all Places, the *King*'s Intereſt ran Retrograde.

Thou wilt not wonder at this when thou ſhalt know, that the *Princes* of *France* are not *Slaves* to the *King*, like the *Baſſa's* of the moſt Serene *Empire*, who owe all their Greatneſs, to the ſole Favour of our Munificent *Sultans*. Theſe *Princes* enjoy all that and more by Inheritance, which our *Grandees* acquire only by their Merits, and the Smiles of their *Sovereign*. Hence it is, that their Intereſt is riveted in the Hearts of the People, who revere the *Blood Royal*, in whatſoever Channel it runs.

Therefore thinking Men blame the *Cardinal*'s Conduct in this Affair; ſaying, There was neither *Juſtice* nor *Policy* in it. Indeed, if a Man's Wit is to be meaſur'd by the Succeſs of his Contrivances, the Cenſure of theſe People is true. For the *Cardinal* ſeems to have made a Trap for himſelf.

Aſſoon as he perceiv'd the *King* was prevail'd on by the Importunity of his Uncle, the *Duke* of *Orleans*, and the *Parliament* of *Paris*, to releaſe the *Princes*, and that they had at the ſame Time earneſtly begg'd of him, that this *Miniſter* might be remov'd from the *Court*; he ſuddenly pack'd up his Moveables, and with-drew privately towards the Place, where the *Princes*

ces were Confin'd: Hoping, that though he had loſt his Firſt Point, yet he might make an indifferent After-Game, by going in Perſon to the *Royal Priſoners*, and aſſuring them, 'twas to him they ow'd their Releaſe; ſince it was in his Power to carry 'em away with him, as alſo thoſe who brought 'em the King's *Mandate*. For, he travell'd not without a conſiderable *Guard*.

'Tis ſaid, the *Princes* receiv'd him with ſeeming Compliments and Addreſſes of Civility; promiſing their Friendſhip to the *Cardinal*, now a *Voluntary Exile*, and in a worſe Condition than themſelves.

It is very ſtrange that ſo great a *Miniſter*, who inherited all that *Abſolute Power*, which his *Predeceſſor Richlieu* had at this *Court*, ſhould thus on a Sudden abandon his Fortune. But it is thought, he is not gone to pick Straws.

However, he has by this timely Flight, avoided the Diſpleaſure of ſeeing himſelf compell'd to depart by an *Arreſt* of *Parliament*, which was publiſhed within Two Days after he was gone; commanding him to depart the *Kingdom*, within Fifteen Days.

The Wiſe *Miniſter*, foreſaw this Diſgrace approaching, and therefore thought it more becoming his Honour, to depart of his own Accord: Having ſtill the Advantage, to reproach the *State* with Ingratitude, in that they have reduced to ſuch Streights, the Man by whoſe Auſpicions Conduct, *France* had been elevated to an Extraordinary *Grandeur* in *Europe*.

By

By this thou mayſt comprehend, Illuſtrious *Baſſa*, that there is no *Stability* in *Human Greatneſs*; but that the *Wheels* of a *Courtier*'s Life, run through *Unequal Tracks*, often ſticking in the *Mire* of the *Valley*, and not ſeldom threatning to overthrow a Man, and caſt him Headlong from the *Precipice* of a *Mountain*. Againſt theſe *Inconſtant Turns* of *Fortune*, I adviſe thee to be arm'd with *Moderation*; ſince no Man can avoid his *Deſtiny*.

Paris, 14th. *of the* 3d. *Moon*,
of the Year, 1651.

LETTER XIV.

To Iſouf, *his* Kinſman *at* Fez.

I Am glad to hear thou art alive. Thy Letter came in a good Hour; for I bear a true Affection to thoſe of my *Blood*, and have been particularly anxious for thee theſe many Years. The Sun has *Nine* Times meaſur'd the *Twelve Signs* of the *Zodiack*, ſince I receiv'd thy laſt Letter before this, or heard any News of thee. It ſeems, thou haſt travell'd a great Part of the Earth, during that Time.

'Twas kindly done of thee, to remember thy Sick *Uncle*'s Requeſt, when thou wert at *Aleppo*, in making *Oblations* for his *Health*

to

to *Sheigh Boubac*, the *Santone*; and distributing *Corban* to the Poor, in Honour of *Syntana Fissa*.

Thou hast sent me a large and satisfactory Account of thy *Observations* in *Asia*: Yet I am sorry, thou hadst not Time to penetrate into the *Religon* and *Secrets* of the *Indian Bramins*. I am more ambitious, to pry into the *Wisdom* and *Learning* of those *Philosophers*, than into any other *Species* of *Knowledge* whatsoever. Methinks, 'tis pity the *Records* of so vast an *Antiquity*, shou'd be conceal'd from the Rest of the *World*, and only known to those *Happy Priests*. I protest, 'tis impossible for me to think of it without Envy. But perhaps, it is the *Will* of *Heaven*, to lock up those *Mysteries* in the Remotest *Provinces* of the *East*, as a Reward of their Constancy, in adhering to the *Traditions* of their *Fathers*, which know no Origin; and as a Reproach to all other *Nations*, who in Matters of *Religion*, have been Mutable as the *Winds*.

I have convers'd with several *Jesuits* and others, who have been in the *Indies*; but they seem to relate all things Partially, out of a *Natural* Aversion for the *Manners* of the *East*: And I knew not how to disprove'em till my Brother *Pesteltihali* undeceived me. He has also visited those *Parts*, and resided a considerable Time in *China*. It is a difficult Thing for a *Traveller*, to keep himself within the Bounds of Truth in his Relations; but, I believe, he has not exceeded. Thy *Journal* touches but lightly the *Indian* Affairs, not ha-

having Leiſure, as thou telleſt me, to obſerve much. However, thou haſt made Amends in thy Relations of *Perſia*, *Tartary*, and the *Land* of the *Curds*.

I depend much on thy Promiſe of ſending me a *Journal* of thy *Travels* in *Africk*. To that *Quarter* of the *World*, I am much a Stranger; not having met with any Authentick Relation, of the *Regions* in the *South*.

It ſeems, thou haſt been in *Æthiopia*, *Libya*, *Egypt*; and, in Fine, all over the *Torrid Zone*.

Hiſtorians tell Wonderful Things of theſe *Parts*. *Herodotus* mentions a Sort of *People* in *Africk*, whoſe Bodies were more Venomous than *Serpents*. Theſe affronted once at the *Winds*, for driving the *Sands* of *Libya* into their *Country*, and filling up all their Wells and Streams, enter'd into a *War* againſt the *Kingdom* of *Æolus*; but the *South Wind* met 'em in their March, and bury'd 'em under *Mountains* of *Duſt*.

I do not repreſent this to thee as a Truth, tho' related by that Learn'd *Grecian*. Thou may'ſt repute it for a *Fable*, as I do. But let this Paſſage be a Hint, that I expect from thee none but ſolid Remarks.

It wou'd pleaſe me to be aſſur'd of one Thing, which perhaps thou haſt heard of when thou waſt in *Barbary*. Very credible *Authors* report, that when the *Phœnicians* were expell'd by the *Iſraelites*, and driven into this Corner of *Africk*, they ſet up *Two* *Pillars* of *Marble*, whereon they Engrav'd theſe *Words*,

as

as a *Laſting Monument* of their *Expulſion*, *WE ARE A REMNANT OF THOSE, WHO FLED FROM THE FACE OF* JOSUA, *THE ROBBER, THE SON OF* NUN.

The *Firſt Invention* of *Ships*, is by ſome aſcrib'd to theſe *People*, whom Neceſſity taught to ſeek Reſt on the Unquiet *Ocean*; ſince the more Turbulent Sons of *Jacob*, wou'd not permit them to enjoy any Repoſe on the *Land*, having haraſs'd 'em from one Place to another, till at length they drove 'em to the very *Borders* of the *Earth*. But, thou know'ſt, the *Chineſes* pretend to the *Uſe* of *Ships*, many Thouſand Years before this *Depredation* of the *Iſraelites*. Every *Nation* aims to be eſteem'd the moſt Ancient. And when there was formerly a Diſpute between the *Egyptians* and *Scythians* on this Point, it was adjuſted in Favour of the Latter; but the *Chronologies* of the *Chineſe* and *Indians*, far exceed all others in the *World*. For they ſeem to out-ſtrip *Time* it ſelf in *Antiquity*; at leaſt, they tranſcend the *Common Date* of the *World*'s *Creation*.

I have heard a *Traveller* aſſert, That as he was journeying through the *Deſarts* of *Lybia*, he diſcover'd an *Altar* of *Stone*, with this *Inſcription* on it, in *Grecian Characters*, I POLYSTRATUS *OF* ATHENS, *HAVE CONSECRATED THIS ALTAR, TO ALL THAT IS GOOD IN HEAVEN; AND IF THAT ALL BE BUT ONE, AS SOME SAY,*

MAY

MAY THAT ONE ACCEPT MY VOWS.

I desire thee to inform me, Whether thou hast ever seen or heard of such an *Altar*, when thou wert in those *Parts*. You *Travellers*, must expect this Kind of Trouble from your Friends. Every Body is Naturally Inquisitive, and Desirous of *Knowledge*.

'Twill be acceptable also, to send me an *Abstract* of the *Present State* of *Fez*. I should be glad to hear of the Health of *Abdel Melec Muli Omar*, the *Superiour* of the *Magnificent College* in that *City*, built by *Al' Habu Ennor*, *King* of the *Country*. They say, it cost him Two Hundred and Forty Thousand *Sequins*.

'Tis added, That in *Fez* there is a *Mosque* near Half a League in Circuit: In which are as many *Gates*, as there be *Days* in the *Revolution* of a *Moon*. And that the Number of the *Pillars* which support it, is equal to the *Year* of the *Hegira* wherein it was Founded: being encompass'd also, by Seventeen High *Minarets*; besides Innumerable *Domes* and *Terasses*. Having also 900 *Lamps* burning in it by Night, and 300 *Windows* to let in the Light of the Day. The Revenue of this famous *Mosque*, is said to be 36500 *Sequins* a Year. They relate many other things of *Fez*, and the *Provinces* belonging to it. Of all which, I desire thee to send me a Distinct Account.

I had almost forgot one Passage, which have read in the *Ancients*, concerning a certain

tain ſubtle *African*, whoſe Name was *Pſaphon*. This Man had train'd up a *Parrot*, to repeat very frequently theſe Words, *Pſaphon is a Great God*. When the Bird had perfectly learn'd his Leſſon, he let it looſe; which being accuſtom'd to a Domeſtick Life in a Cage, fled not preſently to the Fields, but perch'd on the *Temple* of the Town, where it was heard by the People, to utter the aforeſaid Sentence aloud, and very often. They, Ignorant of the Quality of *Parrots*, and led with *Native Superſtition*, eſteem'd it an *Oracle* from *Heaven*. Wherefore immediately flocking to the Houſe of *Pſaphon*, they offer'd *Sacrifice* to him, and in all Reſpects treated him as a *Divinity*.

Whether this Story be true or no, 'tis certain, *Idolatry* had no better Foundation, than Artifice and Lyes: Unleſs we ſhall conclude with the *Poet*, *That Fear made the Firſt* Gods *in the World*. Couſin, let there be a frequent Intercourſe between us. It will be profitable to thee and me.

Paris, 5th. *of the* 4th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1651.

I LETTER

LETTER XV.

To Kerker Haſſan, Baſſa.

'TIS a Cuſtom in the *Court* of *Rome*, that every *Nation* of the *Weſt*, has a *Protector* among the *Cardinals* there, who are *Princes* of the *Roman Church*. Such I eſteem thee, in the moſt Exalted *Court* of the *Eaſt*.

Arabia gave thee thy firſt Breath: But thy own Merits have lifted thee up to the *Dignity* of a *Baſſa*, a *Prince* of the *Ottoman Empire*, whoſe Limits far exceed thoſe of Modern, or even of Ancient *Rome*.

'Tis from hence, our Countrymen addreſs to thee, as to their Patron; uſing thy Power and Meditation with the *Grand Signior*, in all their Neceſſities.

Among the Reſt, wonder not that the humbleſt of thy Slaves, *Mahmut*, the Son of thy Father's Neighbour, falls at thy Feet, in a Time of great Diſtreſs; in the Agonies of his Spirit, the Hazard of his Fortune, and Peril of his Honour, which he values more than his Life.

I complain not of the many repeated Abuſes and Contempts I have received from ſome in the *Seraglio*, to whom it belongs not, to meddle with Things out of their *Sphere*, much leſs to diſcourage the Faithful *Agents* and *Miſſioners* of the *Grand Signior*. Yet the Perſecutions I have felt from their Hands, are ſuch as wou'd drive another Man leſs patient of Injuries, either to Revenge or Deſpair. They

They have vilify'd all my Conduct in this *Station*; reproach'd my beſt Actions, with the odious *Characters* of *Imprudence* and *Diſloyalty*; and miſrepreſented the ſmalleſt *Peccadillo's* (for which alſo, I have the *Mufti's* Diſpenſation) under the Ignominious *Title* of *Infidelity* and *Atheiſm*. In a Word, they thirſt after my Blood: Nothing will ſatisfy their greedy Malice, but my Life.

I never was afraid to *die*, ſince I perfectly underſtood what it is to *live*. Nor can I be fond of protecting my Breath, when my *Great Maſter* ſhall pleaſe to call for a Surrender of it, for whoſe Service only it was given me. But it would render the *Scene* of my *Death* Tragical, and ſtrew my Paſſage into the *Other World* with Thorns, to be ſent out of *This*, under the Notion of a *Traytor*, who have acted my Part, without a real Blemiſh.

Ikingi, that Learn'd *Tutor* of the *Royal Pages*, was the firſt that broach'd this Enmity againſt me; (for I have forgot the Prevarication of *Shaſhim Iſtham*, the *Black Eunuch*, ſince the Time he acknowledg'd his Fault with much Candor and Ingenuity.) 'Twas that *Athenian Sophiſt*, who debauch'd the Integrity of my *Couſin Solyman*; and perſwaded the Unwary Youth, to enter into a Conſpiracy againſt his Uncle. But I reprehended my Kinſman's Folly in one Letter; and his Anſwer, though late, convinc'd me, That he was not guilty of Malice, ſo much as of Raſhneſs and Credulity. I was extreamly oblig'd to the *Kaimacham*, for his Be-

nignity and Friendſhip in this Affair. The good old *Miniſter* had a real Kindneſs for me, and took no ſmall Pains to penetrate into the Cauſes of my *Couſin*'s eager Paſſion, and Malice againſt me. At length he found it to be only the Practices of *Ikingi*, who took Advantage of *Solyman*'s Temper, equally Loyal and Flexible; inſinuated into his Youthful Mind, Monſtrous *Idea's* of me; and, in fine ſet him a railing at me with a fierce kind of Liberty, where-ever he came. The wiſe *Baſſa* ſoon open'd my Kinſman's Eyes; brought him to his Senſe; and the Iſſue of all was, that *Solyman* writ me a Letter of Apology.

But ſince this, the *Maſter* of the *Pages* has laid new Trains for me, and drawn a great many more to his Party. He has corrupted *Muſtapha Guir*, an *Eunuch*, and *Page* to the *Old Queen*; with whom I once held a Correſpondence, and, as I thought had contracted a Familiarity and Friendſhip. But, it ſeems, it was only an Appearance, without Reality. I could give thee a long Liſt of thoſe, whom this *Academick* has taught to ſlander *Mahmut*: But I will not appear ſo Revengeful. Beſides, this is not the only Grievance of which I complain.

Shall I remonſtrate to thee, moſt Excellent and Serene *Baſſa*, the true Cauſe of my Uneaſineſs? I am weary of living among *Infidels*. Favour me with thy Aſſiſtance and Interceſſion, that I may have leave to retire from this Place, and vindicate my ſelf before the Face

Faces of my Enemies. And having had that Honour, rendring alſo a juſt Account of the Affairs wherewith I am entruſted, I may viſit my *Native Country*, and ſpend the Reſidue of my Days in *Arabia*, the *Scene* of all our *Prophet*'s Great Actions, the Place where I firſt drew my Breath. I languiſh for the Aromatick Air of *Admoim*, the Cryſtal Fountains, and Cooler Shades of that Happy *Province*. I long to ſee the Groves which encompaſs the *Village* of my *Nativity*, the Turrets of thy Father's Houſe, and the *Moſque* of *Haſen* the *Prophet*. For, tho' I took no Notice of theſe Things in my Infancy; yet having once ſeen 'em in my riper Years, when I were able to make more laſting Reflections, I ſhall never forget theſe delightful Objects, ſo long as I live.

If this be an Infirmity, pardon it, Illuſtrious *Arab*, ſince it is Natural to all Men. Thou thy ſelf, haſt enjoy'd the Pleaſure of reviſiting that ſweet *Region*: Pity *Mahmut*, who burns with Deſire to taſte the ſame.

Or, if this ſhall be thought too great an Indulgence, to the poor *Exil'd Mahmut*; yet it will be eaſie for thee, who art a Favourite, to obtain of the *Grand Signior*, that I may at leaſt be recall'd from this *Employment*, and ſome body elſe ſubſtituted in my Place. There are thoſe among my Enemies, who are Ambitious of the Fatigue; and *Ikingi*, my Old Friend, would exchange all the Honours he is poſſeſs'd of in the *Seraglio*,

for this Obſcure, yet Hazardous Poſt. 'Tis Pity but ſuch a Man's Thirſt of Perils, ſhould be gratify'd.

But if after all that I have ſaid, my *Superiours* ſhall think it expedient to continue me here, I am reſign'd: Only deſiring, that from henceforth my Slanderers may be ſuſpected, as Men ill affected to the *Sublime Port*, for traducing a Man that has waded through a Thouſand Difficulties, Temptations and Perils; and ſerv'd the *Ottoman Empire* in this *Station*, fourteen Years, without making a falſe Step, or Tranſgreſſing the leaſt Point of his Inſtructions.

I hear that *Chuſaein Baſſa*, is made *Vizir Azem*. The *French* have a very great Opinion of his Valour. They are generally *Impartial Criticks* in *Martial* Affairs, ſcorning to deny a *Brave Enemy* his *Due Character*.

We are at preſent barren of other News, ſave a New *Arreſt* of *Parliament* againſt *Cardinal Mazarini*, and all his Kindred and Creatures; whereby they are declared *Enemies* to the *State*, and charg'd with a long Catalogue of Crimes, whereof perhaps they were never Guilty.

Here are alſo ſome flying Reports of the *Cardinal*'s Death: who, they ſay, has poyſon'd himſelf for Grief of his ill Succeſs in this *Court*. But I eſteem this, only as the Froth of his Enemies Malice, who really wiſh him Dead; and, to diſcourage his Friends, give it out that he is ſo.

Serene

Serene *Baſſa*, I commit my Affairs to thy Protection, beſeeching thee, to do the Office of a Countryman and a Friend, to the betray'd for *God*.

Paris, 26th. *of the* 5th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1651.

LETTER XVI.

To Chuſain Baſſa, *the* Magnanimous Vizir Azem, *and* Invincible General *of the* Ottoman Forces *in* Candia.

I Am not much above Forty Three Years Old, yet have ſeen Great *Changes* in the *World*, mighty *Revolutions* in *Kingdoms* and *States*, and the *Death* of many Sovereign *Monarchs*, Illuſtrious *Generals*, and Wiſe *Statesmen*. Doubtleſs, all *Sublunary* Things, are ſubject to *Viciſſitude*. There appears Nothing *Conſtant* and *Setled*, but the *Heavens* and *Stars*. They indeed perſevere in their *Immutable Courſes*, never change their *Orbs*, nor ſtart from their *Eternal Poſts*. The *Sun* riſes and ſets at his accuſtom'd Hours, and the *Moon* exactly obſerves the determin'd *Periods* of her *Encreaſe* and *Wane*: Theſe vary only, as the *Seaſons* of the *Year*, with Exqui-

ſite Regularity, and Conſtant Returns.

But here *below*, there is an Univerſal *Tranſmigration* and *Metempſychoſis* of *States*, and *Forms of Things* : A Perpetual Flux and Reflux of Human Events. Men die hourly, and others are hourly born to ſupply their Places. One *Age* treads cloſe upon the Heels of another. And we who live at preſent, as we walk in the Steps of our *Fathers*, ſo ſhall we follow them down to the *Grave*, where our *Fleſh* by a new *Metamorphoſis*, ſhall be turn'd into the Bodies of *Worms*, *Inſects* and *Serpents* : And what ſhall become of our *Souls*, is Uncertain.

I was born in the *Reign* of *Sultan Achmet*, from whom our preſent *Sovereign* is the Sixth *Emperour*, that has aſcended the Glorious *Throne* of the *Ottomans*. May *God* grant him a Long Life, and a *Series* of Years bleſs'd with Continual Health, and Victory over his Enemies. I pray *Heaven* alſo, to perpetuate thy New *Office*, to the laſt Period of the *Sultan's* Life ; and in wiſhing this, I ſay all that can be expected.

But when I reflect on the frequent and bloody *Tragedies*, that have been acted in the *Seraglio* ſince I can remember, and the many *Sacrifices* that have been made of *Sultans*, *Vizirs*, *Baſſa's*, and *Principal Miniſters* of *State*, beſides the Maſſacres and Butcheries of meaner Perſons ; It makes me melancholy, amidſt the Joys I conceive for thy late *Exaltation*; and fills me with Fears, leſt my good Wiſhes to the *Grand Signior* and Thee, who art his Right Hand, ſhou'd by

ſome

ſome ſiniſter *Decree* of *Fate*, be almoſt as ſoon diſannull'd as pronounc'd. I pray *Heaven* avert my melancholy Preſages.

The Death of the Old *Queen* (the News of which is lately arriv'd at this *Court*) does but revive and encreaſe my Apprehenſion, of Greater *Tragedies* to come: Becauſe one Act of Cruelty, ſtill propagates another. Revenge is Prolifick, and Miſchief is never at a Stand. 'Tis true indeed, as it is not decent to inſult o'er the *Aſhes* of *Illuſtrious Perſons*; ſo neither has a Loyal *Muſſulman*, any great Reaſon to mourn for the Fall of a Woman, by whoſe Connivance her *Royal* Son, and our late *Great Maſter*, *Sultan Ibrahim*, fell a *Sacrifice* to the *Mufti*'s Indignation. 'Twas an Unnatural Part in a *Mother*: And we may ſay, the *Divine Juſtice* has overtaken her, in making her *Grandſon* ſign the *Warrant* for her *Death*, with the *Conſent* of that very *Mufti*, at whoſe *Inſtigation* ſhe had conſented to the Murder of his *Father*.

Yet after all, may not ſhe have left behind her a Party in the *Seraglio*, or at leaſt in the *State*, who will ſtudy to revenge her Fall; or, however, do ſome Miſchief to prevent their own? Let me not ſeem to contradict my own Arguments; and whilſt I plead againſt Revenge and Cruelty, appear an *Advocate* for thoſe Inhuman Paſſions. I do not mention the ſurviving *Creatures* of this Unhappy *Queen*, to excite in thee, falſe Sentiments of Juſtice, ſuſpicious *Chimæra's* of a poſſible *Conſpiracy*, and ſo ſtimulate thee to puniſh them

by Anticipation, for Crimes of which perhaps they never will be Guilty. I rather ſuggeſt theſe Things, that after ſo many *Tragedies* in the *Royal Family*, a Stop may be now put to future Miſchiefs; leſt, whilſt Men purſue a particular and ſelf-Intereſs'd Revenge, the Contagion ſhou'd ſpread, and *Cruelty* become Univerſal, and Infinite.

Let it ſuffice, that no leſs than Three of our *Sultans*, have been Depos'd and Strangl'd within theſe Thirty Years: Not to mention the *Deluge* of *Royal* Blood, that has overflow'd the Private Chambers of the *Seraglio*, the Priſons of the *Ottoman Princes* Brothers, or Sons to the *Emperours* formerly Reigning.

Theſe were Barbarous Cures of untimely Jealouſies; and it is Pity that ſuch Royal Maſſacres, ſhou'd ever be repeated again. Why ſhou'd the *Poſterity* of *Ottoman*, be in this Regard the only *Unfortunate Princes* on Earth? Were it not much more Noble, and equally Wiſe, to take the Meaſures of *Æthiopian* Policy, where, to prevent Sedition and Diſcords about *Succeſſion*, the *Princes* of *the Blood* are confin'd indeed, but to a very Pleaſing Liberty: Whilſt they have Palaces, Parks and large Fields at Command; are ſerv'd by a *Princely* Train, and deny'd no Lawful Pleaſures, within the *Pale* of their *Reſtraint*: For there is an exceeding high Mountain in the Country, the Top of which is very Spacious, containing large Tracts of *Ground*, many beautiful *Seraglio's*, furniſh'd with whatſoever can contribute to the Enjoyment of theſe *Princes*, or

at

at leaſt to compenſate for their Want of greater Liberty. This Mountain is environ'd with a high and ſtrong Wall, having but one Entrance, and that guarded by Soldiers; ſo that no Man can go in or out, who has not the *Emperor*'s Warrant, or at leaſt a Permiſſion from the *Prime Miniſter* of *State*: For he, upon the *Death* of the *Emperor*, immediately calls a *Council* of the *Supreme Officers*, who from among theſe Impriſon'd *Princes*, chuſe him whom they think moſt worthy to ſucceed. The reſt, who never felt the Appetite to *Reign* (for they are carry'd to this Place in their Infancy, and kept in perpetual Ignorance of *State-Affairs*) paſs away their Time without Envy, or repining at the Exaltation of their Brother, Addicting themſelves wholly to the Innocent Delights of that Rural Life, or to the Study of *Books*, whereof they have great Plenty in their *Libraries*, and thoſe altogether treating of Matters of Divine or Natural Speculation. Whereby, though they know nothing of *State-Artifices*, and *Intrigues* of *Courts*, yet they become able *Philoſophers*, and vers'd in all the *Liberal Sciences*.

Wou'd to *God* our *Ottoman Princes* (I mean the Younger Brothers) had but half this Liberty, granted them. Then the *Infidels* wou'd have no reaſon to call the *Exalted Port*, a *Neſt* of *Vulturs*.

But we muſt not find Fault with the Actions of our *Sovereigns*, though they tend to the Scandal and Ruine of the *Muſſulman* Empire. Yet I know to whom I write theſe Things; having often heard thee declaim againſt

gainſt this *Barbarous Cuſtom*, of ſhutting up the *Royal Off-Spring* in a *Dungeon*, without Light or Comfort during their Lives; which many Times are alſo Cruelly ſhorten'd, by the Hands of the *Executioner*.

But, turning our Eyes from the *Tragedies* of the *Eaſt*, let us fix 'em on the Affairs of the *Nazarenes* in the *Weſt*.

The chief Diſcourſe at preſent is, about a Marriage lately ſolemniz'd between the *Emperour* of *Germany*, and the *Dutcheſs* of *Mantua*. She is his Third Wife ſucceſſively; for *Polygamy* is not allow'd, even to the *Sovereigns*, in theſe *Parts*, where the *Prieſts* bear all the Sway.

The Poſts from *Sueden* inform us, of the Death of *General Torſtenſon*, of whoſe Exploits in *Germany* thou haſt often heard. That *Empire* is very Unfortunate, ſpending its Time and Vitals in Unprofitable *Aſſemblies* and *Conſults*, whilſt her Active Enemies take whole *Provinces* from her with Eaſe: But this need not grieve Us.

Great *Atlas* of the *Muſſulman Empire*, I wiſh thee the *Continence* of *Scipio*, the *Fortune* of *Alexander*, and the *Temperance* of *Cato*; who when he was marching through the *Sands* of *Libya* with his *Army*, all ready to expire with Thirſt, and one of his Soldiers brought him his Helmet full of Water, as a rare Preſent in that General Diſtreſs, gratify'd the Soldier for his Gift, but ſpilt the Water on the Ground, ſaying, That ſince there was not enough to ſatisfy the whole Army, he wou'd

wou'd not taſte a Drop; and that he was Unworthy to be a *General*, who wou'd not endure as much Hardſhip as the meaneſt Soldier.

Paris, 26th. *of the* 5th. *Moon, of the Year* 1651.

LETTER XVII.

To Naſſuff, Baſſa *of* Natolia.

PRaiſe be to *God*, *Lord* of the *Seven Heavens*, and of all that is within their Circumference: Theſe *Weſtern Nazarenes*, are always a quarrelling. They are reſolved to do their Parts towards the fulfilling the *Muſſulman Predictions*, and thoſe of their own *Prophets*. It makes me ſmile, to ſee theſe *Infidels* employing their Arms againſt each other, contending about *Petty* Rights and Poſſeſſions, whilſt they neglect the *General* Conſervation and Defence of *Chriſtendom*, from the *Impetuous Torrents* of our *Invincible Armies*.

The *Elector* of *Brandenburgh*, is enter'd into the *Dutchy* of *Mons* with conſiderable Forces, pretending to adjuſt, I know not what *Differences*, between thoſe whom they call *Catholicks* and *Proteſtants*.

'Twould be too tedious for a Letter, to run back to the *Firſt Original* of this *War*, and

and trace it down from above a Hundred Years ago to the preſent Time. Beſides, 'tis of no Import to a *Muſſulman*, to hear a long Story of the Marriages, Deaths, Heirs, and Law-Diſputes of theſe Petty *Infidel Princes*. Yet, that thou may'ſt know ſomething of it, I will relate the whole Buſineſs as briefly as I can.

In the Year 1546. *William Duke* of *Mons*, *Juliers* and *Cleves*, marry'd *Mary* the Daughter of *Ferdinand* I. *Emperour* of *Germany*, and by this Match obtain'd of the *Emperour* (whom they call *Cæſar*, as they did the Ancient *Emperours* of *Rome*, whoſe *Succeſſor* he pretends to be) ſome Privileges, touching the *Succeſſion* of his *Children*, and their *Right* to his *Dominions*; and particularly, that this vaſt *Eſtate* ſhould not be Divided, but reſt in the entire Poſſeſſion of One *Heir-Male*, or in Default of that, it ſhould deſcend to the next *Female*, which, as I am told, is a Cuſtom in *Germany*; that ſo the *Grandezza* and Authority of *Princely Families*, may be ſupported.

I will not trouble thee with the particulars, which would take up a *Volume*. But in ſhort, it appears, that notwithſtanding all the ſtrict Proviſion that was, or could be made; this great *Eſtate*, after it had remain'd Sixty Years *United*, was at Length *Divided* between Two *Princes*, both claiming an Equal Right to the *Whole*; yet to prevent Wars, and Effuſion of Blood, each was contented with *Half*. Theſe were *Wolf-*

gang,

gang, Duke of *Newburgh*; and *Erneſt*, *Marqueſs* of *Brandenburgh*. In whoſe *Families*, the Parted *Succeſſion* has continued to this Day.

The Occaſion of the preſent Quarrel, is their *Difference* of *Religion*; the Duke of *Newburgh* being a *Catholick*, and he of *Brandenburgh* a *Proteſtant*. It ſeems, the *Brandenburghers* had formerly made Inrodes on thoſe of *Mons* and *Juliers*, carrying away Captive their *Prieſts* and *Derviſes* from their *Altars* and *Convents*, and detaining them in Servitude, for many Years, contrary to certain *Articles* that had been drawn up between 'em. They alſo uſed them with great Cruelty, and committed a Thouſand Inſolences on the *Roman Imaums*, where-ever they got 'em in their Power.

Thus their Affairs continu'd, till the late *Agreement* at *Munſter*. Since which Time, the *Duke* of *Newburgh* endeavoured to free his Subjects from their former Calamities, and reſtore things to their Ancient State.

The *Elector* of *Brandenburgh*, making this an Occaſion of *War*, has now invaded the *Dominions* of the ſaid *Duke*. He is not gone in Perſon, but has ſent a good Soldier, whom they call *Otho Sparr*, with Four Thouſand Men to begin the Campaign; who, 'tis ſaid, will be follow'd by a greater Army.

But before he took the Field, the *Elector* of *Brandenburgh* had an *Interview* and *Conference* with the *Duke* of *Saxony* about this Affair, who is alſo a *Proteſtant*: So that 'tis thought,

thought, no ſmall Diſturbance will ariſe in the *Empire*. All Joy and Peace to *True Believers!*

He of *Brandenburgh*, has caus'd a *Declaration* to be ſpread abroad full of Specious Pretences, that ſo his Conqueſts may be the more eaſy. He talks of nothing, but reſtoring the *People* of *Juliers* and *Mons* to their Ancient Liberties and Rights, both in *Civil* and *Religious* Matters; promiſing the faireſt Things in the World, to thoſe that obey him, and receives his Armies with Friendſhip: On the other ſide, threatning to treat thoſe who reſiſt him, with the utmoſt Severity that is due to Traytors and Rebels. And all this, for the Sake of Two or Three Inſignificant *Ceremonies* and *Opinions*, wherein they differ; mere Trifles, Litteral Whimſies, the Sport of their *Doctors*, the Spawn of wanton and Luxuriant Brains. For, no greater was the *Original* Difference between the *Lutherans*, and thoſe of the *Roman* Church. *One* will be ſav'd by the Strength of his *Phancy*, which he calls *Faith*, without doing any *Good Work* toward it: The *Other* toils all his Life-Time to merit *Heaven*, and thinks he can never do enough to obtain his End. He wears out the Pavement of *Churches*, and makes the Skin of his Knees like that of a *Camel*, with perpetual Kneeling, and Praying to *Images* and *Pictures*. And after all, they may be both *damned*, for ought I know, for their Ill Lives. They tear and devour one another like wild Beaſts, and think to gain *Paradiſe* by their Unnatural Zeal.

The

The *Duke* of *Newburgh* has publiſh'd a *Manifeſto* againſt the Proceedings of *Brandenburgh*, and ſollicited the *Duke* of *Lorrain*'s Aid, as alſo that of *Leopold*, *Arch-Duke* of *Auſtria*. What will be the Iſſue, no Man knows; but oft-times, a ſmall Spark kindles great Fires: And it is not impoſſible, that this little Feud, may ſet the whole *Empire* in a Flame.

Mighty *Baſſa*, I pray *Heaven* bleſs thee with *Peace*, *Health*, and thy *due Revenue*. If theſe be not enough to make thee *Happy*, I wiſh thee an *Encreaſe* of *Honours*, and all the *Glorious Fatigues* which *Mortals* court as their *Way* to *Bliſs*.

Paris, *the* 20th. *of the* 7th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1651.

LETTER

LETTER XVIII.

To Uſeph Baſſa.

SUſpect me not: I have an equal Eſteem for thee, as I have for the other *Baſſa's* and *Miniſters* of the *Divan*. But I find it difficult to pleaſe any. They are Captious, and every one wou'd have all my Letters addreſs'd to himſelf: As if I were plac'd here to ſerve *Particular* Intereſts, and not the *Publick*. However, I cannot but acknowledge the tacit Honour they do me, in being ſo covetous of poor *Mahmut's* Correſpondence. I wiſh I were in a Condition to be more Partial: Then I wou'd quickly make thee and ſome others ſenſible, which are the Perſons, for whom I have a peculiar Regard.

But as the Caſe is at preſent, I muſt obſerve the *Inſtructions* I have receiv'd; and, by Turns write to all.

Wherein, if I fail of *Arithmetical Proportions*, I will make Amends by the *Rules* of *Geometry*: If I write but ſeldom to ſome, I deſire that the Length of my Letters, and Solidity of the Matter, may be accepted as a proper Supplement.

But thou haſt no Reaſon to complain on this Score, unleſs it be of thy ſelf for travelling into *Remote Countries*, whether I knew not how to follow thee with Letters, or any other.

other Way. Beſides, the former Friendſhip that has been between us, is a ſufficient Counterſcarp againſt all Suſpicion of Neglect on my Part, who am a Thouſand Times obliged to thee for ſo many repeated Favors. For the ſake of *God* therefore, and *All* that is *Good*, wound my Heart no more with theſe Undeſerv'd Reproaches: But believe ſtedfaſtly, that *Mahmut* can never be ungrateful and falſe.

Thy Letter is a Miſcellany of Friendly Complaints and Compliments. Thou giveſt me a Character, to which I do not pretend. 'Tis true, indeed, and I thank *God* and my *Good Stars* for it, that I was not born Blind, Deaf or Dumb. *Nature* gave me my *Senſes* free from any Manifeſt Defect; and I have an Indifferent good *Memory*. When I was Young, I had an Inclination to read *Books*; and Fortune has ſince favour'd me, with many Opportunities for that Purpoſe. But I found the moſt profitable *Study* to be, that of *MY SELF*, to which all the Laborious Pains of the *Schools* and *Academies*, ſerve only as a certain Gradation and Diſcipline. Nay, without theſe a Man may attain all the Knowledge that is Neceſſary to the Accompliſhment of his Nature; for ſo did the Firſt *Philoſophers*, before *Books* or *Letters* were extant. If thou wilt be perfectly Wiſe, read the *ALCORAN*, and the *UNIVERSE*; After that, peruſe *THY SELF*. Thou wilt find, Matter of Wonder and Improvement in *Each*;

Each; but moſt of all, in the *Laſt*: For *Man* is a *Medley* of *all Things*.

Were this Leſſon well learn'd and practis'd in the *Court* of *France*, there wou'd not be ſo many little Quarrels among theſe *Infidels*; or at leaſt, ſuch *Petty Originals*, wou'd not produce ſo many *Fatal Conſequences*.

From the Firſt Time the *Prince* of *Conde* with his Brothers, were releas'd from their *Impriſonment* (whereof I have given an Account to *Mirezim Aluph*) there appear'd much Coldneſs in the *Queens* Reception of 'em, and their Addreſſes to her. On both ſides they were at a Loſs, how to behave themſelves: For, all their Civilities were forc'd. 'Tis true, there was a Splendid Umbrage of Reconciliation; but it ſoon vaniſh'd. Their ſuppreſs'd Paſſions, diſcover'd themſelves by Degrees, and at length broke out into open Enmity.

The *Queen* appear'd full of Condeſcenſion and Favors: But Young *Conde*, is as full of his *Merits* and brave *Exploits*; remembring what *Services*, he has done to this *Crown*. Beſides, he is not void of Suſpicion and Jealouſie, leſt all thoſe Exceſſes of *Royal* Kindneſs are ſtrain'd, only to render him more ſecure, and ſo intrap him a ſecond Time with greater Advantage. The Horror of his Firſt *Impriſonment*, is yet fix'd in his Mind; from whence it will not be eaſie to efface it. Three Principal Servants of the *Queen*, were Baniſh'd, to remove his Fears: For, he imagin'd them to be Inſtruments of Correſpondence

dence between the *Queen* and his old Enemy, *Cardinal Mazarini*. Yet ſhe publiſh'd a *Declaration*, ſignifying, *That the* Cardinal *ſhould be for ever Baniſh'd, not only from the* Court, *but from the* Kingdom.

And this *Moon*, the King being come of *Age*, invited the *Prince* to the *Ceremonies* uſual on ſuch Occaſions: Which *Conde* apprehended as a Snare, and ſo fled out of *Paris*.

The Event of theſe Emergencies, is yet in the *Secret Pages* of *Deſtiny*: But in all Likelyhood, a *Civil War* will follow. People are whiſpering, caballing and making *Parties* on both Sides. All the Powder in *Paris*, is engroſſed and gone; but no body knows by whom. Some ſay, the *Prince* is poſted into *Flanders*; others report, that he is retir'd to his own *Government*, there to raiſe an Army. The moſt knowing averr, That were-ever he is, he has Two Hundred Thouſand *Sequins* in Bank, to give Life to his New Deſigns, let them be what they will.

Think not this News of ſmall Importance, Serene *Baſſa*: But when thou heareſt of the *Civil Wars* among *Chriſtians*, eſpecially in the Realm of *France*, the *Firſt*, and moſt *Victorious Empire* of the *Weſt*, look on thy *Right* Hand and on thy *Left*; for our *Holy Prophet*, or his *Herald*, is near at Hand.

Paris, 22d. *of the* 9th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1651.

LET-

LETTER XIX.

To Solyman, *his* Couſin, *at* Conſtantinople.

THou ſeeſt, what thy *Libertiniſm* has brought on thee. For my Part, I am Sick in reading thy Letter, full of Melancholy, and the worſt Kind of *Enthuſiaſm*.

Hadſt thou follow'd my Advice, or if that be contemn'd, hadſt thou but obey'd the Precepts of thy Father, an honeſt Man, and one that went down to the Grave in Peace, thou woul'dſt have Liv'd as happily as other Men; but now thou art over whelm'd with *Hypochondriack* Vapours, and Dreams of a ſickly Brain. I counſel thee, to purge thy ſelf with *Hellebor*; for thou haſt more Need of that, than of *Books*. In all my Life, I never heard ſuch *Religious Nonſenſe* from a *Muſſulman*, as thy laſt Letter is ſtuff'd with.

I have not Patience to make Repetitions, or anſwer every particular *Whimſie* of thine. But in *God's* Name, what makes thee fright thy ſelf with ſuch a Wrong Notion of *Hell*? It is a Common *Maxim* in *Nature*, *That Nothing Violent, is Permanent*. Either therefore, the *Pains* of the *Damn'd* are not *Infinitely Intenſe*, or elſe they are not *Eternal* in their *Duration*. Thou wilt ſay, The *Alcoran* if ſelf aſſerts the *Eternity* of thoſe *Torments*.

ments. But doſt thou underſtand the *Figurative* Manner of *Speech* us'd in that *Divine Book*, and in all our *Eaſtern Writings*? Is it not common to call a very High Mountain, *the Mountain of God*? As if all the Mountains and Valleys of the Earth, were not equally his. So, to expreſs an Uncertain Length of Time, 'tis Cuſtomary to uſe the *Epithet* [*Eternal.*] Thus, we in ordinary Converſation ſay in *Arabia*, *I love You Eternally, I will ſerve You, fight for You*, &c. *Eternally*; and the ſame of the *Contrary Paſſions*: And yet we all know, we ſhall live but a few Years.

But, granting that the *Alcoran* ſpeaks in a *Literal* Senſe; it does not follow, That thoſe *Pains* are without *Intervals* of *Reſt*. We read of the Tree *Zacon*, which grows in the *Center* of *Hell*: But who will interpret, what is underſtood by this *Plant*?

Couſin, make uſe of thy *Reaſon*; and practiſe the *beſt Things*. As for our Condition after *this Life*, trouble not thy ſelf; for no Man knows, what will become of him when he goes Hence. However, we cannot believe, the *Supremely Merciful* Delights in *Cruelty*.

There is a *Path*, which the *Eagle* has not winged, nor the *Serpent* trac'd, though 'tis obvious to both. But their own Raſhneſs blinds them, and they cannot diſcern the *Way* of the *Wiſe*. There are Men of towring Speculations, and others very Crafty; yet neither one or'tother, can grope out the *Direct* Road to *Bliſs*. If I may adviſe thee, let *Nature*

ture be thy Guide. Do nothing, but what *Humanity* prompts thee to: 'Tis this alone, diſtinguiſhes thee from other Animals. Honour the *Memory* of thy *deceas'd Parents*, love thy *Friends*, and be generous to thy *Enemies*: Do Juſtice to all Men: Obſerve the *Puriſications* and *Prayers* preſcrib'd by the *Law*: But give no Credit to the *Fables* of *Infidels*. It is common here among the *Chriſtians*, to paint *Hell* with Horrid Flames, and *Devils* flying up and down with red-hot Prongs, to toſs the *Damn'd* from Fire to Fire. And their *Preachers* make long and direful Harangues, on the ſame Subject: When all the while, neither *they* nor *we* know, *What* or *Where Hell* is, or after what Manner the *Wicked* ſhall be Chaſtis'd.

Only the *Illuminated* of *God* have this *Standard* of *Truth*; That both our *Pains* and *Pleaſures* after *this Life*, ſhall be Exactly proportion'd to our *Vertues* and *Vices*. There is no *Malice* or *Injuſtice*, in the *Good Creator* of All Things.

Couſin, once again, let thy Senſes be awake, and ſuffer not thy Reaſon to dream of Things, which have no Exiſtence. For aſſuredly, *God* is the moſt *Impartial Judge* of the *Univerſe*.

Paris *the* 22d. *of the* 10th *Moon*,
of the Year 1651.

LET-

LETTER XX.

To Endel Al' Zadi Jaaf, Begler-beg *of* Dierbekir.

I Have not the Honour to know thee in Perſon; but have heard of thy Fame. So *Mortals* are unacquainted with the *Secrets* of the *Fixed Stars*; yet we obſerve their Luſtre and Rank, and the Figure they make in thoſe *Remote Worlds*.

Thy Exploits among the *Curds* and *Georgians*, are not unknown in theſe *Parts*. The *Franks* that travel in the *Eaſt*, have tranſported hither ſuch a Character of thy Magnanimous Actions, as makes all Men of Honour in Love with thee: And I have conceiv'd a particular Veneration for thy Vertues. May *God* encreaſe them with thy Hours, and grant thee a *Monopoly* of *Bliſs*.

Thou art plac'd in an *Eminent Seat*, and may'ſt with Reaſon be call'd *Lord* of *Lords*, as thy *Title* imports; for thou art *Poſſeſſor* of the *Terreſtrial Paradiſe*, if we may give Credit to the *Tradition* of the *Ancients*. They tell us, that for a Time *Adam* dwelt there, with his *Second Wife*; and that the particular Place of his Abode was an *Iſland*, encompaſs'd with the Rivers *Euphrates*, *Tygris*, *Piſon*, and *Gihon*. From whence it was call'd *Meſopotamia* by the *Greeks*; which

ſignifies. *A Region environ'd with Rivers.*

All the *VVeſt* of *Aſia*, have a profound Reſpect for this *Country*. And the *Jews* relate ſtrange Stories of a *Tree* in *Dierbekir*, which grew Five Hundred Miles high, in the Days of *Adam*; which they ſay, was cut down by an *Angel*, leſt *Man* ſhould climb to *Heaven* by it before his Time. For, it ſeems, *Ambition* was a *Vice*, early as our Nature; and *Adam* was no ſooner ſenſible that he was a *Man*, but he aſpir'd to be a *God*, or ſomething like One: So great a Charm there is in Honour and Authority.

They ſay alſo, that *Abraham* was born in this *Region*. However, 'tis certain, if there be any Certainty in *Records* and *Hiſtories*, that he reſided there a conſiderable Time. But thou knoweſt beſt, what *Traditions* thy *Subjects* have of theſe Things.

The *Chineſe* and *Indians* laugh at all this, as a *Romance* of *Later Date*, than their *Chronicles*; which make thoſe Extremities of the *Eaſt*, to be the *Stage* of the *firſt Mortals*. Inſtead of *Adam* and *Eve*, or *Alileth*, they aſſert the *Names* of the *Original Parents* of *Mankind*, to be *Panzon* and *Panzona*: Whoſe *Off-ſpring*, they ſay, continu'd Ten Millions of Years; but at length, were all deſtroy'd from the *Earth*, by a *Tempeſt* from *Heaven*. After whom, they tell us, *God* created *Lontizam*, a Man with *Two Horns*, each as big and tall as a *Tree* in that Country, which they call the *Plant* of *God*, being the Largeſt and Firſt of all *Vegetables*. This Man's

Horns

Horns being Prolifick, according to their *Tradition*; out of the *Right*, ſprang a Thouſand Men every Day for a Hundred Years; and as many Women out of the *Left*, in the ſame Space. From whom deſcended all *Mortals* of both *Sexes* to this Day; tho' we are much diminiſh'd in Bulk, through the General Decay of *Human Nature*. For, theſe *People* affirm, That the *Firſt Race* of *Men*, were all *Gyants*: But that through Intemperance and other Vices, their *Off-ſpring* ſhrunk by degrees into ſmaller Dimenſions, till at Length they arriv'd at the preſent Stature, and appear'd like *Pigmies* in Compariſon of the *Primitive* Sons of *Lontizam*. In Confirmation of this the *Indians* ſhew to *Travellers*, ſome of their *Temples* hewn out of vaſt Rocks, with the *Images* of thoſe *Giganeick* Men, who they ſay were employ'd in the Work. Theſe they honour, as *Hero's* or *Demi-Gods*.

I do not relate this for Truth, but only to divert thee, in repreſenting the different Opinions of Men. *God* only knows, how to ſeparate the *Truth* from *Falſhood* in *Hiſtories*.

But to return to *Dierbekir*: This *Country* is Famous for the *Tower* of *Babel*, built by *Nimrod* and his *Followers*; at what Time, the *Languages* were confounded, as *Moſes* relates. 'Tis Remarkable alſo, for the Battel fought between the *Parthians* and *Romans* at *Harran*, and for the Death of *Caracalla*, the Son of *Severus*, Emperour of

Rome, who was Murdered by *Macrinus*, the *Roman General*. Theſe *Emperours* were all call'd *Cæſars*, as the *Kings* of *Egypt* were call'd *Pharaoh's* and *Ptolomies*. It ſeems, the Word *Cæſar*, was firſt apply'd to *Julius* the *Roman Dictator*, for that his Mother dying under the Pains which were to give him Life, her Belly was ript up, and he drawn forth from her Womb by the Hands of a *Surgeon*. In Memory of which, he and all his *Succeſſors* were call'd *Cæſars*; that Word ſignifying [drawn forth by Violence] But, whatſoever the Manner of his Birth was, this is Certain, that he and Forty of his *Succeſſors*, were hurri'd out of the World, by untimely Death: For, they either laid Violent Hands on themſelves, or were Murder'd by *Traytors*.

If thou woud'ſt have any News out of theſe *Parts*, the Chief Diſcourſe at Preſent is, of a great Victory obtain'd by the *Polanders* againſt the *Coſſacks* and *Tartars*. And I cou'd with this were all: But the *Nazarenes* are continually made joyful, with the Succeſs of the *Venetians* againſt the Arms of the *Invincible Empire*. They beat us by *Sea*, and baffle all our Attemps by *Land*. We have not got an Inch of Ground in *Candia*, during the laſt *Campaigne*, but loſt many Thouſands of Men, and brought the Name of the *Sublime Port* and *Victorious Muſſulmans*, into Contempt and Scorn. Where the Fault lies, *God* knows. 'Tis too Melancholy a *Theme*, to inſiſt on Particulars.

Don

Don Juan of *Auſtria*, has alſo beſieged *Barcelona* by Sea and Land.

Several *Arreſts* of *Parliament*, are here publiſh'd againſt the *Prince* of *Conde* and his *Adherents*; and, 'tis reported, the *King* will recall *Cardinal Mazarini* from his *Baniſhment*.

Illuſtrious *Prince* and *Governour* of a Happy *Region*, I beg thy favourable Conſtruction of this Addreſs. And thus in Reverence I deſiſt, full of Dutiful and affectionate Vows for thy Proſperity.

Paris, 19th. *of the* 12th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1651.

The End of the Second Book.

LETTERS
Writ by
A Spy at *PARIS.*

VOL. IV.

BOOK III.

LETTER I.

To Abdel Melech Muli Omar, Preſident *of the* College *of* Sciences *at* Fez.

THou haſt formerly received a Letter from me, wherein I mentioned the *Tenets* of a certain *French Philoſopher* who maintains, That the *Earth* moves like the Reſt of the *Planets*, and the *Sun* ſtands ſtill, being the *Center* of this our *World*: For he aſſerts, that there are *Many*.

The Name of this *Sage* is *Des Cartes*, Renowned throughout the World for his Learning and Knowledge. He lays as a *Baſis* of all his *Philoſophy*, this ſhort *Poſition* and *Inference*, *I THINK, THEREFORE I AM.* In this alone he is *Dogmatical*, allowing a Lawful *Scepticiſm*, in all the Uncertain *Deductions* which may be drawn from it.

Pardon me, *Oraculous Sage*, if I expoſe before thee my Infirmities. I am Naturally diſtruſtful of all Things. This Temper puts me upon Perpetual *Thinking*. And that very Act convinces me, of the *Truth* of my *Being*, according to the Method of this *Philoſopher*. But *What* I am, I know not. Sometimes I Phanſie my ſelf, no more than a *Dream* or *Idea* of all thoſe other Things, which Men commonly believe do Really Exiſt: A mere Imagination of Poſſibilities. And, that all which we call the *World*, is but one Grand *Chimæra*, or *Nothing* in *Maſquerade*.

At other Times, when theſe wild Thoughts are vaniſhed, and my Spirits tired in the Purſuit of ſuch Abſtracted Whimſies begin to flag, and that my Lower Senſe awak'd by ſome preſent Pain or Pleaſure, rouzes my ſleeping Appetites: when I am touch'd with Hunger, Thirſt, or Cold, or Heat, and find experimentally, I am Something that cannot be a mere Thought or Dream, but of a Compoſition which ſtands in Need of Meat, Drink, Garments, and other Neceſſaries: Then, rather than fret my ſelf with Vain and Endleſs Scruti-

Scrutinies, I tamely conclude, I am that which they call a *Man*, I lay the *Sceptick* aſide, and without any farther Scruples or Doubts, fall roundly to eating, drinking, or any other Refreſhments my Nature craves for.

But no ſooner have I taſted theſe Delights, when my Old Diſtemper returns again. I then conſider my ſelf as a *Being*, capable of Happineſs or Miſery in ſome Degree, as I ſhall poſſeſs or Want thoſe very Delights I juſt before enjoyed. This is a ſufficient Damp to a Thinking Man, when he knows, that he ſtands in Need of any Thing out of himſelf. But 'tis far greater, when he will take the Pains to number all the Train of his Particular Neceſſities, which he is not ſure he ſhall always be able to ſupply.

This makes me preſently conclude, That as I am indebted to Other Creatures for my ſenſible Happineſs, ſo I owe my very *Being* to Something beſide my ſelf. I examine my *Original*, and find I am born of Men and Women, who were in the ſame Indigent Circumſtances as my ſelf: And that it is not only ſo with my Particular Family, but with all Mankind; our whole Human Race, being born *Natural Mendicants* from the *Womb*. As ſoon as we breath the Vital Air, we Cry; and with thoſe *Inarticulate Prayers*, beg for Help and Protection from others, without whoſe generous Aid we could not ſubſiſt a Moment: So poor and beggerly a thing is Man, from his Birth. This is the Condition

of all: Neither is a *King* any more exempt from this *Common Character* of *Mortals*, than the *Slave* who *ſweeps* the *Streets*.

If I could have reſted in this Thought, I ſhould have been happy: For it would have had this Influence on me, either to convince me, that I ought to be content with the Condition to which I was born, or to rid my ſelf out of ſo deſpicable a State by Death.

But alas, one Thought produces another: And from the Contemplation of our preſent Miſery in this *Life*, I fall to thinking what will become of us after *Death*. For, as we know not *What*, or *Where* we were before we came into this *World*; ſo there is no Human Certainty, *Whither* we ſhall go, or in *What Condition* we ſhall be, when we leave it: And therefore, it would be an unpardonable Madneſs, to throw my ſelf headlong into a State of which I have no Account: And, to avoid the Little Miſeries of this Life, which muſt have an End one Time or other, caſt my ſelf down a *Precipice* (for ought I know) of *Intolerable Torments*, which has no *Bottom*.

I hear the *Philoſophers* talk of *Immortality*, the *Poets* of *Elyzium*, the *Chriſtian Prieſts* of *Heaven*, *Hell*, and *Purgatory*; the *Indian Bramins* of *Tranſmigration*. But I know not *what*, or *which* I have Reaſon to believe, of *all theſe*.

I ſpeak

I ſpeak after the Manner of *Philoſophers*; for, if we come to *Faith*, the Caſe is altered. Think not, I beſeech thee, that I call in Queſtion the *Sacred Oracles*, the *Revelations* of the *ſent* of *God*. But I only acquaint thee how my *Natural Reaſon* hatters me with Doubts.

I ſee Men every where profeſſing ſome *Religion* or other; paying *Divine Honours* to ſome *Superiour Being*, or *Beings*, according as they have been Educated: Which many Times tempts me to think, that *Religion* is nothing but the *Effect* of *Education*.

Then I wonder, how Men when they come to Years of Diſcretion, and their Reaſon is able to Diſtinguiſh between Things *probable*, and mere *Romances*, can ſtill retain the *Errors* of their *Infancy*. 'Tis Natural for Children, to be wheadled or aw'd into a *Belief* of what their *Parents*, *Nurſes*, or *Tutors* teach them. But when they come of Age, they ſoon rectify their miſled Underſtandings, in all Things, ſave the Affairs of *Religion*. In this they are Children ſtill, tenacious of the *Sacred Fables* of their *Prieſts*, and Obſtinate in maintaining them, ſometimes even to Death.

It puzzles me to find out the Cauſe of ſo ſtrange an Effect, That Men otherwiſe endu'd with Mature Judgment, and an extraordinary Sagacity in all Things elſe, ſhould yet be *Fools* in *Matters* of *Religion*, and believe Things *Inconſiſtent* with the *Common Senſe* and *Reaſon* of *Mankind*.

I could

I could never give Credit to the *Hiſtories* of the Ancient *Pagans*, which acquaint us with the devout *Adoration* they paid to the *Creatures* of the *Painter* or *Carver*, did not I ſee the ſame practiſed among the *Chriſtians*: Or, that thoſe *Wiſe* Men of Old, cou'd ſwallow the Forgeries of their *Prieſts* concerning their *Gods* and *Goddeſſes*, were I not an Eye-Witneſs, how bigotted the Modern *Nazarenes* are to the *Legends* of their *Saints*, and the *Jews* to thoſe more Ridiculous *Figments* of the *Talmud*.

It perplexes me, to ſee *Mankind* generally labouring under ſo great a Darkneſs, not ſo much the Effect of *Ignorance*, as of *Superſtition*: To behold Men well ver'd in *Sciences*, and all kinds of *Human Learning*; yet Zealous Aſſertors of manifeſt Contradictions in Matters of *Divinity*, rather than oppoſe, or ſo much as examine the *Traditions* of their *Fathers*.

When I behold *Mankind* divided into ſo many innumerable Different *Religions* in the *World*, all vigorouſly propagating their own *Tenets*, either by Subtilty or Violence, yet few or none ſeeming by their Practice to believe what they with ſo much Ardour profeſs; I could almoſt think, that theſe various Ways of *Worſhip*, were firſt invented by *Politicians*; each accommodating his *Model* to the Inclinations of the *People* whom he deſign'd to *Circumvent*.

But when on the other ſide I conſider there appears ſomething ſo *Natural* and *Undiſ-*

guis'd

guis'd in the *Furious* Zeal, and *Unconquerable* Obſtinacy of the *Greateſt* Part; I am as ready to Join with *Cardan*, and conclude, That all this *Variety* of *Religions*, depends on the Different *Influence* of the *Stars*. This was a famous *Philoſopher* in *Europe*; and held, That the *Religion* of the *Jews*, ow'd its Original to the Force of *Saturn*, that of the *Chriſtians* to *Jupiter*, and Ours to *Mars*. As, for the *Pagans*, he aſſigns to them many *Conſtellations* and *Aſpects*.

Thus there is ſo equal an Appearance of Truth and Falſhood in Every *Religion*, that I ſhould not know how, in Human Reaſon, to fix on any.

Superſtition renders a Man a Fool, and *Scepticiſm* is enough to make him Mad. To believe *All Things*, is above *Reaſon*; to give Credit to *Nothing*, is below it. I will keep the *Middle* Path, and direct my *Faith* by my *Reaſon*.

That *Faculty* tells me, that if I were inclined to *Adore* the Sun, Moon and Stars for their Beauty and Influence, I might on the ſame Ground *Worſhip* my own *Eyes*, without which I could not behold their tempting Splendors: Or, I might as well pay *Divine* Honour to that more Intimate *Senſe*, my *Feeling*, or any of my other *Senſes*, which only render me capable to know the Vertue of theſe *Luminaries*. The ſame may be ſaid of the *Elements*, and of all Viſible *Beings*.

What then ſhall I *Adore*, or to whom ſhall I return Thanks for all the *Bleſſings* I enjoy (for, even in this Miſerable Life, I taſte ſome Happineſs?) To what *Being*, I ſay, ſhall I addreſs my *Vows* and *Supplications*, for all the Good that I poſſeſs and want? Is it to any Thing that I have ſeen or can ſee, or that I can repreſent to my ſelf under a Figure? Is it to any Part of the *Univerſe*, or no? No. To the whole *Complex* together? No. I have a Thouſand kind Thoughts for the Sun, Moon and Stars, for the Elements, and many other Compound Creatures. My *Soul*, and *that* of the *World*, are *Uniſons*. But 'tis the *Profound Depth* of *Eternity*, the *Infinite* and *Immortal*, who is the *Diapaſon*, and makes perfect *Harmony*.

To that *Being* which has no *Reſemblance* neither is *Divided* into *Parts*, nor *Circumſcrib'd* with *Limits*; whoſe *Center* is *every where*, *Circumference no where*; Who hath neither *Beginning* nor *End*: To the only *Omnipotent*, from whom all other Things flow, and to whom they all return; To him I owe all that I have, and will pay what I can. And ſomething by his Determination, I am Indebted, and will diſcharge it to thee, *Orient Light* of the *Moreſco Muſſulmans*; that is, the *Duty* of an *Humble Slave*, in begging *Pardon* for this *Preſumption*.

Paris, 14th. *of the* 2d. *Moon*,
of the Year 1652.

LET-

LETTER II.

To the Kaimacham.

'TWas the Contemplation of *Iſouf Eb'n Hadrilla*, an *Arabian Philoſopher*, That all Men were at Firſt *Created* in a *State* of *War*: For this *Sage*, gave no Credit to the *Writings* of *Moſes*, the *Jewiſh Hiſtorian* and *Prophet*; neither cou'd any Arguments perſwade him to believe, That all *Mortals* deſcended from *Adam*. 'Twas an *Article* of his *Faith*, That in the *Infancy* of the *World*, Men were *Form'd* of the *Prolifick Slime* of the *Earth*, Impregnated by the Vigorous *Warmth* of the *Sun*, and that all other *Animals* had their *Original* in the ſame Manner: But that in Proceſs of Time, The Richneſs of the *Seminal Soil* being exhauſted by a continual *Spontaneous Production* of Living Creatures, there was no other Way to perpetuate the Various Kinds of *Beings*, and multiply the *Individuals*, but by the *Ordinary* Method of *Generation*. For which Reaſon, *Nature* ſeems to have ſubdivided every *Species* into Two *Sexes*.

Hence, this *Philoſopher* concludes, That at Firſt there was no nearer Relation between Man and Man, than there is now betwixt a Lyon and a Sheep, or any other different Kinds of Animals: Saving only, that as theſe are diſtinguiſh'd by their *Forms*, into Four-Footed Beaſts, Fowls, Fiſhes, and Creeping Things;

Things; ſo Men aſſum'd to themſelves, the Character of *Rational* Creatures: and a *Principle* of *Self-Preſervation*, was the Firſt Ground of a Tacite and Common *League* between Men, againſt the Reſt of their Fellow-Animals: Eſpecially againſt thoſe, which made a more frightful Figure on Earth than we do, and ſeem'd more Rapacious and Inclin'd to Miſchief; ſuch as Dragons, Tygers, Bears, Lions, *&c.*

But notwithſtanding this General Aſſociation of our *Race*, againſt the more Salvage and Fierce Troops of Beaſts; yet one Man ſtill ſtood upon his Guard againſt another. And all the *Sons* of the *Earth*, endeavour'd to maintain the Poſts which *Nature* had alotted each Man; That is, the Place where he was firſt Form'd, and drew Breath. But Things cou'd not laſt long in this State: For, either by *Inſtinct* or *Reaſon* (call it which you will. ſays this *Author*) Men being ſtreightned for want of Fruits, or ſpurr'd on by ſome ſecret Deſire of Novelty, ſoon went out of their Bounds, and encounter'd each other, more by Chance than Deſign: Whence aroſe the Firſt Occaſions of Actual War. For, every *Stranger*, appear'd like an *Invader*: They Naturally ſtartled and ſuſpected each other. Reciprocal Paſſions of Choler ſprung in their Breaſts; and every Man to prevent the Effect of his own Fears and Apprehenſions, ruſh'd on his Neighbour: who was on the ſame Ground as ready for an Aſſault as himſelf. Thus an *Univerſal War* Commenc'd in the *World*, which

which by Various Methods of Improvement, was carried on by the Succeeding *Generations* and continu'd to the Preſent Times.

As for the *Original* of *Governments*, the Particular Time cannot be determin'd; but it may be ſuppoſed, That Men Generally finding the Inconvenience of theſe private Perſonal Combats, and by Degrees arriving to greater Maturity of Experience, form'd themſelves at Firſt into little *Societies* and *Friendſhips*, or as they dwelt near one another, or as they agreed in ſome Common Inclinations, Principles, and Intereſts. From which Small *Aſſociations*, they gradually ſpread into Larger *Communities*, living under certain Laws and Obligations of Mutual Peace, Juſtice and Aſſiſtance toward each other, and of Defence againſt their Common Enemies: Some living under the Form of a *Common-Wealth*, Others of a *Monarchy*; each *Body* of *Men*, ſetting up ſuch a *Model*, as beſt ſuited their own Intereſts and Neceſſities. From hence ſprung the Diſtinction of *Nations*, *Kingdoms*, and *Empires*. Thus far the *Arabian Philoſopher*.

But without enquiring into the Truth of his *Principles*, one wou'd think, that ſome of the *Weſtern Nazarenes* were his *Diſciples*. And indeed, all *Civil* Diſſentions, ſeem to be grounded on the ſame *Maxims*: Whilſt Men on the leaſt Diſcontent or Jealouſie, lay aſide the Obedience they owe to their *Sovereigns*, claiming I know not what *Natural Right*, to defend themſelves againſt the Encroachments

croachments and Uſurpations of others.

Thus no ſooner was it ſuppos'd here, that the *King* intended to recall *Cardinal Mazarini* from his *Exile*; but the *Parliament* of *Paris*, who are ſecret Friends to the *Prince* of *Conde*, publiſh'd an *Arreſt* againſt the *Cardinal*, whereby all Perſons are forbid to contribute toward the Return of this *Miniſter*; and Ordering, That his *Library*, with all his Moveables ſhou'd be ſold to raiſe a Sum of a Hundred and Fifty Thouſand *Livres*, which is promis'd as a Reward to thoſe who ſhall either take him Priſoner, or kill him. They alſo Petition'd the *Duke* of *Orleans*, to make the utmoſt Uſe of his Authority againſt the *Cardinal*. Who, thereupon rais'd Conſiderable Troops, and gave the Command of them to the *Duke* of *Beaufort*.

In the mean Time, the *Cardinal* is not Idle, but with what Forces he has, performs ſome Conſiderable Actions, in his own Defence. He has taken *Priſoner*, an Eminent *Councellor* of *Parliament*. The *Parliament* ſent a *Trumpet* to demand his Releaſe. This *Meſſenger* was rejected. Whereupon, the *Parliament* are taking New Methods.

The *Prince* of *Conde* has ſent a Letter and Requeſt to the *Parliament*, deſiring them to ſuſpend the *Execution* of the *Arreſt* publiſh'd againſt him; ſince the Time given him to lay down his Arms, was not yet expir'd, and that the *Cardinal* was returned into the *Kingdom*, contrary to a *Prohibition*, ſign'd by the *King*.

But

But, notwithſtanding all theſe Traverſes *Mazarini* is come again to the *Court*, which is now kept at *Poictiers*; Where he was receiv'd with Infinite Reſpect and Careſſes, by the *King*, the *Queen*, and all his Friends. Animoſities daily encreaſe between the different Parties: *Private* Grudges are improv'd to *Publick* Factions: An Univerſal Peeviſhneſs, has poſſeſs'd the Hearts of the *French* Nation: They are alarm'd and offended, at one another's Looks. If a Man ſmiles too much or too little, in converſing with his Friend, 'tis enough to give him the Character of an Enemy, or at leaſt to render him ſuſpected. So that he who wou'd live peaceably here at this Juncture, had need to be well skill'd in all the Secrets of *Phiſiognomy*, and make frequent Uſe of his Looking-Glaſs; leſt any Oblique Caſt of his Eye, or Satyrical wrything of his Noſe, ſhou'd be Interpreted for Symptoms of Hidden Malice. For now they'll ſpy *Treaſon* in every Feature of a Man's Face.

As for me, when I go abroad, I conform to all Companies; yet alter not my *Addreſs*. I neither play the *Ape*, nor counterfeit a *Statue*: But obſerving a *Medium*, I pay a Civil Reſpect to all, without being Courtly or Rude: For this Carriage beſt Suits with my Circumſtances. Hence it is that no Body ſuſpects the plain, deform'd, blunt, Crook-back'd *Titus* of *Moldavia*, to be what I am really, *Mahmut* the *Slave* of the *Exalted Port*.

Paris, 14h. of the 2d. *Moon*,
of the *Year* 1652. LET-

LETTER III.

To the Reis Effendi, *Principal Secretary of the* Ottoman Empire.

THE *Prince* of *Conde*'s taking up Arms, has more puzzl'd the Counſels of the *King* of *France*, and more embaraſs'd his Affairs, than any Occurrence that has happen'd ſince the Death of his Father.

I have already inform'd the *Kaimacham* and others, of all Paſſages hitherto, relating to theſe *Inteſtine Broils*. Since which they ſeem to be improv'd into a *War*, wherein *Foreign* Nations take a Part. After the Return of *Cardinal Mazarini* to this *Court*, the *Prince* of *Conde* was driven to great Streights, being compell'd by the ſwift Marches of the *King*'s Army, to retire to *Bordeaux*. Where, conſidering that it would not be ſo much his Intereſt to keep this Place, as to encreaſe his Forces, he ſent *Envoys* to the *King* of *Spain*, and *Arch-Duke Leopold* in *Flanders*, to deſire their Aſſiſtance.

The *Former* immediately diſpatched away Orders for a conſiderable Body of Men to approach the Confines of *Gaſcoigne*, where the *Prince* had a great Intereſt; and the *Latter* ſent him Eight Thouſand Men, to act on the ſide of *Flanders* and toward *Paris*, as Occaſion offer'd,

This

This is the particular Game of the *Spaniards*, to take Advantage of the *Civil Wars* in this *Kingdom*, that ſo by aſſiſting the weaker Party, they may balance the Conteſting *Powers* of the *Nation*, and keep 'em in a perpetual Quarrel: Whilſt in the *Interim*, they gain Ground; recover the Places which the *French* took from 'em in Time of *Domeſtick* Peace, and ſo pave the Way to *New Conqueſts*.

In the mean Time, the *Parliament* ſent *Deputies* to the *King*, beſeeching him to remember his *Royal* Word, by which he had for ever baniſh'd *Cardinal Mazarini*; and repreſenting to him the Fatal Conſequences, which were like to proceed from his Return. But the *King*, inſtead of complying with their Requeſts, caus'd an *Edict* of *Council* to be Publiſh'd, which juſtify'd his Conduct in this Matter.

He alſo writ a Letter to the *Parliament*, full of Complaints, that they had not yet publiſh'd any *Order*, to hinder the Entrance of a *Foreign Army* into the *Kingdom*. But all ſignified Nothing, to Men paſſionately bent, to maintain the *Prince* of *Conde*'s Quarrel againſt their *Sovereign*. He has but few truſty Men in that *Senate*, and they are over-aw'd by the Reſt. Beſides, the *Duke* of *Orleans* bears a ſtrange Sway both in the *Parliament* and *Country*.

At the Inſtigation of the *Prince*, the Citizens of *Orleans* ſhut up their Gates, when they heard the *King* was coming that Way in

his

his return to *Paris*. Yet the Country was open for the *Prince* of *Conde*, a *Subject*: He travell'd up and down the *Provinces*, to make New Interests, and confirm the Old; leaving the Command of his Army in *Gascoigne*, to his Brother the *Prince* of *Conti*.

There have been many Skirmishes and Encounters, between the *King's* Forces, and those of the *Male-Contents*; and one fierce Combat, wherein the *Prince* of *Conde* defeated the *Vanguard* of the *King's* Army, as he was marching to this City. Whereby getting the Start of his *Sovereign*, he arriv'd here, and was receiv'd in the *Parliament*, whilst the *Monarch* was forc'd to lie encamp'd in the Field.

The *Prince* found a different Reception, according to the various Humours of People. The greatest Part favour'd him, and he receiv'd infinite Caresses from the Citizens of *Paris*: But met with some Opposition from Persons of *Higher Rank*, and more stedfast *Loyalty* to the *Crown*. The *Duke* of *Orleans* is his greatest Friend, and one for whom the *Parliament* have a great Deference: Not so much in Contemplation of his Wit and Policy, as for the Sake of his near Relation to the *Crown*; he being *Uncle* to the present *King*: Whereby he has a Right to assume more Authority than others, in regulating the Disorders of the *Court*; among which the greatest is esteem'd, that of *Cardinal Mazarini*'s Return.

In

In a Word, both Parties ſerve themſelves of thoſe who have the greateſt Intereſt, and are moſt likely to compoſe the Quarrel. The Exil'd *Queen* of *England*, and her Son, who have taken *Sanctuary* in this *Kingdom* from the *Perſecutions* of their *Own Subjects*, make it their Buſineſs, to mediate between the *Court*-Party, and the *Faction* of the *Princes*.

The *Prince* of *Conde* alſo, ſent *Deputies* to the *King* to repreſent to him, That the only Means to give Quiet to the *State*, was to baniſh the *Cardinal-Miniſter*: And as they were delivering their Addreſs, *Mazarini* came in; at the Sight of whom, they aggravated their Charge, and ſaid to his Face, 'That he 'was the Cauſe of all the EVILS, which 'the Kingdom ſuffer'd. *The* Cardinal *Interrupting them, turn'd to the* King, *and ſaid*, Sir, 'It will not be Juſt, that ſo Flouriſhing a 'Kingdom, and, to whoſe Grandeur I have 'contributed all that lay in my Power, ſhould 'ruin it ſelf for my ſake: Therefore, I humbly entreat your Majeſty to grant, that I 'may return to my own Country, or whitherſoever my Fortune ſhall call me. No, 'no, *reply'd the* Queen (*not without ſome Paſſion*) This cannot be granted; the King had 'never more need of your Counſels, than at 'this Juncture. We cannot conſent, that ſo 'Serviceable a Man ſhould be Baniſh'd, only 'to humour his Enemies. Therefore, let us 'hear no more of that.

The

The *Deputies* perceiving nothing of Hopes, return'd to *Paris*. Then the *Parliament* deputed others to go to the *King*, and Remonſtrate the Deplorable State of the *Realm*. This was done a few Days ago.

In the mean time, we have been alarm'd here in this City, with daily Inſurrections of the Multitude. The Occaſion was, ſome private Orders which the *Duke* of *Orleans* had given to the *Proveſt* of the *Merchants*, relating to his Charge, and the Welfare of the City. This being miſunderſtood by the People, who have not the Senſe to diſtinguiſh the Good Offices of their *Governors* from Injuries, put 'em all into a Tumult. They aſſaulted the *Provoſt* in his Coach, as he was paſſing the Streets: And had he not eſcaped into an *Apothecary*'s Shop, they wou'd perhaps in their Fury, have torn him in Pieces: For ſo they ſerv'd his Coach, as an after Revenge.

I am weary of beholding the Malicious Quarrels of theſe *Infidels*. But when I conſider, that their Diſcords will be Inſtrumental to the Future Conqueſts of the *True Believers*, I am Patient and Reſign'd.

However, 'tis one Comfort to me in this Thorny *Station*, that one Time or other, inſtead of the perpetual jangling of Bells in *Paris*, I may again have the Happineſs, to hear the *Muzeins* cry on the *Minarets* in *Conſtantinople*, *There is but One God, and* Mahomet *his Prophet*. Or, if I ſhall not live to enjoy this Wiſh; yet, in the *Inviſible State*, I

ſhall

ſhall hear the ſame Cry, and ſhall be paſt Doubt of thoſe Things, whereof I have no Certainty in this Life.

Paris 29th. *of the* 4th. *Moon,*
of the Year 1652.

LETTER IV.

To Cara Hali, Phyſician *to the* Grand Signior.

THE *Chriſtians* ſeem to have too proud an Opinion themſelves, and ſet a greater Value on *Humane Nature* than ſuits with Reaſon. They aſſert, that all Things were made for Man, and ſtyle him *Lord* of his *Fellow-Creatures*; as if *God* had given him an Abſolute Dominion over the *Reſt* of his *Works*, eſpecially over the *Animal-Generations*; and that all the Birds of the Air, Beaſts of the Earth, and Fiſh of the Sea, were Created only to ſerve his Appetite and other Neceſſities of Life. I remember a Letter I formerly ſent to thee, wherein I diſcourſed of the *Carteſian Philoſophers*, and their Contempt of the *Beaſts*, in denying them *Souls*, or the *Uſe* of *Reaſon*.

Give me leave to entertain thee now, and divert my ſelf with ſome farther Remarks on this Subject. 'Tis a Refuge from Melancholy,

when I can thus freely diſcover my Thoughts to a Friend, who I know will not be Partial to the Truth.

I have been long an Advocate for the *Brutes*, and have endeavour'd both to abſtain from injuring them my ſelf, and to inculcate this Fundamental Point of Juſtice to others. This is owing to the *Example* and *Philoſophy* of *Mahummed*, the *Eremite* in *Arabia*, that *Light* and *Glory* of *Religious* Men. And were it not that my Honour is to be doubtful in all Things, the Influence of his Converſation would make me a profeſs'd *Pythagorean*, a *Diſciple* of the *Indian Brachmans*, a *Champion* for the *Tranſmigration* of *Souls*.

The laſt Letter ſave one I writ to that *Solitary*, was upon this Subject: Such an one as wou'd divert him in his *Cave*. It contain'd an Account of the *Primitive* Manner of Life practis'd by the *Ancients*, a *Narrative* of the *Golden Age*, a *Hiſtory* of *Human Innocence*, and the *Steps* which Men firſt took, to uſe *Violence* and *Cruelty* to their *Fellow-Creatures*. Now I will preſent thee with ſome Additional Obſervations, ſome Remnants of Antiquated Truth, glean'd from *Philoſophers* and *Hiſtorians*, and winnow'd from the *Chaff* of *Error* and *Superſtition*.

Who wou'd not believe the *Beaſts* to be endu'd with *Reaſon*, when he beholds them perform all the Actions of *Rational* Creatures, with more Caution, tho' leſs Pride than Men? They are more Provident than We, and much more ſubtle in avoiding any Affliction or Danger.

Danger. Witness *Thales* the *Philosopher*'s *Mule*, which he often employed to carry Salt to a certain Market; but the Cunning *Beast* finding herself over-loaded, when she was passing through a River lay down, whereby the Water penetrating into the Sacks of Salt, melted it away and lightned her Burden. And this was her Constant Practice; till the *Philosopher* perceiving himself thus out-witted by his *Beast*, was resolv'd to circumvent her another way. Wherefore, instead of Salt he loaded her with Wool, which he knew would grow heavier by being Wet. But the wary *Mule*, sensible of the Difference of her Burden, wou'd couch no more in the Water; but seeing no other Remedy, went forward on her Journey.

Who will not admire the Wisdom of the *Fox* in *Cold Countries*, which the Inhabitants use as a Guide when they would pass over any Frozen Lake or River. For this Creature going before them, lays her Ears close down to the Ice, and listens to try if she can hear any Motion or Noise of the Water running underneath: Which if she does, she will not venture on the Ice; but if all be still, then by a *Logical Deduction* she concludes, The Ice is thick enough to bear Passengers; and so she leads the Way, whilst the Men follow.

When a *Dog* is hunting in the thick Woods, and by chance comes to a Place where *Three* Paths meet, he first Scents the *One*, then the *Other*: And perceiving that the Game is not

gone by any of thoſe *Two Ways*; he throws himſelf ſwiftly forward in the *Third*, without ſuch a particular Application of his Noſe. Which is an evident Argument, that he makes uſe of the like Caſe we our ſelves ſhould do.

And now I have mention'd this Creature, I cannot forbear celebrating their Virtue and Fidelity: Whereof we have daily Experience; and there are many pleaſant *Examples*, recorded by grave *Hiſtorians*.

Such is that of *Hircanus*, a *Dog* belonging to *Lyſimachus*, who would never depart from the Body of his dead Maſter, but following it to the *Funeral Pile*, leapt into the Fire, and was burned for Company,

But the Gratitude of a *Lyon* to a certain *Slave* in *Rome*, is beyond all Parallel. This *Slave* was one of thoſe, who were appointed to combat with *Wild Beaſts* in the *Amphitheatre*, according to the Cuſtom of the Ancient *Romans*, in the *Publick Shews* which were exhibited to the People. As ſoon as the *Lyon* was let looſe in the Pavement, he ran furiouſly at the *Slave*, but coming nearer, he ſtop'd on a ſudden, as one aſtoniſhed: Then he came gently toward the *Slave*, fawning upon him, and licking his Hand, which caus'd all the People to give a Shout. The *Emperour* being preſent, and taking Notice of the ſeeming Friendſhip and Acquaintance that was between the *Slave* and the *Lyon*, ſent for the *Slave*, and enquired the Occaſion of ſo ſtrange an Accident. To whom the *Slave* mad the following Relation: 'My

'My Name, ſaid he, is *Andredus*, and I 'am *Slave* to a certain *Proconſul*, who ha-'ving determin'd to Kill me, I made my 'Eſcape, and hid my ſelf in a Cave: Where 'I had not layn long, before this *Lyon*, which 'you now ſee, came in, being very lame of 'one Foot. As ſoon as he ſpy'd me, he came 'limping toward me, and ſtretch'd forth the 'Paw that was Wounded, as tho' he begg'd 'of me to eaſe him. Affrighted as I was, 'I took his Paw in my Hand, and pull'd out 'a great ragged Thorn, which ſtuck faſt in 'it. Then I waſh'd the Wound with my 'own Water, whilſt he lay very patiently 'till I throughly dreſs'd it. The Eaſe he 'found by my Application, made him fall 'aſleep; and when he awak'd, he lick'd my 'Hands, and ſhew'd other Signs of Affection 'and Gratitude. I liv'd with him thus, Three 'Years in that Cave, and every Day he brought 'me a Share of his Prey, on which I ſu-'ſtain'd my Self. But at length Tyr'd with 'this manner of Life, I took my Opportu-'nity, when he was gone abroad, to make my 'Eſcape. I wandred up and down Three 'days when a Company of Soldiers meeting 'with me, and knowing to whom I belong'd, 'took me and brought me hither to my *Old* '*Maſter*, who has Condemn'd me to this 'Cruel Death. But it ſeems, *Fortune* ſo or-'der'd it, That this *Lyon* ſhould be taken a-'bout the ſame Time, and appointed to be 'my *Executioner* this Day. Yet you ſee, he 'refuſes to perform his Office, out of Grati-

'rade to me for my former Kindneſs.

The *Emperour* aſtoniſh'd and pleas'd at this Paſſage, gave the *Slave* his Life and Freedom, beſtowing alſo the *Lyon* on him, which brought him in a Conſtant Livelyhood, by ſhewing him to all People; who having heard of this Wonderful Accident, were deſirous to ſee both the *Lyon* and his *Tenant*: For ſo they ſtyl'd the *Slave*; and ſome call'd him, the *Lyon's Phyſician*.

I ſhould think I had ſaid enough already to tire thy Patience, and make thee forſwear reading my Letters for the future, were I not well acquainted with thy *Genius*, and know that thou delighteſt in Relations of this Nature, being no Enemy to the harmleſs Brutes.

VVhatever thy Sentiments are towards theſe, I dare be ſure, thou art my Friend, and wilt bear with my Importunity, when I ſtrive to convince all Men, and confirm my ſelf in this Truth, That the *VVild Beaſts* are not void of *Reaſon* and *Moral Vertue*.

Paris, 20th. *of the* 7th. *Moon, of the Year* 1652.

LETTER

LETTER V.

To the Captain Baſſa.

IN the *Name of God*, ſuperlatively Indulgent and Benign, *Lord* of *Armies* which cannot be *Numbred*, *Conſervator* of the *Empire* founded on his own *Unity*; Praiſe be to *him*, that has neither *Beginning*, nor *End!* What is the Reaſon, that we are always Baffl'd by the *Infidels?* Every Year our *Auguſt Emperour* ſends out mighty *Armies* by *Land*, and our *Fleets* by *Sea* are term'd *INVINCIBLE*, yet they are ſtill overcome by the *Chriſtians*. Where the Fault lies, is beſt known to thee, and the *Generals* to whom the Command of all is committed.

My Spirit is diſquieted about theſe Things, and I am uneaſy by Day, neither does the Night accord me any Repoſe. This hot Weather, I go up the *Terraſs* of my *Houſe* at the *Hour* of *Sleep*, thinking that the Coolneſs of the Air would incline me to Reſt; but I can find none. I turn my ſelf on the *Leads* to the Right-Hand and to the Left, yet all Poſtures are alike. Sleep has abandon'd my Eyes. My *Zeal* for the *Empire* of the *Faithful* will conſume me.

One Night I made Solemn Preparations to welcome the *Firſt Appearance* of the *Moon*, after the Manner of my Countrymen. I

ſprinkl'd *Water* on the *Floor* of the *Terraſs*, and with a *New Beſom* ſwept away all *Uncleanneſs*: I fill'd a *Lamp* with the moſt *precious Oyl* I could get in *Paris*, which having lighted at the going down of the *Sun*, I plac'd directly on that Part which is neareſt to *Mecca*. Then I fell on my *Face*, and pray'd the *Eternal Source* of *Lights*, "That at the "Moment, when the *Moon* firſt Aſcended "our *Horizon*, an *Intellectual* Splendor might "ſhine in my Breaſt: That I might there, "as in a *Mirror*, behold the *Future Fate* of "the *Muſſulmans*, and the *Events*, which "as yet, were hid in the *Dark Womb* of *Poſ-"ſibility*.

My *Petition* was granted: The *Night* was in her *Shady Courſe*; the *Stars* on their *Watch*; and *Time*, as from a *Limbeck*, diſtill'd the Silent Minutes, till the Moment wherein the Neighbour *Planet*, firſt peep'd on the Tops of Mountains. At that Inſtant I ſaw, and heard Things (or at leaſt I thought ſo) which I never ſo much as dreamt of before, neither can I remember the Thouſandth Part.

Believe me, *Supreme Commander* of the *Marine*, I do not boaſt, or Joy in this. For, I think there can be no greater Affliction, than to be once made Partaker of ſuch a *Bliſs*, and then to loſe it, almoſt as ſoon as gain'd. Yet there are ſome Footſteps of the *Viſion* remaining on my Memory.

"Methinks I beheld *Armies* of *Muſſulmans* "(for I thought 'em to be ſuch by their *Turbants*) making ſeveral Deſcents on the Shores

" Shores of *Italy*: Methonght I ſaw them " proſtrate themſelves on the Ground, and " after a conſiderable Space of Silence, the " Air echo'd with the Sound of *Allah*, *Allah*, " much like the Noiſe of great *Caſcades*, or " *Falls* of *Water*.

" Then they ſeem'd to diſperſe themſelves " all over the Country in divers Bodies. The " Inhabitants of *Rome*, appear'd all in a great " Conſternation. The *Chief Mufti* of that " Place, went forthwith into the Streets, fol- " low'd by his *Cardinals* and *Derviſes*, ac- " companied by an Innumerable Multitude of " People. They carried their *Gods* of Gold " and Silver along with them; and being ap- " parell'd with Garments of coarſe Hair, they " ſprinkled Aſhes on their Foreheads, in To- " ken of their Humility, and to pacify the " Indignation that was kindled againſt " them.

" But, *Heaven* was deaf to their Clamo- " rous Vows, neither could all the Pomp of " their *Superſtitious* ſolemnity, dazle the Eyes " which are a Thouſand Times brighter than " the *Sun*, penetrating into the darkeſt Corners " of the Heart. In a word, theſe *Infidels* ſeem'd " a while after to be in a great Confuſion and " Hurry, running this Way and that Way " to hide their Goods, and ſave themſelves " from the Victorious *Strangers*. In fine, I " ſaw the *Croſſes* taken down from the *Mi-* " *narets* of the *Moſques* in *Rome*, and *Cre-* " *ſcents* advanc'd in their place.

I do not relate this, as if I gave Credit to *Viſions* and *Trances*: Perhaps all this might be but a *Waking Dream*. Yet ſuch *Viſionary* Entertainments, happen of Courſe to our Countrymen, when they obſerve the foreſaid *Ceremonies*. But I tell thee, I am not aſleep at this Moment; and yet it appears to me a very Probable Undertaking, for the *Muſſulmans* to fit out a Mighty *Fleet*, which having a ſufficient Army of Land-men aboard, might deliver them with little or no Oppoſition, on ſome of the Wealthy Shores of *Italy*: And if it is not thought worth the Labour to make New Conqueſts, which would be difficult to maintain; yet at leaſt our Soldiers by plundering only the Rich *Temples* and *Convents* of the *Nazarenes*, might carry away Ineſtimable Treaſures.

I wrote formerly to one of thy *Predeceſſors* about the ſame Matter, propoſing the Surprize of *Loretto*, as a very eaſy Attempt, and that the Booty would infinitely ſurpaſs the Expence and Trouble: But *Mahmut*'s Advices are never regarded, till 'tis too late. We ſquander away Thouſands of *Men*, and Millions of *Money* to purchaſe little inſignificant *Iſlands*, which are defended indeed with ſeeming Vigour by the *Chriſtians*, but 'tis rather to amuſe us, than out of any real Value they have for thoſe Places.

It is only a *Maxim* of *Weſtern Policy*, thus to give Diverſion to the Arms which are deſtin'd to ſubdue *All Nations*. They ſport themſelves, to ſee the Flower of the *Eaſtern Militia*

Militia consum'd in their Trenches, before the Impregnable Fortress of *Candia*, which if won will not quit the Cost of so tedious a Siege. Whereas, in half that Time, our Invincible Forces might have over-run all *Italy*.

Thou wilt not think this an Impracticable Enterprize, when thou shalt consider the Divisions of the *Italian Princes*, the Universal Security and Voluptuousness of the Inhabitants, and yet the Oppressions and Tyranny they live under, being fleec'd and poll'd of all their Substance, to maintain the *Grandeur* of their *Governours*, and the *Pride* of the *Clergy*; which renders 'em equally disgusted at their present Slavish Manner of Life, and desirous of a Change. It is not hard to surmise after all this, that a Conquest wou'd be easy to the Victorious *Mussulmans*; or at least such Depredations, as would mightily enrich them.

The most proper News that I can send thee, is of a Combat lately fought at Sea, between the *English* and the *Dutch*. The *Generals* on both Sides, are said to be brave *Men*. He of *Britain* is call'd *Blake*, the Other's Name is *Trump*. Which had the best on't is not certainly known. *Men* speak as they are byass'd. Yet the *Dutch* lost Two Ships in this *Engagement*, tho' their *Fleet* was far more Numerous than that of the *English*.

If I were worthy to advise my *Superiours*, I would propose some Notable Exploit by *Land*; for *God* has given the *Earth* to

the

the *True Believers*, but the *Sea* to the *Chriſtians*.

Paris, *the* 14th. *of the* 6th. *Moon, of the Year* 1652.

LETTER VI.

To the Kiaya Bey, *or* Lieutenant General *of the* Janizaries.

I HAD once a great Intimacy with *Caſſom Hali*, the brave *Aga*, who now is no more on Earth. That Honeſt Old *General*, merited all Men's Love: Follow thou his Example, and in Time his *Poſt* will fall to thy Lot. Thou art already in the laſt Advance to it; let no Airy Vice make thee Giddy, and give thee a Fall. 'Tis a Common *Aphoriſm*, That *Health*, *long Life*, and *Honour* deſcend from *Above*. But if they do, I tell thee, 'tis like the Rain, which only then does good, when it penetrates the Earth, and moiſtens to the Root. An *Humble Heart*, is like a *kindly Mold*, receiving the *Dews* of *Heaven* with Advantage and Profit; but *Pride* is a *Rock*, which ſpatters away the *Bleſſings* ſhow'd down on it.

Perhaps thou wilt be affronted at my blunt Way of Writing. Yet aſſure thy ſelf, I honour thee more than a Thouſand Flatterers.

I am

I am not ſent hither to ſtudy Nice Expreſſions, but to ſerve the *Grand Signior* with Integrity. Beſides, I know thou haſt not been accuſtom'd to the *ſoft Entertainment a* of *Ladies* Chambers, but the *Rough Dialect* of *War*. It is thy Honour to be unacquainted with the Delicacies of Diſcourſe, Diet, or Dreſſing; Things only fit to enervate a Man's Courage, and change his Heart into that of a VVoman. Thou know'ſt how to handle the *Curiaſs* and *Lance*, the *Sabre* and *Shield*, the *Bow*, and *Gun*: and art perfectly vers'd in all the *Military Terms* of *Art*. A Diſcourſe of Sieges and Campaigns, ſtorming of Forts, and plundering of Camps, is more agreeable to thee, than all *Tully's Oratory*, or the fineſt Strains of the *Perſian Poets*. I am therefore confident, thou wilt not take it ill, that I addreſs to thee in a Style void of Artifice, yet full of Real Reſpect and Love.

If I counſel thee, 'tis for thy Good; and I am commanded to expreſs my Sentiments with Freedom. Beſides, I have a *Perſonal* Priviledge to adviſe thee, the *Right* of a *Friend*: VVhich thou wilt acknowledge, when I tell thee, that I once had the Happineſs to ſave thy Life, as we travell'd together in *Arabia*.

Thou canſt not but remember that Paſſage, and how that in heat of Youthful Blood, thou had'ſt provok'd an *Emir* to kill thee in the Sight of the whole *Caravan*, had not I fallen at his Feet, and told him, Thou wert a *Stranger* to the *Cuſtoms* of the *Country*.

Believe

Believe me, I do not reproach thee with this, but only make Uſe of it, as an Argument to convince thee, That the ſame Motive which prompted me to interpoſe my ſelf at that Time, between thee and Certain Death, induces me now to give thee Warning of a *Precipice*, of which thou art in *Danger*. Every one gives thee the Character of a brave Man, and no Body diſlikes thee the Worſe, for being of an *Air* as Fierce as a *Tartar*. All this becomes a *Man* of the *Sword*; And they ſay, thou doſt every Thing with a *Martial* Grace.

But I am told likewiſe, that thou art Guilty of Avarice: And that for the Lucre of *Preſents*, thou enrolleſt Men in the *Liſt* of the *Janizaries*, who are not fit to ſerve in the *Wars*: ſuch as are Houſe-keepers, Perſons entangl'd with Wives and Children, with Debts and other Encumbrances: That they only appear on certain Days in the *Military* Habit, and then return to their *Domeſtick* Buſineſs, without ever regarding the *Diſcipline* of the *Royal Chambers*, or thinking themſelves oblig'd to learn the *Art* of *War*: That thou in the mean Time takeſt their *Pay*, and many *Additional* Bribes, whilſt they are only contented with the *Title* and *Privilege* of *Janizary*, to ſhelter themſelves from Juſtice, and protect them in their Rapine and Villainies.

I tell thee, ſhou'd this be known and prov'd againſt thee, it would be to thy Ruine. But I hope better Things, and that theſe are only the Surmizes of thy Enemies. For, thou knoweſt,

knoweſt, that none ought to be admitted into that *Ancient Order*, but the *Tributary Sons* of the *Nazarenes*; who being in their *Infancy* liſted in the *College*, know neither *Father* nor *Patron*, ſave the *Grand Signior*, who is the *Common Parent* and *Protector* of the *Oſman Empire*. On his Service is all their Zeal and Courage fix'd, having no private Byaſs, no partial Inclinations, to warp them from the Fidelity they owe their *Great Maſter*. They are devoted to Indefatigable Toils and Hardſhip, during their whole Life.

This was the *Firſt Inſtitution* of the *Janizaries*, though through the Corruption of the Times, they have much degenerated from their *Primitive Rules*. But thou, who art honour'd with an *High Command*, wilt ſignalize thy Vertue and Loyalty, in reforming theſe Abuſes, and in not ſuffering the *College* of *Men of War*, to become a *Receptacle* of *Rogues* and *Drones*.

Such Diſorders as theſe, have promoted the *Inteſtine Broils* of this *Kingdom*. I ſay not that they are the *Original Cauſes*: Yet 'tis a great Diminution of *Sovereign Majeſty*, when a *King* ſhall find his Own Armies fighting againſt him, as they do at preſent here in *France*. How many Mutinies and Rebellions have been rais'd by the licentious *Janizaries* at *Conſtantinople*: when laying aſide all Reſpect and Duty, they have not ſpar'd to violate the *Seraglio* it ſelf; but entring within thoſe *Sacred* Walls with Bands of Armed Men, have turn'd all things Topſy-Turvey, ſeiz'd on the

the *Imperial* Treaſure, chang'd the *Domeſtick* Officers of their *Sovereign*, and ſometimes chas'd him from his Own *Palace*, to the Hazard, if not to the Loſs of his Life?

I thou woul'ſt know what they are doing here in *France*, the *Men* of *Arms* are cutting one anothers Throats, whilſt the *Rabble* are burning their Neighbours out of their Houſes.

Two Days agoe, the *Multitude* aſſembled in the Streets, and having beſet a certain *Palace* in this City, they put Fire to it, reſolving to kill all that ſhould attempt to make their Eſcape, out of the Flames. A Perſon of *Quality* coming out to pacify them, fell a *Victim* to their unbridl'd Rage: And had not the *Duke* of *Beaufort* (of whom I have often made mention in my Letters) interpos'd his Authority, they had murder'd all that were within thoſe ſuſpected VValls.

Sometime before this, the *Mareſchal Turenne* took a *Place* of *Strength* from the *Prince* of *Conde*; who in Lieu of it took St. *Denis*, a Town not far from *Paris*, wherein there is a *Temple*, which the *French* ſay, is the Richeſt in *Europe*. But they are are laught at by the *Italians*, who boaſt of far Richer *Moſques* in *Venice*, *Milan*, *Naples*, and *Rome*.

The *Duke* of *Lorain* plays faſt and looſe with the *Prince* of *Conde*. He enter'd the *Kingdom* with an Army, pretending to eſpouſe the *Prince*'s Quarrel, but was quickly bought off by the *Queen*, ſo that he is now gone to *Flanders* again; by this Action leaving a

Free

Free Paſſage to the *King's* Army under *Marſhal Turenne*, to range whither they pleaſe, which were before block'd up by his Forces.

Four Days ago there was a Bloody Encounter, between the Troops of the *Prince*, and thoſe of *Marſhal Turenne*, in one of the *Suburbs* of *Paris*. Neither cou'd boaſt of the Victory, tho' the Battel laſted Five Hours. But at length, the *Prince* of *Conde's* Troops retir'd into the City, being frighten'd with the *Main Body* of the *King's* Army, which appear'd on the Neighbouring Hills.

Illuſtrious *Janizary*, fortify thy Heart with all the Neceſſary *Retrenchments* of *Heroick Vertue*: And rather than Surrender to Temptations of Vice on diſhonourable Terms, run the Hazard of a *Storm*.

Paris *the* 6th. *of the* 7th *Moon*,
of the Year 1652.

LETTER

LETTER VII.

To Nathan Ben Saddi, *a* Jew *at* Vienna.

WE are all together by the Ears in this *Kingdom*; killing, burning and deſtroying one another: Whilſt you in *Germany* enjoy Abundance of Peace. The Occaſion of our Quarrels here, is, the Return of *Cardinal Mazarini*, againſt whom the *Duke* of *Orleans* and *Prince* of *Conde* are Inveterate Enemies. The former is declar'd *Lieutenant-General* of the *Kingdom*, by the *Parliament* of *Paris*; Who give it out, That the *King* is *Cardinal Mazarini*'s Priſoner. They have alſo beſtow'd the Command of all the Forces, under the Authority of the ſaid *Duke*, on the *Prince* of *Conde*.

Their Principal and only Pretence is, the Removal of the *Cardinal* from the *King* and his *Councils*. What will be the Iſſue, Time will demonſtrate.

There has been a *Duel* lately fought, between the *Dukes* of *Beaufort* and *Nemours*, Two Eminent Friends to the *Prince* of *Conde*.

The *King* going to a Town call'd *Pontoiſe*, ſome Leagues from *Paris*, drew a great many *Councellors* and *Preſidents* of *Parliament* thither, Men who are Loyal and Stedfaſt to his Cauſe. This encouraged the *King* to put forth a

De-

Declaration, commanding the *Parliament* to meet at *Pontoiſe*. They, on the other Side, publiſh'd an *Arreſt* againſt this *Declaration*. Thus they continue pickeering one at another.

But here is News arriv'd from *Cologne*, which ſurprizes People very much. I know not the true Ground of their Aſtoniſhment: but the *Prieſts* ſeem to he Mad for Joy. All that I can hear about it is, The Reſtauration of the *Roman Catholick Religion* in that *Province*, which is a Novelty unexpected; eſpecially the *Eccleſiaſtick* Grandeur, which it ſeems, has been laid aſide above theſe Hundred Years. I tell thee only as I am inform'd my ſelf: It lies in thy Power to certify me of the Truth of Matters.

They ſay alſo, That the famous *General John de Werdt* is dead: As likewiſe the *Arch-Biſhop* of *Treves*. It is added, that *Frankendal* is ſurrendred to the *Elector* of *Heidelberg*, according to the late *Agreement* at *Munſter*; And that there is a *Diet* begun at *Ratisbon*.

I deſire thee to inform me of all theſe Things particularly, and of whatſoever elſe occurs in the *Court* where thou reſideſt.

As to *Matters* of *Religion*, be not over ſedulous: *Piety* is compriz'd in a *Few Rules*. Yet, the *Soul* of *Man* is *Naturally* Inquiſitive, and would fain be acquainted with All Things. I adviſe thee to caſt thy Eyes frequently on the *Earth* that is under thy Feet; ſurvey the Groves and Fields; the Mountains

tains and Valleys, Rocks and Rivers. Then look up to the *Heavens*, and take a ſtedfaſt View of the Stars: Conſider the Beauty and Order of All things. And after this, tell me, if thou canſt imagine, That the *Great* and *Immenſe Creator* of this *Wonderful Fabrick*, Form'd all the *Nations* of the Earth, to *Damn* 'em *Eternally*, ſave only thoſe of your *Race*.

Son of *Iſrael*, I wiſh thee heartily Adieu.

Paris, 11th. *of the* 8th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1652.

LETTER VIII.

To the Kaimacham.

THE *Pariſians* ſeem to be all in a *Dream* or *Trance*. They know not what they ſay or do, or at leaſt they care not. Such is the Immenſe Joy, for the Return of the *King* to this City. The Steps to this ſuddain Change, were the Retiring of *Cardinal Mazarini* from the *Court*. Which was ſeconded with a *Declaration* of *Indemnity*, or a *General Pardon* for all that had paſs'd during theſe *Troubles*, ſave ſome particular Reſerves of Sacrilege, Fires, and ſuch like. This work'd ſtrangely on the Inha-

Inhabitants of *Paris*. But the *Prince* of *Conde* not finding any Satisfaction, as to his own Perſon, in this *Amneſty*, call'd in the *Duke* of *Lorrain*'s Army to his Aſſiſtance. Theſe reduc'd the *King*'s Forces to ſo great a Streight and Extremity, that the *Parliament* being ſenſible of the Advantage, made uſe of it, and ſent *Deputies* to the *King*, beſeeching him to continue in the ſame good Reſolution he had taken before this Misfortune.

The *Monarch* ſuffer'd himſelf to be overcome, by a Violence mix'd with ſo much Submiſſion, and yielded to their Requeſts. Immediately, the Hearts of the *Prince* of *Conde*'s Friends grew cold, and began to change their Sentiments. In a word, they were reſolv'd to deſert their New *Maſter*, and caſt themſelves at the Feet of their Lawful *Sovereign*. The *Grandees*, who had moſt affected *Conde*'s Intereſt, laid down their *Offices*. The Foreign Armies of *Spaniards* and *Lorrainers*, retir'd out of the *Kingdom*. The Citizens of *Paris* ſent a Deputation conſiſting of Sixty Six *Perſons* of *Honour*, to invite the *King* to this City, and aſſure him of their Future Allegiance. All the *Officers* of the *Militia*, did the like. The *King* being ſatisfy'd with the timely Penitence of his *Subjects*, and having commanded ſome Preparatory Alterations in *Places* of *Truſt*, enter'd this City on the Twenty Firſt of the laſt *Moon*, with all the Joy and Acclamation which cou'd expreſs the Love of his

his People, and the Regret they had labour'd under, during his Abſence.

Thou ſeeſt, Illuſtrious *Miniſter*, that tho' by the Artifices of a *Faction*, a *King* may be render'd odious to his *Subjects*, be baniſh'd from his *Palace*, and have the Gates of his Cities ſhut againſt him, as befel to this *King*: Yet the Inconveniences they feel in taking up Arms againſt him, ſooner or later bring 'em to Repentance; and they are glad to court his Return, whom but a while ago they forc'd away by their Undutifulneſs, to gratify the Ambition of a bold Young *Prince* of the *Blood*, who promis'd, and ventur'd all Things in Hopes of a *Crown*. For, it cannot be ſuppos'd, That the *Prince* of *Conde* had leſs Aims, when he firſt began this War; tho' his Pretences were ſpecious, only to remove *Cardinal Mazarini*, and other evil *Miniſters* from the *King*, and to protect the *French*, from the Machinations of *Spaniſh* and *Italian* Counſels: Whilſt it is evident, that all along he and his Party, have been ſupported by the *King* of *Spain* in their *Rebellion*. One wou'd wonder, how the *French*, a Senſible and Witty *Nation*, could be thus impos'd upon. But the *Arabian Proverb* ſays, *There are none ſo blind, as thoſe that wilfully ſhut their Eyes.*

Yet, whatever Stupidity reigns among the *Franks*, Methinks Nothing but Light and Reaſon ought to appear in the Actions of the *Muſſulmans*. I am confounded, to hear of the *Rebellions* in *Syria* and *Ægypt*. Will they never give Reſt to the *Banner* of the *Prophet*?

Prophet? Muſt the *Supreme Miniſter*, be ever employ'd in proclaiming the *Neſiraum*? What offence has been given to the *Baſſa* of *Damaſcus*, or to him of *Caire*?

Sage Preſident of the *Imperial City*, I am abaſh'd before the *Infidels*, when I hear theſe *Tragical* Reports out of the *Eaſt*.

But what can be expected, when the Manners of the *Faithful* are quite eſtrang'd from thoſe of their *Fathers*? The *Muſſulmans* almoſt out-do the *Franks* in Vice and Debauchery.

When thou readeſt this, draw thy *Cymetar*, and make a *Scabbard* of the next Man, who mutters a Word againſt our *Lawful Sovereign*.

Paris, 2d. *of the* 10th. *Moon*,
of the Year, 1652.

LETTER

LETTER IX.

To Dgnet Oglou.

I Tell thee, I am neither Melancholy nor Merry; but in a kind of a Mungrel Humour between both. I am half *Democritus*, and t'other half *Heraclitus*; being Equally disposed to Laugh and Weep, at the Vanity of All Things here below. That Thought touches me sensibly, yet not enough to carry me into Extreams. The Misery and Happiness of the Whole Life of Mortals, are Themes scarce worth a Passion. Whatever we endure as an *Evil*, or possess as a *Good*, are both so short, that as the one need not sink us to an *Excess* of *Grief*, so neither does the other deserve a *Paroxysm* of *Joy*. A Sigh or a Tear, are enough for the First; and a Smile is too much for the Last. My Mind at present is an *Æquilibrium*.

What signifies the *Birth* of the Greatest *Monarch*, or that he can boast of a *Long Descent* of *Kings*, his *Progenitors*? He is born to Labour and Trouble, as well as other Men; and all the Charming Pleasures that attend a *Crown*, are scarce sufficient to recompence his Cares and Fatigues, his Hazards and Toils, and the Perpetual Risques he runs both in *Peace* and *War*.

If

If from the *Cradle* he make an Early Step to a *Throne*, 'tis but a Mock-Honour, to be *Crown'd* with a *Wreath* of *Briars*, ſqueez'd and preſs'd into his tender Temples, by the deceitful Hands of his *Guardians* and *Miniſters*, who ſtrive only to lay the Foundation of their own Honour in his Ruine, by improving the Time of his *Minority*, and making Oppreſſion Chymical; that during their preſent Authority, they may exact the *Life* and *Elixir* of his *Subjects* Wealth, and hoard it in their own Coffers, leaving only the Lees to him when he comes of Age, and theſe generally compounded with the Ill-will of his People. I wiſh the Caſe prove not the ſame in our Preſent *Sovereign Sultan Mahomet*; who, thou know'it, was lifted to his Father's *Throne* before his Time, and by Methods which cannot be juſtify'd. It was the *Mufti*'s Plot, who is the *Oracle* of the *Law*; and ſo the *Muſſulmans* acquieſc'd. But mark the End. Such *Treaſons* Seldom eſcape unpuniſh'd. Tho' *Sultan Ibrahim* was Depos'd and Impriſon'd, (not to mention that which grates the Ears of any Loyal *Ottoman:*) Tho' his Eldeſt Son be plac'd on his *Throne*, to ſerve the Ends of a *Faction*: Yet a Younger than he, may live to revenge the VVrongs that were done to his Father, and reſtore the *Empire* of the *Faithful* to its Priſtine Grandeur. There are now above Three Years elaps'd, ſince the change of Affairs at the *Seraglio*. In the mean time, doſt thou not obſerve the Diſcontents of the People? Is there not a General Coldneſs and

Neutrality to be diſcern'd in the Converſation of thoſe, who at firſt were moſt forward to approve the *Mufti*'s Proceedings? Men begin every where to reflect on the Preſent *Revolution*, and its Fatal Conſequences. The *Venetian-War*, they ſay, has quite impoveriſh'd the *Empire*. Decay of Trade, Want of Money, and a Thouſand other Things, are the daily Complaints in *Conſtantinople*: This I am told from very good Hands, Men of ſeveral *Nations*, Merchants who Trade in that City, Perſons altogether unbyaſs'd. They, as Strangers, have been inquiſitive, during their Reſidence there, into the Humours of People, to find how the *Muſſulmans* ſtand affected to the Preſent State of the *Ottoman* Affairs. I, who approve not the Preſumption of thoſe *Infidels*, yet make Uſe of it to inform my ſelf of ſeveral Material Paſſages, which I cou'd not otherwiſe learn, at this Diſtance from the *Auguſt Port*.

They tell me, the Soldiers murmur that ſo many Thouſands of Men have been ſacrific'd in *Candia*, and *Dalmatia*; Whilſt what they gain in the *Iſland*, they loſe on the *Continent*. For, it ſeems, the *Venetians* are ſtill too hard for us one Way or other. They grumble alſo for Want of their due Pay, and that they have not Bread enough to keep 'em from ſtarving. A certain *Greek* aſſur'd me, he had heard ſeveral of the *Spahi's* ſwear ſolemnly, That it was agreed amongſt them, not to go into *Dalmatia*, the next *Campaign*. But this I took as a Strain of the *Græcian's* Natural Faculty,

Faculty, who, thou know'ſt, are much given to Romancing. However, I hear enough both from them and other Travellers, of *Eaſt* and *Weſt*, to convince me, That ſome of the *Grandees* at the *Imperial City* are in a tottering Condition.

All which ſerves but to confirm my firſt Diſcourſe, That hardly any Thing on Earth is worth a Thought, ſince all Things are of ſo ſhort Duration.

In a *Word*, the VVorld ſeems to be a *Garden* intermingled with *Roſes* and *Weeds*. The *Firſt* are ſo cloſe encompaſs'd with Thorns, that a Man cannot gather 'em without wounding himſelf: And if there be more Eaſe in cropping the *Latter*, yet they are unwholſome and ſtink; putting a Man to as frequent Purifications, as the Times he touches 'em.

Let thou and I, Dear *Gnet*, paſs along the *Alleys* of this *Garden* view her *Beauties* and *Deformities* with an Even Mind; not putting our ſelves to the Fatigue of gathering her *Flowers*, or ſuffering our ſelves to be tempted with her *ſofter Pleaſures*. But let every Thing we ſee and hear in this *Enchanted Ground*, ſerve the Ends of our Contemplation, being ſtedfaſtly mindful of this Truth, *That all thoſe Things which appear ſo Gay and full of Charms, are Nothing but mere Empty* Idea's *and Fleeting Shadows, of that Subſtantial and Permanent Pleaſure, which has her Reſidence only in* Paradiſe.

Thou may'ſt tell the *Kaimacham*, our Friend, that now the *King* of *France* begins to play the *Monarch* on the Bottom of his own VVit and Courage, without the Aſſiſtance or Counſel of *Tutors*. He has brought the *Parliament* to an Abſolute Compliance with his VVill, having purg'd that *Senate* of diſaffected Members, and baniſh'd from the *Court* the *Duke* of *Orleans*, who pretended a Right to Rule his *Sovereign*. In the mean Time, the *Prince* of *Conde* has taken *Rethel* and St. *Menehoud*, whilſt *Barcelona* is ſurrendred to the *Spaniards*. Thus what is gain'd in one Point, is loſt in another. Doubtleſs, there is nothing ſtable on Earth.

Paris, 8th. *of the* 11th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1652.

LETTER

LETTER X.

To Melec Amet.

THY Adventure and Miraculous Eſcape over the *Danube*, puts me in Mind of a certain *French Nobleman* of the *Prince* of *Conde*'s Party, who laſt *Summer*, being cloſely purſu'd by ſome of the *King*'s Horſe, and himſelf excellently mounted, leap'd Hedges and Ditches to avoid Captivity. At length, they had chas'd him into a Corner of the Land; from whence it was Impoſſible for him to eſcape, but by ſwimming o'er a ſmall Arm of the Sea. VVhat Riſques will not a Man run, for the Love of Liberty? This Perſon, like an over-heated *Stagg*, perceiving his *Hunters* cloſe at his Heels, boldly leap'd on Horſe-back into the Sea; chuſing rather to periſh in the Waters, than fall into his Enemies Hands.

None were ſo hardy, as to follow him through the Uncertain Waves. However, his *Horſe* being of matchleſs Strength, carry'd him ſafe over to the Oppoſite Shore. As ſoon as he arriv'd at the next Town, where he had many Friends, he related this Wonderful Paſſage. But inſtead of cheriſhing his *Horſe*, for ſo Faithful and Invaluable a Service, he drew his Sword, and immediately kill'd the *Beaſt* that ſav'd his Life: Saying, he did it for the Sake of Fame, being reſolv'd, that

his *Horſe* ſhou'd never perform the like Service to any other Mortal.

This was an Ungrateful *Caprice*, and far from the Morality of *Sultan Selim*, the Son of *Bajazet*, who when his Truſty *Horſe*, *Carabuluc*, had once ſav'd his Life by his extraordinary Swiftneſs; he in Token of his Thankfulneſs, built a Stable on Purpoſe for him in a Large Encloſure of Meadows, allowing a *Penſion* to a *Groom* to wait on the Meritorious *Beaſt*, and give him his free Delight in all Things, as long as he liv'd; Commanding, that he ſhou'd never more be forc'd to labour or travel. And to compleat the Happineſs of the *Beaſt*, he cull'd out ſome of the Beautifull'ſt *Mares* of *Arabia* to accompany him; charging alſo, that the Doors of the Stable ſhou'd be always open, for the *Horſe* to go in or out, and range when and where he pleas'd. This was a Generoſity worthy of an *Eaſtern Monarch*, whom, as thy Letter informs me, thou haſt in Part imitated.

But ſuch is ſome Men's Ambition, and vain Deſire to be talk'd of, that they care not by what barbarous Methods, they accompliſh their Aim: It was a Motive of this Nature, which tempted *Eroſtratus*, to ſet Fire to the Famous *Temple* of *Epheſus*; which had been Two Hundred Years in Building, and was numbred among the *Seven Wonders* of the *World*.

This happen'd on the very Night, that *Alexander* the *Great* was born. And the *Villain* being ask'd, Why he committed ſo deſtructive

deſtructive a *Sacrilege*; anſwer'd, *That it was to acquire an Immortal Fame by ſo ſtupendous a Wickedneſs, ſince he cou'd not hope to be Recorded for his Vertue.*

Plutarch mentions a Jeſt, that was made on this Deſtruction of *Diana's Temple.* For it was common in every Bodies Mouth, That the *Goddeſs* being call'd that Night to the Labour of *Olympias*, the Mother of *Alexander*, cou'd not be preſent at Home to ſave her Houſe from Burning. For the *Gentiles* believed, that *Diana*, (whom they alſo call'd *Lucina*) was Inviſibly aſſiſtant at the Birth of Children.

However, the *Prieſts* made no Jeſt on't; but ran up and down howling and making Gaſhes in their Fleſh, preſaging that *Fate* was that Day buſied, in ſigning the *Decree* of *Aſia*'s Ruin. This is certain, That that very Night, the Man was born, who was deſtin'd to ſubdue all *Aſia*, and on the Ruins of the *Perſian Empire*, raiſe the *Monarchy* of the *Macedonians*. However, the *Villain* who burnt the *Temple*, had not his Deſire. For it was Decreed throughout all *Aſia*, That his Name ſhou'd never be mention'd in *Hiſtory*, or any *Publick Writings.*

It is Recorded of a certain *Governour* of a City in *Italy*, That being on the Top of an high *Tower* with only the *Pope*, the *German Emperour*, and an *Ambaſſador* from *Venice* in his Company, he was tempted to throw the Two former over the *Battlements*, as they were taking a Survey of the City: Which he

might have eaſily done, for they were both Aged, and Incapable of reſiſting his Strength. This Paſſage he confeſs'd to his *Ghoſtly Father*: And being ask'd, What induc'd him to think of ſuch a Horrid *Treaſon*? He anſwer'd *That it might be be ſaid, He did a Thing, which never was done before, nor in all Probability wou'd ever be done again: Since no Prince having heard ſuch a Story wou'd ever venture himſelf into the ſame Danger, without a ſufficient Guard of his own.* But however, he had not Reſolution enough to go through with his Project.

I hear thou art like to acquire Fame by other Methods than theſe, being in a fair Way, to riſe by thy *Vertues*, to ſome Conſiderable *Employments* in the *Empire*. For which, I equally rejoyce with thy ſelf.

In the mean Time, 'twill perhaps be obliging, to tell thee ſome News out of theſe *Parts*. Which will make thy Company welcome to the *Grandees*. They love to converſe with Men, who can furniſh 'em with Intelligence of *Foreign Affairs*.

The freſheſt Diſcourſe here is, of the Impriſonment of the *Cardinal de Retz*, who was arreſted by the *King*'s *Order* on the Nineteenth of this *Moon*. What his Crime is, I cannot inform thee, unleſs it be, that he is an Enemy to *Cardinal Mazarini*. People generally give him the Character, of a very honeſt Man. But, thou know'ſt, *Honeſty* is counted a *Vice* in the *Courts* of theſe *Weſtern Princes*. The *Crafty*, are the only Men of *Vertue*,

Vertue and *Merit* among the *Infidels*.

Thou may'ſt alſo report for a Certainty, That the *Spaniards* have taken *Dunkirk* in *Flanders*, and *Cazal* in the *Dukedom* of *Mantua*. This *Town*, is ſaid to be the *Key* of all *Italy*: I cannot tell thee, which is the *Lock* it belongs to; nor, I believe, they themſelves. But, this I obſerve, That when the *King* of *France* ſits down before any Place with his Army, whoever has the *Key*, neither *Locks* nor *Bolts* can keep him out long. And 'tis Ten to One, if he do not find an Entrance into this Place again very ſpeedily, when the *Spaniſh* King has pleas'd himſelf for a while with an Imaginary poſſeſſion of it.

I conclude my Letter, juſt at the Hour when the *Old Year* expires, acccording to the Account of the *Chriſtians*, wiſhing thee a *Scene* of *New Felicities*.

Paris, 31ſt. *of the* 12th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1652.

LETTER XI.

To the ſame.

HAving the Opportunity of a Day or two more, before the *Poſt* goes out of Town, I make uſe of it to ask thee, Whether there be any Notice taken in your *Parts*, of a *Comet* newly appearing above the *Orb* of the *Sun*? It has not been obſerv'd here till within theſe few Nights. And the *Aſtronomers*, notwithſtanding the Coldneſs of the *Seaſon*, (which I aſſure thee is ſharp enough) are very buſy with their *Teleſcopes*, to pry into the Figure of this *Meteor*, and obſerve its Motions. They take great Pains, and endure all the Rigour of the Froſt and Snow, in Hopes of making ſome new Diſcovery.

The Vulgar look on it, as a great *Prodigy*: There are a Thouſand Opinions among them about its Conſequences: Every Body ſets up for a *Judicial Aſtrologer*. Nay, the *Learn'd* themſelves, and ſuch as are eſteem'd Great *Philoſophers*, cannot agree in their Judgment concerning it. Some aſſert, That the *Matter* of the *Heavens* is ſubject to *Corruption* and *Change*, and that this *Comet* is generated after that Manner: Whilſt others hold a Contrary Opinion. They are all divided, and diſpute hotly in as *Unintelligible Terms*, as the *Languages* of *America* are to us of this *Continent*. They amuſe one another, and themſelves,

ſelves, with far-fetch'd Words: And all this while, for ought I know, the Wiſeſt among 'em may be as much under a Miſtake, as thoſe who never ſtudy'd ſuch Things. All the *Inſtruments* of the *Opticks*, are ſought out to help their *Sight*; and yet they may be as much in the *Dark*, as the Men in *Plato's Cave*. It is an *Article* of my *Faith*, That we Mortals know very little of thoſe far diſtant *Beings*. But, theſe *Franks* are the moſt opinionated People in the World, no Man has the Modeſty, to allow another as much Right to Reaſon as himſelf. Every one ſets up for a *Dogmatiſt*, and requires the Intellects of all others to be reſign'd to his; tho' perhaps, that be only form'd by the Rules of his Parents, the Impreſſions of his Early Years, the Force of Education, the Faſhion of his Country, or by ſome Notable Accident in his Life: All which, are equally liable to Falſhood and Truth. How many *Sects* were there of the *Ancient Philoſophers*, ſtiffly defending their ſeveral Opinions? One ſays, The *Heavens* are made of Braſs; Another, of Iron; a Third, of Smoke. This will have 'em to be Solid, That Fluid: There is no End of their Controverſies.

In the mean Time, no Man knows What they are made of, or what is the Figure of the *World*, Whether Round or Square, or beyond all Dimenſions: Whether *Matter* be Diviſible, or Indiviſible in the laſt *Atome*. Who can aſſure me, If there be only One *World*, or Whether there may not as well be a Thouſand

ſand Millions? Whether the *Stars* be *Opake Bodies* as this *Earth*, and Inhabited, or no? I tell thee again, there is no Certainty of theſe Things. Man's Senſes are too weak, his Imagination too frail, and all his Faculties far too ſhort, to comprehend the *Works* of the *Omnipotent*, who alone is *Wiſe* and *Perfect* in *Science*.

Wilt thou have my Opinion of this *Comet*? I am apt to think, 'Tis ſome ſuch *Globe* of *Combuſtible Matter*, as Our *Earth* appears to be, and perhaps burden'd with as many *Sinners*: That either by the *Courſe* of *Nature*, or *Decree* of *Deſtiny*, the *Enclos'd Fire* has broke its *Bounds*, and ſpread its Conſuming Flames o're the *Surface*: Which embodying themſelves in the *Pyramid* of *Smoke*, ariſing from ſo vaſt a *Conflagration*, cauſe that *Appearance* which we call the *Tail* of a *Blazing-Star*. And, for ought I know, after the ſame Manner ſhall our *Globe* appear to the *Inhabitants* of thoſe *Remote Worlds*, at our *Day of Judgment*.

I am not poſitive in theſe Matters, nor will I ſhut up my *Soul* from Future Lights: But leaving Things, as I find 'em, full of Myſtery, and double Faces, I will expect no better Fate than that of *Socrates*, That as I have liv'd, ſo ſhall I die in Doubt, only hoping for Plenary Satisfaction in the *Next World*.

Paris, 2d. *of the* 1ſt. *Moon*,
of the Year 1653.

LET-

LETTER XII.

To Pesteli-Hali, *his Brother*, Master *of the* Grand Signior's Customs.

NOW thou beginnest to reap the *Fruit* of thy *Travels*. May'st thou live to have a *Full Harvest*. I esteem my self infinitely oblig'd to the *Illustrious Bassa*, our Countryman, for his particular Friendship in this Business. 'Tis true, thy own Merits were a sufficient Recommendation: But what *Light* can a *Candle* give, that is shut up close in a *Dark-Lanthorn*? So thick was the *Veil*, which thy own *Modesty* had drawn o'er the *Splendor* of the most Accomplish'd *Vertues*.

Son of my Mother, let not what I have said, pass for the Words of a Flatterer. Thou know'st, I am as free from that Vice, as I am from Envy. 'Tis Affection only guides my Pen, when I tell thee, I heartily rejoice in my Brother's Prosperity; and that the *Grand Signior* has a *Faithful Servant*. I hope, that *Sovereign* of *Sovereigns*, will in Time find Reasons to acknowledge to the Noble *Kerker Hassan*, the Good Office he has done him, in presenting such a *Slave*. Let no Error of thine, baulk my Expectation.

'Twill be an *Eternal Honour*, to the *House* and *Tribe* from which we descend, if by acquitting

quitting thy ſelf fairly in this Poſt, our *Great Maſter* ſhall think thee worthy of a more *Sublime Station*. Therefore eſteem this only as a *Tryal* of thy *Fidelity*, and how far thou art capable of ſerving the *Sultan*. Be Induſtrious, but not Affected, in diſcloſing thy Abilities. Obſerve a Gradation: For the ſloweſt Steps to *Greatneſs*, are the moſt ſecure. Aim not to be *Rich* and *Mighty* on a ſudden. Swift Riſes, are often attended with precipitate Falls. If, in other Caſes, 'tis commendable to be niggardly of Time, and ſqueeze every Minute to an Improvement in Vertue; yet thou wilt find it expedient to follow other *Maxims*, in the Way of growing *Great*: And that to be Liberal in Years of Patience, will be no Unprofitable Frugality in the Main; ſince what is ſooneſt got, is generally ſhort in the Poſſeſſion: And he that monopolizes *Honours* or *Wealth*, is moſt Times envy'd to his Ruin.

Nature it ſelf ſhall convince thee of this if thou wilt but contemplate her moſt *Obvious Works*. Caſt thy Eye on the *Oak* among the *Plants*; What *Vegetable* is more Permanent, or of greater Service to Men? Yet the *Tree* of ſo vaſt a Bulk, in whoſe Aged, Hollow Trunk, I have ſeen Sixteen Men ſitting round a table; under whoſe wide-ſpread Branches, the *Houſe* of *Arom Eb'niel Eben Sherophaim*, the *Chief Emir* of *Arabia*, is built, and ſtands at this Day; I ſay, this *Tree* in its *Firſt Original*, was not ſo big as the *Thumb* of thy *Right Hand*: And if *Naturaliſts*

Lifts ſpeak Truth, 'twas a Hundred Years a growing to theſe Dimenſions; as many in a Fix'd and Flouriſhing Condition; and that it will not take up a leſs Time in decaying to its laſt Rottenneſs.

They ſay alſo, That an *Elephant*, the Biggeſt and Strongeſt of all the *Beaſts* on the *Earth*, lives Two Hundred Years, and continues encreaſing in its Stature, the greateſt Part of that Term. The like they relate of *Crocodiles* and *Dragons*.

But not to tire thee with Examples of this Nature, let us conſider, that whatſoever is great and durable among Men, whatſoever is Illuſtrious and Excellent, is ſlow in the Production, and makes not haſty Leaps to Maturity. View all the *Monarchies* that have made ſo much Noiſe on *Earth*, and thou wilt find, that in Proportion to the Time of their Growing *Greatneſs*, was the *Term* of their *Duration*. How ſwift was the *Riſe* and *Fall* of the *Perſian Empire*? Equally precipitate was that of the *Macedonians*. None could ever boaſt of ſo Permanent and Univerſal a Sway as the *City* of *Rome*, of which it is commonly ſaid, *Rome was not built in a Day*.

To come nearer Home; How Laſting and perpetually Victorious, is the *Sacred Empire* of the *Muſſulmans*? Yet it took its Firſt *Riſe* from very *ſmall Beginnings*, met with frequent Repulſes, and has made a ſlow Progreſſion to the preſent *Formidable Height* of *Sovereign Power* it now poſſeſſes. For, thou know'ſt,

know'ſt, This is the Thouſand'th, Sixtieth and Third Year, ſince the *Holy Flight* of the *Meſſenger* of *God*.

What I have ſaid, may be apply'd with Proportion, to Men's Perſonal Advances in the *Honours* and *Fortunes* of this *World*. Be content therefore with the *Seaſons* wherein *Deſtiny* ſhall think fit to raiſe thee, and ſtrive not to out-run thy *Fate*.

All the News I can tell thee is, That *Cardinal Mazarini* return'd the 13*th*. of the laſt *Moon*, from his Second *Baniſhment*: Which thou mayſt report for a Truth, to the *Miniſters* of *State*.

We are all *Exiles* here on *Earth*. *God* reſtore is to a *Region* more Agreeable, and admit us to the *Careſſes* of our *Friends* in *Paradiſe*.

Paris, *the* 25th. *of the* 3d. *Moon*,
of the Year, 1653.

LETTER

LETTER XIII.

To Kerker Haſſan, Baſſa.

THE *Bleſſings* of *God* and his *Prophet*, deſcend upon thee from a Thouſand Sources. Thou art a true Friend, and our whole *Family* are oblig'd to thee for Favors which have no Number: But none more than my Brother and I. Our Engagements to thee are Equal; ſince what Kindneſs thou haſt ſhew'd to him, in recommending him to the *Sultan*'s Favour, and to a *Place* of *Honor* and *Profit*, I take as done to my ſelf; we being Naturally ſharers in each others Proſperity or Adverſe Fortune: For ſuch is the Method of ſtrict *Relations* and *Friendſhips*. And, I have a particular Reaſon to thank thee, becauſe it was at my Inſtance thou promoted'ſt him. Yet tho' he is my Brother, I ſhould not be ſo Partial as to ſay theſe Things in his Behalf, did I not know him to be a Man of Merit. For *Places* of *Truſt*, ought not to be beſtowed for Favour or Affection. We are bound to ſacrifice all *Private Regards*, to the *Intereſt* of the *Grand Signior*: And not act like the *French*, who get *Offices* of the Greateſt Importance, many Times, by being of a *Faction* or *Party*, oppoſite to their *King*.

Since

Since the Return of *Cardinal Mazarini* to this *Court*, which was in the foregoing *Moon*, the *King* has reform'd many Abuſes of this Kind. He begins to feel his own Strength and Authority, every Day more and more.

In the *Moon* of *December*, dy'd *Cardinal Richlieu*'s Brother, who was *Biſhop* of *Lyons*, and *Grand Almoner* of *France*. The *King* has beſtow'd theſe *Honours* on *Cardinal Antonio Barberini*, who took *Sanctuary* in this *Court*, from the Perſecutions of the Preſent *Roman Pontiff*, almoſt Ten Years ago. He has always eſpouſed the King of *France*'s Intereſts in *Rome*. And the grateful *Monarch*, receiv'd him with much Affection; and as an Additional Honour, has made him a *Knight* of the *Holy Spirit*. This is the *Chiefeſt Order* of *Knighthood* in *France*.

It is freſhly reported here, that the *Duke* of *Newburgh*, a *Great Prince* in *Germany*, is dead. They talk alſo of certain *Prodigies* that have been lately ſeen in *England*, *Ireland*, and other *Parts* of *Europe*; As Raining of warm Blood, Tin and Copper. And 'tis affirm'd for certain, That *Three Suns* were lately ſeen at *Dublin*, the *Chief City* of *Ireland*.

There has been a *Sea-Combat* between the *Engliſh* and *Hollanders* on the Coaſts of *Italy*. Wherein, they ſay, the *Dutch* had the Victory, having ſunk Two of their Enemies Ships, and taken One, without any Conſiderable Loſs on their own Side.

Here

There is no other News ſtirring at preſent worth the Knowledge of a *Muſſalman Grandee*. The Eyes of all the *Weſtern Nazarenes* are fix'd on that *Refuge* of the *World*, where thou reſideſt, and on the Actions of our *Invincible Vizir* in *Candia*.

They diſcourſe of ſome *Overtures* of *Peace*, which that *Great General* has made to the *Venetians*, if they will forthwith ſurrender the *City* of *Candia* to the *Victorious Oſmans*.

If this be true, one would think, ſo great Clemency muſt needs tempt the *Proud Infidels* to *Submiſſion* and *Compliance*. But, if *Deſtiny* has otherwiſe *Decreed*, I wiſh they may feel the *Force* of our *Arms*, which appear more keen, than even the *Scythe* of *Time*, that *Devourer* of *all Things*.

Paris, *the* 27th. *of the* 3d. *Moon*, *of the Year* 1653.

LETTER

LETTER XIV.

To Nathan Ben Saddi, *a* Jew *at* Vienna.

THY laſt Letter ſpeaks thee at once willing to be Enlightned, yet Tenacious of thy Old *Prepoſſeſſions*. I wonder not at the Difficulty thou findeſt, in ſhaking off the *Precepts* of thy *Rabbi's*, thoſe *Religious Triflers*. The Influence of *Education*, is forcible as that of our *Birth*: And the *Habits* that are rooted in us in our *Tender Years*, are harder to be diſplanted, than the *Inherent Affections* of our *Blood*: This is ſignify'd by the *Arabian Proverb*, which ſays, *The Tutors of Youth, have an Aſcendant over the Stars of their Nativity.*

I know it has been eſteem'd the peculiar Glory of thy *Nation*, that you have been Rigid Obſervers of the *Traditions* of your *Fathers*: From which, rather than deviate a Tittle, there have not been wanting ſuch as freely expos'd themſelves, and have bravely endur'd Racks, Scourgings, Burnings, and all Sorts of Torments, even the moſt exquiſitely cruel Deaths, that the Malice of *Tyrants* cou'd invent. But do not I know alſo, that in ſome of the moſt Weighty Points of your *Law*, your Zeal has exceeded your Prudence? I ſpeak not of the private Bigotry of *one* Man,

Man, or a *few*; but of the *Repreſentative Body* of your Whole *Nation*. How fooliſhly Superſtitious were your Armies in the Days of *Mattathias*, when being aſſaulted by their Enemies on the *Sabbath* Day, they refus'd to draw a Sword in their own Defence, and ſo were all cut off by the Army of *Antiochus*? This is no Invidious Remark of your *Adverſaries* in *Religion*, but the Obſervation of *Joſephus*, a Man of the ſame *Faith*, and ſprung from the *Stock* of *Iſrael*, as well as thy Self.

Now tell me thy Opinion, did your *Fathers* do well in thus Sacrificing themſelves, and the whole Intereſt of *Iſrael* to a Miſtaken *Punctilio* of that Obedience they ow'd the *Law*, or no? If thou alloweſt the Former, then *Mattathias* did wickedly in making a *Decree*, That from thenceforth, it ſhould be Lawful on the *Sabbath-Day* to reſiſt their Enemies; and all the *Jews* were guilty of many Notorious Breaches of the *Law*, in obeying this *Decree*, and fighting on the *Sabbath-Day*: But if thou ſay'ſt, They did Ill in not fighting, tho' at a prohibited Time, and prohibited under the ſevereſt *Curſes*; then it follows, That there is no *Point* of your *Law*, which may not, nay which ought not to be diſpens'd with, and give way to the Intereſts of *State*, and the Good of the *Commonwealth*. So that at this Rate, the *Religion* for which you are all ſo Zealous, will appear to be but a *Form* of *Government*, *Divinely* contriv'd for *Human* Regards. I do not call in Queſtion,

ſtion, the *Miraculous* Delivery of your *Law* on *Mount Sinai*. Suffer me to plead without Suſpicion of Partiality: I do not go about to invalidate the *Teſtimony* of *Moſes*, and the *Prophets*. Doubtleſs, the *Moſt High* came down through the *Heavens*, attended with *Myriads* of *Angels*, and Thirty Two Thouſand Chariots of Fire; and when he ſtood on the Top of the *Mountain*, the *Rear* of his *Train* had not paſſed the *Silver Gates* of the *Moon*. The *Sun* appear'd in his Circuit, as one aſtoniſh'd; he bluſh'd, and fled away from the *Eternal Brightneſs*, not able to endure the *Luſtre* of a *Glory* ſo far ſurpaſſing *his own*. The *Stars* were dazl'd at the *Immortal Splendor*, and miſtook their Courſes; they run againſt one another in their affrighted Careers. And as a Laſting *Memorial* of that *Glorious Deſcent*, the *Angels* left the *bright Impreſſion* of their *Footſteps* in the *Path*; That *Heavenly Road*, is to this Day diſtinguiſh'd from all the *Reſt* of the *Sky* by its *Whiteneſs*, which makes the *Aſtronomers* call it *THE MILKY WAY*.

The *Nations* of the Earth were amaz'd at the Tremendous *Viſion* and Noiſe; for the *Mountain* was all on *Fire*, whoſe *Flames* reach'd up to the *Clouds*, and its *Smoke* to the *Mid-Heaven*. The *Globe* Trembled and Quak'd at the Dreadful *Thundrings*, and the *Lightnings* penetrated the *Abyſs* of *Hell*. The *Infernal Spirits* were ſtartled at the *Uncouth Flaſhes*; and ask'd one another, *If the Day of Judgment were come?* The *Waters* hid themſelves

ſelves in their *Fountains*, and the *Ocean* utter'd a deep *Murmur*. Every Thing in *Nature* was ſurpriz'd with Wonder and Dread, and *Moſes* himſelf when he came down from the *Mountain*, was all Transform'd into *Light*.

Thou ſeeſt, *Nathan*, I am no *Infidel*, but believe, as thou doſt, That the *Law* of *Moſes* was brought down from *Heaven*. But does it therefore follow, That this *Law* is *Univerſal* and *Eternal*? Can none be *ſav'd* but the *Sons* of *Iſrael*, and ſuch as are Proſelyted to their *Religion*? Doubtleſs this is an Error, as thou thy ſelf wilt acknowledge, when thou haſt well examin'd the Matter. Remove thy Poſt a little, if it be only in Imagination: Riſe from the Feet of thy *Doctors*, who have inſtill'd into thee Prejudices againſt all the *Sons* of *Adam*, except thoſe of your Own *Race*. Stand aloof for a while, and look round about thee to the *Four Winds*: but fix thine Eyes on the *Eaſt*, for from thence *Wiſdom* takes her *Origin*. Did not the ſame *God*, who *Created* the *Jews*, alſo *Create* all the *Nations* of the Earth? And canſt thou be ſo blind and obdurate as to think, that *Sovereignty Merciful* made ſo many *Millions* of *Souls* on purpoſe to *Damn* them? Or that it ſhall be Imputed to them for *Sin*, that they were not born of the *Seed* of *Jacob*? Was it in their Power to chuſe the *Father* that ſhou'd *beget* them, or the *Mother* that ſhou'd *conceive* them? How Abſurd are the Conſequences of this Narrow Opinion? It is an unpardonable Pride and Malice, thus to con-

contemn and judge thoſe that are compounded of the ſame Ingredients as your ſelves.

Doubtleſs, *God* has ſent *Prophets* into all *Nations*, to guide them into the *Right Way*, and not into the *Way* of *Infidels*. Thoſe who believe the *Prophets*, and obey their *Precepts*, ſhall be Sav'd: For they preach the *Unity* of the *Divine Eſſence*, the *Reſurrection* of the *Dead*, the *Day* of *Judgment*, the *Joys* of *Paradiſe*, and the *Torments* of the *Damn'd*. They teach the Neceſſity of Juſtice, Purity, and Good Works; exhorting all to practiſe the *Golden Rule*, without entangling their Minds in endleſs Niceties, which are but the Superfetation of Piety, the Excrementitious Burdens of a *Religious* Life. Such are moſt of the Troubleſom and Ridiculous *Ceremonies* obſerv'd by the *Zealots* of your *Law*, at which I have known the Wiſer Sort of *Jews* to laugh. Theſe little *Superſtitions*, like *Unprofitable Suckers*, exhauſt the *Vitals* of *Religion*, and leave it only a *Sapleſs Trunk*, from which no *Fruit* can be expected. Were they commanded in the *Law* of *Moſes*, ſomething might be pleaded in their Defence; but as they are only the *Dreams* of your *Rabbi's*, a Wiſe Man would beware how he put on a Needleſs Yoke, the *Stratagem* of your *Crafty Guides*, to keep you in Subjection, and a ſervile Awe of their Authority, and a *Religious* Timorouſneſs of you know not what.

Thy

Thy Letter replies to this by Anticipation: For, ſuppoſing that I ſhould argue thus, and charge you with adding *Traditions* of your own, to the *Poſitive Injunctions* of the *Law*; Thou telleſt me, That thoſe are greatly miſtaken, who think that all which was deliver'd to *Moſes* in the *Mount*, was Written in the *Two Tables*, or compris'd even in the *Pentateuch*; as if the *Prophet* ſpent thoſe *Forty Days* and *Nights* only in keeping of *Geeſe*. For it is evident, ſay'ſt thou, That if *God* had Nothing elſe to give him but the *Written Law*, he might have diſpatch'd him in an *Hour* or a *Day* at Moſt. Therefore thou addeſt, That by *Day* he gave to him the *Written Law*, and by *Night* the *Myſterious* Explanation of it, call'd, The *Oral Law*: Which *Explanation*, *Moſes* taught by *Word of Mouth* to *Joſhua* his *Succeſſor*, *Joſhua* to the *Seventy two Seniors*; and that they tranſmitted this *Oral Traditionary Comment* down to their *Poſterity*, even to the Laſt of the *Prophets*, from whom the *Great Sanhedrim* receiv'd it. After this every one deliver'd it to his *Son*, as he had receiv'd it from his *Anceſtors*; and ſo it continues to this Day, to be the *Rule* of your *Lives*, in thoſe Caſes where the *Written Law* is Silent. I tell thee *Nathan*, there appears a great Shew of Reaſon in what thou ſayeſt: And indeed it cannot be ſuppos'd that *Moſes* ſpent all that time, only in receiving the *Written Law*. But on the other ſide, I cannot believe that the *Eternal Mind* was buſied ſo many *Days*, in

preſcribing thoſe *Ridiculom Rules* and *Ceremonies*, which are found in the *Talmud*, and the *Writings* of your *Rabbi's*. If thou canſt convince me of that, I will ceaſe to Perſwade thee to a Change.

I have a great deal more to ſay, but the Hour of the *Poſt* calls on me to conclude my Letter. In my next, I will fully anſwer all thy Arguments. In the mean time, let not *Cuſtom*, and the *Dictates* of the *Synagogue* ſupplant thy *Reaſon*, but remember thou art a *Man*.

Paris, 27th. *of the* 3d. *Moon*,
of the Year 1653.

LETTER

LETTER XV.

To the Sublimely Wiſe, *the* Senior *of Excellent Dignity*, Abul-Recowawn', Grand Almoner *to the* Sultan.

THou art placed on a High *Seat*, Eminent among the *Faithful*; and the Eyes of the Diſtreſs'd, are fix'd on thee. Thou art the *Patron* of all the Miſerable. To thee, as to a *Sanctuary*, flies the Man, whoſe Misfortunes have bereav'd him of all other Hope: Whoſe drooping Spirits can find no Comfort from the Reſt of Mortals. His laſt and only Refuge is to thee, who art the Faithful *Steward* of the *Grand Signior*'s Liberalities. Let not too much Prudence ſuperſede thy Charity. The VVicked and the Innocent, have Equal Acceſs to thee: And it ought to be ſo; for, no Man, at firſt, can diſtinguiſh between the One and the Other by their Outward Aſpect. Yet a little Examination and Converſe, will ſhew the Difference.

There are thoſe, who get large Poſſeſſions under the Maſque of Poverty. There are Impudent *Beggars*, who make a Trade of impoſing on Human Compaſſion, and ſport themſelves in this humble Method of Cheating People of their Money; whilſt, imagi-

ning they bestow it on Persons really Indigent, it is thrown away on Counterfeits, *Villains* and *Infidels*.

On the other side, I have seen true Objects of Pity, Men reduc'd to the last Extremities, who wou'd rather perish, than expose their Condition to any, save the *Great* and *Noble*. They esteem such to be Wise Men, Generous, and Considerate of the Accidents which commonly befall Mortals. They think, to these they may freely unbosom themselves, tell their VVants, and claim Relief, without the Hazard of a Reproach, which wounds more deeply than a short Denial.

Thou mayst know them by the Modesty which appears in their Faces, (says our *Holy Prophet*) and that they are soon repuls'd. To such as these, give plentiful *Alms*, and do not repine. For it is as a Profitable *Merchandize*, sent to Remote Countries; which though ventur'd on the Uncertain VVaters, ye in Time by the special Blessing of *Heaven*, shall return with Seven-fold Interest.

Nay give to all that ask: For, it is better to misplace our *Charity* on Nine Unworthy Persons, than to deny an *Alms* to One that is really in Need. Beside, it is not for the Honour of a *Sovereign Monarch*, that any Person in Distress shou'd depart from his *Court*, sad or discontented, for want of Relief.

I have in some of my Letters, glanc'd at the *Vices* of these *Western Nations*; and have not been altogether silent as to their *Vertues*. Among which, their *Charity* is very Conspicuous. The

The *French* relate a pretty Paſſage of a certain *Cardinal*, a very Good Man, and one that by the Multitude of his Generous Actions, gave Occaſion for the World to call him, the *Patron* of the *Poor*.

This *Eccleſiaſtick Prince*, had a conſtant Cuſtom, Once or Twice a Week, to give Publick Audience to all Indigent People in the *Hall* of his *Palace*, and to relieve every one according to their various Neceſſities, or the Motions of his own Bounty.

One day, a poor Widow encourag'd with the Fame of his Generoſity, came into the *Hall* of this *Cardinal*, with her only Daughter, a beautiful Maid, about Fifteen Years of Age. When her turn came to be heard, among the Crowd of Petitioners; the *Cardinal* diſcerning the Marks of an extraordinary Modeſty in her Face and Carriage, as alſo in her Daughter, he encourag'd her to tell her Wants freely. She bluſhing, and not without Tears, thus addreſs'd her ſelf to him: *My Lord, I ow for the Rent of my Houſe Five Crowns, and ſuch is my Misfortune, that I have no other Means to pay it, ſave what wou'd break my Heart, ſince my Landlord threatens to force me to it, that is, to Proſtitute this my only Daughter, whom I have hitherto with great Care Educated in Vertue, and an Abhorrence of that Odious Crime. What I beg of your* Eminence, *is, That you wou'd pleaſe to interpoſe your Sacred Authority, and protect us from the Violence of this Cruel Man, till by our honeſt Induſtry we can procure the Money for him.*

The *Cardinal* mov'd with Admiration of the Woman's Vertue and Innocent Modesty, bid her be of good Courage. Then he immediately wrote a Billet, and giving it into the Widows Hands, *Go*, said he, *to my Steward with this Paper, and he shall deliver thee Five Crowns to pay thy Rent.*

The poor Woman over-joy'd, and returning the *Cardinal* a Thousand Thanks, went directly to his *Steward*, and gave him the Note: Which when he had read; he told her out Fifty Crowns. She astonish'd at the Meaning of it, and fearing this was only the *Steward's* Trick to try her Honesty, refus'd to take above Five, saying *She ask'd the Cardinal for no more, and she was sure 'twas some Mistake.*

On the other side, the *Steward* insisted on his *Master's* Order, not daring to call it in Question. But all the Arguments he cou'd use, were insufficient to prevail on her to take any more than Five Crowns. Wherefore, to end the Controversy, he offer'd to go back with her to the *Cardinal*, and refer it to him. When they came before that *Munificent Prince*, and he was fully inform'd of the Business: *'Tis true*, said he, *I mistook in writing Fifty Crowns. Give me the Paper and I will rectify it.* Thereupon he wrote again; Saying thus to the VVoman, *So much Candor and Vertue, deserves a Recompence. Here I have order'd you Five Hundred Crowns: What you can spare of it, lay up as a Dowry to give with your Daughter in Marriage.*

If

If I miſtake not, this *Cardinal* was call'd *Farneſe*. But, whatever his Name was, this was an Action truly Heroick, and which has but few Parallels.

It will be much for the Glory and Intereſt of the *Shining Port*, if thou ſometimes by an extraordinary Largeneſs, raiſeſt the Fortune of deſerving Men; and putteſt them in a Capacity to ſerve the *Grand Signior*. At leaſt, ſuch Bounty will oblige 'em not to dis-ſerve him.

Among the Reſt, permit me to recommend the Caſe of *Ebnol Berwana Kayemas*, Thy Countryman. He was once Poſſeſſor of a fair *Timariot*, but was turn'd out by *Sultan Ibrahim*, to gratify a Creature of *Shechir Para*. Thou know'ſt the Life of that *Infamous* Woman. I ſay no more.

Paris 2d. *of the* 5th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1653.

LETTER XVI.

To the Captain Baſſa.

THou that art a Man of *War*, delighteſt, no Doubt, to hear of Combats and Battles. And I tell thee, That ſince the Beginning of the *World*, there have never been known ſuch dreadful *Sea-Fights*, as during the preſent *War* between the *Engliſh* and *Dutch*. It ſeems there is an Emulation ſprung up in the Latter: They grudge the Inhabitants of *Britain* the *Character*, which has been given 'em from all *Antiquity*, *Of being the moſt Victorious on that Element, of any Nation on the Earth.*

'Tis poſſible there may be ſome more particular Grounds of their preſent *Quarrel*, to which I am a ſtranger, But aſſuredly, they have purſu'd their Animoſities very eagerly on both Sides. And, let the Occaſion be what it will, the *Dutch* are ſtill Loſers.

I ſent thee an Account of a *Combat* between their *Fleets* laſt Year, ſince which they have had many other *Engagements*. And 'tis ſaid here, that during this *War*, the *Engliſh* have taken from the *Dutch*, near Two Thouſand *Merchant* Veſſels, have Sunk and Burnt many of their *Ships of War*, ſlain ſome of their *Chief Commanders*, ſpoil'd their *Trade*, and reduc'd 'em almoſt to as great Streights, as when they firſt courted the Protection of the *Engliſh*

Engliſh againſt their *Sovereign*, the *King* of *Spain*, from whom they had then newly Revolted.

But the moſt terrible Conflict was, on the Second of this *Moon*, wherein the *Dutch* had Seven and Twenty of their Greateſt Ships, either ſunk or burnt, Two Thouſand of their Seamen and Soldiers kill'd, and a Thouſand taken Priſoners, with many Captains. That Great *General Trump*, whom I mention'd in my Laſt, was ſlain in this *Fight*, after he had perform'd Prodigies of Valour.

The *French* ſay, that during the Heat of this Engagement, *Trump* being exceſſive Thirſty, call'd for a Bowl of Wine; which his Servant had no ſooner deliver'd to him, but a Cannon-Bullet took his Hand off, juſt as he was retiring from his *Maſter*. The brave *General* touch'd with a Noble Compaſſion, ſpilt the Wine on the Deck, ſaying, *It is not fit that I ſhould quench my Thirſt, with the Blood of a Faithful Slave.* And as ſoon as he had ſpoke theſe Words, another Bullet took from him, the Power of ever drinking again.

If ſuch an Accident ſhould happen to thee, when thou fighteſt againſt the *Infidels*, know for certain, that thou ſhalt be immediately tranſported to the *Green* and *Shady Banks* of the *Rivers* of *Wine* in *Paradiſe*, where thou may'ſt drink thy Fill in Eternal Security. For he that dies fighting for the *Faith*, is a *Martyr*.

Paris, *the* 12th. *of the* 8th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1653.

LETTER XVII.

To Sale Tircheni Emin, Superintendent *of the* Royal Arſenal *at* Conſtantinople.

I Remember, I promiſed in my laſt, to give thee a farther account of *Pachicour*, the famous *Pyrate* of the *Black Sea*. 'Twere eaſy to perform it, but a Temptation diverts my Pen another Way.

I remember when thou wert *Chiaus*, I have heard thee ſpeak of the *Kingdom* of *Tunis*, whither thou waſt ſent by *Sultan Amurat*, to compoſe the Differences that happen'd between the *Dey* and the *Divan* of that City. At the ſame Time, thou mad'ſt Mention of a certain Admirable *Engine*, contriv'd to draw up *Ships* or any Thing elſe from the Bottom of the Sea: And, that the *Divan* of *Tunis*, gave to the *Artiſt* who fram'd it, an Hundred Thouſand *Piaſters*, as a *Reward* of his Ingenuity.

I have read in a certain *French Author*, of ſuch another Device at *Venice*, made on purpoſe to draw up the Famous *Carrack*, which they call'd the *Caſtle* of the *Sea*. This *Gallion* was built of a Monſtrous Bulk, more for State than Service; and was overturn'd by her own Unweildineſs, as ſhe lay at Anchor and ſunk to the Bottom: From whence, neither

ther that foremention'd *Engine*, nor all the Art of Man could raiſe her. Yet the Skill of the *Enginier* was highly commended, and the *Senate* honour'd him with the *Title* of *Clariſſimo*, and ſettled a Noble *Penſion* on him during Life.

It is queſtion'd, whether the *States* of *Holland* will be ſo Liberal to a certain *French Enginier*, who has made a *Ship* at *Rotterdam*, which they ſay, will out-do all the *Miracles* of *Noah's Ark*.

This *Ship* is at preſent all the talk at *Paris*. Our Merchants receive Letters full of Wonders from the *Low Countries*, concerning this Whirligig of a Veſſel, which is to move by Clockwork; without Sails, Oars, Rudder, or any Common Marine Tacle; Yet, ſhall cut her Way through the Sea, with a ſwifter Progreſs than the *Moon* glides along the *Sky*, or a *Bullet* out of a *Cannon*. This is the Diſcourſe of thoſe who love to advance all that they hear, to the Height of a *Miracle* or *Romance*. Yet 'tis certain, the *Artiſt* has promis'd, it ſhall equal the Motion of ſome Birds, and run Twelve Leagues an Hour. Neither Winds nor Tides ſhall forward or hinder its courſe; which depending on an Internal Principle of *Perpetual Motion*, is to be directed only at the Pleaſure of him who manages the Springs and Wheels. So that the *Maſter* of this *Veſſel*, ſhall be able with a ſingle Touch of Hand, to turn it to any *Point* of the *Compaſs*, in the moſt Boiſterous Weather that blows.

This

This *Enginier* farther engages, that his *Veſſel* ſhall make a Voyage to the *Eaſt-Indies* in the *Revolution* of a *Moon*, and to ſome *Regions* of *America*, in a fourth Part of that Time. If he be as good at Performance, as he is at Promiſing, he will Sail round the *Globe*, at this Rate, in Three *Moons*.

In farther Commendation of this wonderful *Machine*, 'tis ſaid, That by a New-Invented Art, it ſhall ſecretly under-Water diſable any Ship, provided ſhe be within Cannon-Shot; and this with ſo ſudden a force, that in the ſpace of Six Hours, it will ſucceſſively ſink a Fleet of a Hundred Ships of *War*.

Moreover, this *Artiſt*, to appear not leſs ſubtle againſt the *Efforts* of *Heaven*, than in ſurpaſſing all the *Inventions* on *Earth*, promiſes that his Miraculous *Veſſel*, ſhall at the Diſtance of a League, cut aſunder any *Spouts* or *Cataracts* of Waters, which uſually threaten *Mariners* in the *Mediterranean* and other Seas.

'Tis poſſible thou art very well acquainted with the Nature of theſe *Spouts*, and the Danger of Ships that Sail near them. Yet give me Leave to inform thee, what I have heard from a certain *Corſair*, who has often met with 'em in the *Levant*.

This *Pyrate* tells me, that a *Spout* is a kind of *Aqueduct* between the Clouds and the Sea, by which thoſe Pendulous Cyſterns *Above*, are repleniſh'd with Water from the *Ocean*, drawing it up, as through a Pipe; which ſeems to be let down for that End, at certain Seaſons,

Seaſons, and in ſome Particular Places, where the Water boyls up firſt above the Surface of the Briny Plain, as a Signal to thoſe Thirſty Bladders, to make a Deſcent there and ſuck their fill.

If this be true, who knows but that all the Rain, to which the Earth is indebted for its Fertility, comes thus Originally from the Sea? For, it may be made freſh, either in its firſt Aſcent through the Roſcid Air, or after its Reception into the Clouds, by ſome hidden *Energy* of that *Element*, or the *Natural* Force of the *Middle Region*: Or at leaſt by ſome Unknown Vertue, perhaps not inferiour to that by which the Waters of a *Bitter Lake* in the *Deſart*, became *Sweet* at the Interceſſion of our *Holy Prophet*, when the whole Army of the Primitive *Muſſulmans*, was like to have periſh'd of Thirſt.

And then how will the *Weſtern Philoſophers* diſpoſe of all the Vapours which they ſay are Exhal'd from this *Globe*, and afterwards Condens'd into Clouds? I tell thee, that's but a Looſe Notion of ſuch Retentive Bodies, as the Clouds ſeem to be. And 'twou'd tempt one to ask, What the Veſſels are made of which hold thoſe Condens'd Exhalations, ſo that they do not fall at once upon our Heads and overwhelm us, but only diſtil in ſmall ſucceſſive Showers Drop by Drop, to refreſh the Barren Parts of the Earth, and ſerve the Neceſſities of Men? And why the Rains fall in the *Indies*, and other *Regions* of the *Eaſt*, whole *Months* together without Intermiſſion,

the

the Reſt of the Year being dry: Whereas, in other Countries, the Periods of the Weather's Alteration are uncertain, and in ſome Parts it ſeldom or never rains at all?

Doubtleſs, the *Works* of the *Omnipotent* are Inſcrutable: And though it may be an Argument of a great Wit, to give Ingenious Reaſons for many Wonderful *Appearances* in *Nature*; yet 'tis an Evidence of ſmall Piety or Judgment, to be poſitive in any Thing, but the Acknowledgment of our own Ignorance.

Now I have made as Wide an Excurſion from my firſt Diſcourſe, as the *Maulla* did, who began an *Oration* in Praiſe of *Noah*'s *Ark*, and ended with telling a Tale of an *Armenian Wheel-Barrow*.

But I will not forget, that I was ſpeaking of the Promiſe which the *Rotterdam Enginier* has made of his *Machine*, That it ſhou'd Effectually break all the Force of *Spouts*, which wou'd render him very Serviceable to *Merchants*, as a *Convoy* to defend them from thoſe Terrible Bug-bears to Sailers. For the *Conſtir* tells me, That theſe *Spouts* very often occaſion Ship-wracks; either by Entangling the Maſts of a Ship, and ſo overturning it; or, by breaking in the Encounter, overwhelm it with Water, and ſo ſink it.

He ſays likewiſe, that the *Chriſtian Pyrates* are accuſtom'd to uſe a certain *Charm* againſt theſe *Spouts*. They have a *Knife*, whoſe Haft is made of the Bone of a Man's Right Arm: And every *Veſſel*, is bound to provide One or

Two

Two of these *Knives*, when they loose from the Shore. They buy 'em of certain Persons, who have the Character of *Magicians*. And when they see a *Spout* at some Distance from 'em at Sea, the *Master* of the *Vessel* or any Body else, takes this *Enchanted Knife* in his *Right* Hand, and holding the Book of their *Gospel* in his *Left*, reads some Part of it; And when he comes to a certain *Versicle*, which mentions the *Incarnation* of their *Messiah*, he makes a Motion with his *Knife* towards the *Spout*, as if he would cut it in Two. Whereupon, immediately the *Spout* breaks in the Middle; and all the inclos'd Water falls into the Sea.

But I tell thee, he who gives Credit to the Stories of *Charms*, or the Projects of Men pretending to excel all the Rest of their Race; has more *Faith*, than is requisite to him who reads *Æsop*'s *Fables*, since in perusing that Ingenious *Figment*, we are only desired to believe the *MORAL*.

'Tis thought by some, that this *Enginier* will, by the Natural Clockwork of his Heels, be much more nimble than his Vessel, in flying the Disgrace which will attend him, if his Phantastick Project prove unsuccessful. In my next thou shalt hear of *Pachicour*.

Paris, 12th. *of the* 8th *Moon*,
of the Year 1653.

LET-

LETTER XVIII.

To Murat Baſſa.

THE *Engliſh*, at preſent, make the greateſt Figure and Noiſe, of all the *Nations* in the *Weſt*. *Spain*, *Portugal*, and even *France* it ſelf courts the Friendſhip of that *Iſland*, ſince the Inhabitants have form'd themſelves into a *Commonwealth*. It appears, as if the *Engliſh* were but newly awaken'd to a Senſe of their own Strength, and by thus rouzing themſelves had alarm'd all their *Neighbours*.

However it be, This *King* has ſent an *Embaſſador* to the *Engliſh Court*, to break the *Negotiation* of the *Spaniards* there, and to eſtabliſh a *Peace* between *England* and *France*, if poſſible.

One cannot tell what to make of the *Maxims* of theſe *Infidels*. For, at the ſame Time, the *Baniſh'd Heir* of the *Engliſh Crown*, takes his *Sanctuary* in this *Court*. Where he is careſs'd, and made to believe, *Great Things* they will do toward his *Reſtauration*. But *Intereſt* ſuperſedes all *Arguments* of *Affection* and *Conſanguinity*. They are more ſolicitous here for the Succeſs of their *Embaſſy*, than for the Right of the poor *Exil'd Prince*. He is call'd the *King* of *Scotland*, having been ſolemnly *Crown'd* in that *Kingdom*, ſince the Death

Death of his Father; and entring into *England* with an Army of *Scots*, was routed; and having narrowly escaped the Trains that were laid for his Liberty and Life, at length landed in this *Kingdom*; where he has been entertain'd with much seeming Affection. But the Dread they are under, of the Victorious New *English Commonwealth*, makes 'em begin to talk of his Departure from hence.

The *Prince* of *Conde* has taken *Rocroy*; Which was the first *Place* where he signaliz'd his *Arms*, and the *Infant-Reign* of this *King* about Ten Years ago. Which the *Superstitious* interpret, as an *Omen* of *Ill Luck* to the *King*. This sort of People are led by *Maxims* void of Reason: And so there is no regard to be given to their Observations. Yet, some of the Wiser Sort, think this will prove a long *War*.

That which amuses People most, is the small Concern the *Prince* of *Conti* and the *Dutchess* of *Longueville* shew for their Brother's Cause. For while the *King* was on his March against the *Prince* of *Conde*, they came and submitted themselves to him, and were received to Favour. Those who are apt to suspect an Intrigue in every thing, say, That this Reconciliation is only feigned on their Part, it being a Means to serve their persecuted Brother with greater Security and Success. Others are of Opinion, that it is Real, especially on the *Prince* of *Conti*'s Part: Since he and his Brother, had never any good Understanding.

There

There has been a *Battle* lately Fought between the *French* and *Spaniſh* Forces in *Italy*, Wherein, the *Spaniards* loſt Twelve Hundred Men, and the *French* above Half that Number, of their Beſt Soldiers. So that the *King* of *France* may ſay with a Famous *General*, "Victories attended with ſo little Advantage, "will ruin, rather than enlarge, an Em-"pire.

Baſſa, in the midſt of thy Grandeur, I wiſh thee Health, which ſweetens the Worſt Events. As for me, I'm like one hovering between Two Worlds.

Paris *the* 15th. *of the* 9th *Moon*,
of the Year 1653.

LETTER XIX.

To Aſis, Baſſa.

THE *Gods* of the *Nazarenes*, one wou'd think, were ſtudying how to perplex their *Adorers*. Theſe *Weſtern Parts*, abound with *Prodigies*, and Surprizing Events. More eſpecially, the *Low-Countries*, feel the *Strokes* of a *Hand*, which by making 'em ſmart, ſeems to put 'em in Mind, *They're too high in their own Conceit.*

For ſeveral Weeks we have been alarm'd from thence, with the *Tragical* Stories of Ship-wracks,

Ship-wracks, Inundations, Tempeſts of Thunder and Lightning, not uſual at this time of Year; Monſtrous *Spectres* ſeen riſing out of the Seas, Lakes and Rivers; *Armies* in the *Air*, with *Comets* and other *Wonderful Apparitions*.

The *States* of the *United Provinces*, have loſt by Wreck Sixteen *Ships* of *War*, and Thirty Seven *Merchant Veſſels*. It looks, as if *Æolus* and *Neptune*, the Chief *Gods* of the *Hollanders*, had enter'd into a *League*, to puniſh 'em for ſtruggling againſt their *Fate*; whilſt they maintain a *Fleet* to brave and plunder the *Engliſh*, under whoſe Shadow they firſt roſe to the Power they ſo Ungratefully now poſſeſs.

For, beſides theſe Loſſes at Sea, the Winds and Waves have conſpir'd to break down their very *Banks*, the only Guards they have againſt that *Encroaching Element*. All the *Low-Countries*, are overwhelm'd with Water: Inſomuch, as Five Miles within Land from *Oſtend*, there has been found a *Whale* newly caſt up, Seven times as long as a Man.

This the *Infidels* look on as a *Great Prodigy*, and the *Fore-runner* of ſome Strange *Revolution*; though it is but a *Natural* Event, and frequently happens in thoſe Seas, where *Whales* are more plentiful. The *Naturaliſts* ſay, That this *King* of the *Scaly Nations*, never makes his Progreſs through the Seas without his *Guide*; which is a certain ſmall Fiſh, that always ſwims before him, and gives him Warning of Flats and Shallows, upon which he often ſtrikes, and ſometimes on the main Shores,

Shores, if his little *Guide* chance to be devour'd by any other Fiſh, or come to other Miſhap. And this may be the Reaſon, why ſo many *Whales* are found on the Sands when the Tide Ebbs. They ſay alſo, That when this little Fiſh is inclin'd to Reſt, it retires into the *Whale*'s Belly, repoſing it ſelf there for ſome Time; during which the *Whale* reſts alſo, not daring to venture forward, till his *Guide* comes forth and leads the Way. If this be true, it ſeems as if there were a League or Friendſhip contracted between theſe Two, they Mutually performing all the neceſſary Offices of Love and Gratitude. And how this can be done without ſome *Species* of *Reaſon*, I cannot comprehend.

Let them at the *Port* call me *Myneſih*, or what they pleaſe, I cannot forbear doing this Juſtice to the *Fiſh* of the *Sea*, as well as to the *Animals* on *Earth*, to acknowledge, That either they are indu'd with a *Kind* of *Reaſon*; or, that *Faculty* which we call ſo in Men, is no other than *Senſe*. If the *Brutes* perform many Things without any Deliberation or Counſel, ſo do moſt Men: And no Man can demonſtrate, That even thoſe *Dumb Beings*, do not adviſe and project, before they attempt any Thing of Moment towards their own Preſervation, or the Service of others. And if they ſeem to do many Things raſhly, it may be attributed to the Quickneſs and Vivacity of their *Senſe*, which needs not the Slow and Flegmatick Methods of *Human* Counſel.

Suffer

Suffer theſe Digreſſions, Courteous *Baſſa*; and ſince I have led thee ſo far out of the Road, take but another Step, and I'll ſhew thee a Great *Monarch*, who commands Millions of Men, carry'd away Captive by a Silly *Beaſt*.

The *King* of *France*, t'cther Day as he was a-hunting, diſcharg'd a Fowling-Piece at a *Partridge* on the Wing. The Bird dropt, and the *Monarch* eager to take up his Game, gave the Reins to his Horſe, who ran away with him over a great Plain, for the ſpace of half a League: And had not the *King* fallen off, within Six Paces of a great *Chaſme* or Hole in the Earth, he wou'd have been Carry'd, for ought I know, to keep Company with *Horatius Curtius*, the Venturous *Roman*, of whoſe Exploit thou haſt heard; For, the furious Steed not being aware of the Danger before him, as ſoon as he had caſt the *King*, gallop'd full ſpeed into the gaping *Precipice*, and was never more heard of.

This, the *Prieſts* cry up for a *Miraculous* Eſcape, and preſage, *That the King is reſerv'd by Providence for Great Things.*

The *King* of *Portugal* has an *Embaſſador* here, who in his *Maſter*'s Name propoſes a *Match* between this *King* and the *Infanta* of *Portugal*, proffering Four Millions of Crowns as her *Dowry*. But the *Court* entertains this Motion coldly; the *Cardinal* being averſe, for what Reaſon is not known: For the *Infanta* has an Illuſtrious Character, and known to be a *Princeſs* of Incomparable Vertue.

This *Miniſter* is managing a *Match* of near-

er

er Concern to himſelf, deſigning to marry One of his Nieces to the *Prince* of *Conti*, Brother to the *Prince* of *Conde*. And 'tis ſaid, this *Prince* receives the *Cardinal*'s Propoſals with leſs Scorn, than did the *Count* of *Soiſſons* thoſe of *Cardinal Richlieu*, on the like Occaſion.

Here is a Rumour, as if the *Prince* of *Conde*, wou'd be condemned by a *Proceſs* of *Parliament*, and that he will be put to Death in *Effigie*.

This Indignity is common among the *Infidels*, who eſteem whatſoever *Honour* or *Diſgrace* is ſhewn to *Images*, as done to the *Perſons* whom they repreſent. They have no other Excuſe for their *Worſhip* of *Things* made by the *Hands* of *Men* like themſelves, but that it is purely Relative, and centers in the *Prototype*.

In the mean time, the *Prince* of *Conde*'s Friends and Well-wiſhers, ſmile at his Imaginary Death; knowing, that if no Effectual Stroke of *Fate* carry him out of the World, he will be at the Head of a Potent Army in the *Spring*, to put many to Death in Reality, and by the Edge of the Sword, who fight for his Enemies.

A while ago, a Man was Impriſon'd here by his own Folly; having voluntarily declar'd, That he was hir'd by this *Prince* to aſſaſſinate *Cardinal Mazarini*.

I have ſpoken formerly of the *Count d' Harcourt*, and the Diſgrace he was in at this *Court*, for not continuing the Siege of *Londa*, a Strong *Hold* of the *Spaniards* in *Catalonia*. This *General* is a brave Man, and has done Eminent

minent Services to the *Crown* of *France*. It is no Wonder therefore, that he laid to Heart the Coldneſs and Contempt, with which he was receiv'd at his Return from that *Unfortunate* Campaign. Great *Souls*, are to be Careſs'd with more than ordinary Affection in their *Adverſe* Fortunes; and Faithful Servants, ought not to be reproach'd with every falſe Step, or ill Succeſs in their Affairs. The *Count* reſenting ill the *King*'s Carriage toward him, remov'd himſelf from the *Court*, and then out of the *Kingdom*; deſigning, as is ſuppos'd, to ſerve the *Emperor* of *Germany*.

Laſt Week, his Two Sons that were detain'd as *Hoſtages* in this City, made their Eſcape, the *Duke* of *Lorrain* having promiſed, to give the Eldeſt his Daugter in Marriage.

That *Duke* roves up and down like a *Free-Booter*, with an Army of *Banditti* at his Heels.

Renown'd *Aſis*, I make an Humble and Affectionate Obeiſance; wiſhing thee as many Years of Life, as thou can'ſt paſs without languiſhing for Death.

Paris, 17th. *of the* 11th. *Moon*,
of the Year, 1653.

LETTER

LETTER XX.

To Dgebe Nafir, Baſſa.

THOU ſucceedeſt a Righteous *Miniſter Chiurgi Muhammet.* I wiſh thee a Surpluſage of Happineſs: Which thou wilt not fail to poſſeſs, if thou inheriteſt the *Vertues* of that *Baſſa*, as well as his *Office.* May his *Soul* now taſte the Reward of his Juſt Life. And I doubt not but he has made an happy Experience of my Wiſhes. He ſits down in Quiet, under the *Trees* of *Eden.* His Head encompaſs'd with a *Garland* of *Flowers*, which never fade. Veſted with the *Immarceſcible Crimſon* and *Purple* of *Paradiſe.* He repoſes on his *Bed* of *Delights*, whilſt *Beautiful Pages* ſerve him in *Veſſels* of *Gold*, ſet round with *Saphires* and *Emeralds*: He drinks the delectable *Wine* which never Inebriates; and eats of the *Fruits*, every Morſel of which, prolongs his Life for a Thouſand *Ages.* He hears Nothing but the Voices of ſuch, as are full of Benediction and Joy. The *Virgins* of *Paradiſe*, ſalute him with a Grace which cannot be expreſs'd. They chaunt to the Newcome *Gueſt*, *Songs* of *Immortal Love.* To the *Stranger* from *Earth*, they tell their Paſſion in Strains, which raviſh his Heart. He is diſſolv'd in a thouſand *Ecſtaſies.* This is the Reward of a Pious *Muſſulman*, a Wiſe *Miniſter*, a Juſt *Judge* of the *Faithful.* Follow his Example,

Example, and thou ſhalt be tranſlated into his Company: For he is in a Goodly Place, near the Spring-Head of Perfect Bliſs.

Thou wilt expect ſome News from me, as a Teſtimony of my Reſpect. And I cannot pretend there is none ſtirring, at a Juncture when all this Part of the World is ſo full of *Action*, or at leaſt of *Counſels*.

Here has been great Rejoicings lately for the taking of S. *Menehoud*, a Strong *Town* in the Hands of the *Prince* of *Conde*. All the *Officers* of the *French King*'s Army, endeavour'd to diſſuade him from the Siege of this *Place*; but *Cardinal Mazarini* over-rul'd their Arguments, and having reprov'd their groundleſs Fears, caus'd it to be inveſted and attacqu'd the 22d. of the 10th. *Moon*. Some ſay, he had a Party there. Yet it held out till the 27th. of the laſt *Moon*, at which Time it was ſurrender'd upon *Articles* to the *King*, who was there in Perſon with his Brother, the young *Duke* of *Anjou*, the *Queen*, the *Cardinal* and they whole *Court*. They returned to this City, the Ninth of this preſent *Moon*.

They were receiv'd with great Acclamations and ſeeming Joy, by thoſe who wou'd have triumph'd more heartily, had they been defeated, or forc'd to raiſe the Siege. For the Citizens of *Paris*, wiſh well to the *Prince* of *Conde*'s Arms: Not ſo much out of Love to him, as in Hatred of his Enemy, the *Cardinal-Miniſter*. And they are ſenſible, that this Succeſsful Siege, will redound wholly to

the *Cardinal*'s Honour, by whoſe ſole Orders the *Place* was inveſted.

It is diſcours'd, as if this *Miniſter* has ſome new Deſign on Foot, to conquer the *Kingdom* of *Naples*. This is certain, a Mighty *Fleet* is fitting out to Sea: Whither bound no Man knows, but thoſe of the *Cabinet*, among whom the *Cardinal* is Chief.

In the mean while, the Common People liſten after certain *Prodigies*, that have been ſeen in the Air. They ſay, a *Flaming Sword* appear'd lately to riſe in the *North*, and take its Courſe *South-Eaſtward*: From whence People make various *Prognoſticks*, as their Paſſions or Intereſts inſpire 'em. Some are of Opinion, it preſages the *Conqueſt* of *Naples* by this *King*'s Arms. Others apply it to the New *Common-wealth* of *England*, and to the Victorious Sword of *Oliver*; who from *General* of the *Engliſh* Army, is now in this very *Moon* exalted to the *Height* of *Sovereign Power*, Governing the *Nations* of *England*, *Scotland* and *Ireland*, under the *Title* of their *Protector*.

Here are divers of his *Subjects* in this City; and other *Engliſh*, *Scots*, and *Iriſh*, who embrace the Intereſt of *Charles*, the Son of their late Murder'd *King*, who has been ſince Crown'd *King* of the *Scots*. They give a different Character of *Oliver*; yet all agree, that he is a *Wiſe Stateſman*, and a *Great General*.

The *Scotch King*'s Party, ſpeak contemptibly of *Oliver*'s Birth and Education: Yet thou

thou know'ſt this hinders not, but he may be a Man of Courage and Vertue. They relate many odd Paſſages of his *Youth*, which ſeem to me ſo many Evidences of an extraordinary *Genius*, and that he is a Perſon of a deep Reach.

He tamper'd with ſeveral *Religious Factions* in *England*, counterfeiting an Exquiſite *Piety*; whereby he firſt rais'd himſelf a Name among the *Zealots* of that *Nation*, who look'd upon him there, as a very *Holy* Perſon, and one mark'd out by *Deſtiny* for great Undertakings.

He ſoon got a Conſiderable *Command*, in the Army of the *Revolters*: where he ſignaliz'd himſelf by many brave Actions, which ſpoke him a Man of an Invincible Courage, and Admirable Conduct. So that at Length, none was thought more fit than he to be *General*. In fine, he acquitted himſelf ſo gallantly in that *High Office*, and has ſo wrought himſelf into the Affections of the People, that they now look upon him as a *Prophet*, or *Saviour*; and the *Divan* or *Parliament* of that *Nation*, have conferr'd on him the *Sovereign Authority*.

Thoſe of the *Engliſh* which are Affected to his Intereſt, ſpeak great Things in his Praiſe: They call him another *Moſes* or *Joſhua*: They prefer him to *Hannibal*, *Scipio*, and even to the *Great Alexander*. It is difficult for them, to ſpeak of him without *Hyperbole's*. 'Tis ſaid, the *King* of *France* will court his Friendſhip. Indeed, all the Neighbouring Countries,

ſtand in Awe of this ſucceſsful *Hero*. And the *Hollanders*, who are the only People that durſt engage in a *War* with the *Engliſh Common-wealth*, now ſeek for *Peace*, ſince he is inveſted with the *Supream Authority*.

In the mean Time, the Poor *Exil'd King* of the *Scots*, takes *Sanctuary* in this *Court*, with his Mother the Late *Queen* of *England*, and his Brother, whom they call the *Duke* of *York*. The *French King* allows them all very Conſiderable *Penſions*. And the Latter has ſome *Command* in the *Army* in *Flanders*. There is another Brother alſo; but, little talk'd of as yet, being the Youngeſt of the Three.

They are Generouſly entertain'd here, it being the peculiar Honour of this *Court*, to be a Hoſpitable *Refuge* to *Princes* in Diſtreſs. Yet Obſerving Men ſay, The *King* will in Time grow Weary of his *Royal Gueſt*: It being very Chargeable to maintain them, and their Burdenſome *Retinue*. Beſides, he will have ſome Reaſon of *State* to diſcard them, if he enters into a *League* with *Oliver*, the New *Engliſh Sovereign*, who is courted on all Hands.

Eliachim the *Jew* (of whom thou wilt hear in the *Divan*) is juſt come into my Chamber, and brings me Word, that there is an *Expreſs* newly arriv'd, who informs the *Queen* of a Defeat given to the *Spaniards* near a City call'd *Rozes*, which they had beſieg'd in *Catalonia*. The *French* were going to the Relief of this *Place*, and the *Spaniards* ſet upon them in their March, but were beaten

beaten into their Trenches; from whence they fled by Night, leaving Three Hundred *Spaniards* on the Spot, almoſt Two Thouſand Priſoners, and all their Cannon and Baggage.

This has put the *Court* into a Jolly Humour. Nothing but revelling and dancing, employs their Time: The Young *King* taking great Delight in Balls, Maſques and ſuch Recreations; having left off Hunting, ever ſince his Horſe ran away with him in the Tenth *Moon* of this Year, after he had ſhot a *Partridge*. Whereof I have ſpoken already in one of my Lettters.

The *Great God* preſerve thee from *Precipices*, *Poyſon*, the *Glances* of a *Witch*, and from being Canoniz'd a *Martyr* in a *String*: And, for other Deaths, thou haſt *Vertues* enough to encounter 'em bravely.

Paris, 30th. *of the* 12th *Moon*,
of the Year 1653.

The End of the Third Book.

LETTERS

Writ by

A Spy at *PARIS.*

VOL. IV.

BOOK IV.

LETTER I.

To Bedredin, Superiour *of the* Convent *of* Derviches *at* Cogni *in* Natolia.

WHEN I firſt open'd thy Venerable Letter, my Heart on a ſudden became freſh as a Garden of Roſes, or a Field of Cinnamon and Myrrh, whoſe Odours are Exhal'd by the *Weſt*-Wind. In my Breaſt there ſprung

up a Fountain of Joy, ſerene as Cryſtal, and refreſhing as the Waters of *Euphrates*.

I contemplate thee as a *Cedar* among the Trees of the *Foreſt*, or as the Durable *Oak* of the *Deſart*. May *Heaven* prolong thy Life, till the *Sound* of the *Trumpet*.

The Commands with which thou haſt honour'd me, came in an Acceptable Hour. I have receiv'd them with a Complacency which I cannot expreſs. My Eyes were ſo fix'd on the Lines of Great Purity, that I could not for a long Time take them off. Thou haſt hit the Mark of my Affection, in employing me to write what the moſt Impartial *Hiſtorians* ſay of *Jeſus*, the Son of *Mary*, the *Chriſtians Meſſias*.

That *Holy Prophet*, was Honour'd by his very Enemies. *Joſephus* a Learned *Jew*, who liv'd in his Time, and wrote the *Hiſtory* of that *Nation*, makes worthy Mention of him.

So did many of the *Gentile Philoſophers*, though they oppos'd his *Diſciples* and *Followers*. *Porphyry*, whom the *Chriſtians* commonly repute as a bitter Enemy to their *Profeſſion*, yet calls *Jeſus*, *Wiſe*, *Bleſſed* and *Divine*. That *Sage* was exaſperated againſt a certain *Sect* of *Nazarenes* in his Time, whom they call'd *Gneſticks*. Theſe corrupted the *Doctrines* of *Plato*, and the *Theology* of the *Ancients*; wantonly mixing *Human* Fables with *Divine* Truths. Againſt theſe, *Porphyry* ſharpen'd his Pen, and not making a Difference between them and other *Chriſtians*, drew

drew upon himſelf the Ill-will of them all. Yet he retain'd a Profound Attach for the *Meſſias*.

Wouldſt thou know the Circumſtances of this *Holy Prophet*'s Birth? They were Glorious, even in Obſcurity. For, though his Father and Mother were then upon the Road to *Jeruſalem*, Strangers at *Bethlehem*, and forc'd for want of Room in the *Carvanſera*, to lodge in a Stable with an Ox and an Aſs, where the *Meſſias* was born, and laid in a Manger; Yet in this Contemptible State, there came ſome of the *Magi* out of *Perſia* and *Chaldea*, who brought *Preſents* to the *Holy Infant*; And having laid at his Feet Gold, Myrrh and Incenſe, they proſtrated themſelves on the Ground, and praiſed *God*, the *Moſt High King* of *All*, in that he had honour'd them with a Sight of the *Meſſias*.

This was in the 43d Year of the *Reign* of *Auguſtus Cæſar*, the *Roman Emperour*. At which Time, one *Herod* was *Preſident* of *Judæa*. This Man being inform'd That certain *Noble Strangers* were come out of the *Eaſt* to *Jeruſalem*, he ſent for them, and enquiring the Occaſion of ſo tedious a Journey, they gave him this Anſwer.

"Peace be to thee, O *Sultan*; There was "of Old Time, a *Prophet* of Great Fame in "our *Nation*, who, among other *Predictions* "that have ſince come to paſs, left alſo this in "Writing.

"That in *Paleſtine* ſhould be born a *Child* "of *Heavenly Race*, who ſhould Rule over

" the Greateſt Part of the World. And by " this Sign, ye ſhall know the Time and " Place of his Birth: A ſtrange *Star* ſhall ap- " pear in the *Firmament*, which ſhall direct " you to the very Houſe where you may find " him. When therefore Ye ſhall behold this " *Star*, take Gold, Myrrh and Incenſe; and " following the Conduct of the *Star*, go and " offer theſe Gifts to the Young *Child*; then " return immediately to your Own Country, " leſt ſome Grievous Calamity befal you.

" Now this *Star* has appeared to Us, We " are come to perform what was commanded " Us.

Herod ſaid to them, *Ye have done well. Go therefore and ſeek diligently for the* Infant; *and when Ye have found him, come and tell me, that I may go and pay him Homage alſo.*

But they never return'd to him again. Wherefore, *Herod* in his Anger and Jealouſy, commanded all the *Infants* in *Bethlehem* to be ſtrangl'd, that had not been Born above Four and Twenty *Moons*. But the Father and the Mother of the *Holy Infant*, fled away with him into the *Land* where it never Rains, the ſame Night that the *Magi* came.

What I here relate to thee, Sage *Bedredin*, is taken out of approv'd *Hiſtorians*: For, many among the *Gentiles*, wrote of theſe Things beſides the *Chriſtians*.

There was a *Roman Philoſopher*, much about the ſame time; a Man in great Eſteem with *Caſar*. To whom he wrote a Letter, wherein he mentions the coming of the *Magi* after

after this manner. "Certain Oriental *Per-*
"*ſians*, ſays he, have ſet Foot within the Li-
"mits of thy *Empire*, bringing *Preſents* fit
"only for *Kings*, to a certain Child, newly
"born in the *Country* of the *Jews*. But who
"this *Infant* is, or whoſe Son, We are yet
"Ignorant.

Thou ſeeſt, O Pious *Dervich*, that the *Meſſias* appear'd with no ſmall Luſtre, even in his *Cradle*. And in his Early Years, he enter'd into the *Temple*, and diſputed with the *Hebrew Rabbi's*, convincing them of an Univerſal Defection from the *Primitive Law* of *Moſes*: declaring himſelf the *Meſſias*, and yet in Profound Humility acknowledging, That a *Prophet* ſhould come after him, who ſhould be preferred before him, the Duſt of whoſe Feet he was not worthy to kiſs. This Paſſage the *Chriſtians* have perverted to another Senſe; but the *True Faithful*, know it was ſpoken only of *Mahomet*, the *SEAL* of the *PROPHETS*.

The Time would fail me, to recount all the Stupendous Actions of this *Man's* Life: And in calling him *MAN*, I imitate his own Example; Since throughout the *Goſpel*, he never call'd himſelf *God*, or the *Son* of *God*, as the *Chriſtians do*, but moſt frequently gave himſelf the *Title*, of the *Son* of *Man*. He turn'd Water into Wine, fed Five Thouſand People with Five Cakes and Two ſmall *Tenches*: Heal'd all Diſeaſes, reſtor'd Sight to them that were born Blind, Rais'd the *Dead*, went Inviſibly through Crowds of his Ene-

mies,

mies, and Finally, was taken up into *Paradiſe*.

If thou wouldſt know more of this *Holy Prophet*; There are *Hiſtorians* who ſay, he was Initiated in the *Myſteries* of the *Eſſenes*, a certain *Sect* among the *Jews*.

That Nation, it ſeems, was then divided into Seven *Claſſes*. Among which, this of the *Eſſenes* was none of the leaſt conſiderable, as being the moſt *Religious* Obſervers of the *Law*. Their Converſation was full of Humanity, both among themſelves, and toward Strangers: Avoiding Pleaſures, as Enemies to the Mind, and eſteeming Chaſtity the very Cement of all Vertues. Therefore they deſpis'd Marriage, as an Entanglement to Men devoted to Contemplation. They had alſo an Equal Contempt for Riches. No Man of this *Sect* call'd any Thing his Own, though 'twere his Lawful Inheritance: But their Poſſeſſions were in Common, and Equally diſtributed.

It was among their *Myſteries*, to Anoint their Bodies frequently with Oyl, and as often to waſh 'em with Running Water. They neither bought, nor ſold; nor frequented the *Publick* Places: But every one communicated freely ſuch Things as he poſſeſs'd, to him that ſtood in Need. Thus there was a Reciprocal Exchange of Kindneſſes and Aſſiſtance, according to every ones Faculty and Power. They were very Aſſiduous in Watching, Faſting and Prayer: Curious in obſerving the Various Names of the *Angels*, which they frequently

frequently repeated, Invocating thoſe *Happy Beings*, as the *Miniſters* of the *King Eternal*. And thoſe who were exercis'd in this Kind of *Religious* Life, arriv'd to ſo great a Conſtancy of Mind, that neither Racks, Fire, Sword, or any other Tortures could ever move 'em to Renounce their *Law*, or ſpeak the leaſt Word in Contempt of their *Inſtitution*. Nay, they would rather ſuffer *Martyrdom*, than be prevail'd on to taſte of any Thing that had *Life* in it. For they were ſtrict Obſervers of the *Law*, which commands Perpetual Abſtinence from the *Fleſh* of *Animals*.

It was an Eſtabliſh'd *Article* of their *Faith*, That as ſoon as the *Union* of *Soul* and *Body* was diſſolv'd by *Death*, the Former by a *Natural* Inclination aſcends to the Skies; even as Sparks fly upward, when freed from the Groſs Earthly Matter in which they lay Impriſon'd.

I have here given thee a ſhort and true Character of the *Eſſenes*. Of which *Sect*, all *Chriſtians* own the *Meſſias* to be a *Favourer*, if not a *Member*; in regard he no where is Recorded to have upbraided them, as he often did the *Phariſees*, *Sadducees*, *Herodians* and the Reſt.

Time will not permit me to ſay more at Preſent, concerning that *Venerable Prophet*. But if thou would'ſt have a Perfect *Idea* of all his Vertues and Sanctity of Life, turn thy Eyes Inward, and fix 'em on thy ſelf. For thou art a Lively *Tranſcript* of the *Holy Jeſus*.

Paris, 1ſt. *of the* 1ſt. *Moon*,
of the Year 1654. LET-

LETTER II.

To the Venerable Mufti.

THOU haſt heard of the *Jeſuits*, an *Order* of *Nazarene Derviſes*. All *Europe* abounds with them; and they have attempted to ſettle themſelves at the *Sublime Port*, and ſeveral Places of *Aſia*: Beſides their Actual Poſſeſſions in the *Indies*, where they are very Numerous and Powerful. They are eſteem'd the *Richeſt Order* of the *Roman Church*, tho' the *Conſtitutions* of their *Founder*, oblige them to *Perpetual Poverty*. But what will not the *Sacred* Hunger of *Gold* tempt Men to? For the ſake of this *Charming* Metal, they can diſpenſe with Antiquated *Laws*, and Dull Melancholy *Vows*.

Theſe *Religious* Perſons, have lately ſpread about a *Letter* in Print, which they pretend comes from one of their *Order* in *Armenia*.

This *Diſpatch* relates a Strange Accident, that has happen'd at the *Sepulchre* of our *Holy Prophet* (upon whom reſt the *Favours* of the *Eternal.*) For it affirms, that in the Eighth *Moon* of the laſt Year, the *Shrine* which contains the *Body* of the *Heavenly Miſſioner*, fell from the Roof of the Sacred *Moſque* (to which, they ſay, it adher'd by Vertue of a *Magnet*, faſten'd in the *Cantrel* of the *Arch*;) And that at the ſame Time, the *Pavement* of the *Temple* open'd, and ſwallow'd up

that

that Venerable *Ark*, wherein were Repoſited the moſt *Holy Reliques* in the World. And that from the *Chaſm*, there iſſu'd out a Flame, like that of *Sulphur*, accompany'd with ſuch a Smoak and Intolerable Stench, as caus'd all the *Pilgrims* that were preſent to ſwoon away. Whereupon, many of them are ſince turn'd *Chriſtians*.

This Forgery is believ'd here by thoſe, who never examine any Thing their *Prieſts* tell 'em, but take all on Truſt. The Common People bleſs themſelves, in that they were born of *Chriſtian* Parents, and not of the *Diſciples* of that Wicked *Impoſtor*: So they blaſpheme the *Man*, in whom the *Promiſes* of their *Meſſias* are verified, when he ſaid, *He wou'd Intercede with* God *to ſend a* Prophet, *who ſhou'd lead 'em into all Truth.*

They wou'd never be at the Pains or Coſt to examine, whether the Foundation of this Story be true or falſe. All the *Muſſulmans* who have been at that *Holy* of *Holies*, know, That the *Body* of our *Divine Lawgiver* repoſes in a *Sepulchre*, built after the ſame Manner as the *Tombs* of our *Auguſt Emperours*, and other *Dormitories* of the *Great*: Only with this Difference, That it ſurpaſſes all the *Monuments* of the World, in the Invaluable Richneſs of its Ornaments, the Gifts of devout *Muſſulman Princes*. There appears always, ſuch an Inſupportable Luſtre of Gold and Precious Stones, in every Angle of that Myſterious Receſs, as may well dazle the Eyes of *Mortal* Spectators; ſince the *Angels* themſelves,

ſelves, are forc'd to be Veil'd within thoſe *Majeſtick* Walls.

Hence it is not hard to ſuppoſe, That the Circular *Refractions* of ſuch a Glittering *Orb* of *Jewels*, might create the Reſemblance of a *Tomb* ſuſpended in the Air, or cleaving to the Roof of that Glorious *Edifice*, deceiving the Eyes of ſome Ignorant, but Devout *Muſſulmans*, from whom this *Magnetick Fable* firſt took its Origin. However it be, no Man of Common Faith, or but Ordinary Senſe will believe, That *God*, who has for ſo many Ages protected the *Sepulchre* of his *Apoſtle* and *Favourite*, verifying therein the *Prophecy* of *Mahomet* himſelf, who foretold, as did other *Prophets* before him, *That the Place of his Reſt ſhould be Glorious, and that the Greateſt Monarchs of the Earth, ſhou'd viſit it*: I ſay no Man will believe, that *God* would at Length ſuffer ſo vile a Diſgrace, to happen to the *Tomb* of his *Meſſenger*, the *Refuge* of *Sinners*.

But the *Nazarenes* will believe any Thing, ſave the Truth. They are given up to a *Spirit* of *Deluſion* and *Error*, Incapable of Light and Inſtruction.

Thus I leave 'em till the *Day* of *Alarm*, and the *Hour* of *Scrutiny*: When the *Angels* of the *Teſt*, ſhall enter the *Graves*, and having made Experiment of every Man's *Works* and *Faith*, ſhall give the *Juſt* a *Regiſter* of their *Vertues* in their *Right* Hand, but to the *Wicked* in their *Left* Hand, a *Black Record* of their *Sins*.

In

In the mean Time, I proſtrate my ſelf before thee; begging, That when thou turneſt thy *Face* to the *Houſe* of *Ibrahim*, and the *Tomb* of the *Prophet*, thou wilt ſend up *One* Ejaculation for *Mahmut*, that he may perſevere in ſhunning the *Errors* of the *Infidels*.

Paris, 19th. *of the* 1ſt. *Moon*,
of the Year 1654.

LETTER III.

To Cara Hali, Phyſician *to the* Grand Signior.

SINCE what I wrote laſt in behalf of the *Brute Animals* is ſo Acceptable to thee, I will comply with thy Requeſt, in continuing that Diſcourſe.

'Tis certain the *Ancients* had another Opinion of the *Beaſts*, than theſe *French Philoſophers*, who deny 'em the Uſe of *Reaſon*. *Socrates*, us'd to ſwear by the *Animal Generations*, and ſo did *Rhadamanthus* before him. The *Ægyptians* Form'd the *Images* of their *Gods*, in the Similitude of *Beaſts*, or *Birds*, or *Fiſhes*. So the *Grecians* fix'd the *Horns* of a *Ram* on the *Head* of *Jupiter's Statue*, and thoſe of a *Bull* on the *Image* of *Bacchus*. They compounded the *Image* of *Pan* of a *Man* and

and a *Goat*, and painted the *Muſes* and *Graces* with *Wings*: And the *Poet Pindar* makes all the *Gods* Winged, and diſguiſes them in the Shapes of ſeveral *Beaſts*, when in his *Hymns* he introduces them chas'd by *Tryphon*. Thou knoweſt alſo, That our *Holy Doctors* affirm the *Angel Gabriel* to have Wings, with One of which he once gave a Mark to the *Moon*.

When the *Poets* bring in *Jupiter* courting *Paſiphae*, he appears in the Form of a *Bull*. And in his other *Amours*, if we may believe them, he chang'd himſelf ſometimes into a *Swan*, then into an *Eagle*. They report alſo, That he was ſuckl'd by a *Goat*.

For theſe and other Reaſons, the *Ancients* not only forbore to injure their *Fellow-Animals*, but entertain'd them with ſingular Affection and Friendſhip. A *Dove* was the Darling of *Semiramis*. A *Dog* was the Joy of *Cyrus*. *Philip*, *King* of *Macedon*, made a *Swan* his Companion. And our *Holy Lawgiver*, was often wont to ſport himſelf with a *Cat*. He lov'd this *Creature*, for its Cleanlineſs and Activity; and therefore we *Muſſulmans*, generally have a *Cat* in great Eſteem and Veneration.

That *Favourite* of *God*, underſtood the *Languages* of *Beaſts*, and convers'd as familiarly with them as with Men. So it is fam'd of *Melampus* and *Tyreſius* of Old, as alſo of *Apollonius Tyanæus*, who affirm'd to his Friend ſitting by him, that a *Sparrow* which he heard chirping to his Fellows, told them of an *Aſs* which he had ſeen fall down with

with his Load, a little Way off from that Place. It is alſo recorded of a Boy, who underſtood all the *Voices* of *Birds*, and by that Means could foretel things to come: That his Mother, by pouring Urine into his Ears when he was aſleep, deprived him of this Incomparable Gift, for Fear he ſhould be taken from her, and preſented to the *King*. There is no Queſtion, but ſeveral *Nations* have a certain Knowledge of the *Speech* of ſome *Animals*. My *Countrymen*, by a peculiar Gift beſtow'd on our *Fathers* and their *Poſterity* for ever, underſtand the *Language* of *Crows* and *Eagles*. And the *Ancients* were ſo well vers'd in this *Knowledge*, that when they convers'd with the *Birds*, or at leaſt when they heard them in their *Language* utter *Preſages* of what ſhou'd ſhortly happen on *Earth*, they perſwaded themſelves, that thoſe *Birds* were the *Meſſengers* of the *Gods*. Therefore the *Eagle* was ſuppos'd to be the *Meſſenger* of *Jupiter*, the *Crow* and *Hawk* of *Apollo*, the *Stork* of *Juno*, the *Owl* of *Minerva*, and ſo of others.

It is evident, that our Common *Huntſmen* underſtand the different *Voices* of their *Dogs*, when at a Diſtance they ſignifie by *One* Kind of *Cry*, that they are queſting after the Hare; by *Another*, that they have found her; by a *Third*, that they have taken her, or that ſhe is turn'd to the *Right* Hand or to the *Left*. So thoſe who look after Cattel, know by the *Voice* of the *Bull*, when he is Hungry, Thirſty or Weary, or when he is ſtung with Luſt. So by the *Roaring* of the *Lyon*, the *Howling* of *Wolves*,

Wolves, the *Baaing of Sheep*, Men are made ſenſible of the various Wants, Inclinations and Paſſions of thoſe Creatures.

Nor are theſe *Animals* Ignorant of our *Language*, but by our Voice and Words they know when we are angry or pleas'd, when we call them to us, or drive them from us: And our *Domeſtick* Animals obey accordingly, with as much Promptneſs and Alacrity, as a Man or Maid-Servant. All which cou'd not be, if they were not endu'd with *Faculties* conformable to ours. They alſo teach their Young ones to ſing Artificially. In a Litter of *Dogs*, *Huntſmen* chuſe the Beſt by this Experiment. They take all the *Whelps* from the *Bitch*, and carry them to ſome Place a little diſtant; Then they obſerve, which ſhe firſt carries back again, and thoſe always prove the Beſt *Dogs*. What is this *Diſtinguiſhing Faculty* in the *Bitch*, but *Reaſon*, or ſomething like it?

We ſee apparently, that every *Living Creature* knows its own Weakneſs or Strength, and knows how to uſe moſt dextrouſly thoſe *Weapons* with which *Nature* has furniſh'd it for its *Own Defence*. They are alſo ſenſible, what Places are moſt Convenient for them to dwell in, and which not. Thus the *Weakeſt* Creatures, as *Dogs* and *Cats*, live altogether in *Houſes* and *Cities* with Men: Whilſt the *Lyons*, *Tygers* and ſuch *Fierce* Animals, dwell in the *Deſert*. Thus *Sparrows* and *Swallows* make themſelves almoſt *Domeſtick* with Men, whilſt *Eagles*, *Hawks*, *Vultures*

Vultures and other *Birds* of *Prey*, build their Nests in Woods or Rocks, remote from *Humane* Society. Some *Birds* change their Habitations at certain *Seasons* of the Year, as best suits with their Convenience: Others always remain in the same Place. The same is obsery'd in *Fishes*. And in all *Living Creatures*, it is easie to trace the Footsteps of Prudence and Forecast, in order to their Own Preservation. Let Men call this what they please, *Instinct* or *Nature*, or *Sense*; it is evident, that there is an Exact Conformity and Resemblance between these *Faculties* in *Brutes*, and what we call *Reason*, *Wisdom* or *Prudence* in *Men*. And we have no more Ground to conclude them void of *Reason*, because they do not enjoy it in that Perfection as our selves; than we have to conclude our selves *blind* or *deaf*, because we *see* not so *clearly*, and *hear* not so *readily* as the *Brutes*: And, that we have no *Legs*, because we run not so *swiftly* as *some* of them do.

Doubtless, the *Brutes* are endu'd with a *Faculty* of *Reason* as well as we; but this *Faculty* in them, is Weak and Imperfect for want of *Discipline* and *Art*, which polish all things. This is manifest, from those *Creatures* which are Taught to dance, and play a Thousand Tricks; to tell Mony, to shoot off Guns, to find out hidden Things, and bring them some Miles to their *Masters*, as well Educated *Spaniels* will do. What can be a greater Argument, of the Proficiency they make in *Reason* and *Knowledge*? Are not *Elephants*

the Ill-Will of his own Brother, (whom they call *Duke Francis*) and the Curſes of all People where-ever his Army has been quarter'd; He is at Length Seiz'd and Impriſon'd by *Arch-Duke Leopold*, in the *Caſtle* of *Antwerp*. For which Joyful News, the Inhabitants of the *Spaniſh Netherlands*, every where made Bone-fires for Joy. He was Confin'd on the 25th of the laſt *Moon*. And ſoon after, his Second Wife was taken into Cuſtody, that by her Means, they may diſcover his Papers and Mony; This latter being the Chief Thing they aim at; he being reputed prodigiouſly Rich; and the *Spaniſh* Coffers want a Supply. They conniv'd at his Robberies, whilſt there was any Thing left for him to plunder, and that they ſaw he hoarded up. But now he has done his Work, they puniſh him for the Crimes, which they themſelves encourag'd; that ſo they may become Maſters of his Wealth. 'Tis ſaid, he brook'd his Reſtraint very well at firſt: But a while ago, being deny'd the Liberty of the *Caſtle*-Walls, he grew Raving Mad; flung a *Candleſtick* (which was all the Weapons they allow'd him) at the *Governour*'s Head, and broke the Windows of his Lodgings. So that they have been forc'd to Confine him to a Hole without any Light, ſave a little that finds Admittance through an Iron Grate at the Top of the Room.

His Brother *Francis* of *Lorrain*, is to command the Army in his Stead; who pretends great Fidelity to the *Houſe* of *Auſtria*, yet may in the Iſſue prove as wavering as his Brother.

ther. For, the *King* of *France* has Baits wou'd tempt the *Vertue* of an *Angel*: Yet nothing ſhall ever corrupt the Integrity of *Mahmut*, the *Muſſulman*, on whoſe Forehead *Fate* has Engraven this Motto, *Prepar'd to Suffer*.

I bluſh, Serene *Aga*, when I think I am ſo barren of *Vertues*, that I have Nothing elſe to boaſt of, but my *Loyalty*. Whilſt Thouſands of Illuſtrious *Souls*, Crown'd with a Circle of Merits, daily aſcend to *Paradiſe*: And tho' they made but an Obſcure Figure on Earth, even as Contemptible as the Exil'd *Arabian* in his *Hutch* at *Paris*; yet now take their *Seats*, among the *Hundred* and *Twenty Four Thouſand Prophets*, *Favourites* of the *Eternal*.

Mayſt thou encreaſe that Happy Number, but not till thou haſt had thy Fill of Bliſs on Earth; and that all thy Enjoyments here, ſeem like the Perfume of Oyntments, which tho' they pleaſe for a Time, yet at Length cloy the Senſe.

Paris, 22d. *of the* 3d. *Moon*,
of the Year 1654.

lephants taught all the *Arts* of *War*, and plac'd in the very *Front* of the *Battel?* Do not the *Indian Princes* repoſe as much Truſt in their Carriage and Conduct, as in the Service of their Stouteſt and Wiſeſt *Commanders?* This *Creature* is as tractable and prompt to learn any Thing when Young, as a *Boy* at *School*; which cannot be done, without the Uſe of *Reaſon*.

To conclude, I have omitted Five Hundred Arguments, which might be brought to prove the *Brute Animals* to have *Souls* as well as We, to have *Faculties* and *Affections* conform to Ours. And therefore, it is little leſs Injuſtice to Kill and Eat them, becauſe they cannot ſpeak and converſe with us, than it would be for a *Canibal* to murder and devour thee or me, becauſe we underſtood not his *Language* nor he ours.

God who Locketh up the *Winds* during the Time the *Halcyon* hatcheth her *Young*, thereby ſhewing, that this *Bird* is his *Favourite*; will aſſuredly grant us a perpetual Tranquility, if we abſtain from injuring our *Fellow-Animals*.

Paris 2d. *of the* 1ſt. *Moon, of the Year* 1654.

LETTER

LETTER IV.

To Muſtapha, Berber Aga, *at the* Seraglio.

THOU haſt formerly heard me ſpeak of the *Duke* of *Lorrain*, and his ſeveral Loſſes: Which moſt People thought, wou'd have ended with the *Excommunication* pronounc'd againſt him by the *Roman Mufti*; whereof I gave thee Intelligence. But Experience teaches us, *That Misfortunes ſeldom ſet upon any Man ſingly; but aſſault him in Troops, whom* Fate *has mark'd out for Ruin.*

Yet this *Prince* owes his Sufferings chiefly to his own Inconſtancy, whilſt he has all along play'd faſt and looſe with the *Kings* of *France* and *Spain*; taking up Arms by ſucceſſive Turns for *One*, and at the ſame Time underhand practiſing with the *Other*; always Unfaithful to Both; and only driving on an Independent Intereſt of his *Own*.

This is his true Character. To which we may add, an Ungovernable Diſpoſition, and an Inſatiable Thirſt of Mony; which has prompted him, by all the Methods of Rapine and Violence, to heap up an Incredible Treaſure of Gold and Jewels. So that having procur'd the Enmity of ſeveral *Monarchs*, the Jealouſie of his laſt *Maſter* the *King* of *Spain*, the

the Ill-Will of his own Brother, (whom they call *Duke Francis*) and the Curſes of all People where-ever his Army has been quarter'd; He is at Length Seiz'd and Impriſon'd by *Arch-Duke Leopold*, in the *Caſtle* of *Antwerp*. For which Joyful News, the Inhabitants of the *Spaniſh Netherlands*, every where made Bone-fires for Joy. He was Confin'd on the 25th of the laſt *Moon*. And ſoon after, his Second Wife was taken into Cuſtody, that by her Means, they may diſcover his Papers and Mony; This latter being the Chief Thing they aim at; he being reputed prodigiouſly Rich; and the *Spaniſh* Coffers want a Supply. They conniv'd at his Robberies, whilſt there was any Thing left for him to plunder, and that they ſaw he hoarded up. But now he has done his Work, they puniſh him for the Crimes, which they themſelves encourag'd; that ſo they may become Maſters of his Wealth. 'Tis ſaid, he brook'd his Reſtraint very well at firſt: But a while ago, being deny'd the Liberty of the *Caſtle*-Walls, he grew Raving Mad; flung a *Candleſtick* (which was all the Weapons they allow'd him) at the *Governour*'s Head, and broke the Windows of his Lodgings. So that they have been forc'd to Confine him to a Hole without any Light, ſave a little that finds Admittance through an Iron Grate at the Top of the Room.

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Paris, 22d. *of the* 3d. *Moon*,
of the Year 1654.

LETTER V.

To Nathan Ben Saddi, *a* Jew *at* Vienna.

DO not ſuſpect me of Partiality, or that I am fond of making *Proſelytes*, becauſe I take ſuch Pains to reſtore thee to *Reaſon*, and make thee ſenſible thou art a *Man*. I have no Deſign or Self-Intereſt, in doing thee this Good Office: And 'tis remote from my Humour, to buſy my ſelf in gaining *Converts*. Only the Love of *Truth*, ſets my Pen at Work in this manner; being ever of the *Mind*, That a free Diſquiſition in *Matters* either of *Religion* or *Philoſophy*, is the only way to get quit of Errors. Perhaps my Caſe may be the ſame as thine; and, for ought thou knoweſt, I ſeek not more to undeceive thee, than to ſatisfie my ſelf, by thus frankly venting my Thoughts: Since Nothing is more commonly obſerv'd, than that whilſt a *Man* is teaching another, he improves himſelf. Our Memories are frail and treacherous; and we Think many Excellent Things, which for Want of making a deep Impreſſion, we can never recover afterwards. In vain we hunt for the ſtragling *Idea*, and rummage all the Solitudes and Retirements of our *Soul* for a loſt Thought, which has left no Track or Footſteps behind it. The ſwift *Off-ſpring* of the *Mind* is gone; 'tis

'tis dead as ſoon as born; nay, often proves Abortive, in the Moment it was Conceiv'd. The only Way therefore to retain our Thoughts, is to faſten them in Words, and chain them in Writing. This is one Cauſe that I trouble thee with Letters of this Nature, that whilſt I am inſtructing thee, I may eſtabliſh my own *Reaſon*, and confirm my ſelf in the Method I have taken, To live according to my *Nature*; that is, by not ſuffering my *Rational Faculties* to fall aſleep, whilſt my Paſſions are Active and Vigorous in working my Ruin. For I reckon no greater Shame or Misfortune can befal a Man, than to be depriv'd of his *Humanity*, that is, his *Reaſon*.

What I have ſaid concerning the Perfidiouſneſs of our *Memories*, may ſerve as a proper Introduction to the Objections I ſhall make againſt your *Traditionary Laws*.

If one ask you, *Why theſe* Laws *were not Written, as well as the other*; You anſwer, *That* God *took Care in this, leſt the* Gentiles *getting Copies of them, ſhould corrupt and pervert their Senſe, even as they have done the* Written Laws. But how then came he to ſuffer any to be *Written*? Had he not equal Care of one Part, as of the Other? Or, could the *Gentiles* do more harm, by altering and corrupting the leſs Subſtantial *Traditions*, than the very *Fundamental Statutes*? For, that theſe *Unwritten Laws* contain'd only Circumſtantials, your *Doctors* themſelves confeſs. What Man of Common Senſe then, can ſit down

contented with ſo trivial an Anſwer? Or, will you ſay, That *God* took more Care to preſerve theſe *Traditions* Incorrupt from the *Gentiles*, than to retain them in their Purity among the *Jews?* For, that committing them to Writing, had been the ſureſt Way to retain them in their *Original* Purity, is evident by the Preſervation of the *Written Law*; of which there was ſo great Care taken in Tranſcribing it, that if but a Letter or a Point were added, diminiſh'd or miſplac'd, they took it for a *Fatal Omen* of ſome Calamity, and the Faulty *Scribes* were ſeverely puniſh'd; Nay, the whole *Congregation*, were bound to expiate the Offence by *Faſting*, *Prayers*, and *Alms*. So that it was in a Manner Impoſſible, that with all this Circumſpection, the leaſt Corruption or Alteration ſhou'd creep into the *Written Law*.

I appeal now to thy own Reaſon, Whether this was not a much ſecurer Way of preſerving the *Laws* Uncorrupt, than by truſting them to the fickle Memories of Men?

Beſides, I wou'd fain know, What became of theſe *Traditions* during the Various *Captivities* of the *Jews*, and *Depopulations* of the *Holy Land*? Wo took Care to deliver theſe *Traditions* Unalter'd to *Poſterity*, when they were without *Prieſts*, *Prophets* or *Synagogues*? When they were diſpers'd over the Remote *Provinces* of *Media*, *Perſia*, *Egypt* and *Babylon*? In thoſe Days, your *Fathers* were *Slaves* to the *Gentile Kings* of *Aſia*; There were then no *Seniors* ſitting in *Sanhedrim*, who might

might take Care of theſe Things. Neither do I find, that *Eſdras* the *Scribe* was any Ways concern'd for theſe *Traditions*, when he with his Brethren the *Jews*, return'd from their *Long Captivity* in *Perſia* and *Babylon*. All his moſt ſtrenuous Endeavours, were employ'd in recovering the Loſt *Books* of the *Written Law*, without ſo much as regarding or mentioning the Other. From whence I gather, That either theſe *Traditions* were of no great Importance; or, if they were, yet they were wholly, or for the moſt Part chang'd or loſt, many Hundreds of Years before the *Talmud* was firſt compos'd; which thou ſay'ſt; is the *Grand Repoſitory* of theſe *Sacred Inſtructions*. And in ſaying ſo, thou contradicteſt thy own Arguments: For, if theſe *Traditions* were appointed to be tranſmitted by *Word* of *Mouth* from *Father* to *Son* to all *Generations*, as you ſuppoſe, then what need was there of writing them in the *Talmud*, or any other *Book*? And yet the *Writings* of your *Rabbi's* are full of them. Thus thou confoundeſt thy ſelf, and runneſt blindfold round in a Circle of Abſurdities.

Rowze up therefore thy *Reaſon*, and ſuffer not thy ſelf to be hood-wink'd by the *Fables* of your *Rabbi's*, thoſe Induſtrious *Midwives* of Old Womens *Tales*. Doubtleſs theſe *Traditions*, about which you make ſuch a Buſtle, are no other than the *Whimſies* of your *Cabbaliſts*, who pretend to ſpie more *Myſteries* in the Order of Two or Three *Hebrew* Letters or Points, than they are able to

unfold in whole *Volumes*. They crack their Brains, in Conjuring up far-fetch'd *Interpretations*, from the particular Faſhion and Placing of one ſingle Daſh of a Pen. They puzzle and amuſe their *Diſciples*, with teaching them more knotty and *Romantick Divinity* out of the *Four* and *Twenty Letters*, than ever *Pythagoras* did with all his *Myſtick Numbers*. The *Alphabet* to them, is the *Oracle* of *Theology*. They have turn'd the *Law* into a perfect *Riddle*.

Believe not therefore, theſe *Religious Mountebanks*, theſe *Holy Jugglers*, who with their ſanctify'd *Legerdemain*, wou'd turn you into *Apes*, that they may laugh in Secret at your Folly; while they behold, how preciſely devout you are in cringing, jumping, dancing, howling, braying, and all your other Antick Poſtures and Actions in the *Synagogue*; in the Practice of which, you have beſtow'd ſo much Care, and are ſo exact, that you quite neglect the *Weighty Points* of the *Law*.

I hope what I have ſaid, is ſufficient to convince thee, that thoſe *Traditions*, which you are taught to believe were deliver'd to *Moſes* in the *Mount* of *God*, are no other, than the *Impoſitions* of your *Blind Guides*; who are ſtudious of Nothing more, than to entangle you in a perpetual *Labyrinth* of *Superſtition* and *Error*.

It will not be a greater Difficulty to demonſtrate, That the *Written Law* it ſelf, though *Divine* in its *Original*, is not of *Univerſal*

verſal Obligation to all *People*; but only calculated for your Particular *Nation*, and ſuch as were willing to enter into your Intereſts, among the *Nations* adjacent to the *Holy Land*.

And becauſe my Time haſtens me, I will only ſuggeſt one Argument for all, and leave it to thy Deliberation; Whether it was poſſible for all *Mankind* to repair once a Year to *Jeruſalem*, to ſacrifice in *Solomon's Temple*, as is requir'd in your *Law*? For, that it was not lawful to ſacrifice any where elſe, is evident, both from the *Law* it ſelf, which expreſsly forbids it; and from the *Examples* of your *Fathers* in their ſeveral *Captivities*; and from your own *Practice* at this Day, who have made no *Sacrifice* ſince the Days of *Titus Veſpaſian*, the *Roman Emperour*, who laid waſte your City, and burnt your *Temple* to Aſhes.

And this alſo may ſerve to convince thee, that the *Law* of *Moſes* was not of *Perpetual Obligation* even to the *Jews* themſelves; ſince 'tis evident from Matters of Fact, that for theſe Sixteen Hundred Years, you have not been in a Capacity to keep it: And doubtleſs, *God* wou'd never require any Thing of Men, which he foreſaw, they wou'd not be able to perform.

Ceaſe then to think ſo highly of thy *Nation*, as if none but they were the *Elect* of *God*, or Capable of his Favours: Ceaſe to inſult over the Reſt of *Mankind*, and to curſe thy *Brethren*, the *Sons* of *One Father*, even *Noah*

the *Juſt Man*, and *Prophet* of *God*. Behold the *Sun* and *Moon*, with all the *Conſtellations* in *Heaven*: Their *Influences* are equally diſpers'd to all of *Human Race*. Behold the *Elements*, they ſerve all the *Sons* of *Adam* alike; they are not Partial to *Mortals*, neither does any *Faction* byaſs the *Winds* and *Rain*. Theſe happen all at their Appointed Time and Place. And the *Four Seaſons* of the *Year*, return with even Courſes to the *Inhabitants* of the *Four Quarters* of the *World*. The *Plants* know no Difference between the *Circumcis'd* and the *Uncircumcis'd*; but yield their Encreaſe with Equal Indifferency, to the One and the Other: And the *Brute Animals*, equally acknowledge both for their *Lords*. The *Birds* of the *Air*, are as ſoon caught by a *Heathen*, *Chriſtian*, or *Mahometan Fowler*, as by one that is a *Jew*. And the *Fiſh* of the *Sea* when they ſwallow the Hook, or plung themſelves into the Net, regard not the Difference of *Religion* in thoſe that catch them. All Things happen to every *Man* according to their *Nature*, and the *Pleaſure* of *Deſtiny*: Only *Man* himſelf tranſgreſſes the Condition of his Being. But thoſe that obey the *Internal Lawgiver*, let them be of what *Nation* or *Religion* ſoever, doubtleſs they live Happily, and die in Peace.

However, leſt *Men* ſhou'd err for Want of *Knowledge*, a *Light* is ſprung forth in the *Eaſt*, even the *Book* of *Glory*, which confirms the *Written Law*, and inſtructs Men in the *Truth*. Doubtleſs, this *Book* was brought down from *Heaven*.

Heaven. It carries its own Evidence, and a Teſtimony of its *Divine Original*, in the Majeſty of the Style: There is a *Spirit* and *Energy* in every Word, ſublimating the *Intellect* of the devout *Reader*, and purifying his Affections: It is written in *Arabick*, in a *Dialect* ſo pure and perfect, that the moſt Accurate *Criticks* can find no Blemiſh from the Beginning to the End. One Part coheres exactly with the other; 'tis void of Contradiction. All the *Chapters* in this Glorious *Volume*, are of a Piece. Which Excellencies cou'd not have thus met together without a *Miracle*, in a *Book* divulg'd by a *Man*, who cou'd neither *Write* nor *Read.*

The Succeſs it has had in the *World*, ſpeaks it of *Celeſtial Deſcent.* The Greateſt Part of *Aſia* and *Africk*, with many *Kingdoms* in *Europe*, have obey'd the *Alcoran* for above theſe Thouſand Years: Cou'd ſuch a Thing come to paſs, without the *Decree* of *Heaven?* When the *Prophet* and *Favourite* of *God* firſt receiv'd his *Divine Commiſſion*, he was like a *Pelican* in the *Wilderneſs*, Solitary, and without Companion. Nevertheleſs he was not diſcouraged, but obey'd the *Orders* of *Heaven.* He ſaw himſelf in the midſt of *Rocks* and *Sands*, encompaſs'd on all Sides with Terrible *Beaſts.* Yet he deſpair'd not of Aſſiſtance from *Above*, but comforted himſelf in the Promiſe of the *Eternal.* He firſt preach'd to the Savage *Lyons* and *Tygers*; who, as if they had heard another *Orpheus*, grew tame and ſociable at his Powerful Words. Thoſe

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However, leſt *Men* ſhou'd err for Want of *Knowledge*, a *Light* is ſprung forth in the *Eaſt*, even the *Book* of *Glory*, which confirms the *VVritten Law*, and inſtructs Men in the *Truth*. Doubtleſs, this *Book* was brought down from *Heaven*.

Heaven. It carries its own Evidence, and a Teſtimony of its *Divine Original*, in the Majeſty of the Style: There is a *Spirit* and *Energy* in every Word, ſublimating the *Intellect* of the devout *Reader*, and purifying his Affections: It is written in *Arabick*, in a *Dialect* ſo pure and perfect, that the moſt Accurate *Criticks* can find no Blemiſh from the Beginning to the End. One Part coheres exactly with the other; 'tis void of Contradiction. All the *Chapters* in this Glorious *Volume*, are of a Piece. Which Excellencies cou'd not have thus met together without a *Miracle*, in a *Book* divulg'd by a *Man*, who cou'd neither *Write* nor *Read*.

The Succeſs it has had in the *World*, ſpeaks it of *Celeſtial Deſcent*. The Greateſt Part of *Aſia* and *Africk*, with many *Kingdoms* in *Europe*, have obey'd the *Alcoran* for above theſe Thouſand Years: Cou'd ſuch a Thing come to paſs, without the *Decree* of *Heaven*? When the *Prophet* and *Favourite* of *God* firſt receiv'd his *Divine Commiſſion*, he was like a *Pelican* in the *Wilderneſs*, Solitary, and without Companion. Nevertheleſs he was not diſcouraged, but obey'd the *Orders* of *Heaven*. He ſaw himſelf in the midſt of *Rocks* and *Sands*, encompaſs'd on all Sides with Terrible *Beaſts*. Yet he deſpair'd not of Aſſiſtance from *Above*, but comforted himſelf in the Promiſe of the *Eternal*. He firſt preach'd to the Savage *Lyons* and *Tygers*; who, as if they had heard another *Orpheus*, grew tame and ſociable at his Powerful Words. Thoſe

fierce Inhabitants of the Woods, came and proſtrated themſelves before the *Sent* of *God*; they lick'd his Feet in Token of Submiſſion; they environ'd the Place of his Repoſe, as his Guards, and brought him Food Morning and Evening. The *Prophet* wonder'd that ſo great Grace was given to the *Beaſts* of the Earth. He prais'd the *Creator* of *All Things*, and his Mouth was full of *Benedictions*. He bleſs'd the *Day* and the *Night*, and the *Obſcurity* that comes between them. He bleſs'd the *Dews* that fall at the Riſing of the *Odoriferous Star*, and the refreſhing Winds that ſtir the Leaves of the Trees at *Midnight*. And in the *Morning* he pray'd, That all Men might become *True Believers*. Doubtleſs, *God* had granted his *Petition*, had not the *Angel* who carry'd up his *Prayers* to *Heaven*, met with the *Devil*, a little on this Side the *Orb* of the *Moon*, who ſtole from him ſome of *Mahomet's* Words, ſo that the *Prayer* aſcended Imperfect to the *Throne* of the *Merciful*. Nevertheleſs, a Great Part of Men became *Believers*: And more ſhall be added to the Number.

In a little Time, the Solitary *Prophet* ſaw himſelf at the Head of a Numerous Army, all *Voluntiers*, who reſorted to him in the *Wilderneſs*, as they were Inſpir'd from *Above*. The *Mighty Men* of *Arabia*, oppos'd the *Sacred Hero*: They led the Flow'r of the *Eaſt* againſt him: But they accelerated their own *Fate*, and Incens'd their *Angry Stars*. The *Elements* took up Arms againſt them, and the

Meteors,

Meteors fought in Defence of the *Meſſenger* of *God*. Lightning and Hail, with Stones of Fire, blaſted the Troops of the *Infidels*: And terrible Storms of Wind, buried whole Armies in the Sands. Thus the *Hoſt* of the *Muſſulmans*, became Victorious, without drawing a Sword, and the *Empires* of the *Wicked*, fell to the Poſſeſſion of *True Believers*. *Perſia*, *Babylon*, and *Egypt*, were ſubdued, and embrac'd the *Undefiled Truth*. The *Alcoran* was receiv'd from *India* to the *Mauritanian* Shore: From the Riſing of the *Sun*, to the Going down thereof, this *Holy Profeſſion* is made with one Conſent, *There is but One God*, *and Mahomet his Prophet*.

Now *Nathan*, conſider, whether ever the *Law* of *Moſes* had ſuch Footing in the *World*, or the *Children* of *Iſrael* cou'd boaſt of ſuch *Univerſal Conqueſts*? Your Little *Kingdom*, has had its *Period* long agoe; and both *that*, and all the *Empires* of *Aſia* and *Africk*, are ſwallow'd up in the *All-conquering Monarchy* of the *Oſmans*. Your *Tabernacle*, *Temple*, *City*, and *Sacrifices*, are quite Extinct. Your *Nation* is Scatter'd over the whole *World*, without *Lands* or *Poſſeſſions* that they can call their own. Neither is there *Prince*, *Prieſt*, or *Prophet*, to whom you can have Recourſe for Delivery from your Misfortunes.

Come out therefore from the *Synagogue*, which lies under the *Scourge* of *Heaven*: Shake off the *Malediction*: And being Purified

rified, join thy ſelf to the *True Believers*, who are *Bleſs'd* in this *World*, and ſhall be *Happy* in *Paradiſe*. Or at leaſt ſtand by thy ſelf, and follow thy Own *Light*. Adieu.

Paris, 22d. of the 3d. *Moon*,
of the Year 1654.

LETTER VI.

To Dicheu Huſſein, Baſſa.

THE Policies of Cardinal *Mazarini* are no Secrets at the *Imperial City*. Now he is about to play his Maſter-piece. He has all along maintain'd *Penſioners* in the Service of the *French Grandees*. No Man of *Prime Quality*, cou'd be ſure he entertain'd not at his Table, ſome Creature of this *Miniſter*. Diſguizes of all Sorts, both for Body and Mind, were never VVanting to Men dextrous at Treachery, and Officious to do Miſchief.

But now he is ſetting *Spies* of another Character on the *Princes* of the *Blood*, and the *Chief Nobility* of *France*. VVomen are to become his Private Agents; *Females* of his Own *Blood*; true *Italians*; and brought up, under his particular Care and Management. In a VVord, his *Siſters* and *Nieces*.

Five

Five of them are newly come to this City, having been Conducted hither by the *Cardinal's Secretary*, accompany'd with a Conſiderable Retinue of *Courtiers*, who went to meet them ſome Leagues from *Paris*. 'Tis ſaid, That one of thoſe Ladies is a great Beauty, and that the Young *King*, having ſeen her *Picture*, fell in Love with her.

This is certain, the *Prince* of *Conti* has Married one of them: With whom the *Cardinal* has given his Palace, and Two Hundred Thouſand Crowns in *Dowry*.

They talk, as if Another of them was to be Married to the *Duke* of *Candale*; and a Third, to the Son of *General Harcourt*. And, as if *Mazarini* were Emulous of *Joſeph's* Character and Authority in *Pharaoh's Court*, he has ſent for his *Father* alſo, with all his *Family*, to come and reſide in *France*. He is reſolv'd to ſtock this *Kingdom* with *Sicilian Blood*, a *Race* of *Mazarin's*: Who by Inſtinct, as well as by Rules, ſhall carry on the Deſign he has laid; and either raiſe this tottering *State* to the Height of his *Model*, or abſolutely ruine it. For, that Active Spirit, cannot take up with *Mediums*.

'Tis ſaid, That the *Duke* of *Orleans* reſents very Ill the *Cardinal's* Ambition, in Marrying his *Nieces* into the *Blood-Royal*. That *Prince*, will not be prevail'd on to come near the *Court*: But rather favours the *Prince* of *Conde*, and the other *Malecontents*. Whence ſome People are apt to preſage, another Turn of Affairs,

Affairs, before long: For, the Generality of the *French*, are Inclin'd to the *Prince*'s Party.

There is great Caballing all over the *Kingdom*: and the *Cardinal* ſtrives to puſh his Intereſt forward, by all the Methods of a Cunning *Stateſman*. He knows the *Prince* of *Conde*'s Spirit too well, to dream of a Reconciliation. And he has a double Intereſt, in the Ruin of that Unfortunate *General*; his own Preſervation, and the Aggrandizing his *Niece*, the *Princeſs* of *Conti*: Who by the Fall of her *Brother-in-Law*, will be *Miſtreſs* of his *Eſtate*.

He is endeavouring alſo, to make an *Alliance* with the *Cardinal de Retz*, his profeſs'd Enemy, and one rais'd by the *Pope* to that *Dignity*, on purpoſe to counter-balance *Mazarini*'s Power at this *Court*, where he is ſuſpected to animate the *King* againſt the *Court* of *Rome*.

That *Cardinal de Retz*, is now a *Priſoner* of *State*, and has been ſo a long Time; being firſt Confin'd by *Mazarini*'s Orders. But the Wiſe *Miniſter*, now thinks it ſafer to compound with a Man, whom he cannot longer perſecute, without drawing on himſelf the Revenge of all the *Eccleſiaſticks*, and eſpecially the *Thunder* of the *Roman Court*.

Therefore, to reconcile Matters and fortifie himſelf, he has propos'd a *Match* between his *Nephew*, and *de Retz* his *Niece*. The *Court* is wholly taken up, with making Friendſhips of this Nature: Which is an evident Sign,

Sign, they feel their Power at an Ebb, and fear it will be much Lower, if the *Prince* of *Conde*, ſhou'd once take the Field in *France*.

'Tis nothing to the *Muſſulman*-Intereſt, which Side gets the Advantage. For, they are all equally Enemies to the *Sent of God*.

If I can by any ſucceſsful Artifice promote the Diviſions of theſe *Infidels*, I ſhall not diſſerve the *Shining Port*. However, I will ſtill pray, That thoſe Swords may be turn'd againſt each Other; which United, wou'd hazard the *State* of the *True Faithful*.

Illuſtrious Friend, let thy Preſence in the *Divan*, be as a ſtrong *Baſtion*, under the *Covert* of which, *Mahmut* may be ſhelter'd from the *Artillery* of *Evil Tongues*, and *Sycophants*.

Paris 14th. *of the* 4th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1654.

LETTER

LETTER VII.

To Dgnet Oglou.

THOU art not Ignorant, that when I firſt heard of the Cruel *Sentence* executed on our late Friend *Egri Boinou* (on whom be the *Mercies* of the *Creator*) I wrote to his *Succeſſor*, *Iſmael Mouta Faraca*, a Letter of Condoleance: Wherein, to keep a *Medium* between the Tenderneſs I ow'd to the Loſs which my Friend had ſuſtained of his Eyes, and the diſtruſt I had of a Stranger; I filled up my Letter to *Iſmael*, with Conſolatory Expreſſions; ſuch as I wou'd have uſed to *Egri* himſelf, had I been in his Company. Believing, that *Iſmael* would read my Letter, to his *Blind Predeceſſor*.

I plaid the *Stoick*, and encouraged the *Doctrin* of *Apathy*: Or, at leaſt, I abounded in *Philoſophical* Counſels, almoſt as Impracticable as the other. Nothing but ſevere *Morality* dropt from my Pen. And, all this, to cover my real Concern and Paſſion for *Egri*'s Sufferings; who, thou knoweſt, was beloved by more than thee and me. I told thee in a former Letter, That I did not dare to truſt my Sentiments, though diſguized, to a Man, who on the ſcore of his new *Preferment* might become more quick-ſighted than before, and would ſoon penetrate the thin Veil of Words, and Spy ſomething in that *Diſpatch* to my Diſad-

Diſadvantage, ſhould I have ventured to deſcant on the *Sultan*'s Severity, or *Egri*'s Merits.

Therefore, I thought it beſt to pretend an Indifferency, to which I am as much a Stranger as any Man, in Caſes that too nearly touch our Senſe. 'Tis eaſie to give Counſel to another, which in the ſame Circumſtances, we are far from practiſing our ſelves. Then we can be full of Wiſdom and grave *Morals*; but, when it once comes Home, all our *Philoſophy* vaniſhes: There remains Nothing to be ſeen, but a meer *Senſitive Animal*, without Vertue or Patience.

My own Experience, but two Days ago, forces this Confeſſion from me, when by an unlucky Blow, I loſt the Sight of both my Eyes, for the Space of Eight and Forty Hours. 'Tis true, I ſhould not have uſed them much during a Third Part of that Time, had they not been hurt: Unleſs thou wilt ſay, they are ſerviceable in our *Dreams*, and help our *Souls* to ſpy the Dark *Chimæra's* of the Night. However, I remember 'twas no ſmall Grief, even in that Abſence of the Sun, to be only Senſible of the Privation by my Ears: For whilſt the Windows of my *Soul* were ſhut, 'twas in vain for thoſe of my Chamber to be open; which before this Misfortune, would by letting in the Light of the *Moon* or *Stars*, have convinc'd me, that it was Night, without being beholden to the Clocks and Bells of the *Convents* for my Intelligence, as I was under this Affliction.

Then

Then it was, that in my Heart I unſaid all that I had written to the *Eunuch* on the Subject of *Blindneſs*, and curſed the *Philoſopher* for a Fool or a Madman, who put out his own Eyes, for the Sake of his Thoughts. I envyed thoſe more happy Fools, who are without Thoughts, but enjoy their Sight, which helps to form and regulate the Conceits of the moſt Wiſe and Thinking Men.

Nay, ſuch was my Paſſion and Melancholy, during this ſhort Eclipſe of my Eyes, that I preferr'd to mine, even the Life of thoſe Dumb *Animals*, whom Men have learned to call *Irrational*, becauſe they expreſs their *Sentiments* by *Inarticulate Sounds*, a *Dialect* which we don't Underſtand. And, I could have almoſt wiſhed my ſelf *Metamorphos'd*, though it were into a *Dog*, provided I might but have that Senſe, the want of which renders our Humanity Imperfect and a Burden to it ſelf. Or, if thou wilt blame me for ſuch a Wiſh, I cannot forbear thinking that *Dog* happier than his *Maſter*, whom I have ſeen leading a Blind Man in a String along the Streets of *Paris*. How prudently did that Faithful *Creature* act the *Guide*, in croſſing the Way, if any Danger threatned his Charge, as a Cart, Coach, or Throng of People? And, all this Conduct was owing to his Eyes, which made him Wiſer than his *Maſter*; who, had he enjoy'd this *Senſe*, might not, for ought I know, have Surpaſſed his Kind *Brute* in the Exerciſe of *Reaſon*.

And now I am fallen on this Subject, of the

the *Wiſdom* of *Brutes*, I muſt not forget a Story which I have read in *Plutarch*, as alſo in a certain *French Author*, of a *Dog* in the *Court* of the *Roman Emperour*, *Veſpaſian*, which would act to the Life, all the Agonies and Symptoms of Death at the Command of a *Mountebank*, who had taught him many ſuch Comical Tricks, to divert the *Grandees* of *Rome*.

The ſame *Frenchman* mentions certain *Oxen*, which it ſeems had Learned *Arithmetick*: For, being employ'd in turning the Wheel of a Well an Hundred Times every Day, when they had finiſhed that Task, would not ſtir a ſtep more; but having revolved that Number in their Minds, deſiſted of their own Accord; nor could any Violence compel 'em to farther Labour. Who will deny now, that theſe *Oxen* were *Mathematicians*; Or, That that Ship-*Dog* had any need to ſtudy *Euclid*'s *Elements*, who having a great deſire to taſte of ſome Oil, that he ſaw in a deep Earthen Veſſel, and not being able to put his Head in far enough, by Reaſon of the long ſtreight Neck of the Pot, after ſome Study ran to the *Hold* of the Ship, which was Baladed with Gravel-ſtones. From thence he brought in his *Mouth*, at ſeveral Times, as many of thoſe little Stones, as half filling the Pot, forced the Oil up to the *Mouth*, ſo that he could Lap his Belly full. Of this, *Plutarch* ſays he was an Eye-witneſs. Was not this, thinkeſt thou, an *Archimedes* among the *Dogs*? Are not the *Goats* of *Candy* abſolute

Phy-

Phyſicians, when being wounded, they never ceaſe ranging the Plains of that Fertile *Iſland*, till they have found the Herb *Dittany*, with which they reſtore themſelves to Health.

Should the *French* read theſe Lines, and thoſe others I have writ on this Subject to *Cara Hali*, and the Great *Mahummed* of the *Deſart*, they would cenſure me as a *Heretick*, a *Fool*, or a *Madman*: Or, at leaſt, they would conclude, I am too Importunate an *Advocate* for the *Beaſts*. They would call me *Brute* my ſelf, and fix my *Pedigree* among ſome of the *Dumb Generations*.

But thou, who haſt been Educated in the ſerener *Principles* of the *Eaſt*, and haſt had the Honour to pour *Water* on the *Hands* of the Abſtemious *Eremit*, wilt have another Opinion of what I ſay, in Defence of our *Kindred Animals*.

He that has given *Wiſdom* and *Language* to the *Piſmires*, and Inſtructed them to converſe together by *Mute* Signs, ſo that when the *Signal* was given, the Alarm was taken throughout their humble *Territories*, and they all fled away with their Bag and Baggage, when the Army of *Solomon* approached: Inſpire us with *Grace*, to underſtand the *Language* of the *Beaſts*, or at leaſt, not to think our Selves Wiſer than them who underſtand Ours.

Paris *the* 14th *of the* 4th *Moon*,
of the Year 1654.

LET-

LETTER VIII.

To Aſis, Baſſa.

THIS *Court* is wholly taken up at preſent, with the Preparations that are making to *Crown* the Young *King*. The Place deſign'd for that *Ceremony*, is a City call'd *Rhemes*. 'Tis ſaid, the *Duke* of *Orleans* will not be there, though the *King* has Summon'd all the *Princes* and *Nobility* to attend at his *Inauguration*, according to the Ancient Cuſtom. But that *Prince*, ſtomacks the great Sway *Cardinal Mazarini* bears at *Court*. Beſides, his Daughter, who has no ſmall Power over him, is affected to the Party of *Malecontents*. 'Tis through her Perſwaſions, the *Duke* her *Father*, abſents himſelf from the *King*, his *Nephew*. Yet there are that ſay, his Mind will change, before the Time appointed for the *Coronation*: And, that he will rather diſſemble his Grudge, that ſo he may more advantageouſly ruine the *Cardinal*: Who keeps the *King* lull'd in a Circle of Pleaſures, agreeable to his Youth; that ſo he may not have Time or Inclination, to pry into his Management of Affairs.

The *Court* is at preſent at *Fontainbleau*, a *Houſe* of *Pleaſure* belonging to the *King*. They paſs their Time away in Delights, drown'd in Security. Whilſt the Wakeful *Princes* of the *Blood*, are plotting new Methods

thods to rowze 'em from their *Lethargy*, and teach the Young *Monarch*, That the *Sound* of the *Trumpet* and *Beat* of the *Drum*, will, in a ſhort time, be a more Neceſſary *Muſick*, than the *ſoft Airs* of the *Lute*, and ſuch *Chamber-Melody*,

In the mean Time, the *Prince* of *Conde* being Condemn'd, the *Princeſs*, his Wife, has petition'd the *Parliament*, that her *Dowry* may be ſecur'd to her: But they have referr'd the Matter to the *King*. Her Husband ſeems to be loſt in all Reſpects, ſave thoſe of the People's Affections, who favour any that are Enemies to *Cardinal Mazarini*.

Monſieur Brouſſel, one of the *Councellors* of *Parliament*, whoſe *Impriſonment* I formerly mention'd to be the Cauſe of the *Firſt Sedition* at *Paris*, is newly dead: Yet the Cauſe whereof he was a *Patriot*, dies not with him; but rather takes freſh Vigour, from daily Grounds of Diſcontent.

It was more particularly reviv'd, upon the Death of the late *Arch-biſhop* of *Paris*: The *Clergy* chuſing for his *Succeſſor*, the *Cardinal de Retz*, a Priſoner of *State*, and under the ſevere Diſpleaſure of the *King*. This *Election* was countermanded, by a *Declaration* from the *Council-Royal*. Nevertheleſs, the *Eccleſiaſticks* perſiſt in their Firſt Choice; Whilſt *Cardinal Mazarini* threatens 'em, with the Puniſhments due to thoſe who contemn the *King*'s Authority. But they ſlight his Menaces, truſting to the *Arms* of the *Prince* of *Conde*; which, they hope, will deliver 'em, in

Time,

Time, from the Oppreſſions of that Great *Miniſter*.

The *Men of Ability* Cabal, whilſt the *Vulgar* are eaſily drawn into *Parties*, as their Affections byaſs 'em. Here is Nothing but *Murmuring* and Whiſpering againſt the *Government*. Every *Man* endeavours to purchaſe *Arms*, and lay 'em up privately as againſt ſome *Publick Invaſion*. Nay, the Citizens walk not abroad without *Daggers* hid under their Garments: As if they either intended a *Maſſacre*, or were afraid of one. All things ſeem to portend ſome ſudden Eruption of *Popular Fury*. And the Wiſeſt know not, what will be the Iſſue of ſo many Threatning Occurrences.

Only *Mahmut* (ſurrounded with *Infidels*) is reſign'd to *Deſtiny*. Knowing, that no *Human Counſel* can haſten or retard the *Decrees* Sign'd *Above*.

Paris, *the* 17th. *of the* 5th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1654.

LETTER

LETTER IX.

To Murat, Baſſa.

IT ſeems the *Devils* have been lately let looſe in theſe *Weſtern* Parts, if we may give Credit to the Depoſition of ſuch, as have accus'd certain ſuppos'd *Witches*.

In *Bretagne* a *Province* of this *Kingdom*, above Forty Old Women have been ſeiz'd and Impriſon'd, for holding Correſpondence with *Infernal Powers*: And above half of them, condemn'd to Death; *God* knows with what Juſtice.

Some of them are accus'd, of Enchanting the Perſons of their Neighbours; *Others* for Bewitching their Cattle; And a *Third* Sort, for diſſolving the Miſchievous *Charms* of the *Firſt* and *Second*: All of them for aſſembling in the Night-Time, and uſing certain *Diabolical Ceremonies*; which they ſay, begin and end in kiſſing the *Poſteriours* of a *Goat*, or the *Devil* in that *Form*.

I know not how far theſe poor ſuperannuated Figures of Mortality may be wrong'd. 'Tis a Queſtion, whether their *Judges* are always in the Right. A ſhrivell'd meager Face, a hollow Eye, join'd with irrecoverable Poverty, are many Times the Chief Grounds of Suſpicion: Which improv'd by Superſtition, Miſtakes and Malice, have often prevail'd on thoſe who ought to adminiſter Juſtice, to condemn

poor

poor Wretches more Innocent than themſelves, as Guilty of *Witchcraft*.

Yet it cannot be deny'd, but that there have been both Men and Women vers'd in *Magical* Arts, as they are commonly call'd, which I take to be only the more *Myſterious Science* of *Nature*. Such was *Zoroaſter*, the Great Grand-Child of *Noah*, and *King* of that Part of *Aſia* which was then call'd *Bactria*. Such was *Apollonius Tyaneus*, *Philiſtides Syracuſanus*, with many others of Ancient Date: Theſe underſtood the Hidden Force of the *Elements*, the *Influence* of the *Stars*, the Specifick Operation of Metals, Minerals, and other Subterranean Bodies, with the Virtues of all Vegetables. They knew exactly how to frame *Aſtral Images* and *Taliſmans*, by the Help of which they were able to effect Wonders. And all this perhaps, without once dreaming of *Infernal Spirits*, or having the leaſt Society with *Devils*.

Yet I believe, *Lucian*, an Ancient *Writer*, who never ſpoke ſeriouſly of any Thing, ſcarce believ'd himſelf, when he related the *Story* of *Pancrates*, a Famous *Magician* of *Egypt*, who by theſe *Taliſmans*, was able to tranſform *Inanimate* things into the Appearance at leaſt of *Living* Creatures. Thus he wou'd turn a Stick or Piece of Wood into a ſeeming Man, who ſhou'd walk, diſcourſe, and perform all the Actions of a *Rational Being*.

A certain Stranger travelling with him once to *Memphis*, and lying with him in the ſame *Carvanſera*, as ſoon as they were alighted

from their Camels *Pancrates* took a *Plank* of *Oak*, and having touch'd it with his *Taliſman*, and pronounc'd Two or Three Syllables, incontinently the *Stock* mov'd, ſtood upright, walk'd, and taking the Camels by the Bridle, led them to the Stables: After which, this *Wooden Man* came in and prepar'd their *Pillaw*; went of whatſoever Errands *Pancrates* ſent him. And when they departed, the *Magician* uſing a certain Private *Ceremony*, this Officious Servant return'd to a *Plank* again. This was his Practice all along the Road.

One Day his Fellow-Traveller being reſolv'd to try the Experiment, took Advantage of the *Magician*'s Abſence, who was gone to the *Temple*, and had left his *Taliſman* behind him. The Curious Traveller, having been often an Eye Witneſs of this Trick, takes a Piece of *Wood*, and touches it with *Pancrates*'s *Taliſman*, repeating the Syllables he had heard him utter. Immediately the *Inanimate Timber* became a *Man*, asking his Pleaſure. The Traveller aſtoniſh'd at the Event, commanded his new Servant to bring him a Bucket of Water. The Enchanted Spark obeys. The Traveller told him it was enough, and bid him return to a Piece of *Wood* again; but inſtead of that, he continu'd drawing of Water, and bringing it in till the Houſe was full. The Traveller fearing the Anger of *Pancrates*, thought to diſſolve the *Enchantment*, by cleaving the *Wooden* Animal in Two. But this augmented his Trouble: For, each Piece taking a Bucket, fell to drawing of Water;

ſo

ſo that of One Servant he had made Two. This continued till the *Magician* came to his Reſcue, who having ſternly rebuk'd the Traveller's Raſhneſs, at a Word turn'd the Two buſie Drudges, to their Primitive Loggiſhneſs and Inactivity again.

I do not tell this Story, as if I would have thee believe it, or that I give Credit to it my ſelf. Let us imitate the *Author* of it, who laughs at all that delight in ſuch *Fables*. But the *Chriſtians*, who believe a *Piece* of *Bread* is Transform'd to *Fleſh* and *Blood*, and becomes an *Immortal God*, at the pronouncing of Four Words by the *Prieſt*, may be excus'd, if they put Confidence in the *Figments* of *Poets* and *Orators*.

I have in my Cuſtody the *Journal* of *Carcoa*, who formerly reſided at *Vienna*, a Private *Agent* for the *Ever Happy Port*. Some of his Letters ſpeak of the Superſtition and Credulity of the *Germans*, in this Kind. Yet in a Letter to the *Mufti*, he acknowledges himſelf overcome by the Unqueſtionable Teſtimonies, of ſuch as had been Eye-Witneſſes of the *Life* and *Death* of one *Fauſtus*, a *German Magician*, who play'd a Thouſand *Infernal* Pranks (as he calls them) even before the *Emperour* himſelf.

He tells alſo of another *Magician* call'd *Zyto*, who liv'd in the Days of the *Emperour Charles* IV. And when the *Emperour*'s Son to whom *Zyto* belong'd, was to Marry the *Duke* of *Bavaria*'s Daughter; the *Duke* to oblige his Son-in-Law, who was much

taken with *Magical* Tricks, as were all the *Germans*, ſent for a great many Famous *Sorcerers* to the Wedding. Among the Reſt, while One was performing a rare Exploit, on a ſudden *Zyto* the *Prince's Conjurer*, came up to him with a Mouth ſeeming as VVide as that of an Old *Crocodile*, and ſwallows him up at a Morſel. VVhen he thus had done, he retires and voids him again in a Bath, and brings him thus drench'd, into the Company, challenging any of the other *Magicians*, to do a Feat like that; but they were all ſilent.

I hear of no ſuch Tricks done by thoſe *French Witches*, who cauſe ſo much Diſcourſe at preſent. The worſt they are accus'd of, is, Bewitching their Neigbours Hogs to Madneſs, which thou knoweſt may be only a Natural Malady.

I pray *Heaven* defend us from the *Enchantments* of a deluded *Phanſy*, that Domeſtick *Incubus* of every Mortal, and we need fear neither *Witch* nor *VVizard*.

Paris, 20th. *of the* 5th *Moon*,
of the Year 1654.

LETTER

LETTER X.

To Cornezan Muſtapha, Baſſa.

THE Fame of *Chriſtina Queen* of *Sueden*, has, no doubt, reach'd thy Ears: I have made Mention of her in ſeveral of my Letters. That *Royal Virgin*, is now about to ſurrender her *Crown* to her *Couſin*, whom they call *Charles Prince Palatine*. This is a *Voluntary* Reſignation: and her Motive is ſaid to be, a ſtrong Inclination to *Solitude* and a *Private Life*; being eſteem'd, the moſt Accompliſh'd and Learn'd *Princeſs* of this Age. But thoſe who pretend to know more than others, ſay, That the True Ground of her abandoning the *Kingdom*, is a Reſolution ſhe has taken to change her *Religion*, and embrace the *Faith* of the *Roman Mufti*, which is forbidden by the *Laws* of *Sueden*.

Thou wilt ſmile at the *Propoſals*, which this *Queen* ſent to her deſign'd *Succeſſor*; and his *Anſwer* to them.

In the firſt Place, *She will keep the Greateſt Part of the Kingdom and Revenues in her own Hands.*

Secondly, *She will be no* Subject; *but altogether Independent and Free.*

Thirdly, *She will have* Liberty *to travel into* Foreign Countries, *or into any Part of that* Dominion.

Laſtly, *She will not have the* Offices *of* Truſt, *or any other Gifts that ſhe ſhall have diſpoſed of to her* Favourites, *revok'd by her* Succeſſor.

To theſe *Articles*, *Prince Charles* Anſwer'd, Firſt, *That he will not be a mere* Titular King, *without* Dominions, *nor without ſuch a* Revenue *as is Neceſſary to defray the* Royal Expences, *both in* Peace *and* War.

Secondly, *That he will ſuffer no* Competitor, Equal, *or* Sovereign *in his* Kingdom.

Thirdly, *That he will not run the Hazard of her* Intrigues *in* Foreign Courts.

Laſtly, *That if he be* King, *he will diſpoſe of* Preferments *as he thinks fit.* And, in Fine, *That he will not be the* Shadow *of a* King, *without the* Subſtantial Prerogatives *of* Sovereignty.

'Tis added, That when the *Queen* heard his Reply, ſhe ſaid aloud, *I propos'd thoſe* Articles *only to try his Spirit. Now I eſteem him Worthy to Reign, who ſo well underſtands the* Incommunicable Rights *of a* Monarch.

This Intelligence comes by a *Secretary* to the *Spaniſh Embaſſador* who is newly come out of *Sueden*, to Negotiate at this *Court* a Ten Years *Truce* between *France* and *Spain.*

Here is likewiſe an *Embaſſador* from *Portugal*, who acquaints the *Court*, That the *Portugueze* have Expell'd the *Hollanders* out of the *Places* they held in the *Eaſt Indies.* But, if our *Merchants* bring true Intelligence, the *Tartars* will Exterminate all the *Franks* that are in *China.*

In

In the mean Time, the Young *King* of *France*, paſſes away his Hours in *Dancing* ſeeing of *Plays*, and other Recreations, provided with vaſt Expence by *Cardinal Mazarini*, to divert him from medling with *Publick Affairs*, and from thinking too ſeriouſly on the *Sentence* he has Pronounc'd in *Parliament*, againſt the *Prince* of *Conde*.

One knows not well, how to blame the *Prince* of *Conde*'s Proceedings; nor yet, to accuſe the *King* of *Injuſtice*. Neither is it proper for a *Muſſulman-Slave*, to decide the Controverſy: Our *Principles* and *Laws*, are different from Theirs: And he that is eſteem'd a *Patriot* here in the *Weſt*, wou'd be Condemn'd for a *Rebel*, without Heſitation, in any Part of the *Eaſt*; where but One *God* in *Heaven*, and One *Sovereign* on *Earth*, is acknowledg'd by the *Subjects* of every *Kingdom* and *Empire*.

But in *France*, the *Princes* of the *Royal Blood*, are Inveſted with ſuch a Power as renders it difficult for thoſe under their Command, to diſtinguiſh 'em from *Supream Monarchs*. Yet, not One of them poſſeſſes a *Government*, Equal to that of the *Baſſa* of *Egypt*; or Superiour to his of *Aleppo*.

I have ſpoken of theſe *Princes* formerly, in ſome of my *Letters* to the Happy *Miniſters* of *Him*, who when he pleaſes can make the Greateſt *Sovereigns*, the *Squires* of his *Stirrup*.

And therefore, 'twill be needleſs to ſay any more on that Subject, but only to acquaint

thee, That the *French Court*, tho' they cannot relentof the Rigour they have us'd toward the *Prince* of *Conde*, yet ſeem willing to compound the Buſineſs with his *Son*, the Young *Duke* of *Enguien*, and by a Subtle Artifice, to ſtrike Two ſtrokes for the *State* at once. A Great *Duke* of this *Realm*, has been lately diſpatch'd to the *Duke* of *Orleans*, to propoſe a *Match* between his Daughter and *Conde*'s Heir. Whereby the *Eſtate* of the *Prince* of *Conde*, will fall to the *Duke* of *Orleans*'s Poſſeſſion, during the *Minority* of the *Young Couple*. This is a VVheedle to reconcile the *King*'s Uncle to the *Court*, who has been a long Time eſtrang'd. But 'tis thought his Diſpleaſure is of too deep a Dye, to be waſh'd off with *Court-Holy-Water*.

I have no more News to tell thee, ſave the Death of a certain *Prince*, whom they call the *Duke* of *Elboeuf*. And it is of no Import to the *Divan*, whether a Hundred of theſe *Infidel Princes* die every Day, or no, ſo long as the *Grand Signior* lives, and is ever ſupply'd with Faithful *Miniſters*.

For *His* Health I pray, before the *Sun* peeps o'er the *Tops* of the *Eaſtern Mountains*, and after he hides himſelf in the *Valleys* of the *Weſt*. Neither do I riſe from my Knees at the *Five* appointed *Hours*, without an *Oraiſon* for *Chorneſan*, and the other *Baſſa's* of the *Port*.

Paris, *the* 10th. *of the* 6th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1654.

LET-

LETTER XI.

To Sale Tircheni Emin, Superintendant *of the* Royal Arſenal *at* Conſtantinople.

THOU that haſt the Charge of the *Ammunition* deſign'd for the *Conqueſt* of the *World*, art fitteſt to receive the News of a Terrible Blow lately given to a City of the *Infidels* in *Flanders*.

This Place is called *Gravelines*, whereof I have made Mention in ſome of my former Letters. On the 29th of the laſt *Moon*, the Powder of the *Magazine* there took Fire, whether by Accident or Deſign, is not certainly known: But the Damage it has done, is very great. It is reported, That a Third Part of the City is blown up, and the Chief *Fortifications* about it, with the *Outworks* of the *Cittadel*. Three Thouſand Mortals, had their Breath exhauſted by the Violent Convulſion of the Air, and were ſent into *Another World*, well ſeaſon'd with *Salt-Peter*: Beſides a vaſt Multitude of all Sorts, that were bury'd in the Ruins of the Houſes.

Some ſay, a certain Perſon coming to buy ſome Powder of the *Steward* of the *Magazine*, as they were knocking out the Head of a Powder-Barrel, the Hammer ſtruck Fire. Others report, That this Perſon who pretended to

buy Powder, was a *Spy* or *Private Agent* of *Cardinal Mazarini* in thoſe *Parts*: And that by his *Maſter*'s Order, he had prepar'd a certain *Artificial* Fire, enclos'd in a *Shell* or *Box*; and that at a certain determin'd Period of Time, it would cauſe the *Box* to flie in Pieces, and ſcatter Flames almoſt as ſubtle and penetrating as thoſe of *Lightning*.

Having therefore this little Inſtrument of Miſchief ready, and being inſtructed in all Things, he with the *Steward* enter'd the Vaults where the Powder lay, under Pretence of buying ſome for the *Governour* of *Bruſſels*. And when they had open'd one of the Barrels, he thruſt his Hand among the Powder, as though he wou'd take up ſome to look upon; at the ſame Time dextrouſly conveying his little *Shell* or *Box* into the Barrel, knowing, that in an Hours Time it wou'd work its Effect. In the mean while, ſeeming to diſlike that Barrel, they open'd another; which he bought, and ſo departed. Within an Hour afterwards, all the Countries round about, were aſtoniſh'd at the Dreadful Blow which made the Earth to tremble. They ſay, it was heard beyond the Seas into *England*.

Thus the Contrivance of this *Tragedy*, is faſten'd on *Mazarini*; and ſuch is the Hatred the People bear to this *Miniſter*, That if an *Earthquake* ſhou'd happen in theſe *Parts*, I believe they would accuſe him as the *Author* of it.

But

But it ſeems, as if all the *Elements* were at *War* againſt the *Netherland Provinces*. I have already acquainted the *Miniſters* of the *Ever Happy Port*, what Diſaſters befell theſe People by *Storms* at *Sea*, and *Inundations* on *Land*. After which, the *Element* of *Fire* took its turn to Chaſtiſe them. For, in the Firſt *Moon* of this Year, a certain *VVind-mill* in the *Low Countries*, whirling round with extraordinary Violence, by Reaſon of a Furious Storm; the Stone at Length, by its Rapid Motion, became ſo Intenſely hot, as to fire the *Mill*; from whence the Flames being diſperſed by the High Winds to the Neighbouring Houſes, ſet a whole Town on Fire.

And now the VVrath of *Heaven* has been kindl'd again, to deſtroy theſe *Infidels*: Yet thoſe that ſurvive, will not be Converted. Perhaps they will be ruin'd Piece-Meal, even to a *Final* Extermination, like the *People* of *Aad* and *Thamod*, of whom at this Day there remain no Footſteps.

I pray *God* guard the *Imperial City* and *Arſenal*, from all *Caſualties* of *Fire*, from *Inundations* of *VVater*, and from *Earthquakes*: And thy own VVatchful Care and Prudence, will defend the *Magazines* in thy Cuſtody, from the Sly Attempts of *Traytors* and *Villains*.

Paris, 10th. *of the* 6th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1654.

LETTER

LETTER XII.

To Mehemet, *an* Eunuch *in the* Seraglio.

I Acquainted thee formerly with the firſt Neceſſity I had to drink Wine, that I might the better conceal my being a *Muſſulman*, when I was made a Priſoner by *Cardinal Mazarini*'s Order. I tell thee now, this Liquor is grown Habitual to me; it being the *Natural Beverage* of the *Country* where I am. But the *French* temper it with Water, the better to allay their Thirſt, and prevent *Fevers*: Which Cuſtom agrees not with the Stomach of a *Mahometan*, who when he drinks either Water or Wine, loves to have them Pure without Mixture. I uſe it moderately for my Health, and to create an Appetite. But this Evening, I drank a Glaſs of Wine, which is like to make me abhorr it for Ever. In all Probability, I ſhall turn as ſtrict and preciſe as an *Hodgia*. For, in the Midſt of my Draught, I had almoſt ſwallowed a great *Spider*, which lay drowned in the Wine. The little *Beaſt*, had paſs'd my Lips; but I ſoon clear'd my Mouth, of ſo Ungrateful a Morſel. I wiſh I could as eaſily diſcharge my *Imagination*, of the hated *Idea's* it has imbibed with this *Fatal Potion*. Not that I think I am poiſoned, or have received any Real Damage

mage from the *Spider*: The worſt *Venom*, lies in my own *Phancy*. It will be Impoſſible for all the Water in *France*, to waſh away the Prejudices I have Conceiv'd againſt this little *Inſect*. I have a perfect *Antipathy* againſt it. The Sight of a *Spider*, would always make me ſweat and tremble. Now, if ever I ſhould taſte the Wine again, I ſhould imagine every Mouthful I ſwallowed, had a *Spider* in it. My *Reaſon* tells me, there were no Danger, if I had one in my Stomach; having ſeen a *Phyſician*, without the Uſe of any *Antidote*, ſwallow Two or Three large *Spiders* in a Glaſs of Wine: And this was his ordinary Practice every Morning. And moſt of that *Profeſſion* maintain, That *Spiders* ſo drank, can do no harm. Yet my *Antipathy* overcomes my *Reaſon* in this Point. And if *Galen* or *Hippocrates* were alive, they would not be able with all their Learned *Demonſtrations*, to reconcile me to a *Creature*, for which I have an *Invincible Averſion* and *Abhorrence*. I had rather encounter with a *Lyon* or a *Tyger*, in the *Deſerts* of *Arabia*, provided I had but a Sword in my Hand, than to have a *Spider* crawling about me in the Dark. And therefore, I have often envied the Happineſs of the *Iriſh*-Men; for, in that *Iſland*, they ſay no *Venomous Creature* will live. The ſame is reported, of the *Iſle* of *Malta*. Which Wonderful Privilege, both theſe *Iſlands* aſcribe, to the *Prayers* of certain *Saints*.

There is no Reaſon to be given for theſe ſecret *Antipathies*, which are diſcovered in many

many Men. Some will ſwear and faint away, if there be a *Cat* in the Room where they are, though they know Nothing of it, any otherwiſe than by the *Secret Intimations* of this *Unaccountable Senſe*, which *Nature* has added to their other *Five*. I have ſeen a Gentleman drop down in a Swoon, as ſoon as he entred a Chamber, where there was a *Squirrel* kept in a Cage. And thoſe that knew him, ſaid, it was his conſtant Infirmity.

If there be any Truth in the *Doctrin* of the *Soul's Tranſmigration*, I ſhould think the beſt Reaſons for theſe private *Antipathies*, might be drawn from ſome *Former State* of the *Soul*. And according to that *Suppoſition*, I ſhould conclude, That I had been a *Flie*, before I came into this *Body*; and having been frequently perſecuted by *Spiders* in that *State*, do ſtill retain the Dread of my *Old Enemy*, which all the Circumſtances of my preſent *Metamorphoſis*, are not able to efface. But if this be ſo, I wonder I ſhou'd have no diſtinct Remembrance of my former little *Volatile* Life; ſince *Pythagoras*, the Great *Patron* of the *Metempſychoſis* declares, That he could remember ſeveral *Changes* he had undergone. And particularly recounts, how he led a Merrier Life when he was a *Frog*, than ſince he became a *Philoſopher*.

It affords me Matter of Thought and is no ſmall Diverſion, to behold the Contrariety that is in Mens Diet. One Man never taſtes of *Fiſh* all his days, another abhors *Fleſh*; this faints if his *Bread* be cut with a Knife

that

that has touched *Cheeſe*, that ſwoons at the Smell of *Mutton*. Men have as different Appetites, as they have Faces. Some are ſqueamiſh, and almoſt nauſeate every Thing that others eat freely of. Again, there are others to whom nothing comes amiſs. For my Part, I have many Averſions in Point of Diet: And, above all Things, I can never be reconciled to the eating of *Inſects*, *Serpents* and other *Reptile Creatures*. Yet here are Men in this *Kingdom*, who live upon *Frogs*, *Vipers*, *Graſhoppers*, and ſuch Kind of Loathſome *Animals*. And I have read of a *People* in the *Southern Parts* of *Africa*, who had no other Diet but ſalted *Locuſts*, which they catch in the *Spring*: When certain *Winds*, bring Innumerable ſwarms of them over the Land, ſo that all the *Country* is covered. Theſe *People* are very Lean, Active and Black. They run ſwift as *Stags*, and will climb Trees and jump from one Bough and Tree to another, as nimbly as *Apes* or *Squirrils*. But they are ſhort Liv'd, never exceeding Forty Years of Age. For, about that Time, they feel a Violent Itching all over their Bodies: Which tempting them to ſcratch themſelves, they never ceaſe till they make Holes in their Fleſh, where certain Winged *Inſects* breed; which multiply ſo faſt, that in a little Time they devour the poor Wretches. This is thought to be the Reſult of their Ill Diet.

Let not what I have ſaid, create any Squeamiſhneſs in thee, but eat thy *Pillaw* with a good

good Stomach: For that *Food*, has the *Benediction* of *God* and his *Prophet*.

Paris, *the* 23d. *of the* 6th. *Moon, of the Year*, 1654.

LETTER XIII.

To the Kaimacham.

THE *King* of *France*, has been ſolemnly *Crown'd* at *Rhemes:* Where were preſent, his *Mother* and *Brother*, *Cardinal Mazarini*, with divers *Princes* and *Nobles*, and Foreign *Miniſters*. But Nothing cou'd perſwade the *King*'s Uncle the *Duke* of *Orleans*, to grace this *Ceremony* with his Preſence. He has declar'd, He will never come to the *Court* ſo long as *Cardinal Mazarini* is there.

Marſhal Turenne has receiv'd private Orders, to repair ſpeedily to his Army in *Flanders*. What the Deſign is, we are not certain. Some ſay, he is gone to ſurprize *Gravelines*, a City in *Flanders*, which was lately ſo ruin'd by the Blowing up of the *Magazine*, that it is not in a Condition to reſiſt the *French*, ſhould they aſſault it.

Others ſay, the *King* has commanded his *General* to lay Siege to *Stenay*, a City belonging to the *Prince* of *Conde*, a Place of Great Strength, and exquiſitely Fortify'd.

'Tis

'Tis reported, That *Cardinal Mazarini* holds a Correſpondence with the *Governour* of this *Strong Hold*: And that on this Ground it was he promis'd the *King*, on the *Honour* of his *Purple*, That if he would ſuffer his Army to lie down before it, it ſhould by ſuch a Day be deliver'd into his Hands.

The *Duke* of *Lorrain*, of whoſe Impriſonment at *Antwerp*, I inform'd *Muſtapha Berber Aga*, is now remov'd from thence, and ſent to *Spain*, from whence 'tis believ'd he whill never come back.

From the *North* the *Poſt* brings News, of the Reſignation which *Chriſtina*, *Queen* of *Sueden*, has made of her *Crown* to her *Couſin*, *Prince Charles*. They add, That ſhe caus'd a *Crown* to be made, with this *Inſcription*, *FROM GOD, AND CHRISTINA*; And, that ſhe plac'd this *Crown* on the *Prince*'s Head with her own Hands, having before Abſolv'd all her *Subjects* from their *Oaths* of *Fidelity* to her.

The ſame *Poſt* alſo tells us, of a Mighty Army of *Moſcovites*, which are enter'd into *Poland*, deſtroying and laying deſolate where-ever they come. The pretended Cauſe of this Invaſion, is ſaid to be, a Diſguſt the *Czar* has taken at a certain *Hiſtorian* and *Poet* of *Poland*; Who in reciting the *Wars* between thoſe *Nations*, had made a Miſtake in the *Genealogy* of the *Moſcovite Emperours*, naming the *Father* for the *Son*. The *Czar* being inform'd of this, demanded the Head of the *Writer*, as an Atonement: Which being deny'd

deny'd, he ruſh'd into the *Territories* of *Poland*, to revenge himſelf by Fire and Sword.

Theſe are the Actions of ſuch, as pretend to follow the *Example* of *Jeſus*, the *Meſſias*; Who commanded Men, *To forgive Injuries*, even as did our *Holy Prophet*; Yet they ſcruple not to accuſe us of what they themſelves are only Guilty. Thus, whilſt they are *Chriſtians* in *Name*, we ſhew by our *Practice*, that we are *True Diſciples* of the *Venerable Jeſus*.

Doubtleſs, all Men are *Juſt* or *Wicked*, by *Nature*. Every Mans *Fate* is Engraven on his *Forehead*. And neither the *Precepts* or *Examples* of *Jeſus* or *Mahomet*, can alter the *Inclinations* of thoſe, whoſe *Stars* have Sign'd 'em in their *Nativity*, with the *Indelible* Characters of *Vice*.

Paris, 30th. *of the* 6th. *Moon*,
of the Year, 1654.

LETTER XIV.

To Ggnet Oglou.

HItherto I have been in a *Wilderneſs*, or at leaſt I'll ſuppoſe it, wandring up and down, loſt and confounded in the Dark, without Sun, Star, Land-mark, or any Faithful *Guide* to direct me. What I ſhall I do in this Caſe? I am tyr'd with perpetual Rambling; and

and reſt I dare not, neither can I, ſuch is my Uneaſineſs, even in the only Circumſtance which gives to other Men Repoſe.

Thus I diſcourſe with my ſelf when I am alone, and conſider my Preſent State as a *Mortal*. The *Miſeries* of this *Life*, are the *Themes* of my Firſt Contemplation: And 'tis but Reaſon it ſhould be ſo, becauſe we feel 'em every Moment. They touch our Senſe nearly, and afflict us with ſharp Pains. Yet they are but like the *Sting* of a *Waſp*, Violent for a Time, but laſt not long.

This Thought carries me farther, and puts me upon an Endleſs Meditation, what will befal me after I'm Dead. When I have contemplated all that I can run over a Thouſand Paths of Phancy, and track'd all the Footſteps of the *Wiſe*, or of ſuch as were eſteem'd ſo; ſtill I find my ſelf in a *Deſert*, more entangl'd than a Traveller loſt in the *Foreſt* of *Hercynia*, which extends from the moſt *Northerly* Part of *Moſcovy*, to ſome *Provinces* in the *German Empire*, and is reputed Five Hundred Leagues in Length.

In this bewilder'd Condition, I meet with many pretended Guides, One telling me *this* is the Way, Another that. But becauſe they do not agree in their Advice, I know not which to truſt: And am inclin'd to ſuſpect ſome for Cheats, and the Reſt for Fools, as much at a Loſs, if not more than my ſelf.

Permit me to diſcourſe with Freedom, my Dear *Gnet*, and let us unmask like Friends. What ſignifies all that the *Imaum's* and *Mollahs*

Iahs can ſay of *Paradiſe* and *Hell*, ſince none of 'em have been there to make an Experiment? Why ſhould we ſuffer our ſelves to be amus'd with Notions of Things, which, for ought we know, have no other Exiſtence, but in the *Harangues* of the *Preachers*, and the *Phanſies* of the *Credulous*?

Think not that I am going to perſwade thee to the *Hereſy* of the *Muſerin*, who deny the *Being* of a *God*. I tell thee, I am no *Atheiſt*. From Every Thing I behold, my Thought ſoon flies up to a Firſt *Cauſe*: And there 'tis daſh'd into a Thouſand *Queries*. This I lay as a Solid Foundation, *All Things were not Always in the ſame State as they are Now.* (My Experience demonſtrates to the Contrary.) But how much longer they have been otherwiſe, than my own Remembrance, I cannot be aſſur'd, but by the Confidence which I repoſe in People that are Older than my ſelf, and the Faith I give to *Books*. Both which agree in this, That they are guilty of Contradictions without number.

Thoſe that were born before me, and Liv'd in the Days of *Sultan Mahomet* III. tell me many Paſſages of his *Reign*, quite different from the Relations of others, who alſo Liv'd in thoſe *Times*, and remark'd the Tranſactions of their *Age*.

A like Diſagreement I find among *Authors*, who have committed to Writing, the *Hiſtories* of *Former Times*. 'Tis difficult to encounter with Two Men of the ſame *Opinion*, even as to Matters of Fact. Some take a Pride

in

in diſguizing the Truth; Whilſt others have not Skill to take off the Mask. There are a Sort of Perſons in the World, Men of Supine and Eaſie Judgments, Credulous, and not daring to call in Queſtion what has been tranſmitted to them from the *Authority* of Such and Such a *Writer*. They Superſtitiouſly revere as an *Oracle*, the *Manuſcripts* of a mortal Man like themſelves, and Subject to as many Frailties and Miſtakes. And all this, only becauſe they have been taught to do ſo from their *Infancy*: So forcible is the Influence of *Education*. Thus the *Hebrews* believe the *Records* of their *Nation* to be of *Divine* Original, though they want not *Verbal* Contradictions, and abound with *Logical* and *Philoſophical* Inconſiſtencies. But, that which is of Greateſt moment is, that neither they, nor any other Nation, no not even the *Aſſyrian* or *Egyptian* Records, come near the Immenſe Chronologies of the *Chineſe* and *Indians*. So that amidſt ſuch a Variety of Accounts, a Man knows not where to fix his Belief. But, whether the World be only Five or Six Thouſand Years old, or of a more Indefinite Antiquity, this is a ſure Maxim, *That Something is Eternal.* Even the *Jews* and *Chriſtians*, who deny the Eternity of Matter, and aſſert the Creation of the World out of *NOTHING*, in a Determin'd Period of Time, muſt of Neceſſity own, There was an Eternal, and Infinite Emptyneſs or Vacuity, which is the ſame as *Moſes* calls by the Name of *NOTHING*. Which will ſound as harſh

in

in *Philoſophy*, as the *Eternity* of *Matter* does in their *Divinity*. Nay, if I miſtake not, 'tis of a worſe Conſequence, even in the *Doctrins* of *Religion*, to aſſert an *Infinite Privation*, or *Want* of *Exiſtence*, to be *Coeternal* with the *Subſtantial God*, who is *Omnipotent*, *Living* and *Strong*; than to affirm *Matter* it ſelf to be *Coeternal* with Him; Since *This* is an *Actual Subſtance*, and may with Reaſon be ſuppos'd, as a *Neceſſary Emanation* of his *Power* and *Goodneſs*; Whereas the *Other*, is a mere Naked *Potentiality*, a *Non-Entity*, as the *Weſtern Philoſophers* call it, and therefore can not be conceived to flow from the *Divine Nature*, which is *Eſſential Life* and *Being*. Yet in theſe Nice and Remote Speculations, I am Timorous, and dare not be Poſitive; leſt I ſhould prophane the Honour of that *Sovereignly Good*, who is the *Breath* of our *Noſtrils*. To ſpeak the Truth, I am Wavering in all Things, but this, That there is an *Eternal Mind*, Every-where *Preſent*, the *Root* and *Baſis of All Things* Viſible and Inviſible, whom we call *Alla*, the *Support* of *Infinite Ages*, the *Rock* and *Stay* of the *Univerſe*.

Let thou and I, Dear Friend, perſevere in Adoring that *Superlative Eſſence* of *Eſſences*, with Internal and Profound *Devotion*. Let our Thoughts be Pure, our Words Few, and thoſe full of Innocent and Grateful Flames. For aſſuredly, *God* delights not in the Babling of the Tongue.

As for the Reſt, let us live according to our *Nature* and *Reaſon*, as we are *Men*. For we

we may believe, that the *Indulgent Father* of *All Things*, will accept us, if we ſquare our Actions according to this *Rule*, without aiming at the *Perfection* of *Angels*.

In a Word, let us love all of *Human Race*, and ſhew Juſtice and Mercy to the *Brutes*. For in ſo doing, we ſhall not be Unkind to our ſelves.

Paris, 13th *of the* 7th *Moon, of the Year* 1654. *according to the* Chriſtian *Style*.

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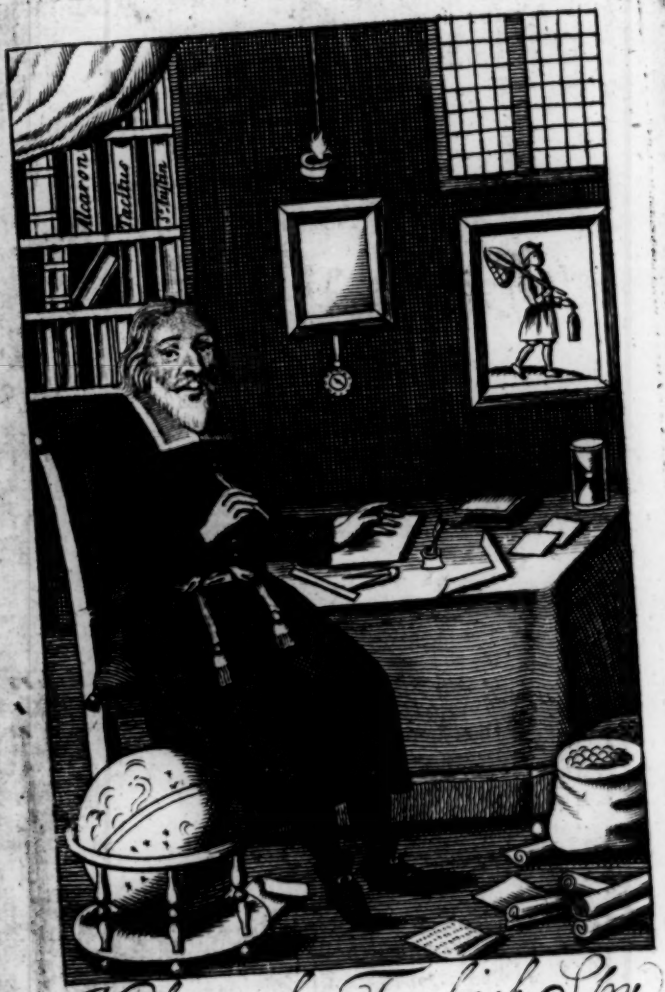

Mahmut the Turkish Spy

Etatis suæ 72

THE

Fifth Volume

OF

LETTERS

Writ by a

Turkiſh Spy,

Who lived Five and Forty Years, Undiſcover'd, at

PARIS:

Giving an Impartial Account to the *Divan* at *Conſtantinople*, of the moſt Remarkable Tranſactions of *Europe*; And diſcovering ſeveral *Intrigues* and *Secrets* of the *Chriſtian* Courts (eſpecially of that of *France*) continued from the Year 1654 to the Year 1682.

Written Originally in Arabick, *Tranſlated into* Italian, *and from thence into* Engliſh, *by the Tranſlator of the* Firſt Volume.

LONDON,
Printed for Joſeph Pindmarſh, againſt the *Royal Exchange* in *Cornhill*; and Richard Sare at *Grays-Inn-Gate* in *Holborn*, 1694.

TO THE READER.

Prefaces methinks, are ſo much like the *Printed Bills*, paſted upon the *Booths* in *Bartholomew-Fair* to give an Account of the Entertainment you are to expect within; that, were it not in pure compliance with cuſtom, one would forſwear writing any. But the World is humorous, and muſt be ſerved according to its own Faſhion. Every Thing's damn'd, that is not *à-la-mode*. And he that publiſhes a *Book*, without Civilly accoſting the *Reader* at the Beginning, is thought to intrench upon Good Manners.

To prevent all theſe Inconveniences, 'tis thought fit once more to ſay a Word or Two, not in praiſe of this *Volume* of *Letters*, (e'en let it take its Fortune as the other *Four* have done) but by way of *Apology* for ſome Things which may ſeem liable to Cenſure.

Some perhaps will be offended at the

Zeal which appears in this *Arabian*, when he writes in Honour of the *Mahometan Faith*. Others will as much wonder at his Looſneſs and Indifference, his Doubtfulneſs of all Things: For, in ſome of his *Letters*, he appears a Great *Sceptick*, and confeſſes himſelf ſo.

Theſe Gentlemen ought to conſider, that his Style and Sentiments, are ſuited to the *Quality* of the *Perſon* to whom he writes. To his Intimate Friends, he unboſoms himſelf with Abundance of Frankneſs: But when he addreſſes to the *Muftis*, or other *Grandees* of the *Port*, he is Cautious and Reſerved.

It may be ſuppos'd, that he underſtood himſelf very well, or elſe he was not fit for that *Employment* in *Paris*. And, without Doubt having had his Education in the *Seraglio*, as he profeſſes, he was no Stranger to the *Punctilio*'s of Addreſs us'd in the *Turkiſh Court*. It was his Policy and Intereſt, to appear a very Devout *Mahometan*, when he wrote to the *Miniſters* of *State*: And 'tis poſſible, he was ſo in Reality, or at leaſt perſuaded himſelf ſo at certain Seaſons. And yet this hinders not, but he might at other Times take the Liberty to deſcant on ſome Abſurdities in their *Doctrine* and *Practice*, when

when he wrote to his Familiars, and was minded to converſe with Freedom.

If in ſome Points, he ſeems to give Credit to the *Arabian Writers*, who have treated of *Egypt* and its *Antiquities*; in others, he ſhews himſelf a Man not over-fond of *Fables* and *Romances*.

However, let his *Opinions* be what they will, and his *Sentiments* never ſo *Extravagant* in Matters of *Speculation* and *Controverſy*; ſo long as his *Morals* are ſound and good, there's no Occaſion to be Captious. We need not fear that any *Chriſtian*, or any Man of Sence will be Proſelited by his Letters, to a *Religion* which he himſelf, tho' profeſſing it, yet ſo often doubts of, and ridicules.

He ſpeaks very Honourably of *Chriſt*, and Impartially of *Chriſtians*, accuſing their *Vices* rather than their *Doctrines*, and appearing all along a Moderate Man in his Sentiments of *Religion*, and a Friend to *Virtue* and *Reaſon*. If he diſcovers ſome Failings, in being too Melancholy; conſider, that he was a Mortal like other Men. Howevr, *Reader*, admire his Untainted Loyalty, and Imitate it.

You will find in this *Volume*, True *Hiſtory*, with Variety of Solid Remarks. And not a few Secrets of *Cardinal Mazarini*,

rini and *Oliver Cromwel*, Uncabineted: particularly, that Famous *Intrigue* carried on by *Colonel Spintelet* and his Confederates, to ſave *Oſtend* from being ſurprized by the *French* in the Year 1658, and to bubble Two of the ableſt *States-men* in *Europe*.

After all, aſſure thy ſelf, that the next *Volume* will contain more Illuſtrious Relations than any that has gone before. Where you will hear of an end put to the *War* between *France* and *Spain*, after it had laſted Five and Twenty Years; and the Marriage of *Lewis* XIV. with the *Spaniſh Infanta*; as alſo of an Univerſal Peace in *Chriſtendom*: The *Reſtauration* of *Charles* II. to his *Crown* and *Kingdoms*, after *Twelve* Years *Exile* in *Foreign Countries*, and *Twelve* ſeveral *Revolutions* of *Government*, here at *Home*. With many other Memorable and Important Events and Tranſactions in the World: As the dreadful *Earthquake* which overturned part of the *Pyrenæan* Mountains; the more deſtructive *Plague* which ſwept away almoſt a *Hundred Thouſand* People in *London*; and the deplorable *Fire* which conſumed the Greateſt Part of that Famous *City*, in the ſpace of *Three* Days.

You will there alſo find an Account of the

the *Death* of that Great *Minister* of *State*, *Cardinal Mazarini*: Of the *Duke* of *Orleance*, Uncle to the *French King*: Of the *Dutchess* of *Savoy*: Of *Carolus Josephus*, the *Emperor*'s Brother: Of the *Duke* of *Vendome*: Of the *Queen-mother* of *France*, and of *Philip* IV. of *King* of *Spain*, with other Persons of *Princely Quality*.

For this *Arabian* was Careful to transmit to the *Ottoman Port*, Intelligence of all Things which were most Remarkable in *Europe*. And that his *Letters* might not seem tedious, he intermix'd *Moral* Reflexions, with some *Maxims* of *Policy*; *Essays* of *Reason*, and now and then a Touch of *Philosophy*. And if we may guess at the cause of his more abounding in these kind of *Miscellany* Discourses after the Year 1659, than he did before: It seems probable, that a *General Peace* about that time being establish'd in *Europe*, he had little else to write, but his Observations on the several *States* and *Courts* of *Christian Princes*, the Different *Manners*, *Customs*, and *Laws* of *People*; the *Counsels* and *Intrigues* of *States-men*: With such other Matters as occurred worthy of Notice.

If either in this *Volume*, or in those that are to come, he seems in any of his

Letters to alter his Opinion, and contradict his Former Sentiments; remember, 'tis no more than what the Greateſt *Writers* have done, who have lived to Old Age, as this *Agent* did. No Body is Ignorant of St. *Auguſtine's Retractations*, and *Cornelius Agrippa's Vanity* of *Scienees*; wherein thoſe Two Great *Authors* run counter to all that they had writ before. And 'twere eaſie to produce a Hundred Inſtances beſides.

In a Word, *Reader*, take in good Part the *Tranſlator's* Pains, who renders Things as he found 'em, without Altering or Corrupting the Sence of his *Copy*. Farewel.

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LETTERS

Writ by

A Spy at *PARIS.*

VOL. V.

BOOK I.

LETTER I.

Mahmut *the* Arabian, *and Vileſt of the* Grand Signior's *Slaves, to the Myſterious* Eſad, *Arbitrator of Doubtful Problems,* Prince *of the* Mufti's.

WHEN I firſt came to *Paris*, my *Inſtructions* were not ſo Full and Particular, as to direct me in all Emergencies. A great many Things were left to my own Conduct and Prudence, both in *Civil* and *Religious* Mat-

ters. So that if I have made any falſe Steps, I hope 'twill be Excuſable; in Regard, 'tis not ſo much my Fault, as that of the *Miniſters* who reſide at the *Auguſt Port*. I have often addreſs'd to them, deſiring Supplemental Rules and Cautions in ſome Peculiar Caſes which I propos'd: But they have been very ſparing of their Counſels. 'Tis true indeed, about Five Years ago, I receiv'd ſome Particular Orders from the then *Vizir Azem*, and the *Kaimacham*, as alſo from the *Sanctity*: Wherein I was commanded to write with all Freedom to the *Grandees*. This, with the other Directions, has been of great Uſe to me. It has arm'd me with freſh Courage, and remov'd the Melancholy Apprehenſions I had of ſome Mens Revenge, whoſe Vices I reprov'd. Praiſe be to *God*, *King* of the *Day* of *Judgment*, I have accus'd no Man wrongfully. Yet I was full of Fears, even in the Performance of my Duty: Knowing, that Mortals Generally love to have their Faults Conceal'd, and purſue thoſe with Malice, who diſcover or reprehend 'em. But now, all my Fears in that Kind are vaniſh'd. Yet, I have Scruples of another Nature, which none but the *Infallible Guide* of the *Faithful* can diſperſe.

Ever ſince I have reſided here, I have been preciſe in obſerving all the *Precepts* of our *Holy Law*, ſo far as conſiſted with the Security and Succeſs of my *Commiſſion*. For I have been forc'd to leap over many Lies and Falſe Oaths, to conceal my ſelf. I have likewiſe done Abundance of other Irregular Things, to promote

more the *Cauſe* I am engag'd in, For all which, thou haſt vouchſafed me a *Diſpenſation*. There remains One Thing, in which thy Advice is Neceſſary.

I have been hitherto Punctual in keeping the *Faſt* of *Ramezan*, at the Time appointed to all *Muſſulmans*. Which, thou knoweſt, falls Earlier by Eleven Days every Year, than it did the Year before. So that in the Space of Four and Thirty Years, it paſſes through all the Four *Seaſons*. Now this Succeſſive Variation of the *Great Faſt*, cauſing it ſometimes to fall at the very Times of the moſt ſolemn *Feſtivals* among the *Nazarenes*, ſuch as that which they call their *Chriſtmas*, which is a *Feaſt* of Thirteen Days; I fear leſt I may be taken Notice of, ſhould I, by Celebrating the *Ramezan* at thoſe Times, contradict the Univerſal Practice of all the *Franks*, and ſtart Suſpicions in thoſe with whom I converſe, to my Diſadvantage and Ruine.

To thee therefore, who art the *Wiſeſt* of the *Wiſe*, I fly for Counſel in this Exigency: Beſeeching thee, to dictate plainly what I am to do

I know, that the Sick, or Wounded, or Travellers, are Diſpens'd with, if they Violate the *Sacred Moon*. At which Time, the *Gates* of *Paradiſe* are Open'd, and Inviſible Favours are done to the Devout Obſervers of this *Precept*: Whilſt the *Avenues* of *Hell* are barricado'd, and all the *Devils* Chain'd up from appearing abroad, or doing any Miſchief in the *World*. I ſay, I am not Ignorant of the *Indulgence* which is given to Men under ſuch

Circumſtances; provided they ſatisfie the *Law*, by keeping the *Faſt* at ſome other Seaſon, more agreeable to their Health, or other Neceſſities. And thus far I cou'd have ſilenc'd the Alarms of my own Conſcience, without moleſting thee: Knowing, that a *Muſſulman* is always allow'd this Liberty in a *Foreign* Country, much more in a *Region* of *Infidels*.

But that which I aim at, is to be inform'd, Whether, to put the better Diſguiſe upon my ſelf, and more efficaciouſly to proſecute the Intereſt of the *Grand Signior*, I may not always Celebrate this *Faſt*, at the preciſe Time that the *Chriſtians* keep their *Lent*? For then I ſhould paſs unſuſpected, and no Man wou'd take me for any other, than a *Chriſtian* and a *Catholick*. Nay, my Manner of Daily Faſting at that Time, wou'd raiſe me a Conſiderable Credit among the *Chriſtians* that know me. They would cry me up for a *Saint*, or a very *Holy* Man. For the *Faſt* of the *Chriſtians* is a *Feaſt*, in Compariſon with the *Rigorous Abſtinence* of the *Muſſulmans*. Thoſe indeed refrain all Sorts of *Fleſh*, but they load their Tables with Variety of *Fiſh* and other Dainties; neither have they Patience to tarry for their Repaſt beyond the Mid-Day. Whereas, the *Muſſulmans* taſte of Nothing during the *Ramezan*, till the *Sun* is gone down, and the *Stars* appear. No, not even in the parching *Deſarts* of *Arabia*, where Men are ready to periſh of Thirſt. Yet no Man will extend his Hand to the Water-Pot, to refreſh himſelf in thoſe Unſpeakable Agonies, till the Shadow of the

Earth

Earth is advanc'd into the *Higher Region* of the *Air*, and has baniſh'd the leaſt Glimmerings of the *Sun*. When therefore the *Franks* ſhall ſee me Faſt after this Auſtere Faſhion in their *Lent*, they will ſay, I am a very Mortify'd Man, and a Devout *Catholick*: For, they judge altogether by the Out-ſide. So, if any Danger ſhould threaten me, I ſhould find Friends among the *Zealots*: And the *Indifferent*, wou'd not appear my Enemies: But the *Wicked*, whoſe Black Guilt has render'd 'em a Terror to themſelves, as well as an Abomination to others, wou'd ſtand in fear of me. Thus, on all Hands, a Way wou'd be open for me, to eſcape a Diſcovery of the *Secrets* committed to my Charge.

'Twould be much more to my Satisfaction, if I could with Safety Celebrate this *Faſt*, in the very *Moon* wherein the *Alcoran* was brought down from *Heaven*, as all Good *Muſſulmans* Generally do. But I am taught, not to betray, or ſo much as hazard the *Affairs* of my *Great Maſter*, for a mere *Nicety* or *Punctilio* of *Religion*. *God* is the *Merciful* of the *Merciful*, And it is his *Will*, that the *Empire* of the *True Faithful*, ſhould be extended where-ever the *Moon* or the *Sun* ſhine on *Earth*. f

Great *Oracle* of the *Muſſulmans*, *Doctor* o *Faith* and *Verity*, it is in thy Power to confirm or ſhake my Reſolution in this Point. For, from thy *Sentence*, there is no *Appeal*.

Paris, 5th *of the* 7th *Moon*,
of the Year 1654.

LETTER II.

To Nathan Ben Saddi, *a* Jew *at* Vienna.

THou Informeſt me, that the *King* of the *Romans* is dead, and that divers *Prodigies* happen'd about the Time of his Expiring. Whilſt others report, That the *German Emperour* himſelf died the 9th of the laſt *Moon*. However, I ſhall tranſmit thy Advice to the *Shining Port*; not truſting to the Uncertain Intelligence of Fame.

Kings and *Emperours* muſt reſign up their Breath, as well as Other Mortals. 'Tis a *Tribute* we all owe to *Nature*, who will be paid, one Time or other. Neither has ſhe ever exempted any from the *Common Lot*, ſave *Enoch*, *Elias*, and *Jeſus* the *Son* of *Mary*. Theſe were *Holy Prophets*, Perfect *Saints*, and void of *Original Sin*; and therefore receiv'd an Indulgence. Thô thoſe of your *Nation*, and the *Chriſtians* believe, That the laſt of theſe Three died on a *Croſs*.

As for all others, they have either been diſſolv'd by Sickneſs, or ſnatch'd away by ſudden Death; Some by an *Inviſible Dart* from *Heaven*; Others by the Ruder Hand of Mortals like themſelves; Millions by the Sword and Spear, and Ten Millions by the ſwifter and more Unavoidable Stroke of the Arrow and

and Bullet. Whilſt not a few have receiv'd their *Death*, from the very *Elements* which ſupported their *Life*. An Unruly *Fire* has crumbled ſome into their Firſt *Atomes*, and mingl'd their Aſhes with thoſe of their Houſes and Beds of repoſe: Whilſt *Water*, a Contrary *Principle*, has quench'd the *Vital* Flame in others. There is but *One way* to enter into this *Life*; but the *Gates* of *Death*, and the *Inviſible State* are without *Number*. And the Greateſt *Monarch* may as well fall by the prick of a Thorn, as by the Edge of a Sword. Every time I ſwallow my Meat, I remember the Fate of him who was choak'd by a *Grain* of *Pepper*; And that of *Anacreon* the *Poet*, who was ſtrangl'd by the *Stone* of a *Raiſin*.

Yet I am not ſolicitous in Chuſing or Avoiding *Particular* Deaths; knowing that no Human Counſel, can prevent the *Decrees* of *Deſtiny*. It rather pleaſes me to think (ſuch is my Ambition) that by whatſoever Method I am ſent to the *Grave*, there I ſhall be Equal to the *Alexanders*, *Cæſars*, *Timurlengs*, and the Greateſt Mortals. For there is no Diſtinction of *Noble* and *Vulgar*, in that *Region* of *Anarchy*, where all Ranks are levell'd in the Duſt: As *Diogenes* told *Alexander* the *Great*; when the *Monarch*, beholding that *Philoſopher* in a *Charnel-Houſe*, his Eyes attentively fix'd on the Bones of the *Dead* which lay in Heaps, ask'd him, What he was doing? To whom *Diogenes* reply'd, *I am looking for thy Father* Philip's *Bones, but cannot diſtin-*

guiſh 'em from thoſe of his Slaves. Some ſuch Thought as this, might perhaps firſt occaſion the Cuſtom of writing *Epitaphs* on the *Sepulchres* of Eminent Perſons. Among which I have read ſome made by the Entomb'd themſelves, whilſt they were on this ſide the *Grave*; and for their ſingular Fancy, were thought worthy to be Recorded by *Hiſtorians*. Such as this.

I Sabbas *of* Milan, *by Blood a* Caſtilian, *Friar and Knight of* Jeruſalem, *wiſh a happy Reſurrection to my Aſhes. While I was alive among Mortals, a little ſatisfy'd me. Now I am dead, and alone in my Grave, I am content with leſs. I neither knew my ſelf what I was; nor do thou enquire. Traveller, whoever thou art, if thou be Pious, pray for me, and paſs on. Farewel, and live mindful of Death. Living, I provided this Epitaph, knowing I muſt die:*

The Birth and Life of Mortals, are nothing but Toil and Death.

Such

Such another was that of *Heliodorus*, a *Moor*: who caus'd himself to be Bury'd near to the *Pillars* of *Hercules*, with this *Inscription* on his *Tomb*.

I Heliodorus, *a Mad* Carthaginian, *have commanded by my last Will and Testament, that I shou'd be Interr'd here in this fartheſt Angle of the World: To make Experiment, whether any Man more Mad than my self, wou'd Travel thus far to visit my Sepulchre.*

But that which *Semiramis* caus'd to be Inscrib'd on her *Tomb*, was a perfect *Satyr* on the *Living*. It was this.

I Semiramis, *whilst Living, never was in need of Money; yet was always Compaſſionate to the Poor. Now I'm Dead, my Grave is my Treaſury. If any of Royal Race be in Want, let him open this Dormitory, and he ſhall find a Supply.*

When *Darius* Conquer'd *Babylon*, and was told of this *Epitaph*; ſtung with Avarice, he caus'd the *Sepulchre* to be open'd, in his own Preſence. But inſtead of Money, they only found a *Tablet* of *Braſs*, with theſe words Engraven on it.

My Epitaph is a Riddle. This is the Interpretation. I never was Covetous; onely ſuch are Poor, theſe I pity; and have therefore provided this Leſſon as a Treaſure, for the Man, who for Lucre ſhall preſume to violate my Tomb.

If thou wilt rob the Living, forbear to Plunder the Dead; leſt they bring thee to Shame, as I have done.

Thou telleſt me, that the *Emperour* ſeems not to be much griev'd for the Death of his Son, the *Roman* King. Perhaps his Sorrow is ſo great, that it cannot find a Vent. Violent and Uncommon Paſſions, are apt to ſmother within the Heart, whilſt only ſmaller Griefs break forth in Tears.

It was a Memorable Saying of a certain *King* of *Egypt*, who was overcome by *Cambyſes*

byſes the *Perſian Monarch*, and taken Captive with all his Children; when the Cruel *Conquerour*, to ſport himſelf in the Miſery of his Royal Priſoners, and inſult o'er the Vanquiſh'd *Egyptians*, firſt caus'd the *Daughter* of the *Captive King*, to be employ'd in the meaneſt Offices with the common *Slaves*, before her Father's Face: Then his *Son* to be bridl'd and curb'd like a Horſe, with a vaſt Burden ty'd on his Back. At both which diſmal Spectacles, the Poor *Egyptian Monarch* ſhed not one Tear: But when he ſaw one that had formerly been his Servant, reduc'd to great Poverty, he wept bitterly. *Cambyſes* asking him the Reaſon, Why he ſeem'd ſo Inſenſible of his Childrens Calamity, and yet was touch'd with ſo tender a Grief for the Misfortune of a Stranger? He anſwerd, *Son of* Cyrus, *the Deſolation of my Family afflicts me with ſo profound a Sorrow, That no Tears can expreſs it: But my Compaſſion to this diſtreſs'd Servant, being not ſo Violent, eaſily breaks forth in Tears.*

Nathan, I wiſh thee neither Extreme Joy nor Grief; for they are both hurtful to the Heart.

Paris 1ſt. *of the* 8*th. Moon, of the Year*, 1654.

LETTER

LETTER III.

To Mahummed, Hodgia, Venerable Eremit *of the* Cave *replete with* Wonders.

WHen I contemplate thy Life so full of Innocence, and void of the very Shadow of Vice, I am like a *Serpent* rowz'd from his Sleep, by a Breeze of cooler Wind, or the Noise of a Traveller on the Road. My *Soul* starts; and unfolding all the drowzy Curls of Sensuality, stretches it self at full Length. Surpriz'd and asham'd of its own Lethargy, it swiftly retires into any dark Corner, to cover it self from the Light of its own Faculties, and from the brighter Reflections of thy Spirit, which penetrate like the Beams of the Sun.

I do not presently curse my self, the Hour of my Nativity, my Friends that have flatter'd me into an erronious Belief of my own Virtue, or my Enemies that have provok'd me, and by various Trains entangl'd me in the Paths of Vice. Such *Malediction*, onely becomes the Mouth of a *Jew* or a *Libertine*: For, we arrive at *Perfection*, not by Cursing the *Evil*, but by Imitating the *Good*.

I rather bless the Hour of *Conjunction*, the *Influence* of my *better Stars*, and the *Constellations* of a more *propitious Horoscope*; The Moment

ment when I had the Honour to touch the Sand before thy Feet with my Lips, in that *Sanctuary* of *Holiness*. O thou *Patron* of Good Intentions, Sincere Reformer of Human Errors, Refulgent Pattern of the Pious, Glory of the Wise, most Excellent of the Excellent, *Phœnix* of the Age!

Praise be to *God*, the *First* and the *Last*: Peace to the *Angels* who stand round his *Throne*, and to the *Prophets* who rejoyce in his Presence. An Universal *Jubilee* to all the Inhabitants of *Paradise*: And Eternal Felicity to the *Saint* of the *Desart* on Earth, whose *Soul* is Expanded wide as the *Firmament*.

I am ravish'd and full of *Ecstasies*, because there is not found thy Equal on this Side the Clouds. When thou shalt be cropt from the Earth, the Mirror of Mortals, the Flower of Humane Nature is gone. The Trees of the *Wilderness* will lament thy Death, by whose Presence they flourish'd, and brought forth their Fruit in due season. At thy Departure, the Grass of the Field will fade and wither, conscious that thy Merits drew down the Rain and Dew of *Heaven*, to render *Arabia* fertile in Herbage.

The Beasts will languish for want of Pasture, and Men will bewail the Dearth of the Land; knowing that the *Life* of the *Just* causes the *Ground* to produce a *Plenteous Harvest*.

But no Mourning will be like that of *Mahmut*, who can boast of thy particular Friendship;

ſhip; and in loſing thee, will be as if he were depriv'd of the Light of the *Sun*, or the Morning Air, or the Benefit of Fire and Water. For, ſo thy Favours are refreſhing, as the *Elements*, without which we cannot live.

Therefore, as oft as I turn my Face to the City Sanctified by the *Birth* of our *Holy Prophet*, I ſend up Vows to *Heaven* for thy Long Life; beſeeching *God*, for the Univerſal Good of *Nature*, to continue the Man on Earth, the *Veſtment* of whoſe *Soul*, is compoſed of *Rays* darted from all the *Fortunate Stars*.

Tell me, O thou *Holieſt* of the *Holy Ones* in the *Eaſt*, *Favourite* of the *Angels*, ſecret Friend of the *Eternal*, *Envoy Extraordinary* from the *Omnipotent*, *Agent Incognito* for the *Court* of *Heaven*! Tell me by what *Chart* I ſhall ſteer my courſe through this *Life*, Uncertain as the Sea, and toſs'd with as many Tempeſts. I find in my ſelf, manifeſt Inclinations to *Virtue*, and whatſoever is Good: Yet I ſtill miſtake the Methods of attaining my End. I would fain be perfectly Pious, Juſt and Wiſe, but know not how to compaſs my Deſign. One Event or other, ſtill fruſtrates my Labour: Either a Friend or an Enemy, a Relation or a Stranger, Caſualties Without, or my Paſſions Within, ſtop me in the Beginning, or the Midſt of the Glorious Career, the Race which cannot be run without noble Agonies.

Then I take Breath, and rowzing my ſelf with freſh Vigours, I cheerfully addreſs to the

the Combat, which crowns the *Victor* with *Immortality*. My Courage is Great, my Resolution fix'd, at the First setting out: I gain Ground on a sudden, the *Wheels* of my *Chariot* are for a Time like those of the *Sun*, whose Momentary Advances are not perceiv'd by *Mortals*. But before I get half way to the *Meridian*, some unskilful *Phaeton*, an Erroneous Thought, or a giddy Passion, overthrows me. Either Old Habits or New Temptations, hinder me from gaining the Prize, in the *Olympicks* of *Virtue*.

Thus, often foil'd, I retire with Shame and Weakness: And finding no Redress within, I fly to thee, who art Created a *Director* of the *World*.

'Twill be an Offence to make Repetitions, and ask thy Counsel again: I will henceforth endeavour to follow thy *Example*, which is certainly the most *Correct Rule* of a *Religious Life*. But then I cannot serve the *Grand Signior* in this *Post*. Resolve my Doubts. Is it Lawful for me to abandon my Duty, and retire into a *Desart*? If not, I will erect a *Solitude* in the midst of this populous City, and build an *Hermitage* in my own Heart. If I cannot arrive at the *Perfection* I aim at, I will at least endeavour to be as *Good* as I can. There is a *Religious* Dexterity, by which a Man may in the midst of *Worldly* Business, make to himself *Parks* of *Innocence*, and walk free from the *General Contagion* of *Mortals*. If I cannot perform any *Eminent Good*, I will take care to abstain from *Enormous Evils*:

Neither

Neither will I commit the *Least*, without a *Good Intention*; which I am assured by the *Mufti*, sometimes Sanctifies a *Bad Action*. If I *lye* or *forswear* my self, it shall be to serve my *Great Master*. If I dissemble my *Religion*, and Counterfeit a *Christian*; I will propose to my self the greater Advantage of the *Mussulman Faith*. Thus, some Higher End, shall always direct my Intention and Performances.

But if thou shalt tell me after all, That this is not the way to *Paradise*, I will forsake all Worldly Interest, wherein I find so many Intanglements, and take up my Residence in some humble Cave, or Cleft of a Rock, or Hollow of a Tree, where I will spend the rest of my Days, in Contemplating the *First Essence*, and all that flows from it: I will bid a Final Adieu to this *Perfidious Age*, to the *Vain Generation* of *Mortals* that live in it, to whose Converse I shall have Reason to prefer that of the *Beasts*, who are far more Innocent, and less debauch'd than *Men*. Even *Lyons* and *Tygers* in the utmost Fury of their Hunger, abstain from preying on those of their Own *Kind*. *Man* is the only *Cannibal*, who devours his Brother, and greedily swallows down the Blood of him, who bears the same *Image* as himself.

I speak not of the Ancient *Scythians*, *Massagetes* or *Tartars*, nor of the more Modern *Salvages* in *America*, who stuff'd their greedy Paunches with Human Flesh. Their *Barbarism* has crept by *Transmigration*, into the most

moſt Civiliz'd *Empires* and *States*; and is not the Leſs Cruel, becauſe it has chang'd its *Form*.

Nor do I tax the more excuſable *Epicuriſm* of thoſe, who ranſack all the *Elements* for Dainties, whoſe Tables are loaded with the ſlaughter'd Carcaſſes of *Birds*, *Beaſts*, and *Fiſhes*; their Houſes polluted with an Extravagant Profuſion of the *Blood* of thoſe *Creatures*, which the *Eternal Mind* Form'd to Live, and Enjoy the Fruits of the Earth, as well as our ſelves.

But I accuſe the Oppreſſors of Men, thoſe *Cannibals* in Diſguiſe, whoſe very *Bread* is mingled with the *Marrow* of the *Poor*; and their greater Delicacies are *Ragoo's*, compounded of the *Blood* of *Widows* and *Orphans*: Whilſt they ſtarve and ruine whole Families, to ſupport a Needleſs Grandeur, a Momentary Pomp, which vaniſhes almoſt as ſoon as it appears.

Yet theſe Men think to pacifie *Heaven*, by building Magnificent *Temples* and *Oratories*; by entailing their Eſtates to *Convents* and *Hoſpitals*: As if the *Omnipotent* were to be brib'd; or took Pleaſure in *Gifts*, which are but the *Fruits* of *Robbery* and *Injuſtice*. Can the *Sacrifices* of *Infidels* be more Acceptable, becauſe they are made on *Altars* of *Gold*? Or even the *Prayers* of *Muſſulmans*, in that they are breath'd out in *Moſques*, built of the fineſt Marble, craſted over with Precious Stones, and adorned with Carpets and Hangings of the Richeſt *Tiſſues* and *Brocades*? The Ancient *Pagans* can inſtruct us better. Thou

Thou wilt not think me tedious, if I relate a Passage which just comes into my Mind; Of a Certain *Great* Man in *Asia*, who possess'd vast Herds of Cattle, and was accustomed to make Magnificent *Oblations* to the *Gods*. This *Grandee* once made a *Pilgrimage* to *Delphos*, Famous in those Days, for the *Oracle* of *Apollo*. He carried with him a Hundred *Bulls*, whose *Horns* were enchas'd in *Gold*, being spurr'd on with Extraordinary *Devotion*, and designing to do a singular Honour to the *God*. When he arrived at the Place, puff'd up with his Costly Presents, and the Flatteries of his Attendants; he boldly approach'd the *Temple*, thinking no Man on Earth more worthy of the *God*'s Friendship than himself; demanding of the *Pythoness* (for so they call'd the Woman, who perform'd the *Office* of *Priesthood* there) Who among all Mortals made the most acceptable *Sacrifices*, and departed with the Greatest Blessing from the *Oracle*? (for he presumed, the Preheminence would be granted to himself:) When she answered, *That one* Clearchus *of* Methydrium, *was the most devout, and dear to the* Gods *of all Men.*

Astonish'd above Measure at this unexpected Reply, the vain Bigot resolv'd to find out this Man, and learn of him what Method he took to please the *Divinity*. He hastens therefore to *Methydrium*: And when he first came within View of it, he despis'd the Meanness of the Place, judging it impossible, That one Man, or all the Town, could be able to present the *Gods* with more Magnificent *Oblations* than

than he. Having found out *Clearchus*, he ask'd him, What *Sacrifices* he us'd to make to *Apollo*? To whom *Clearchus* replyed, "I am a Poor Man, and when I go to *Delphos*, "I carry neither Silver nor Gold, but only a "Basket of Fruits, the Best that my *Farm* "affords, which I freely offer to the *Powers* "which Govern *All Things*, and from whom I "receive whatsoever I enjoy. Moreover, I "keep the Appointed *Holy Days*; and my "Poorer Neighbours go Chearful from my "Table. I never *Kill'd* any *Thing*: Nor have "I done to *Another*, that which I would not "have done to *my self*. I pray to *Jupiter* every "Morning before the Sun ariſes, and at Night "when he goes down. I keep my ſelf and my "Cottage clean. In all Things elſe, I live like "the *Beaſts*, that is, according to *Nature*.

Thou wilt perceive by this, O Pious *Eremit*, that *Simplicity* and *Innocence*, are the moſt Acceptable *Sacrifices* to the *Supreamly Merciful*: And, that the moſt *High God*, takes no Pleaſure in the *Smoke* of *Burnt-Offerings*, or the *Pompous Addreſſes* of the *Great*; but only in the Pure Flames of a Devout Heart; the Integrity of a Juſt Man, void of Deceit and Guile.

Thou, Illuſtrious *Mahumed*, art the Perſon in whom theſe Things are verify'd. May *God* ſhelter thee with his *Mercies*, to the *Hour* of *Tranſmigration*, and beyond the *Laſt Flight* of *Time*.

Paris, 1ſt. of the 8th Mon. of the Year 1654.

LET-

LETTER IV.

To the Kaimacham.

THere are Two Actions, which take up all the Discourse at Present. One is the Siege of *Stenay*, a Strong Town in *Flanders*, before which the *French* Army is newly laid down. The other, is the Investing of *Arras* by the *Spaniards*.

'Tis the Presence of many Illustrious Personages, that renders both these Sieges considerable. In the *French* Camp are present, the *King*, *Cardinal Mazarini*, and all the *Grandees* of the *Court*. In the *Spanish* are *Arch-Duke Leopold*, the *Prince* of *Conde*, *Francis* Duke of *Lorrain*, with others of *Prime Quality*.

They are very Vigorous on both Sides, in pressing and defending these Two Places; as if the *Fate* of both *Kingdoms*, were now at Stake. In my Opinion, *France* runs the Greatest Hazard: For, if the *Spaniards* should prove Successful in what 'tis said they have resolv'd upon, that is, the Relief of *Stenay*; If they should give Battel, and get the Victory, a Way would be open for them to penetrate into the Bowels of *France*. And 'tis thought, many Towns in this *Kingdom* would open their Gates to them, whilst the *Prince of Conde* is at the Head of their Army, who does all Things in the Name of the *French* King: Even

ven his *Rebellion* it ſelf, is maſqu'd under the Specious Title, *Of taking up Arms to reſcue the Captive* King *from the hands of* Mazarini *and his Adherents*, A pretty way of Seducing the People from their Obedience. The *Pariſians*, and indeed all the *French*, are divided into Cabals and Parties; ſome eſpouſing the *Prince* of *Conde*'s Intereſt, whilſt others manifeſt an incorruptible Loyalty to their *Sovereign*. I approve the Morals of the Latter, yet privately rejoyce at the *Treaſons* of the Former, wiſhing their *Inteſtine* Quarrels may continue till the *Day* of the *Earthquake*.

Eliachim the *Jew* follows the *Court*, which rather ought now to be call'd the *Camp*. His Private Affairs call him that way. From him I receive frequent Advice of the moſt Important Matters in that *Theatre* of *War*. He informs me, That the King of *France*'s Preſence in the Siege of *Stenay*, inſpires his Soldiers with more than ordinary Vigor: And, That he ſhews daily Proofs of an extraordinary Courage. He was one whole night on Horſe-back, giving Orders, and directing his *Enginiers*. Next Morning he ſent a Summons to the *Governor*: Who made a ſtout Reply, being reſolv'd to hold out to the laſt Extremity; and therefore ſally'd out of the Town with a Party of Reſolute Men, who kill'd near Four Thouſand of the Beſiegers.

But alas, theſe *Infidels* are only ſtout, whilſt well fed: Not knowing what it is to endure the Rigours of Famine, and other Intolerable

tolerable Hardſhips in all the *Weſtern Hiſtories*, they cannot match the Bravery of a *Gariſon* in the Impregnable Fortreſs of *Merdin*. Famous in our *Annals* for ſuſtaining a *Seven Years* Siege, when the mighty *Timurleng* lay before it with his *Invincible* Army. That *Scourge* of *Heaven*, to terrifie the Beſieged, and give 'em an earneſt of his Reſolution, caus'd all the Old Trees round about this Place to be cut down, and Young ones to be planted in far greater Numbers: Declaring at the ſame time, *That he would not raiſe the Siege, till thoſe Trees ſhould be mature enough to bear Fruit.* When that Time came, he ſent a *Preſent* of the *Fruits* to the *Governor* of the *Gariſon*, as likewiſe of *Mutton*, with this Meſſage, *That he took pity on ſo brave a Man, fearing leſt he would ſtarve for want of Neceſſaries.*

As ſoon as the *Governour* had receiv'd theſe *Preſents*, turning to the Meſſenger, he ſaid, *Go tell thy Maſter, I thank him for his Preſent of Fruits: But, for the Fleſh, we ſhall have no Occaſion, ſo long as our Ews afford us Milk enough to ſuſtain the whole Gariſon. And that thy Maſter may be aſſur'd we are not in Want of that, I will ſend him a Preſent of Cheeſes made of the ſame.* Accordingly, he commanded Four *Cheeſes* to be deliver'd to the Meſſenger. Which when *Timurleng* ſaw, and had heard the Words of the *Governor*, he deſpair'd of reducing that Place tho he had lain before it *Seven Years*, wanting only *Two Moons*. But, had he underſtood

what

what ſort of *Cheeſes* theſe were, he wou'd no doubt have chang'd his Reſolution. For, it ſeems, they were made of the *Milk* of *Bitches*, and were the very laſt Suſtenance the *Gariſon* had, except the *Fleſh* it ſelf of thoſe *Unclean Animals*.

Believe me, Sage *Miniſter*, ſuch Examples of Patience and Fortitude, are very Rare. And this was the more Remarkable, in that it was the Firſt Place, where that Invincible *General* had met with a Repulſe.

Paris, 1ſt. *of the* 8th *Moon*,
of the Year 1654.

LETTER V.

To Dgnet Oglou.

THis is the *Anniverſary Day* of my *Nativity*. Which I Celebrate not, as others do, on ſuch an Occaſion, with *Mirth* and *Revelling*, with *Muſick* and *Songs*. My *Chamber* is not perfum'd with the *Incenſe* of *Arabia*, nor with any Extraordinary *Odours*: Neither is it adorn'd with *Flowers*, *Lawrel*, or the *Branches* of *Green Trees*. I am not at the Expenſe of *Coſtly Oyls*, to burn in a Multitude of *Lamps*, and make Joyful *Illuminations*, as at a *Feaſt*. Such Pompous Vanity, I leave to thoſe who perhaps have more

Reaſon

Reaſon to be Merry in this *Life*, than the Thoughtful and Penſive *Mahmut* can find out.

On the other Side, I ſpend not this Day in Extreme and Fruitleſs *Mourning*: But retaining an Indifference of Mind, I Conſecrate it to the *Service* of my *Reaſon* and *Contemplation*: Which are the only Things conſiderable in Mortal Man.

From the Minute that I firſt awak'd this Morning, I have been pondering on *my ſelf*, and *Humane Nature*. I ſuffer'd my Anxious Thoughts to ſtart back beyond the *Hour* of my *Birth*, reflecting on the *Impriſonment* I ſuffer'd in my *Mother*'s *Womb*: Which yet I cannot in the leaſt remember. And this is the Caſe of all Men. We know not how we came into this Open *World of Light*, from that *Region* of *Darkneſs*; nor that ever we were ſo ſhut up, but as we are told by our *Parents*; and Common Experience confirms us, that this is the *Lot* of all *Mortals*. How then ſhall we be able to diſcover, what *State* we were in before our *Conception*? Whether we were in the Rank of *Things* which have *Exiſtence*, or whether we were not hid in the *Womb* of *Nothing*? I tell thee, this Thought has fill'd me with great Inquietudes. I am reſtleſs to know my own *Original*. I would fain be inform'd, if that which they call the *Soul*, be a *Subſtance* diſtinct from the *Body*, or only the *Finer Part* of *Matter*, a *Quinteſſence* of the *Elements*. If it be *diſtinct*, as I have Reaſon to believe, 'twould be a Singular

gular Happineſs, to be ſatisfied where it was, before united to this *Machine* of *Fleſh* and *Bones*: And whether that *Union* be *Voluntary* or *Forc'd*. For, I muſt profeſs my ſelf to be altogether in the Dark as to theſe Scrutinies. Sometimes I joyn with the *Platoniſts*, and conclude, all *Human Souls* to be *Particles* of the *Divine Nature*, *Beams* of the *Eternal Sun*: And that though our *Light* be now obſcur'd and veil'd under this Cloud of *Earthly Matter*, yet we have formerly ſhin'd with an undiminiſh'd Splendor, when only embody'd in the Clearer Air, or more Refined Subſtance of the *Sky*. Perhaps, think I, for ſome Errors committed in that *Superiour State*, we are ſent down into theſe *Bodies* as into *Priſons* for our *Puniſhment*. Then I am vex'd at the *Fatal Dulneſs* of my *Memory*, that retains no *Idea* of my *paſt Condition*.

At other Times (for like all *Mortals* I am ſubject to Change) I embrace the *Doctrines* of *Pythagoras*, which thou knoweſt are generally entertain'd all o'er the *Eaſt*: And believing the *Tranſmigration* of *Souls* from one Living Creature to another, I cannot be certain but that I have been an *Elephant*, a *Camel*, or a *Horſe*, or perhaps ſome more *Contemptible Animal*; and for ought I know, I have undergone all the Various Kinds of *Metamorphoſis* that ever *Ovid* mention'd.

However, be it how it will, I ſee no Grounds to make any Extravagant Solemnity on the account of my being born to what I am now, that is, a *Man*. For, I think we

are the only *Spectacles* of *Folly* and *Misery*, among all the *Creatures* of *God*.

We boaſt of *Arts* and *Sciences*; yet the Wiſeſt of Mortals are always moſt ſenſible, *That they know Nothing*. One Man builds a Stately Houſe, a Place of Repoſe and Refuge for himſelf and his *Family*: Another comes and pulls it down, demoliſhing the only ſtanding *Monument* of his Brother's *Prudence*, or rather of his *Folly*, who perhaps conſum'd the greateſt Part of his *Eſtate* in that Coſtly *Fabrick*; Whereas, among all his *Sciences*, had he but learn'd to KNOW HIMSELF; an humble convenient *Cottage* would have ſerv'd his *Neceſſities* during this *Short Life*, and ſo he might have avoided the *Stroke* of *Envy*.

I tell thee, my Friend, I cannot build *Altars* to *Fortune*, nor adore the *External Pageantry* of the *Rich* and *Great*. I equally hate to be flatter'd my ſelf, as thoſe are, who invite their Friends to ſolemnize their *Birth-Day*.

Yet in thus contemning *External Honour*, I do the greateſt Reverence to my ſelf, whilſt I preſerve my *Reaſon* free from being violated or prophan'd by *Fooliſh Cuſtoms*.

Paris, *the* 1ſt. *of the* 8th *Moon.*
of the Year 1654.

LET-

LETTER VI.

To the Selictar Aga, *or* Sword-Bearer *to the* Grand-Signior.

SOmetimes we ſeem to be aſleep here in this City, for want of News. But of late, we have been rowz'd by Poſt upon Poſt: Some bringing Intelligence of the Surrender of *Stenay* to the *French* King, others of the Revolt of *Barcelona* from the *Spaniards*. But that which is of freſheſt Date, and for which all the Streets of *Paris* are this Night Illuminated with Bonefires, is the Relief of *Arras*, Where the *French* have obtained a Glorious Victory. The Number of the Dead is not yet known, but ſaid to be very great. And 'tis certain the Victors have taken above Seven Thouſand Priſoners, Sixty Cannon, Five Thouſand Waggons, an Equal Number of Horſes, with all the Plate and Rich Furniture of the *Prince* of *Conde*, *Arch-Duke Leopold*, *Francis* of *Lorrain*, and the other *Grandees* of the *Spaniſh* Army. In Fine, the *French* are Maſters of the Town, and of the Field, and all *Flanders* appears now too little to hold 'em.

Theſe continual Succeſſes redound much to the Eſtabliſhment of *Cardinal Mazarini*, who now ſeems above the Stroke of Misfortune or Malice. Yet no Man can call him-

ſelf Happy till the Hour of his Death, which alone releaſes us from all Human Miſeries.

Some Days ago I received a Letter from *Nathan Ben Saddi*, which informs me of the Death of the *Roman* King, and of ſeveral Prodigies which were ſeen before, and about the Time of his Departure.

When he was firſt taken Sick, there aroſe a Violent Tempeſt of Wind, which blew down the *Croſs* from one of their *Churches*. After this, follow'd a terrible Earthquake, that ſhook the whole City, threatning to remove its Foundations. Moreover, an Old *Eagle*, a Domeſtick of the *Imperial Palace*, and that had liv'd there many Years, took Wing the Day before the *King*'s Sickneſs, and flew quite away. Then the Bells of the *Imperial* Chappel rung Thrice of their own Accord in the Space of Twelve Hours. Thus far the *Jew* aſſures me is true. There are Additional Reports, of ſtrange Apparitions that were ſeen about *Vienna* during the Sickneſs of this *Prince*, as of a *Funeral Proceſſion* after Midnight, through the Courts of the *Palace*; and of a Show'r of Warm Blood that fell at Noon Day in the Streets of that City. But theſe I have only from the Mouth of Common Fame, which, thou knoweſt, does not always ſpeak Truth.

I deſire thee and all the *Miniſters*, to make a Diſtinction between thoſe Paſſages which I aſcertain, and the Doubtful Relations of the Multitude. In theſe Caſes, Men are prone to *Superſtition*, and love to be the Authors of Portentous

Portentous News. But thou may'ſt believe what the *Jew* relates; for he never affects to be Fabulous.

'Twould tempt one to ask, What ſtrange hidden *Power* produces theſe Unuſual Signs? Whether we Mortals are under the Cuſtody of *Inviſible Beings*, who teach the *Elements* and other *Creatures* to utter the *Future Events* of *Fate*? Or, Whether all theſe Things which appear ſo ſtrange and ſurprizing, be not mere Caſualties; Accidents of *Nature* happening of Courſe, and only made Remarkable by their Timing? Who knows, but that the Voluntary Ringing of the Bells, might proceed from the Motion of the Tower where they hung, during the Earthquake? Or, Why, need we wonder, that a *Croſs* or a *Creſcent* ſhould be blown down from the Top of a high *Minaret*, by a Violent Tempeſt of Wind?

Theſe Things appear to me as Natural, as for the Rain to lodge all the Corn in the Fields, or for a Storm to tear up Trees by the Roots, overturn Houſes, and commit a Thouſand other Violences. Neither do I perceive any Thing worth Admiration in the Flight of the *Eagle*. 'Perhaps, ſome *Royal* Caprice ſprung in the Head of that *King* of *Birds*, which he ne'er felt before. There's Nothing of Prodigy in all this, but only becauſe it happen'd at ſuch a Critical Juncture. Had it been at another Time, no body perhaps would have taken Notice of it, any more than they do of Earthquakes at *Naples*, which are Common

in that Country, where the Earth is very Hollow, being made ſo by Veins of continually burning *Sulphur*. They have felt ſeveral in that *Kingdom* within theſe Two *Moons*, as alſo at *Rome*. But no great Hurt has been done.

Nathan informs me alſo, That the *Venetian Embaſſador* at *Vienna*, has diſtributed great Sums of Money, in Token of his Joy, for the late Victory that *Republick* obtained againſt the *Muſſulmans*. This appears to me a Real Prodigy, That the *Ottomans* who are Invincible by Land, yet ſtill come off with Loſs at Sea.

Queen *Chriſtina* of *Sueden* is expected here e'er long. She came to *Antwerp* in the Habit of a Man, which occaſions Variety of Cenſures. The *French* call her, the Learned *Amazon*, She being well vers'd in many *Languages* and *Sciences*. They extol her Virtues and Perfections, ſtyling her, the *Phœnix* of this Age. All the Weſtern *Nazarenes* are devout Admirers of Women: And one of their Famous *Sages*, whom they call *Henry Cornelius Agrippa*, wrote a ſelect *Treatiſe* in Praiſe of that Sex, wherein he endeavours to prove, That they are more Excellent and Noble Creatures than Men. But he wou'd find few Proſelites in the *Eaſt*.

'Tis certain, there have been very Famous Women in all Ages, and it would be Envy in Men to deny them their due Praiſe. Such was *Dido* Queen of *Carthage*, the *Roman Lucretia*, the *Sybills*, *Theana Pythagoras*'s Wife, with his Daughter *Dama*; *Sappho* the *Poeteſs*, with

with Innumerable others both of *East* and *West*, Renowned for their Virtue, Learning, or Valour in the Wars. But it does not follow, that they therefore ſurpaſs Men.

Let us keep the Rank, in which *God* and *Nature* have plac'd us, without being Churliſh or Effeminate. And this is the beſt Way to get and retain the Eſteem of that Nice Sex, who hate a Clown, and deſpiſe a Dotard.

Paris, 30th. *of the* 8th *Moon, of the Year* 1654.

LETTER VII.

To Peſteli Hali, *his Brother*, Maſter *of the* Cuſtoms *at* Conſtantinople.

THou art he, to whom I can unmask. With others I converſe (like our Women in *Turkey*) under a Veil. When I write to the *Grandees* of the *Port*, 'tis neceſſary for me to diſſemble many Things; and, to feign ſome, that I may be credited in Others, and not be ſuſpected in all. But with thee, I uſe no Artifice or Diſguiſe: Thou haſt a Kind of natural Right to my ſecret Thoughts, beyond the Claim of a Brother. I owe thee an Entire Confidence, on the Score of Friendſhip; and I ſeem to wrong my ſelf, when I conceal my Sentiments from thee. For, beſides the

Tye of *Blood*, we were Partners together in the Adventures of Youth; and the mutual good Offices that pass'd between us, fasten'd our Affections with Stronger Bands, than those of our Birth. Nor were we so unhappy, as to suffer the little Youthful Emulations which are common between Sons of the same Mother, to stifle the more solid and generous Efforts of real Love. Our Friendship grew up with our Years, cemented by Interest as well as Affection; and I esteem *Pesteli*, but my self in another Figure. If thou hast the same Regard to me, I am happy. Let us continue to cherish this noble Passion: The least Coldness or Reserve now, would appear to me more hateful than a Divorce, more terrible than Death.

'Tis but Reasonable, That among the many Services our *Great Master* claims at our Hands, we should employ some of our Time and Care on our Selves. We owe the *Sultan* much; but both He and We owe *Nature* more, without whose Bounty and Providence, We had never had the Honour, nor He the Profit of our being in his Debt. He is more deeply engaged in *Fortune*'s Tally than We; but in the Accompts of *Nature*, We are all Equal. She is the Universal Creditor of Mankind. We are indebted to Her, for all we have; yet methinks, nothing so much enhances our Score, as the ill Menage of Time. In that we still run in Arrears, whilst the hasty Minutes post forward, never to be revok'd; and yet we neither lay hold on 'em in their Flight, nor

nor ſo much as imprint on any of them, the leaſt tranſient Mark of Virtue or Wiſdom. Thus our Lives ſlide away without Profit, till the Laſt Sand tells us, *We are Bankrupts, Nature will not truſt us with a Moment longer.*

'Tis Time therefore, Dear Brother, for thee and me to look about us; and ſince 'tis impoſſible for us to make a full Payment, let us at leaſt compound with *Nature*; and getting an *Acquittance* for what is paſt and Irrecoverable, let us be ſure to cancel the remaining Part of the Score, by a Wiſe Improvement of every Minute.

Think not, that *Mahmut* is perſuading thee to turn *Derviſe*, or to beſtow all thy Time in *Prayers*: Such Rigorous Devotion is not conſiſtent with the Life of a Man in thy *Station*. But permit me, Dear *Peſteli*, to counſel thee, not to build *Altars* to *Fortune*, and conſecrate all thy vacant Hours to her Service. I am told, thou art grown a great *Gameſter*, not only at the Polemick Traverſes of *Cheſs*, but alſo at Plays of *Hazard*. The Former of the Two, is the moſt Innocent: Yet, 'tis too Intricate and Puzling, deſerves the Name of Buſineſs rather than of Recreation: It commits a Rape on the Mind, whilſt it requires as much Attention and Abſtractedneſs of Thought, as would ſerve to trace out the Conduct of a Battel or a Siege. But, the Latter have a far worſe Influence on our Paſſions, by exciting us to immoderate Deſire; Hope, Joy, and Grief for mere Trifles, the uncertain Products of *Chance*. Therefore

are they forbidden by our *Holy Prophet*. And, 'tis not to be number'd among the Commendations of a *Muſſulman*, to be dextrous at managing the *Cards* or *Dice*.

When thou art diſpos'd to unbend thy Mind, I would rather counſel thee, to uſe ſome healthful Exerciſe, ſuch as may ventilate thy melancholy Blood. Our Fathers were wont at ſuch Times to divert themſelves with Bows and Arrows, Hunting, Wraſtling, and the like manly Paſtimes; thus, making their Private Recreations ſubſervient to the Publick, whilſt they ſported themſelves into the Diſcipline of War, and inur'd their Bodies to Labour, even at thoſe Hours when their Minds ſought Reſt.

What! thô *Claudius Cæſar* devoted himſelf to Gaming with *Dice*, and wrote a *Book* in Praiſe of his Folly; What! thô *Domitian* the *Emperour*, and *Theodorick*, *King* of the *Goths*, ſpent whole Nights and Days in this Unprofitable Play? Thou haſt not read or heard of ſuch Examples, among the Renowned Sons of *Ottoman*. Our Glorious *Sultans*, were never Vacant to theſe Fooleries. And if they had, their Practice cannot juſtifie a *Subject*'s Imitation. Neither wouldſt thou be ſo in Love with Gaming, didſt thou conſider what unhappy Deſtinies have commonly attended the Votaries of *Fortune*. Whole Eſtates have been ſquander'd away at *Dice* in a Night, Families ruin'd, and the Gameſter himſelf Impriſon'd in the Morning. He that Yeſterday was Maſter of great Poſſeſſions, and a Compa-

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panion for *Princes*; by the Effects of this accurſed Vanity, has bereav'd himſelf of All, and is to Day become the Scorn of Beggars.

The *Chineſes* are ſo bewitched with Love of Gaming, That when they have loſt all their Stakes, they'll pawn themſelves, their Wives and Children; which if the Fortune of the *Dice* run againſt them, become all Bond-Slaves to the Winner. Here is a *Derviſe* in this City, of the *Order* of the *Jeſuites*, who lately came from *China*. Among other Learned Men, I ſometimes converſe with Him. He relates many pretty Paſſages of that People, but one is Tragical, whereof he himſelf was an Eye-Witneſs.

He ſays, That in the *Province* of *Queintong*, a certain *Nobleman* who had ſerv'd in the Wars, and acquir'd great Fame and Honour, was envied by one of his Neighbors, who likewiſe had been a Captain and much in Favour at the *Court*. Their Emulations carried 'em to many Ill Offices, and at laſt to open Defiance. The *Emperour* being made ſenſible of the Hatred that was between theſe Two Officers, and being unwilling their Fury ſhould precipitate them to the Ruine of each other, became himſelf an *Arbitrator* of their *Quarrel*; laying his Commands on 'em, to embrace and eat together, which is an aſſured Token of Reconciliation and Friendſhip in that Country. They obey'd the Will of their *Sovereign*. But ſitting up late one Night at *Dice*, it was the *Captain*'s ill Fortune, to loſe all he had to the *Nobleman*. Mad at his unluckly Chance, and in Hopes to retrieve his Loſs, he ſends for his

Wife

Wife and Three Young Sons, whom with himſelf he pawn'd to the *Nobleman* for a conſiderable Sum of Money, and falls afreſh to play: But Fate was his Enemy; he loſt All. Whereupon in Deſpair, he ſtabs his Wife and Three Children, and laſtly falls on his own Sword; glorying, that he and his Family ſhould thus eſcape a hated Captivity to his Old Enemy.

Tell me, Dear *Peſteli*, hadſt thou ſeen this *Tragedy*, would it not have made thee reſolve againſt Gaming during thy Life? Aſſuredly, our *Holy Prophet* frowns from his *Paradiſe*, on thoſe who violate his *Laws*. He knew our Paſſions, and which were the moſt dangerous; therefore he prohibited ſuch Things, as are moſt likely to betray us to Violence, and an Incurable Diſorder. If thou wilt acquit thy ſelf a good *Muſſulman*, thou muſt not leap over theſe Prohibitions, accounting them ſmall and indifferent Trifles. Remember the Saying of the *holy Doctor*, and *Leader* of the *Muſſulman* Armies, the Chaſt *Oſman*, *A little Spark will ſet a whole City on Fire.* And the *Roman Satyriſt* has obſerv'd, *That no Man becomes Wicked all at once.* Think then with thy ſelf, 'tis for this Reaſon the *Meſſenger* of *God* has forbid Gaming to the *True Faithful*; not as a Thing in it ſelf Naturally Evil, but only Morally, ſo as it is a Step to the greateſt Vices. For whilſt we captivate our ſelves to Chance, we loſe our Authority over our Paſſions. We ſtand or fall at the Uncertain Caſt of the *Dice*. We are Slaves to the feebleſt Wiſhes;

Wiſhes; which if they ſucceed not, we grow Furious, Profligate and Impious. Baniſhing all Prudence, Temperance, and Juſtice, we become Impudent, and fit for the blackeſt Crimes.

Take not in Ill Part the wholeſome Admonition of a Brother, who manifeſts his Love, in thus reproving thee without Flattery. Uſe the ſame Freedom, when thou heareſt I am guilty of any *Unneceſſary* Vice: For, the *Publick Service*, turns ſome *Vices* into *Virtues*.

Paris, 14th. *of the* 10th. *Moon*, *of the Year* 1654.

LETTER VIII.

To the Reis Effendi, *Principal Secretary of the* Ottoman Empire.

I Believe, thou haſt a Mind to try my Temper; to make an Experiment upon me, and ſee, Whether I'm Proof againſt thy Anger: Elſe, why ſhould *Kenan Baſſa*'s Buſineſs be reviv'd again, after it had been bury'd above theſe Four Years? I examine not, what mighty Intereſt thou haſt in that *Officer*, that thou afreſh eſpouſeſt his Old Quarrel, as if 'twere thy own. Thy Affairs are beſt known to thy ſelf. But let me tell thee, 'twill not redound

redound much to thy Credit, to be found Partial. I honour thee with all the Devoir that is due to a *Miniſter* in thy *Station*, and with ſomething more: For, the Eſteem a Man has for his Friend, is Singular and beyond Ceremonies; But ſtill he owes ſome Regard to himſelf. Self-Preſervation, is Rooted in the Center of our Nature; and few will be Knowingly Complaiſant to their Ruine. I am puzzl'd what to think, or how to write, thy laſt Letter has put my Mind into ſuch a Hurly-Burly. A Thouſand Imaginations like Whirl-winds, tear up my moſt ſolid Thoughts by the Roots. I'm in as Wild a Condition as a Man in an Earthquake, leaping this Way and that Way, yet knows not where to fix his Foot in Safety.

If I perſevere in calling thee Friend, perhaps thou wilt accuſe me of Preſumption. If I change my Style, and ſuppoſe thee under another Character, Ingratitude will be laid to my Charge. To vindicate my Actions, will be Interpreted Obſtinacy; and to own my ſelf in the Fault, will be counted Weakneſs. Nay, all the World will call me Fool, in condemning my ſelf for Things whereof I never was Guilty. What ſhall I do in this Caſe? I am Naturally Thoughtful and Melancholy. The Words that ſpring from Reſentment, cleave faſt to my Mind, and breed a Thouſand Inferences. My buſie Apprehenſion extracts Menaces out of the moſt Artificial Expreſſions. I look on my ſelf, as mark'd out for a *Sacrifice*, one Time or other. The

Will

Will of *Deſtiny* be done, Early or Late. I will not go out of my Road to avoid it; Since it is but an Ill Husbandry of Time, to borrow it from the Ineffable Joys of *Paradiſe*, to multiply a few Days or Years, of a Miſerable Life on *Earth*.

As for the *Treaſurer* and the Reſt of my Accuſers, let them know, that I will perſevere in doing my Duty to the *Grand Signior*, without warping to the Right Hand or to the Left, for Fear or Favour.

But if my *Private* Agency in theſe *Parts* meet with Rubs and Checks for want of Money, let the Blame reſt on thoſe whoſe *Charge* it is, to ſupply me with what is Neceſſary for a Man in my *Station*: For, henceforward, *Mahmut* will be reproach'd no more for demanding his *Penſion*.

Think not, 'tis an eaſie thing for a Man to be always a Counterfeit, and never to have his Mind unbent; to act Two contrary Parts at the ſame time; to be True and Falſe; a *Muſſulman* and Servant of the *Grand Signior* in Reality, a *Chriſtian* and *Subject* of *France* in Appearance. My Soul is perpetually ſtrecht upon the Rack of watchful Thoughts and buſie Invention, leſt by ſome Improvident Word or Deed, my Diſguiſe ſhould fall off, and I appear in my Naked Colours.

'Tis but Reaſon therefore, that whilſt this vaſt Solicitude takes up all my Faculties, the Care of my Subſiſtence ſhould reſt on thoſe who employ me, Let not the

Mini-

Miniſters of the *Benign Port*, be peeviſh at me without a Cauſe. For I imprecate, Serene *Grandee*, that *God* would ſplit my Soul into Ten thouſand immortal Splinters, if ever I betray my Truſt. But needleſs Suſpicion, wou'd tempt a Man to Treachery.

Paris, 14th. *of the* 10th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1654.

LETTER IX.

To the Venerable Mufti.

THE *Pope* has been ſick for a conſiderable Time, and 'tis now ſtrongly reported, He is dead. They talk of an *Expreſs* that is come to the *Chancellour* of *France*, to certifie him of it, and to conſult about the Next *Election*. But this is not credited here; being only look'd upon as a *Roman* or *Spaniſh* Artifice, to ſound the Inclinations of this *Court* before-hand, that ſo they may be able to countermine the *French* Intereſt, when the *Pope* ſhall really dye. And 'tis not expected he ſhould live long, being of a great Age, and worn out with Cares and Sickneſs.

'Tis certain he has made his *Will*, wherein two Millions of Gold are given to the *Treaſury* founded by his *Predeceſſors*, to ſerve the *Church* in its extreme neceſſities. But 'tis a Thouſand

to

to one, if ſome future *Pontiff* ſucceeding in that *Chair*, do not in his unerring Judgment, interpret his own Perſonal Occaſions, or thoſe of his Nephews, to be the Extreme Neceſſities of the *Church*; and then, all this huge Maſs of Wealth is infallibly gone.

He has likewiſe bequeath'd large Legacies to his *Siſter-in-law*, whom they call *Donna Olympia*; and to others of his Relations and Creatures. And 'tis thought, this *Lady* will more than doubly pay her ſelf, having the Management of all his Affairs. Indeed, during his Reign, it may be ſaid, the whole *Roman Church* was govern'd by a Woman. For this *Prelate*, wou'd never do any thing without her Advice.

She was born of an obſcure *Family*, but is of a high Spirit, Ambitious of *Rule*, and a Perſon of great Abilities: Extremely Covetous and Subtle; turning and winding all Events to her own Profit. All *Preferments* were at her Diſpoſal, She ſold *Biſhopricks*, *Abbeys* and other *Eccleſiaſtical Dignities* at her own Rates, and to whom ſhe pleas'd. In fine, whoſoever had any Buſineſs with the *Pope*, made their Addreſſes to her. By which means, ſhe has heap'd together a Prodigious Treaſure, and is eſteem'd the Richeſt *Lady* in *Europe*. 'Tis thought ſhe would have ſold even the *Pope*, and *Rome* it ſelf, the *Capital* Seat of the *Chriſtian Empire*, rather than refus'd a proportionate Offer of Gold, cou'd ſhe have met with a Chapman to her Mind. This wou'd have been a *Merchandiſe* fit for the *Grand Signior*

Signior, were it not reſerv'd as a *Prize* for the Victorious Arms deſtin'd to conquer All Things.

The *French* ſeem mightily concern'd for the Tragedies Acted in *Poland* by the *Moſcovites*. 'Tis affirm'd that they have taken the Town of *Vitebsko* by Storm, (putting Men, Women, and Children to the Sword) with divers other Cities and Places of Strength: And that they have laid in Aſhes all the Towns and Villages round about *Smolensko*, ſo that there is Nothing to be ſeen but Ruin and Deſolation for above an Hundred Miles round that City; which alſo is now cloſely beſieg'd by the Forces of the *Czar*. If theſe *Northern Infidels* go on, and make ſuch bloody Work wherever they come, they will, in a ſhort time, over-run and diſpeople all *Europe*. But 'tis to be hop'd the *Tartars*, who are lately enter'd into a League with *Poland*, will put a ſtop to the cruel Victories of the *Moſcovites*, and chaſtiſe the Treaſon of the *Coſſacks*, who joyn with 'em contrary to their *Faith* given to the *King* of *Poland*.

They ſay, Four *Grandees* of *Tartary* are arriv'd as *Hoſtages* at *Warſaw*, and as many *Lords* of *Poland* are ſent on the ſame Errand to the *Court* of the *Cham*; who, as a farther Evidence of his Integrity, has releas'd all the *Poliſh* Captives in his Dominions, and ſent the *Ambaſſadors* of the *Coſſacks* home, without their Noſes and Ears, as a Mark of his irreconcileable Indignation at their Infidelity.

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In the mean while, I am extremely afflicted to hear of our continual Losses by Sea. They say here, That above Six Thousand *Mussulmans* were killed in the late Fight in the *Hellespont*, and that we have lost Sixteen Gallies, besides Ships of *War*. That *Element*, one would conclude, is Fatal to the *Ottoman Empire*. Neither have we had much better Success by Land this Campagne. Yet *Chusaein* the *Vizier Azem*, and *General* in *Candia*, has perform'd very Heroick Things. To speak impartially, and give due Honour to our Enemies, the *Maltese*, *Venetians* and *French*, have not been wanting in any point of Bravery. Which also redounds to the greater Honour of the *Mussulmans*, in that they draw their Sword against the Flower of *Christendom*, and not against *Owls* and *Pigmies*. Such are the *Persians*, when we encounter 'em; for either they dare not endure the Lustre, and stand the Brunt of our Invincible Arms, or if they do, they sink under the First Shock.

When I name those Hereticks, I spit on the Ground in Detestation of their Errors: For they are worse than the *Zindicks* and *Giafers*. I have more Charity for a *Christian* or a *Jew*, than I have for these vermin of the Land. In fine, I wish they were extirpated from the Earth; and that they may after this Life, be either Metamorphos'd into *Hogs*, which Creature, thou know'st, is an Abomination to all Good Men and Angels (and they already resemble it in their Uncleanness) or else that they may become the Asses of the *Jews* in *Hell*,

Hell, to carry their Burdens for a Thousand Ages.

Paris, 17th *of the* 11th *Moon of the Year*, 1654.

LETTER X.

To Pesteli Hali, *his Brother*, Master *of the* Grand Signior's Customs.

THE *God* of our *Fathers* grant thee as much Joy every Minute of thy Life, as I feel at this Instant. Wilt thou know the Occasion of this Unusual Transport? I can hardly believe my self, when I tell thee of an Adventure, the most surprizing that ever happen'd to me since my arrival in this City. And perhaps thou wilt think I Romance in relating it: But assure thy self, that of a Truth *Oncomiche* our Mother, is at this Time in *Paris*, with our Cousin *Isouf*.

May a Thousand soft Passions thrill thy Heart, when thou readest this News, as they did mine, when at my Chamber Door I first saw and knew the Face of her that bare me, after I had given her over for Dead long ago; for I had heard no Tidings of her these Eleven Years. Good *God*! So strange and unexpected a Sight, had almost dismantl'd my *Senses*, those Out-Works of the *Soul*. For a while I stood

ſtood ſtill, aſtoniſh'd and trembling with Extacy, I was not preſently ſatisfy'd, whether I beheld a *Mortal*, or the *Ghoſt* of one: For, they ſay, theſe appear in the ſame Forms as they bore when Alive. Neither Age nor Travel, with all the other Infirmities and Croſſes of Human Life, had ſo alter'd her Complexion; but that I eaſily diſcern'd the manifeſt Features, Lineaments and Air of my Mother. I concluded therefore, it muſt be *She*, or her *Apparition*, if there be any ſuch Things.

These were my Firſt Thoughts, in that Waking Trance: But her Voice and Addreſs, ſoon put me out of Doubt, when impatient to ſee me ſtand like one Thunder-ſtruck, ſhe ran to me with open Arms and Tears of Joy in her Eyes; crying out with a Tone and Affection peculiar to Women. *Art thou alive, my Son* Mahmut? *Do theſe Eyes ſee thee, or am I in a Dream.*

For my Part, I was as much upon the Rapture as ſhe, and hardly knew how to deport my ſelf, or what to ſay or do. Yet the Fear I was in, leſt ſome body in the Houſe ſhou'd over-hear us, and make ill Conſequences of this Paſſionate Interview, taught me a Leſſon of Moderation and Prudence. Wherefore I beckon'd to her to ſuppreſs her Paſſion, and converſe by *Signs*, as the Cuſtom is, at the *Myſterious Port*. Thoſe Silent Expreſſions of our mutual Love, Joy, and Admiration, were not leſs ſignificant, becauſe not cloath'd in Words. Thou know'ſt, there's Eloquence enough in this Mute Language.

And

And I was jealous of Words, leſt ſome Inquiſitive Soul might underſtand us, thô we convers'd in *Arabick*.

After our firſt Endearments and Tenderneſſes were over, in which my Couſin *Iſouf* alſo had his Share (for we were all reciprocally overjoy'd to ſee one another, in this Neſt of *Infidels*) I began to conſult the ſafety of us all Three, in providing convenient Lodgings for my Mother and Kinſwoman. In Order to this, we made a viſit to *Eliachim* the *Jew*, who entertained us at a Banquet, after the Faſhion of the *Eaſt*. We advis'd with that honeſt *Hebrew* about our Affairs; I having made frequent and ſufficient Proof of his Fidelity and Friendſhip. In fine, he took them both into his own Houſe, under the Notion of *Greeks*, his Acquaintance; judging this the ſecureſt way to prevent any Diſcovery, or even the leaſt Suſpicion of our Circumſtances. They have continu'd there theſe Five Days, and their Character has not been queſtion'd by any. I viſit 'em daily, and we paſs away many Hours in recounting the different Adventures of our Lives, in diſcourſing of our Friends in *Arabia*, *Greece*, and other *Parts* of the *World*, and in concerting the beſt Methods to ſerve one another, till Death ſhall divide us from our ſelves as well as from our Friends, and rank us in a Liſt of *Inviſible Beings*, whoſe State and Qualities we know not.

Well, but all this while I believe thou art Impatient to know what Motive of their own, or Turn of Fortune, drove them into

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ſo remote a *Region* as *France*, a *Country* Inhabited by none but *Infidels*? Shall I tell thee in a Word? 'Twas Love, on her Part; and the Deſire of Novelty, on his.

Our Kinſman *Iſouf*, from his Childhood, felt powerful Inclinations to travel: Which encreas'd with his Years, and were much heighten'd by his Converſe with *Greeks*, *Armenians*, *Franks*, and ſome *Muſſulmans* at *Conſtantinople*, who had ſeen many Foreign Countries, both in the *Eaſt* and *Weſt*.

The Relations they made of the Curioſities they had ſeen, and of their own Adventures, fir'd his Youthful Blood, and he form'd a Reſolution to depart, with the Firſt Convenience, from *Conſtantinople*, and viſit all the *Regions* in the *World*, if his Life and Health would hold out. I formerly acquainted thee, that he had ſurvey'd the Greateſt Part of *Aſia*: Since which he ſet forth again, and having finiſhed his Travels in that *Quarter* of the *World*, he bent his Courſe for *Africk*; where he viſited *Egypt*, *Barbary*, the *Empire* of *Morocco* and *Fez*, with that of the *Æthiopians*, and many other *Regions* under the *Torrid Zone*, too tedious for me at this Time to mention particularly, becauſe I write in Haſte. Hereafter I ſhall give thee a more ample Account of his Obſervations, &c. Wherein thou wilt find, that *Iſouf* has not altogether loſt his Time.

At length, having ſatisfy'd himſelf with whatſoever he thought worthy to be ſeen and known in that *Southern Tract*, he parted from *Fez* with a Deſign to ſee *Europe*. Some *Bills*

of

of *Exchange* cauſed him to take *Grand Caire* in his Way, where he encounter'd my Mother. She perceiving, that he would take Shipping directly for *France*, reſolv'd to lay hold on ſo favourable an Opportunity, of ſeeing me once more before ſhe dy'd. Wherefore, imparting her Deſign to him, *Iſouf* offer'd her his utmoſt Service. And having ſettled her Affairs at *Caire*, and pack'd up her Money, Jewels and other Neceſſaries, they took the Road of *Scanderoon*, where they ſoon arrived; and putting themſelves into the Habit of *Greeks*, *Iſouf* alſo ſpeaking pretty well that *Language* and the *Lingua Franca*, they bargain'd with the Maſter of a Veſſel then lying in the Harbour, and bound for *Marſeilles*: He took them on Board, and under the Protection and Favour of *Heaven*, they arrived ſafe at *Marſeilles*, and are now in this City.

Yet amidſt all the Pleaſure I conceive in the Preſence of ſo near a Relation as a Mother, I am not without ſome Qualms of Fear, leſt ſome Unfortunate Occurrence ſhould diſcover her to be no *Chriſtian*: For then, the Iſſue might prove dangerous both to her and me.

As for *Iſouf*, he deſigns to tarry no longer in *Paris*, than to inform himſelf of what is moſt Remarkable in this City, and to ſatisfie the other Ends of a Traveller. From hence, after he has viſited the Chiefeſt Cities in *France*, he talks of travelling into *Flanders*, *Holland*, *Germany*, *Suedeland*, and the other *Kingdoms* of *Europe*. But for *Spain* or *Portugal*, he has no

no Thoughts; either out of Fear of the *Inquiſition*, which is very ſevere in thoſe Countries, or out of an Averſion for the People who expell'd the *Moors*, of which he relates very Tragical Stories, which they told him during his Reſidence at *Morocco* and *Fez*. In a Word, he gives this Character of a *Spaniard*, That he is a *Mungrel*, between a *Man* and a *Devil*. He likes the Company of the *French* in Regard they converſe with a Natural and Unreſerv'd Freedom, which becomes them very well. But he has ſpoke with none but Travellers yet, who have been otherwiſe employ'd, than in ſtudying the Artificial Diſguiſes of *Courtiers*. If he ſojourns the Space of Three *Moons* in this *Kingdom*, he will find ſome of the *French* as Affected in their Way, as other People: He will encounter with a New Sort of *Frenchmen* in every *Province*. For *France* is a mere *Gallimaufry*, made up of the Fragments and Remnants of other *Nations*. They differ alſo in their *Language*, as well as in their *Manners*, one from another. So that the Inhabitants of *Gaſcoigne* and *Bretagne*, can hardly be underſtood by thoſe of *Paris* and *Blois*, with the Adjacent *Parts*. Theſe *Weſtern* People, are not Curious in preſerving the *Dialect* of their *Fathers*, but every *Age*, introduces a Change in their *Speech*. Neither are they diligent in retaining their *Genealogies*. Whereas in the *Eaſt*, thou know'ſt, the *Languages* remain uncorrupted, the ſame now as they were Two Thouſand Years ago, or from the *Confuſion* of *Babel*

The ſame Care we *Arabians* have of our *Tribes* and *Families*.

Son of my Mother, when thou readeſt the Two enclos'd, and ſhalt ſee the very Hand-writing of the Dear *Oucomiche*, and of *Iſouf* our Kinſman; let thy Heart be like the Valley of *Admoim*, Fragrant as a Grove of Spices: For then thy Eyes will convince thee, that what I write is Truth.

Paris, 22d. *of the* 12th *Moon*,
of the Year 1654.

LETTER XI.

To Adonai, *a* Jew, *Priſoner in the* Tower *of* Nona *at* Rome.

THIS comes to thee by the Hand of a truſty Friend: Give entire Credence to his Inſtructions. To ſay I'm ſorry to hear of thy Misfortune, wou'd but faintly expreſs my Paſſion: 'Tis not eaſily deſcrib'd in Words. I am as Melancholy as an *Antelope*, when the *Sun*'s in *Conjunction* with *Saturn*. This is a ſad ſort of a Beaſt, that will neither Eat, Drink, nor Sleep, during that Dull Aſpect.

In *God*'s Name, how cam'ſt thou to be ſo free with thy Tongue among the *Romans*? Or, what tempted thee to meddle with their *Religion* and *Laws*? Was it not enough, that thou

thou and all the *Jews* in that City, had Liberty to frequent your *Synagogues*, and there curſe the *Chriſtians* in Antiquated *Hebrew*; muſt you needs Rail at 'em in plain *Italian* too? And that, over your Cups, when Men ought to be good-Natur'd to all the World? Of what import is it to you, whether they be *Idolaters* or no, ſo long as they give you Leave to Adore *One God, Creator* of the *Worlds?* Or, what ſignifies it, if they are Guilty of Ten Thouſand Injuſtices and Follies among themſelves, whilſt you live quietly under their Protection and Government? *Adonai*, I'm aſham'd of the Immorality of thoſe of thy *Nation*. I bluſh for your Ingratitude, Pride and Malice. Surely, if the *Nazarenes* did really believe what they profeſs, they would Sacrifice you all to the *Ghoſt* of their *Meſſias*, whom they ſay you *Crucify'd*. They wou'd not leave a *Jew* living in *Chriſtendom*, but do their utmoſt to exterminate you from the Earth. I ſpeak not this as my Wiſh; but only to upbraid your Impertinence and Vanity, in thus fooliſhly provoking thoſe, with whoſe Permiſſion it is, that you live and enjoy the *Elements*.

The *Prophet Moſes*, your *Law-Giver*, left you another Rule, a Leſſon of Civility, when he ſaid, *Ye ſhall not blaſpheme the Gods of the People*. Had thou and thy Companions obey'd this *Precept*, ye might have been at Liberty: But 'tis bad falling into the Hands of the *Inquiſition*. However, I am glad to hear, that you are not tranſported to the *Caſtle* of

St. *Angelo*. That would have been a Tragical Remove, at this Juncture. But now, as I'm informed, not one of you is in Danger: For, they ſay, that all the Priſoners in *Rome*, are by Cuſtom releas'd upon the Death of the *Pope*, except thoſe who are in that Fatal *Fortreſs*. And 'tis Generally ſuppos'd, the good Old *Caliph* is no long-liv'd Man. For, they never uſe to remove the Priſoners deſign'd for Death, till the *Phyſicians* are paſt all Hopes of the *Holy Father's* Life.

However, in Regard there is no Certainty in Human Affairs, but a perpetual Change and Circulation of Events; leſt ſome Unhappy Turn of Fortune ſhou'd either now continue thy Reſtraint, or hereafter bereave thee of thy Liberty, I ſend thee here enclos'd, a *Receipt* of a *Chymical* Liquor, which may be of ſome Service to thee, in the ſtrongeſt Priſon on Earth. 'Twas reveal'd to me by my Mother, who learn'd it of an *Ægyptian* Artiſt at *Caire*. Deſpiſe it not, becauſe it comes from a Woman's Hand: For I have made an Experiment of it, and find it effectual. 'Twill render Iron as brittle as Glaſs. 'Tis more powerful than the Water of the River *Styx*, which no Veſſel could hold, but the Hoof of a *Mule*. After an Hours Application, thou mayſt make the thickeſt Barrs, Chains and Bolts, flie in a Thouſand Pieces, as if they were made of *Porcelain*.

Thou wilt not wonder at this, when thou conſider'ſt the Innumerable ſtrange *Inventions* of Men prying into the *Secrets* of *Nature*, and

and Fortunate in their Searches. Above all, *Chymiſtry* has brought to Light the greateſt Prodigies of *Art* and *Knowledge*. This Myſterious *Science*, was the peculiar Boaſt of the Primitive *Egyptians*, from whom all other *Nations* learn'd it. And had not *Moſes* himſelf been inſtructed from his Youth in all the *Learning* of *Egypt*, perhaps he would have been at a Loſs, when he Calcin'd the *Golden Calf*, and gave the Duſt to the *Iſraelites* to be mix'd in their Drink, as the only Expiation of their *Idolatry*. Doubtleſs, this *Secret*, among others, was tranſmitted down to thoſe Times from *Philemon*, the good *Prieſt*, who was in the Number of them who eſcap'd the *Flood* in *Noah*'s *Ark*, and whoſe Grand-Son *Maſar*, was the Firſt *King* in *Egypt* after the *Deluge*.

Philemon, the better to eſtabliſh the State of his *Off-ſpring*, reveal'd to them many Hidden Things; taught them the *Hieroglyphicks* of the *Dgebel Pharan*, or the *Pyramids*, with all the Myſteries of the *Taliſmans*, and the *Chymical* Preparations of *Moncatam*; the forcible Waters and Eſſences, Powders and other Ingredients, by which they made Marble as pliable as Wax or Clay. Theſe Things he had learn'd of thoſe who periſh'd in the *Flood*: He retain'd the *Wiſdom* of the *Ancients*, his Coevals and Predeceſſors; leaving the Rudiments of ſo profound a Knowledge to his Poſterity, as an Invaluable Treaſure, of which they could never be robb'd. Thus, *Science* became Hereditary to the *Coptites*, who

bear that Name from *Coptim*, the Son of *Masar*, the First *King* of *Egypt*, ſince the *Rainbow* appear'd in the Clouds. And, 'twas from one of that Race, my Mother learn'd that Admirable *Secret*.

Truſt not to Words, but try the Experiment. The *Receipt* will give thee all Neceſſary Directions, Yet I counſel thee not to be big with it, like him who having found out the Art of making Glaſs Malleable, or fit to be beat by the Hammer into any Shape or Figure, as the Silver-Smiths work their Metal; muſt needs go and diſcover his *Secret* to the *Prince*, expecting a great Reward. When, on the contrary, he loſt his Head on the Spot; the *Prince* thinking it great Injuſtice, that ſo many Thouſand People as got their Bread by making of Common Glaſſes, ſhould be all ruined, to promote one Man's Profit and Advantage.

In fine, uſe this *Secret* to ſerve thy ſelf, or the *Cauſe* thou art engag'd in: But truſt it not to another, unleſs on the ſame Equal Terms as I commit it to thee, wherein the greater Hazard is thine in divulging it.

Paris, 15th. *of the* 1ſt *Moon*,
of the Year 1655.

LETTER

LETTER XII.

To Mehemet, *once an* Eunuch Page *in the* Seraglio, *but now an Exile in* Egypt, *at* Grand Caire.

WHen I firſt heard of thy Baniſhment from the *Imperial Palace* and City, think not that I was ſad, or entertain'd the uſual Sentiments of a Friend, on ſuch Occaſions. No: I tell thee on the contrary, I rejoyc'd, (yet not with the Joy of an Enemy) at that Seeming Misfortune, as knowing it has deliver'd thee from a Real one, in which, according to my Preſages, all the Attendants of thy *Miſtreſs*, the Old *Queen*, were ſoon after involv'd.

Thou art oblig'd to *Bacchus*, for that Fortunate Calamity; which thô it for a while eclips'd thy Honour, yet was the only Means to ſave thy Life.

When I formerly ſent thee an Account of my Impriſonment here, and how I was regal'd by my *Keeper* at a *Banquet* of *Wine*; when in that Letter I play'd the Advocate for the Juice of the *Grape*, I little thought that thou wouldſt ever make an Experiment of that Bug-bear-Liquor. Thô I know 'tis common, even in the *Seraglio*, to drink *Wine* privately, and chaſe away Melancholy, the conſtant Familiar of Reſtraint and Servitude, with generous Compotations.

I am no ſtranger to the counterfeit Sickneſs of thoſe, who for the Sake of this ſtolen Mirth, put themſelves into the *Infirmary*, that they may there Carouſe with Freedom, and drink Healths to the *Grand Signior* without Suſpicion.

Were it not for the convenient Situation of that Apartment, and the Favour of the *Boſtangi's*, no *Wine* could find Admittance into the *Seraglio*, ſave what is for the *Grand Signior's* Uſe. But now his *Slaves* drink it as merrily as *he*: And I am not ſorry, that thou art one of the Number. 'Tis a groundleſs Superſtition, to refuſe the Gift of Divine Liberality, and deny our ſelves the Uſe of that *Plant*, which was made to chear the Hearts of *Mortals*. Nay, our *Holy Traditions* themſelves, and all our *Doctors* tacitely own, that the *Vine* is allowable, in that it was ſav'd, among the Reſt of the *Vegetables*, by *Noah* in the *Ark*: And that *Holy Prophet* curs'd the *Devil* for ſtealing it away. Perhaps the Story will not be Unpleaſant to thee.

When *God* commanded *Noah*, with his Companions, to deſcend out of the *Ark* in Peace, they built them Houſes, and began to exerciſe *Husbandry*; They ſowed *Corn*, and the Seeds of other *Vegetables*: They planted alſo all Sorts of Trees; but when they came to look for the *Vine*, it could not be found. Then it was told *Noah* by the *Angel*, that the *Devil* had ſtolen it away, as having ſome Right to it. Wherefore *Noah* cited the *Devil* to appear before the *Angel*, in the Name of

of *God*, to answer his Theft. The *Angel* gave Judgment, That the *Vine* should be divided between 'em into *Three* Parts, whereof the *Devil* should have *Two*, and *Noah One*: To which both Parties consented. Whereby it is evident, that Man has some Share in the Juice of the *Grape*. For, this was the Decision of *Gabriel*, That when *Two Thirds* of the Liquor of this Fruit, should be evaporated away in boyling over the Fire, the Remainder should be lawful for *Noah* and his *Posterity* to drink: And thou knowst, we *Mussulmans* generally obey this *Law*, in preparing our *Wine*.

Let the *Devil* therefore, in the Name of *God*, have his Share in this Tempting Fruit, and then there can be no Injustice in enjoying our own Part. For, when that which Inebriates, is separated by Fire from the Rest, this Liquor becomes pure, holy, and blessed. This is the Sentence of the *Ancients*, the Immediate Auditors of the *Messenger* of *God*, as is to be seen in the *Manuscripts* they left behind them; which though they are rare and difficult to be met with, yet such as diligently seek Wisdom, shall not lose their Labour. *Abu Becre Eb'n Mahumet*, has taken great Pains to collect the *Memoirs* of *Antiquity*. He was a Learned *Doctor* among my Countrymen, of the *House* of *Sulpha*, (may he rest under the *Umbrella*'s of *Paradise*) From him I had this Relation.

But, tell me, my dear *Mehemet*, if thou know'st, how cam'st thou to be the only

Man that had the good Fortune to be Sentenc'd to this Happy Diſgrace? Or, if thou art Ignorant, I will tell thee. For, it ſeems, the Reſt of thy Company in that Nights Revel were diſcover'd as well as thou, yet eſcap'd all Cenſure. It looks, as if they were deſignedly reſerv'd for Victims, to a more Inexorable Revenge. And, the Event juſtifies this Conjecture: Since within the Circuit of the *Moon*, not only they, but all the ſurviving Creatures of the *Sultana Kioſem*, were ſtrangled.

Therefore again I pronounce thee Happy, and doubly Bleſs'd in being an *Exile*, ſince thereby thou haſt eſcap'd the Hands of the *Executioner*, and art now living in *Egypt*, the moſt Fortunate *Region* on Earth. Aſcribe this to thy *Propitious Deſtiny*, and to the Favour of *Solyman Kyzlir Aga*: Who foreſeeing the Slaughter that would be made of that Old *Queen's* Servants, took this Opportunity to accuſe thee to the *Grand Signior*, that ſo he might ſave thy Life. For, 'twas at his Interceſſion, thou wert baniſh'd into this Happy *Province*, which is call'd the *Nurſe* of all *Nations*. Improve thy *Exile* to the beſt Advantage; and from this *Nurſe*, ſuck the *Milk* of *Science* with which ſhe has formerly Nouriſh'd the Whole Earth. Be grateful alſo to thy *Deliverer*; for, he is a Truſty Friend, and Unchangeable, where he once places his Affection. He had a particular Kindneſs for thee. From him I received the News of thy Eſcape; for that is the proper Name of thy Baniſhment. Pour forth de-

vout

your *Oraisons* for his Health and Happiness: Since thou art in a *Land*, where the *Prayers* of *Mussulmans* are as effectually heard at some Particular *Places*, as if they were utter'd at the *Tomb* of the *Prophet*.

I counsel thee, to visit the *Prison* of *Joseph*; which is in the *Dungeon* of the *Castle* of *Caire*. This is a Place of great *Devotion* among the *Faithful*, and has been so in all Ages, since the Death of that *Patriarch*. *Moses* the *Prophet*, of whom it is said, *that he died in the Embraces of God*, made his *Prayers* in this Place; and so did *Aaron* his Brother, when they perform'd those *Miracles* in *Egypt*. *Jesus* the *Son* of *Mary*, visited this Place, both he and his Mother (on whom are center'd the Smiles of the *Creator*:) They there perform'd their *Devotions*, when they fled from the Persecution of *Herod*. So did the *Prophets*, and *Apostles*, as many as were in *Egypt*, with all *True Believers*. Nay, some of the *Infidels* themselves, having heard of the Renown of this *Sanctuary*, made their *Addresses* to *Heaven* there, in Time of great Distress. For, here *Prayers* are infallibly heard, especially if they be said after the *Sun* has travers'd the *Meridian*; when the *Wicked Dæmons* are asleep, who walk abroad till *Noon*, doing all the Mischief they can.

My Friend, when I think of the *Region* where thou art, I can hardly forbear envying thee. 'Tis a *Land* of *Prodigies* and *Miracles*. It is the Support of Men, and the *Granary* of the *World*. Those who Inhabit it, are full of

of Complacency and Joy; and those who abandon it, burn with a perpetual Desire to return. Its *Rivers* are Clear, and the *Waters* Sweet and Rich as *Wine*. The Eye of *God* is upon it, who causes the *Nile* to flow at his accustom'd *Season*, whence the Land is made fertile beyond all the *Provinces* on Earth. This *Nile* is one of the *Rivers* which *God* caused to descend from the *Springs* of *Paradise*, on the *Wings* of *Gabriel*; and has hid the Place of its Descent, among the Inaccessible Heights of Mountains.

There are many strange Things related of the *Land* of *Alphiom*, and how it was First Manur'd by *Joseph*, being before his Time but a *Fen* or *Marsh*. The Story also of *Hagar*, the Mother of all the *Ismaelites*, is not Unpleasant; Thou wilt find it in the *Chronicles* of *Egypt*: For she was an *Egyptian*, of the *Family* of the *Coptites*; and was bestow'd on *Sarah*, the Wife of our Father *Ibrahim*, by *Charoba*, the *King* of *Egypt*'s Daughter. After she was dismiss'd from her *Lady*, she travell'd to *Mecca*; from whence she sent a *Dispatch* to the *King* of *Egypt*, to acquaint him with her Affairs, and with the Birth of her Son *Ismael*, imploring his Assistance, in Regard she was in a *Land* barren of all Things. Then the *King* of *Egypt* caused a *Canal* to be cut from the *Nile*, at the Foot of the *Eastern* Mountains of *Egypt*, to the *Red Sea*; and sent Vessels laden with Corn, Fruits, and all manner of Necessary Provisions to *Hagar*.

If thou addreſſeſt to the feet of the *Doctors*, the Venerable Prelates of *Caire*, they will inform thee of more ſtrange Things than theſe. It is a Noble Exerciſe, to Contemplate the *Kingdom* of the *Heavens* and the *Earth*; to ſearch into their Wonders and Prodigies; to trace the Foot-ſteps of *Ancient Nations*, and the *Traditions* which know no *Origine*.

Mehemet, I am an *Exile* as well as thou; Let us continue our former Friendſhip in this State, and do one another all the good Offices we can. As for the Misfortunes of Human Life, let us bear them with an equal Mind. For, they will ſoon have an End, as well as we our ſelves.

May *God*, who in the Time of *Gog* and *Magog*, took up from the *Earth* the Great *Alcoran*, and the *Sheets* of *Science*; the *Black Stone*, and the *Shrine* of *Moſes*, with the *Five Rivers*; have thee in his Holy Protection and Cuſtody, at the Hour of *Evil*, and at all Times.

Paris, 26th *of the* 1ſt *Moon of the Year* 1655.

LETTER

LETTER XIII.

To Kerker Haſſan, Baſſa.

THou may'ſt report it to the *Divan* for a certain Truth, That the *Chief Mufti* of the *Chriſtians* is dead: Which puts all the *Courts* in *Europe*, upon new Strains of *Policy*.

He was call'd *Innocent* X. after his Aſſumption to the *Papacy*: For, his true Name, was *Pamphylio*. But ſome ſay, it has been a Cuſtom for the *Popes* to change their Names, ever ſince a certain *Prieſt* was lifted to that *Dignity*, who was call'd *Bocca de Porco*, or *Hogs-Face*. He, aſham'd of this Ignominious Name, as ſoon as he ſate in the *Chair* of *Peter*, aſſum'd the Name of *Sergius*. Yet, all his *Succeſſors* have not obſerv'd that Rule.

Theſe *Popes* have an Authority, greater than our *Principal Mufti*. For, they are obey'd by *Kings* and *Emperors*. And being eſteem'd little leſs than *Gods* on *Earth*, they are ſolemnly Ador'd on the Day of their *Coronation*, by all the *Cardinals*, *Princes*, *Prelates*, and Foreign *Ambaſſadors* at that Time in *Rome*. And, for that End, they are ſeated on the Altar, which the *Nazarenes* call, The *Tabernacle* and *Habitation* of their *God*.

If I miſtake not in my Obſervations, theſe *Roman Caliphs* aſpire at a *Soveraignty* over all *Kings* and *Princes*: They wou'd make that which they call the *Hierarchy*, a Superlative Indepen-

Independent *Monarchy*, to which all the *Governments* in the *World*, ſhould pay *Homage*, and be Subject.

This puts me in Mind of a certain *Preacher* at *Naples*, who ſome Years ago, when *Adonai* the *Jew* was in that City, and happen'd to be preſent in the *Church*, having made a very Elaborate Speech to perſuade the People, That the *Prieſts* were Superiour to *Kings*; at length he broke out into this Paſſionate Exclamation: *O ye Princes of Chriſtendom, ye are Pharaohs, and we Prieſts are your Gods; O ye Pharaohs, obey your Gods! Ye can only command the Creature, but we make the Creator himſelf come down on the Altars, at our Pleaſure.* This Relation I had from the *Jew*, in his *Travels* through *Italy*. And it is aſſerted by ſome of their *Doctors*, *That the Pope has not only Power to Excommunicate the Greateſt Prince on Earth, but alſo to pull a Saint out of Paradiſe, and ſend him to Hell.*

If they cou'd perſuade the *Nazarene Princes* and *People* to believe they have ſuch an *Exorbitant Power*, perhaps in Time they might reduce 'em to as blind a *Superſtition*, as the Ancient *Kings* of *Egypt* were Guilty of, who were ſo beſotted to their *Prieſts*, that when he whom they call'd the *Cater*, or *Maſter* of the *Celeſtial Influences* commanded the *King* to Kill himſelf, for that it was the *Will* of *Heaven*, the poor bigotted *Monarch*, durſt not diſpute the Orders he had receiv'd, but in ſimple Obedience became his own Murderer.

Thoſe

Thoſe *Egyptian Prieſts* indeed, were *Maſters* of great *Science*, profound *Aſtrologers*, Excellent *Mathematicians*, and perfectly skill'd in the *Secrets* of *Natural Magick*. They perform'd Things tranſcending the more Common and Obvious Works of *Nature*: By which it was eaſie to ſtrike a Terror into the Hearts of ignorant Mortals. But, as for theſe *Nazarene Prieſts*, all that they can boaſt of is, that they have read the *Hiſtories* of former Times, and are able to diſcourſe in *Philoſophy* and other *Sciences*, without having the Power to work any *Prodigies*: Unleſs thou wilt count it one, to keep ſo many Warlike *Nations* in a ſervile Awe of their Authority; with the bare Pretence, of turning a *piece* of *Bread* into a *God*.

Yet for all this there are many poor *Prelates*, and other *Eccleſiaſticks*, who are inveſted with empty Titles, having little or no *Revenues*: Among which, the Poverty of ſome is ſo Remarkable, as to become a *Proverb*. Thus, 'tis Common in the Mouths of the *Romans* to ſay, *The Pope's Mule fares better than the Biſhop of* Orvietto.

Illuſtrious *Baſſa*, live thou in the *Faith* of a *Muſſulman*, and the Favour of the *Grand Signior*. For, in that State, thou may'ſt deſpiſe the Greateſt of theſe *Eccleſiaſtick Infidels*.

Paris, 13th. *of the* 2d. *Moon*;
of the Year 1655.

LET-

LETTER XIV.

To the Kaimacham.

I Believe, the *Secretary* of the *Nazarene* Affairs takes me to be a *Conjurer*, and thinks that I can divine of all the Changes and Alterations that happen at the *Port*, or that I have ſome *Magical* Glaſs, which repreſents to me the continued *Series* of remote Events, with all the Tranſactions of the *Imperial* Court, Camp and City: Or elſe he wou'd not be ſo late in his *Diſpatches*, and ſend me ſuch Imperfect News. I am forc'd many Times to addreſs my Letters by Gueſs; not knowing, whether the Perſon to whom I write be in the ſame *Station* he was awhile ago, or whether he be among the *Living*, or the *Dead*: Whether I ſhould direct my *Diſpatches* to *Conſtantinople*, or to the *Elyzian Shades*.

My Intelligence of the *Muſſulman* Affairs is many Times more owing to the *French* Merchants who Trade in the *Levant* or to the *Expreſſes* which come from *Ambaſſadors* reſiding at *Conſtantinople*; than to that *Secretary*, whoſe Care it ought to be, that I ſhou'd be timely inform'd of whatever happens in the *Oſman Empire*.

Surely, *Kiſur Dramelec* has ſome Deſign upon me, in being always thus tardy and negligent. I ſcarce hear from him once in half a Year,

Year; whereas he is commanded by *his Superiours* as well as *mine*, to write to me every *Moon*. And then, he ſends me ſuch a Lame Account of Things, ſuch Fragments and Scraps of News, that his Letters need a *Comment*, to make 'em Intelligible.

About Four Years ago, I modeſtly tax'd him with this Neglect, when I had Reaſon to do it in my own vindication, to *Minezim Aluph, Baſſa*. But *Kiſur* heard of it, and was very angry. He ſent me a Letter full of Invectives, which I anſwer'd with a kind of Indifference, mixing Raillery with my Juſter Reſentments. How that work'd on him, I know not; but his Reſervedneſs ever ſince, makes me conclude he ſtudies Revenge; and that he takes this method to accompliſh it, by keeping me as much in Ignorance, as he dares, of the Changes and other Important Occurrences at the *Myſterious Port*. He knows it wou'd be a Crime little leſs than Capital, not to write to me at all: Such a wilful Contumacy wou'd ſtreight proclaim him a *Traitor*; ſince, among the other Inſtructions which were given him with his *Commiſſion*, this Charge was none of the leaſt, That he ſhould ſend frequent Intelligence to all the *Grand Signior's Agents*, whether Publick or Private, in the *Courts of Nazarene Princes*. He is ſenſible that ſuch a manifeſt Contempt of *Supreme Authority*, wou'd Abſolutely ruine him. Therefore he goes more ſubtilly to work. For, he writes, indeed, but very ſeldom. And then, with cunning Artifice,

Artifice, either quite conceals, or at leaſt diſguiſes the moſt conſiderable Tranſactions, only filling up his Letters with trifling Stories, and Impertinent Relations, nothing to my Purpoſe: Thinking by this Means, to bring upon me the Diſpleaſure of the *Grandees*, through the Miſtakes I may commit, for want of better Advertiſement.

Be it how it will, I am ſtrangely at a Loſs ſometimes, what to think, or how to write to my *Superiours*; or what ſort of Conduct I ſhou'd uſe in this Place, amidſt ſo many various Reports as are continually ſpread abroad in *Europe*, concerning the Affairs of the *Seraglio*, the *Shining City*, and other Parts of the *Ottoman Empire*: Whilſt this *Kiſur* ſtill delays to aſcertain me of any Thing.

I have been wholly a Stranger, till within theſe few Days, to the Fate of the *Captain Baſſa*, who was ſtrangled about a Year ago, for his Cowardiſe and Ill Conduct againſt the *Venetians*. Neither knew I any thing of the Adventure and Flight of his Sons. I was equally Ignorant of the Succeſſion of the *Baſſa* of *Buda* in this Important *Command*; and of many other changes both by *Land*, and *Sea*.

So at preſent, here are a Thouſand Rumours ſtirring about one Thing or other in the *Eaſt*. Some ſay, that *Chuſaein Baſſa* is ſtrangl'd, and that the *Captain Baſſa*, is made *Vizier Azem* in his ſtead. Others report, that this *Firſt Miniſter* was only depos'd from that *Supream Dignity*, the *Seals* being taken from

from him; but that nevertheleſs, he ſtill continues to be *General* of the *Sultan*'s Forces in *Candia*. A Third ſort affirm, that he intended to turn *Chriſtian*, holding a ſecret Correſpondence with the *Patriarch* of *Jeruſalem*, by whoſe Means and a General Revolt of the *Greeks*, *Armenians*, and other *Chriſtians* under the *Grand Signior*'s Juriſdiction, he ſought to betray the *Ottoman Blood*, and exalt himſelf to the *Empire*.

I am not willing to believe, that ſuch Monſtrous Perfidy, cou'd enter into the Heart of that Illuſtrious *Hero*; yet know not how to contradict it, for want of true Advice.

It is reported alſo, That *Signior apello*, the *Venetian Bailo* or *Reſident*, at the *Happy Port*, has kill'd himſelf with a Ponyard: Being driven to deſpair, by his long Confinement, and the cruel Uſage he had receiv'd from the *Muſſulmans*. *God* knows whether it be true or no. It wou'd be much to my ſatisfaction, to have a particular Account of all theſe things, and of whatſoever elſe occurs worthy of Notice. For, how can I diſcharge my Truſt, whilſt I am thus kept in the Dark.

They talk here of a violent *Plague* that rages in *Moſcovy*, and that above 200000 People have died of it in the City of *Moſco* only, beſides Millions that have been ſwept away in the Provinces of that vaſt *Empire*. Thoſe that really know not *themſelves*, nor are acquainted with their *own Nature*, will yet pretend to penetrate into the *Counſels* of the *Omnipotent*, and pronounce this as a *Judgment* on

on the *Moſcovites*, for the Cruelties they have committed in *Poland*. Doubtleſs, the *Methods* of *Fate* are *Inſcrutable*.

In the mean while we are plagu'd here with a crew of *Vagabonds*, whom they call *Gypſies* or *Egyptians*: For, they pretend to be deſcended from that Place. They ſwarm up and down the Country like *Caterpillars*, devouring the Fruits of the Earth. They boaſt of a Profound Skill in *Palmeſtry*, *Viſiognomy* and other *Sciences*, cheating People of their Money, under the Notion of telling them their *Fortunes*. No Body knows from whence they come, or whether they go. For, they are as uncertain as the Wind. A Nafty Generation, and the very Burden of the Land. If any Creatures be oblig'd to them, 'tis the *Mice* and *Rats*, with whom they ſeem to be in League. For they Kill and Eat all the *Cats* they ſeize on.

Illuſtrious *Miniſter*, I pray *Heaven* defend thee from all ſorts of *Plagues* and *Vermin*, but eſpecially from *Monſters* in *Humane Shape*.

Paris, *the* 26th. *of the* 2d. *Moon*,
of the Year, 1655.

LET-

LETTER XV.

To the ſame.

AS I am alive, theſe *Gypſies* have encha
ted me: I cannot put 'em out of m
Mind. And perhaps, it will neither be in
pertinent nor troubleſome, to give thee a fa
ther Information of them.

There are ſeveral Opinions concerning th
Original of theſe *Vagrants*, and they have be
thought worthy to be inſerted into *Hiſtori*
Some ſay, they came out of *Tartary* or *Scythi*
and that they firſt appear'd in theſe *Parts*
bout the Year 1417. of the *Chriſtians Hegi*
At which time they enter'd into *Saxony* i
Troops, having the *Paſsport* of *Sigiſmun*
King of *Hungary*, and Son of *Charles* IV
They had alſo the Recommendations of dive
other *Princes*, who look'd upon them as *Ho*
Perſons or *Prophets*. For they pretended, tha
they were commanded by *God*, to travel ov
the whole Earth, and not to have either Hor
ſes or Lands in their own Poſſeſſion: And
that this was enjoyn'd 'em as a *Penance* to ex
piate the *Sin* of their *Anceſtors*; who inhabi
ting *Egypt* in the Days of *Jeſus*, the Son o
Mary, the *Chriſtians Meſſias*, refus'd to enter
tain that *Holy Prophet* and his *Mother*, whe
they fled from the *Perſecution* of *Herod*.

Other

Others are of Opinion, that they came first out of *Persia*, and are of the *Race* of those who Adore the *Fire*. Being forc'd once in Seven Years, to make *Decimations* of their *People*, and send away many *Caravans*, to seek their Fortune in *Foreign Countries*; *Persia* not being able to sustain their numerous *Progeny*.

A Third Sort affirm, That they are the *Posterity* of the *Ten Jewish Tribes*, that were carried away Captives by *Salamanassar*, *King* of *Assyria*. No Body knows for certain, what they are, or of whence, They are of swarthy Complexions, wrapt up in Mantles of Cotton or Wool. They speak Seven *Languages*, profess Three *Sciences*; obey One *King* or *General*, who always travels with 'em. The *Italians* call 'em *Cingari*, from a Word in their *Language*, which signifies a kind of *Water-Fowl*, that hath no certain Nest, but is forc'd every Night to seek a New Lodging: For so these *Egyptians* rove from place to place. The *Germans* call them *Zingener*, from the Word *Zindel*, which is the constant Appellative of the *King* of these *Ramblers*; as *Pharaoh* was of Old among the *Gypsies*, and *Cæsar* among the *Romans*. In many things they resemble the *Torlakins* and *Faquirs* of the *East*: boasting of extraordinary Illuminations, and a constant Familiarity with *God*: Tho' some Learned Men among the *Nazarenes*, esteem 'em no better than a Crew of Cheats and Hypocrites: Even as they do those *Oriental Santones*; who, they say, under the Masque of an

an Uncommon Holineſs, commit a Thouſand Villanies.

God beſt knows what Judgment is to be made either of the *One* or the *Other*. But theſe *Egyptians*, as they call 'em, whether they are really ſuch, or no, have no great Marks of *Sanctity*, in that they are very *Unclean*. They ſeldom or never Waſh themſelves, but like the *Swine*, wallow in all manner of Filthineſs, eating prohibited Meats, and having their Women in Common, which are the two Sources of all *Impurity*.

As to the *Faquirs* of the *Eaſt*, they are ſtrict Obſervers of the *Law* of Abſtinence and Cleanneſs; whether they be *Muſſulmans*, or the *Gentiles* of *India*. And if in other Matters, they may be found faulty, 'tis very rare: And then they exceed not the *Character* of *Humanity*, which thou know'ſt, is by *Nature* prone to *Error*, and ſubject to a Thouſand Frailties and Overſights. We are all Men, and *God* does not expect our Conduct to be that of *Angels*. His Repoſe is in himſelf; and if he takes any Complacency in the Things of the World, 'tis in beholding every Thing act according to its *Nature*. The exquiſite Form and Symmetry of a *Bee*, a *Spider*, or a *Piſmire*, with the Inimitable Architecture of the Two Former, and the Admirable Providence of the Latter, may, for ought we know, afford him as much Delight, as the moſt celebrated Beauty, Strength, Science, and Performances of Men. For, his *Power* and *Wiſdom*, are equally manifeſt in All Things. Every

Creature

Creature is *Perfect* in its *Kind*, only a *Wicked Man* is a *Blot* in the *Univerſe*.

Wouldſt thou know what the *Weſtern Nazarenes* are moſt buſie about at this Time? 'Tis the *Election* of a New *Pope*. He is to be choſen by the *College* of *Cardinals*, who are *Princes* of the *Roman Church*. They are all ſhut up in a Place, which they call the *Conclave*. This is a certain *Gallery* in the *Palace* of the *Vatican* at *Rome*; where every *Cardinal* has his *Cell* or *Apartment* by himſelf, having only Two Servants to attend him. The *Conclave* is ſurrounded by the *Roman Militia*, to prevent all Intercourſe by Letters, or other Ways, between thoſe without, and thoſe within. The very Diſhes which are ſerv'd up at the Tables of the *Cardinals*, are narrowly ſearch'd, leſt any Letters ſhould be convey'd in them. The laſt Poſts from *Rome*, aſſure us, That there were no leſs than 66 *Cardinals* thus ſhut up, when they left that City. And, there they muſt remain Night and Day, without taking the freſh Air, or ſeeing any Body, till they have agreed in their *Election*. There are two *Phyſicians*, a *Surgeon*, and an *Apothecary*, ſhut up with 'em, to ſerve 'em in Caſe of Sickneſs.

One of the *Conclaviſts* is the *Cardinal de Retz*, who eſcaped out of his Priſon in this *Kingdom*, and fled to *Rome* for Protection. From whence he ſent a Letter to the *Arch-Biſhops*, and other *Prelates* of *France*; which being pronounced a *Seditious Libel* againſt the *King* and the *Government*, was in the End of the laſt *Moon* burnt publickly by the *King*'s

Order, and all *Copies* of it prohibited.

The *King* has alſo ſent private Inſtructions to the *Cardinals* of his Party at *Rome*, to keep a ſtrict Watch on the Conduct of *de Retz*, and to oppoſe him in all Things.

Here is nothing but Caballing and Intrigue among theſe *Infidels*: They are good at a Stratagem, and know better how to undermine one another, than to face their Enemies in the open Field: Which is a Character more ſuitable to Women than Men. Whereas thou know'ſt, our *Hero*'s in the *Eaſt*, know no other Way to Honour, Victory, and Empire, than by downright Bravery and Reſolution, ſubduing all Things by the Force of their Arms. But *God*, when he divided the *Nations* of the *Earth*, and ſeparated the *Sons* of *Noah*, aſſign'd to every one a different *Conſtellation*, according to whoſe *Influence*, the *Genius* of each People is diſpoſed. They all obey the *Dictates* of their *Particular Star*, and the *Orders* of *Eternal Deſtiny*.

Therefore, Sage *Miniſter*, ſince *Mars* is the *Planet* of the *Sons* of *Iſmael*, and the *Aſcendant* of the *Ottoman Empire*, there is no Need, that we ſhould turn *Apoſtates* from the *Star* of our *better Fortune*, to court the *Glances* of *Mercury*, who is only the *Guardian* of *Knaves* and *Cheats*.

Paris, 26th. *of the* 2d. *Moon*,
of the Year 1655.

The End of Firſt Book.

LETTERS

LETTERS

Writ by

A Spy at *PARIS.*

VOL. V.

BOOK II.

LETTER I.

To Cara Hali, Phyſician *to the* Grand Signior.

FOrmerly I could have writ to thee with as much Freedom, as I could to *Egri Boinou*, (on whom reſt the Favours of God) or as I can now to *Gnet Ogion*, to my Brother *Peſteli Hali*, or to any of my Familiar Friends. But when I conſider the Eminent *Station* thou poſſeſſeſt, in that the Health and Life of the *Mighty Emperor* is

now committed to thy Skill and Care, I am many Times at a Stand how to addreſs my ſelf. Methinks, thou art tinctur'd with the *Majeſty* of that *Perſonage*, whoſe Hand thou ſo often haſt the Honour to touch, when re-quir'd to diſcover by the beating of his *Pulſe* the Interiour Maladies which afflict his *Royal Soul*. Yet I know thou ſtill retaineſt thy Humanity, and wilt not deſpiſe thoſe whom thou haſt once thought worthy of Friendſhip.

Suffer me then to converſe with a *Philoſophick* Freedom, that is in an Addreſs void of Formalities and Reſerves.

I know 'tis of no Import, whether *Mahomet* be ſick or well, provided the *Grand Signior* be ſerv'd. What ſignifie the Languiſhing Pains, or more Acute Agonies of a *Slave*, ſo long as he is able to carry on his *Maſter's* Intereſt? We are not born for our *ſelves* only, but by the very Condition of our *Nature* are oblig'd to conſecrate our Lives to the Service of *others*. 'Tis a Recipocral Debt, from which no Mortal is free. Every Man owes Something to his *Relations*, more to his *Friends*, but moſt of all to the *Publick*.

Therefore I make no Complaints of my *Lot*, nor murmur at the *Will* of *Deſtiny*. I accuſe not the *Stars* of my *Nativity*, nor tax 'em with Unkindly *Aſpects*: But am contented with my Fortune, be it Good or Bad, and reſign'd to the Pleaſure of *Heaven*.

As *Nature* has fram'd my Body Infirm and Weak, ſubject to a Thouſand Maladies; So is my

my Mind alſo haraſs'd with Diſtempers which have no Number. But above all, I labour under a Kind of *Intellectual Fever*, a perpetual Thirſt of Knowledge, which all the Books and Converſe in the World cannot ſatisfie. There is no End of my Doubts and Scruples. Every Thing appears to me as Ambiguous, as the *Anſwers* of the *Delphic Oracle*. Nay, I am a perfect Riddle to my ſelf.

Tell me, dear *Hali*, how I ſhould cure this *Dropſy* of the *Mind*, and I will not trouble thee with the Inconſiderable Diſeaſes of my *Body*. I have a high Opinion of you *Phyſicians*: And ſhall put more Confidence in thy Advice, than in the *Teſta* of the *Mufti*. Conceal not thy Art from *Mahmut*, who admires thee with a Reſpect equal to that which he pays to the Memories of *Avicen*, *Al Razi*, *Helal*, and the Reſt of thoſe excellent *Phyſicians*, mentioned in our *Arabian Hiſteries*.

And now theſe Ornaments of our *Nation* are come into my Mind, permit them to divert me from ſaying or thinking any more of my ſelf at preſent: For it will be better to turn the Diſcourſe to ſuch Illuſtrious Themes. At worſt, it will be but an Innocent Digreſſion.

In peruſing the *Lives* of thoſe Famous Men, I meet with ſome Paſſages which are very Delightful. Perhaps thou haſt ſeen the ſame. Yet 'twill do thee no Hurt, to call 'em again to thy Remembrance.

I have read in a certain *Manuſcript*, penn'd by *Ibrahim* the Son of *Helal*, a Renown'd

Physician at *Badgat*, this *Memoir* of his Father. "On a certain Day, says he, that my Father "had administred Physick to the *Emperor Tu-*"*rnn*, for which he was presented with a Roy-"al *Vest*, rewarded with Five Thousand *Pie-*"*stres*, and by the *Emperor*'s Command was "carried through the Streets in State, I observ'd "that he was Pensive amidst all those Ho-"nours, and troubled in Mind, when I thought "he had greatest Reason to rejoice. There-"fore I said to him, *My Father, How comes it* "*to pass, that you are thus dejected, at a Time* "*when all the World expects to see you dissolv'd* "*in Pleasure?* He answered, *Son, He that* "*has bestowed these Honours on me is a Fool,* "*and does things preposterously without Reason.* "*And therefore I cannot rejoyce at these Un-*"*timely Favours he has shewed me, being sen-*"*sible they are not the Effects of his Judgment,* "*but of his Ignorance. I gave him a Cathar-*"*tic Potion, which work'd so strongly with him,* "*that it excoriated his Bowels, and brought forth* "*Blood. So that I was forced to use a different* "*Method, both to remove his Distemper, and* "*stop the Violent Flux.* "*In the mean while, he* "*Ignorantly believing, That the Voiding of so* "*much Blood, procured him the present Ease* "*and Health he feels, therefore ordered these* "*Honours to be done me which thou seest. Now* "*that which saddens me, is my Fear, lest some* "*Time or other, he may through his Ignorance* "*commit as great an Error on the Contrary* "*Side and suspect that I have done him an* "*Injury, when there is no Ground for it, and* "*so put me to Death.*

Tell

Tell me, my Friend, had not this *Phyſician* Reaſon for his Behaviour and Words? He was a Man of Great Abilities, accompliſh'd with divers *Sciences*, and in high Eſteem with the *Princes* and *Nobles* of *Arabia*.

It were worth thy Pains to peruſe frequently the *Life* of *Avicen*, written by himſelf, wherein thou wilt behold the Methods he us'd to acquire a Profound Skill in the *Sciences*: How he was at firſt puzzl'd in the *Metaphyſicks*, and was almoſt driven to Deſpair, till a *Dream* unfolded to him whatſoever was difficult. When he was at a Loſs in any Diſquiſition, he us'd to frequent the *Moſques*, and pour forth Devout and Fervent *Oraiſons* to the *Source* of *Intellectual Lights*, till the Thing was manifeſted to him. He ſate up late a-Nights, having a Lamp perpetually burning in his Chamber, applying himſelf attentively to Books and Contemplation. This was his Courſe, till he was Conſummate in all the *Liberal Sciences*, which was in the Eighteenth Year of his Age.

But of all the *Phyſicians* whoſe Names adorn our *Hiſtory*, none ſeems Comparable to *Thabet Eb'n Abrahim*, for his Skill in exactly Indicating the *Cauſes* of a *Diſtemper* by the *Different Meaſures* of the *Pulſe*. *Abul Pharai*, his *Contemporary* and Friend, writes thus of him. "On a certain Day, ſays he, when "I was with *Thabet Eb'n Abrahim* of *Har-*"*rain*, in the Houſe of *Abu Mohammed* the "*Vizir*, *Abu Adalla Ebno'l Hejai* the *Poet* being there alſo, reach'd forth his Hand to

" *Thabet*, desiring him to feel his *Pulse*. To
" whom the *Physician* forthwith reply'd, Thou
" *hast us'd a Gross Diet, and been Intemperate*
" *in eating sowr Milk with Veal.* The other
" answering, That *it was true*, and all the
" Company admiring; *Abu'l Abbas* the *Astro-*
" *loger*, also reach'd forth his Hand. But when
" *Thabet* had felt his Pulse, *Thou*, said he, *hast*
" *committed an Express in taking too much of*
" *Cold Things*; *for, as I judge, thou hast eat*
" *about Eleven Pomegranates.* Immediately
" *Abu'l Abbas* cry'd out, *This is a Prophet*
" *certainly, and more than a Physician*; *for he*
" *speaks the Truth to a Tittle.* Every Body was
" astonished at his Wondrous Knowledge, and
" I more than all the Rest. Wherefore, when
" I had him alone, I said, *My dear* Thabet,
" *The Study of Physick is Common to us both*;
" *therefore hide nothing from me, but discover*
" *freely by what Art you were able to tell, That*
" *the Poet eat sowr Milk with Veal, and not*
" *as well with Beef or Mutton*; *and that the*
" *Astrologer eat no more nor less than Eleven*
" *Pomegranates?* He answered, *My Mind*
" *suggested this to me, and prompted my Tongue*
" *to utter it.* Then I desir'd him to shew me
" the *Scheme* of his *Nativity*: Which he did
" at his own House. And considering it at-
" tentively, I observ'd, That the Planet *Ju-*
" *piter* was *Lord* of the *Horoscope*. Then I
" said to him, *'Tis this speaks, my Dear Friend,*
" *not you, so often as you make these Fortunate*
" *Conjectures.* Thus far *Abul Pharai.*

God

God knows, whether the *Stars* have any ſuch *Influence* on Men in their *Birth*, or no. I am not very Credulous in this Point. Nor can the Authority of the *Ancients*, or the Character of the *Perſian* and *Chaldean Magi* captivate my Mind in an Implicit Faith of Things ſo liable to Doubt. Who knows what the *Stars* are made of, or for what Ends they are Created? Yet I muſt own, that ſome Men ſeem to be born with Inherent Faculties, which others can never acquire with all the Art and Induſtry in the World. One Man is of a *Poetick* Conſtitution: Another is *Genially* inclin'd to *Phyſick*; a Third excels in *Mechanicks*: Every Man has his Peculiar Gift. And yet perhaps all this while, the *Stars* have Nothing to do in the Matter. However, if there be any Truth in *Aſtrology*, the *Perſians*, *Chaldeans*, *Arabians*, and *Indians*, ſeem to be the only Men of all *Nations*, Conſtellated to underſtand this *Science* perfectly. One knows not what to think amidſt ſo many Appearances of Truth and Falſhood. Nor can our Thoughts be of any great Import, be it how it will, in theſe *Speculative* Matters. At the *Day* of *Judgment* we ſhall not be ask'd, What Proficiency we have made in *Logick*, *Metaphyſicks*, *Aſtronomy*, or any other *Science*; but, Whether we have lived according to our *Nature*, as Men, endu'd with *Morality* and *Reaſon*. In that Hour it will more avail us, That we have thrown a Handful of Flower-in Charity to a Neſt of contemptible *Piſmires*, than that we could muſter all

all the *Hoſts* of *Heaven*, and call every *Star* by its proper Name. For, then the *Conſtellations* themſelves ſhall diſappear, the *Sun* and *Moon* ſhall give no more Light, and all the *Frame* of *Nature* ſhall vaniſh: But our Good and Bad Works ſhall remain for ever, Recorded in the *Archives* of *Eternity*.

If from this manner of Writing, thou ſhalt conjecture I am Melancholy, and will alſo reveal the *Cauſes* and *Remedy* of this *Diſtemper*, thou ſhalt be more to me, than a Thouſand *Avicen*'s, *Helal*'s, *Thabet*'s, or all the *Phyſicians* and *Aſtrologers* of the *Eaſt*. For, theſe Kind of Thoughts are Mournful as the *Shadow* of *Death*.

Paris, 23d. *of the* 4th *Moon*,
of the Year 1655.

LETTER II.

To Aſis, Baſſa.

I Know not whether thou wilt praiſe or condemn the *Sentence*, which the *Elector* of *Saxony* pronounced not long ago on a Poor Fellow for killing a *Deer*. Yet becauſe there is ſomething very Singular in it, I will relate the whole Paſſage, as I receiv'd it from *Nathan Ben Saddi*, the *Jew* at *Vienna*.

In the *Moon* of *Chetival*, a certain Citizen of *Wirtemberg* was accuſed before the *Elector* for hunting in his Foreſt, and killing one of his *Deer*. The *Duke* in a Rage, commanded him to be ſet upon a *Stag*, his Hands chain'd to the Horns, and his Feet under the Belly of the Beaſt; ordering, that the *Stag* with this Burden, ſhould be let looſe to run whither he would. The poor frighten'd *Stag* not being accuſtomed to ſuch a Load, and terrified with the rattling of the Chains, ran away full ſpeed over Hills and Dales, through Thickets of Briars and Thorns, never ſtopping, till he had meaſur'd above Three and Thirty *German* Leagues; and then tyr'd with ſo vaſt a Race, he fell down. At which Inſtant, a *Caravan* was coming by that Place, out of *Sileſia*.

The poor Wretch on the Back of the *Stag*, almoſt dead with the Pains he had undergone, in ſo continued and violent a Motion, being alſo ſorely bruis'd, and his Fleſh torn and mangled by the Boughs of Trees, as the *Stag* ruſh'd through thick Woods; cry'd aloud to the *Caravan*, begging that ſome of them would in Mercy diſpatch him out of his Torments. But they, either for fear of the *Duke*'s Diſpleaſure, or for other Reaſons, refuſed him this Kindneſs. So that after the *Stag* had reſted a while, and recovered new Spirits, he began a freſh Career; and never ceas'd running, till he arrived at a certain *Monaſtery* or *Convent* of *Religious*, where he beat againſt the Gate with his Horns, till ſome of the *Derviſes* open'd it;

it, and let him in. They aſtoniſhed to ſee a Man thus pinion'd to a *Stag*, his Face, Arms, Legs, and all his Body cover'd with Blood, and himſelf ready to expire, immediately brought him *Cordials* and other Refreſhments, whilſt ſome were employ'd in looſing his Chains. But being informed by his own Mouth, how he came into this Condition, they began to think of turning him looſe again, for fear of the *Duke*'s Anger. However, ſuffering themſelves to be overcome by the Importunity of the Miſerable Man, and relying on their *Eccleſiaſtick* Privileges (for here in the *Weſt*, the *Convents* are generally allow'd *Sanctuaries* for all ſorts of Offenders) they took him into their Protection: But he expired that Night.

It is hard to determine whether the *Duke*, or theſe *Derviſes*, were in the Right or Wrong. The *French*, who of late, have by a Faſhion learn'd to grow Obdurate, juſtifie the Proceedings of this *Prince*'s ſaying, That Pity is a Paſſion fit only for Women, Children, and Fools. They eſteem it a Mark of a Great Spirit, a Mind capable of *Empire*, not to be moved with the Sighs or Tears of the Miſerable; but to frown or laugh at the Misfortunes of others. This, they ſay, is the only Method to harden Men for War, Conqueſts, and Plunder: Where the Victors are to cut their Way to Honour and Riches, through the Hearts of the Vanquiſh'd, to quench the ardent Thirſt of Glory with Humane Blood, and to celebrate their Triumphs,

only

nely in the midſt of horrid Maſſacres and Funerals,

'Tis true, theſe Principles and Actions are allowable in *Men* of the *Sword*, when they fight the Battels of their *King* and *Country*, in Heat of Blood. But, Clemency and Compaſſion, are Virtues becoming the Greateſt *Prince*, or moſt valiant *General*, when their Enemies are reduc'd, by the Fortune of War, to kiſs the Duſt of their Feet, and beg for Mercy: Or, when in Time of Peace, their *Subjects* fall into a Crime which may admit of Indulgence. Certainly, theſe *Weſtern Infidels* have wrong Notions of Humanity, in aſſerting, That Cruelty is either a Sign of a Noble Nature, or a Step to true Happineſs: Since, the moſt hard-hearted *Tyrant*, one Time or other, will have need of Compaſſion himſelf; eſpecially in Sickneſs and the Agonies of Death, which perhaps prove more tormenting to him, than to the Merciful and Generous. It is recorded of *Al Hejai Eb'n Hoſha'm*, a Famous *Arabian* Captain, that when in a *Malignant Fever*, he call'd for Water to drink, and it was deny'd him by the *Phyſician*, who had Care of his Health; *It is enough*, ſaid he; *Rueno'ddaula, once my Lieutenant, to whom I forgave Three Treaſons, and who died a Natural Death, has refreſhed me at this Minute with a Liquor unknown: Sure, 'tis the Wine of Paradiſe.* And from that Moment he began to recover his Health, after which he liv'd many Years, often rehearſing this Paſſage among his familiar Friends to his laſt Day.

But

But the *Infidels* are either ignorant of these Examples, or if they know 'em, Pride will not suffer 'em to learn Morality and Justice. They are destin'd, the greatest Part, to be Incredulous to the *Day* of *Judgement*. How many *Prophets* has *God* sent into all *Nations*, to teach them the Right Way, and not the Way of such with whom he is displeas'd; yet they will not be Converted? They look on the *Apostles* and *Messengers* of the *Eternal*, with the Eyes of *Swine*; They grunt under the Burden of their Sensuality, and like those Filthy Animals, return to their Mire again. Yet, that *Superlatively Merciful*, winks at their Frailties, and visits them with his *Graces* every Morning. But they put their Fingers in their Ears, and turn away in Disdain, as from a Beggar. They reject the *King* of All Things, as a Fugitive and Vagabond on Earth.

From that Delectable *Essence*, the Odour of whose Sweetness is diffus'd through the *Elements*, and refreshes the Minds of the *True Faithful*; let us by continual Devotion and Virtue, attract Divine Tinctures, till our Hearts be all transform'd into *Incense*, and in this Aromatick Pile, our *Souls* expire like the *Phœnix*, to revive again in the Joys of *Paradise*, in Amours which know no End.

Paris, 8th *of the* 5th *Moon*,
of the Year, 1635.

LETTER

LETTER III.

To Nathan Ben Saddi, *a* Jew *at* Vienna.

I Wonder at nothing: Much leſs, at the Extravagant Caprices of *Tyrants*. Methinks, there appears no Novelty in Modern Tranſactions. They are but a Repetition of Ancient Practices, under New Forms. Of all the Events in this Age, not one has come to my knowledge which gives me a Surprize. Yet, I muſt confeſs, there is ſomething very Singular in the Puniſhment the *Duke* of *Saxony* inflicted, as thy Letter tells me, on the poor *Deer*-Stealer. And, if it be juſt to put a Man to Death on ſuch an Account, as the *Indians* hold; the *Duke* ſeems very Ingenious and Accurate, in the Choice he made of an *Executioner*.

The Ancient *Romans* had a *Law*, which they call'd *Lex Talionis*. Which in all *Criminal* Caſes, appointed the Puniſhment to be in ſome Circumſtances Adequate to the Fault. And thou know'ſt, *Moſes* your *Lawgiver*, left much the ſame *Statutes*: Requiring the Loſs of the Eye of him, who had put another Man's out; a Tooth for a Tooth, an Arm for an Arm, and ſo proportionably of other Injuries. But this *Prince* ſeems to have made a Supplement, where theſe *Laws* appear'd

pear'd ſhort; and has ſhew'd a moſt Exquiſite Niceneſs of Revenge in the Deſtiny of the Unfortunate Huntſman, to cauſe a *Stag* to be, in ſo peculiar a Manner, the Inſtrument of his Death, who had villainouſly murder'd one of the ſame *Species*; Doubtleſs, it was a *Princely* Freak of Juſtice: And had it been done purely to avenge the Blood of the ſlaughter'd Beaſt, and not in vindication of his own Right, I cou'd not forbear to pronounce it a Frolick worthy of a *Hero*. But, he himſelf is frequently guilty of the ſame kind of Murder, as are moſt of the *Great Men* in *Europe*; whoſe Tables are no other than the *Altars* of *Guttony*, ſmoaking with Fleſh and Blood, whilſt *Hecatombs* of Animals are there ſacrific'd to Voracious Appetites, the *Idols* of theſe *Weſtern* People.

Methinks therefore, it had been more Generous and becoming a *Prince*, to pardon the Poor Fellow a Theft, which perhaps was the only Method he had to preſerve *himſelf* and his *Family* from ſtarving. And for ought I know, he had as much Right according to the *Law* of *Nature*, to kill a *Stag*, as the Owner his. But, there is no Talk to be made of Right or Wrong, where Power over-rules all.

India is at preſent the only Publick Theatre of Juſtice toward all Living Creatures. There, it is a Capital Crime to ſhed the Blood of any Animal, and puniſh'd with Death no leſs than the Murder of a Man. The *Princes* and *Nobles* indeed incloſe *Deer*, and other

Innocent

Innocent Creatures in Parks, not with a Deſign to prey upon them at their Pleaſure, but to defend 'em from the Violence of others; whilſt thoſe happy Animals range and feed where they pleaſe within thoſe Pales, free from Peril, and never fearing any other Death, ſave what they pay to *Nature*, when they have ſpun out the accuſtom'd Term of their Life. They alſo build Hoſpitals for a like Purpoſe. And are at a great Charge every Year, to redeem a certain Number of Oxen and Cows from Slaughter. For they eſteem it a barbarous and inhumane Cruelty, to murder thoſe Creatures, which are the Nurſes of our Life.

The *Law* of *Moſes*, if I miſtake not, obliges all of thy *Nation* to certain Specifique Tenderneſſes towards the Dumb Animals. And *Eeſa* the *Prophet*, a Man of no obſcure Extract, but of a Noted Race among the *Hebrews*, ſays, *He that killeth an Ox, is as if he ſlew a Man, and he that ſacrificeth a Lamb, as if he beheaded a Dog.* And in another place, the ſame *Prophet* ſays, in the Perſon of *God*, *To what purpoſe is the Multitude of your Sacrifices to me? I am offended with the Smoak of your Burnt-offerings, and nauſeated with the Smell of broiled Fat. I take no Delight in the Blood of Bulls, Lambs or Goats. Who hath required theſe things at your Hands? Bring no more vain Oblations, which my Soul hateth.*

By theſe Expreſſions one would think, the *Prophet* brings in *God*, denying that ever he

commanded any such *Sacrifices* or shedding of Blood, and protested against it, as an Abomination. Where then is the Reputation of those *Writings* which go under the Name of *Moses*? For, in them these bloody *Victims* are expresly enjoyned. *God* cannot be Contradictory to himself. Doubtless, a great part of the *True Law* which *God* gave to *Moses*, was lost in the former *Captivities* of your *Nation*, when your Cities and Provinces were quite dispeopl'd, your Fathers led away by the Victorious *Monarchs* of the *East*, and your choicest *Memoirs* Abolish'd. So that what remains now, is only a Collection of Fragments patch'd up by *Esdras*, and other Industrious *Scribes*, to which they gave the Specious Title of the *Law* of *Moses*, that so they might fasten the wavering People in Obedience, to something, tho' of their own devising.

Nathan. I do not go about to seduce thee, Examine All Things. Believe neither me, nor thy own *Rabbi's*, but trust only thy Reason, which will stand by thee at the *Day of Judgment*, when all Things else shall fail.

Paris, 8th *of the* 5th *Moon of the Year*, 1655.

LETTER

LETTER IV.

To Dgebe Nafir, Baſſa,

THeſe *Nazarenes*, like the *Followers* of the *Prophet*, are divided into Innumerable *Sects*; and ſo 'tis in all *Religions*. Men cannot think alike. *Nature* it ſelf delights in Variety. *God* has diverſify'd the *Faculties* of our *Souls*, as he has the *Conſtitutions* of our *Bodies*. The *Zealot* is ſubject to *Choler*; the *Bigot* to *Melancholy*; the *Libertine*, is of a *Sanguine* Complexion; and as for the reſt, they are but ſo many Walking, Speaking Lumps of *Flegm*. This is the *Phyſical* Diviſion of *Mortals*: Under which are comprehended, the various *Tempers* which reſult from the different Mixture of theſe Four *Radical Principles*. And for this, we muſt thank *Galen* and *Hippocrates*.

But, if we conſult the *Aſtrologers*, they will aſſign as many different *Humours* and *Complexions*, as there be *Stars* in the *Heavens*, at leaſt, as there be *Conſtellations*. They'll tell ye of the *Bull* and the *Bear*, and *God* knows what *Heavenly* Stories. The *Dragon* ſhall ſpit Venom on one Man's *Nativity*, out of his Mouth; and give another a poiſonous Lick with his Tail. If we believe all they ſay, there is not an Herb in the Field, but has its particular *Star*, whoſe *Influence* cauſes it to grow and proſper; thô *Moſes* tells us, that all

all the *Vegetables* appear'd on the Earth, even before the *Stars* themſelves had their Exiſtence in the *Heavens*.

But, whether there be any Truth in *Aſtrology*, or no; this is certain, that Men differ in their Sentiments of *Religion*, as they do in their Faces. The *Phiſiognomy* of *Faith*, is Infinitely various. One Man believes in *Moſes*, another in *Jeſus* the *Son* of *Mary*, a Third in *Mahomet* our *Holy Law-giver*. Then theſe are ſubdivided into Innumerable Parties. The *Jews* have Seventy eminent *Religious Factions*. There are number'd Seventy and One *Sects* of *Chriſtians*, and Seventy Two of *Muſſulmans*. Theſe are all at Odds about Words and *Exteriour Ceremonies*; ſo zealous for Charity and Peace, that they are in perpetual Wars for its ſake, murdering one another in the Love of *God*: And ſuch ſtout Champions for the *Truth*, that they ſcruple not to tell Ten Thouſand Lyes in its Defence.

The Differences between the *Greek* and *Armenian Nazarenes*, the *Neſtorians* and *Jacobites*, with other *Sects* of the *Eaſt*, are not unknown to the *Miniſters* of the *Port*. But perhaps thou art a Stranger to the Newer *Schiſms* of the *Weſt*.

The moſt Eminent *Diviſion* of *Chriſtendom* at this Time, is into *Catholicks* and *Proteſtants*. The former obey the *Roman Mufti*, and boaſt of an Uninterrupted *Series* of *Caliphs* from *Peter* the *Vicar* of the *Meſſias*, down to the preſent *Pope*. The Latter are the *Followers* of

of *Luther* and *Calvin*, Men who pretended to certain *New Lights*, and claim'd a Right to reform the *Errors* of their *Fathers*, in Matters of *Faith* and *Worſhip*. *God* beſt knows, who's in the Right or Wrong, of theſe Two *Parties*: But, they have always been at Daggers-drawing in defence of their ſeveral *Tenets*; perſecuting and maſſacring one another, for *Conſcience*-ſake. Both Sides appeal to the *Written Law*, to *Apoſtolical Traditions*, to the *Teſtimony* of the *Ancients*, the *Decrees* of *Councils*, and the Practice of thoſe whom they call the *Primitive Church*. Yet neither Part will allow the other a ſufficient Judgment to Interpret thoſe *Memoirs* of *Antiquity*, nor an Authentick Power to decide Controverſies of this Nature. Thus their Diſputes are like to laſt, till the *Final Day* of *Deciſion*, when all Human Quarrels ſhall be determin'd before the *Grand Tribunal*.

In the mean Time they take all Advantages, to excute their Spight and Malice on each other, under the Notion of Juſtice and Piety. We are daily alarm'd here with Tragical Relations of horrid Murders and Butcheries committed on the *Proteſtants* of *Piedmont*, and other Parts under the *Duke* of *Savoy*. Whilſt ſome ſay, That all theſe Reports are falſe, and the Sufferings of thoſe People are according to *Law*, the due Puniſhment of their *Rebellious* Actions.

It is not in my Power, to adjuſt their Differences; nor is it Material to a *Muſſulman*,

man, which of them has the *Law* on their Side. Yet, if I were inclin'd to take any Part, it ſhou'd be that of the Oppreſſed. Cruelty I abhor: And our *Holy Prophet* has forbid force to be us'd in *Matters* of *Religion*, ſince the *Conſcience* is Reſponſible to none but *God*.

May that *God*, from whoſe *Unity* have ſprung all the Different *Eſſences* in the *World*, and all the Variety in *Nature*, give us Grace to love the Whole *Creation*, and not to ſhed Blood unleſs in the *Sacred Combat*.

Paris, *the* 13th. *of the* 6th. *Moon*, *of the Year* 1655.

LETTER V.

To William Voſpel, *a* Recluſe *of* Auſtria.

I Had concluded thee Dead, till thy Letter certify'd me to the contrary. So long a Silence between Friends, wou'd put any Man upon the ſame Thoughts. Ten Years have ſlipt away between my laſt to thee, and thy Anſwer. I hope thou doſt not meaſure *Time*, after the Rate of the *Seven Sleepers*. Perhaps thou haſt been enjoyn'd a ten years *Silence* and Abſtinence from all manner of Converſation, by the *Superiour* of thy *Convent*. Such Severities are not uncommon in *Religious Societies*,

ties, where the main Buſineſs is, to acquire *Perfection*. The *Armenian Monaſteries* are much more Rigid, where but for One Extravagant Word, I have known a Man's Tongue lock'd up for the ſpace of Two and twenty Years, under Pain of *Excommunication*; and then releas'd, only for the ſake of a moſt Significant Jeſt, put on the *Patriarch* in *Mute* Signs. Wit will find a way to vent it ſelf, tho it be at the Fingers Ends. And for ought I know, thou haſt oblig'd thy *Abbot* to take off the *Cenſure* by the like Method. There was abundance of *Satyre* in the Subſannation of the Ancient *Romans*; and no leſs *Rhetorick* in the Shrugg or Grimace of the Modern *Italians*. The *Mimicks* of *Scaramouchi*, are a perfect *Lampoon*; and *Harlequin* is *Burleſque* all over.

Thou know'ſt I always entertain thee with one frivilous Diſcourſe or other, to divert thy Melancholy; and thy own Letters give me Encouragement. They ſeem to be writ in a pleaſant Humour. But tell me, have I gueſs'd right at the cauſe of ſo tedious a Reſervedneſs, or no? Haſt thou been forc'd all this while, to ſpeak with thy Hands, Feet, Noſe, and the Emphatick Motions of thy Head and Eyes? If it were ſo, I fancy thou wert excellent Company, among thy Grave Flegmatick Brethren; and in a fair way to underſtand the Language of the *Beaſts*, who by curvetting, creeping, leaping, friſking their Tails and other Poſtures, expreſs their various Paſſions, Deſires and Neceſſities, as Intelgibly

ligibly to thoſe who are us'd to them, as we can do by the moſt Elegant Addreſſes in Words.

But to be ſerious: If for the ſake of *Virtue*, this *Penance* be impos'd on thee by *him* who Preſides over thy *Convent*, or thou haſt Voluntarily undertaken ſo difficult a Part of Self-Denyal on the Score of *Philoſophy* or *Religion*, thou haſt approv'd thy ſelf wiſe and brave in not flinching. A Coward in Religious Matters, is as deſpicable, as in the Engagements of the World. 'Tis Honourable to face Temptations, and come off with Victory.

As for what thou deſireſt to know concerning the *Sepulchre* of King *Childerick*; It is eſteem'd a Piece of great *Antiquity*: In Regard he was the Fourth *Monarch* of *France*. He Reign'd over the *Gauls* or *Franks* in the Year 458. *Severus* being *Emperour* of *Rome*, *Severinus* and *Degalaiphus*, *Conſuls*. Yet in little more than three Years, he was Depos'd and baniſh'd by his *Subjects*, whilſt one *Ægidius* a *Roman*, was Crown'd in his ſtead. Neither did this Man pleaſe the People ſo well, but that after ſome Experience of his Oppreſſion, Avarice and other Vices, they expell'd him alſo, and recall'd their *Lawful Sovereign*. For *Ægidius* had vex'd them with unreaſonable Taxes, fleecing them of many Millions, which he privately ſent out of the *Kingdom*, diſpoſing of this vaſt Treaſure at *Rome*, and among his Friends in other Parts, as a Support againſt Future Contingencies: For, he look'd for ſome Back-Blows of *Fate*. *Childeric* therefore

fore being reſtor'd to his *Crown*, enjoy'd it till his Death; which was in the Year 484 After whom ſucceeded in the *Kingdom*, *Clodoveus the Great*, who was the Firſt *French King* that embrac'd *Chriſtianity*.

The Time when *Childeric*'s *Tomb* was firſt diſcover'd, was about Two Years ago, when the *Cathedral* of *Tournay* wanted Reparation. For, as the *Labourers* were digging up the Old *Charnel-Houſe*, they encounter'd a long Stone; which giving 'em ſome Fatigue, they broke in Peices, and found under it the Entire *Skeleton* of a *Man* lying at Length, with Abundance of *Greek Medals* of *Gold*, and ſome other Curioſities of the ſame *Metal*, among which was a *Ring* with this *Motto*,

SIGILLUM CHILDERICI REGIS.

All theſe *Reliques* were at firſt poſſeſs'd by the *Canons* of that *Church*, where they were found: Of whom they were begg'd by the *Arch-Duke* of *Auſtria*, who has them in his Cuſtody. Therefore thoſe who told thee they are in the *King* of *France*'s Hands, were miſinform'd themſelves, or deſign'd to abuſe thee. For this cannot be ſuppos'd, during the preſent Wars between *France* and *Spain*: When they are more ready on both Sides to plunder one another, than to Grant Civilites of this obliging Nature.

I perceive, thou art grown a great *Antiquary*; and therefore in Token of my Eſteem I have ſent thee a *Cabinet* of ſuch *Old Things*

as I have ſcrap'd together in my Travels, and during my Reſidence in this City.

The *Agates* which you will find in the *Uppermoſt* Drawer, may eaſily be dated by their Figures which are all after the Faſhion of *Gentile Rome*. As for the *Shells* in the *Second*, I leave 'em to thy own Judgment; onely this I will ſay, That they are not Common. The *Third* contains a Miſcellany of ſeveral *Antiques*. The *Knives* were us'd by the Ancient *Roman Prieſts* in their *Sacrifices*. The *Weights* are at leaſt Twelve Hundred Years Old, by the Parallels which I have ſeen in the *Kings Library*. The *Rings* alſo are of the *Parthian* Make: And the *Arrow* to which they are faſten'd, retains its *Oriental Venom* to this Hour; as thou wilt find by trying it on any *Animal* that deſerves it. But, after all, the *Lowermoſt* Drawer contains Nothing but *Counterfeits*. For, thoſe *Medals* are the work of *Parmezan*, the fineſt *Graver* in the World. If thou knoweſt not his Character, I'll tell thee in a Word; he was Famous for imitating ſo Exactly the moſt Ancient *Medals*, that the *Tranſcripts* cou'd not be diſcern'd, even by the moſt Skilful *Artiſts*, from the *Originals*.

Accept theſe, with the ſame good Will as I did, when they were preſented to me, and tell me wherein elſe I can gratify thy Wiſhes.

You *Monaſticks* are infinitely Happy, in the Advantages of Retirement and Tranquility. You are free from the Cares which moleſt other Mortals. The *Bell* rings you to *Prayers*,

Prayers, and to your *Repaſt*. You have Nothing elſe to regard, but your *Contemplations* and *Studies*. Many *Great Lights* have ſprung from your Various *Orders*. And I tell thee, Father *William*, the *World* will be diſappointed, if thou ſhould'ſt prove a *Dark-Lanthorn*, and only be Wiſe for thy Self.

Paris 25th. *of the* 6th *Moon*,
of the Year 1655.

LETTER VI.

To the moſt Illuſtrious and Invincible Vizer Azem, *at the* Port.

BY the Sound which the Sun makes at his going down, I ſwear, I was not miſtaken in the *Idea* I had of thy Generoſity. And, the *Diſpatch* with which thou haſt honour'd the *Slave Mahmut*, confirms me in a perfect Security of thy Favour and Protection.

I ſhall with exquiſite Diligence obey thy Orders. But it cannot be attempted, without vaſt Sums of Money. And if I may be thought worthy to give Advice to my *Superiours*, the moſt Effectual Way to accompliſh this, will be by ſending one of the *Principal Miniſters* to this *Court*, with a ſplendid *Embaſſy*. For, this Young *King* expects very Honourable Addreſs, from all that ſeek his

more Intimate Friendſhip. Therefore a *Chiaus* wou'd be ſlighted on ſuch an Occaſion, and marr all the Deſign. I would counſel, That ſomebody be ſent who perfectly underſtands the *Genius* of the *French*, and the particular Aims of *Cardinal Mazarini*.

Under the Protection of ſuch a one, I ſhou'd be able without Hazard of a Diſcovery, to Act all that is neceſſary to carry on this Deſign with good Succeſs. Here are Abundance of needy *Courtiers*, on whom Gold will have a powerful Influence. But neither I in Perſon, nor any one whom I ſhall depute, can make ſuch Tenders, unleſs there were here ſome known Publick *Embaſſador* from the *Grand Signior*, to countenance the Buſineſs. For, otherwiſe it will preſently be whiſper'd, That ſome *private Agent* lurks here *Incognito*. They will ſtart a Thouſand *Chimera*'s of Jealouſie; and ſo I may run the Hazard of a *Second* Impriſonment, when the *Cardinal* ſhall call to mind the Occaſion of my *Firſt*. All that I can then ſay of my being a *Moldavian*, will find no Credit; and 'twill be no leſs than a Miracle, if they do not expoſe me to a Scrutiny for the Mark of *Circumciſion*. Which if it be found, all's betray'd and ruin'd.

I do not value the Puniſhments they will inflict on me, nor the Loſs of my Life: But I dread the more Important Conſequences of ſuch a Diſcovery; the unmasking the *Secrets* of the *Grand Signior* to *Infidels*.

Theſe are the Chief Reaſons I have to offer in behalf of an Honourable *Embaſſy*. As to the

the Perſon whom thou ſhalt think fit to employ in ſo Glorious a Truſt, I will not preſume to add any thing to what I have ſaid already, That he be a Man of Experience in the *French* Affairs, well vers'd in the Knowledge of *Chriſtian* policy, the different Intereſts of the *Courts* of *Europe*, and one that exactly knows what Advantage to make of the New *Pope*. For, after long Debates, the *Cardinals* have at laſt Elected one, who has aſſum'd the Name of *Alexander* VII.

It is hard to Judge at his Firſt Acceſſion to that *Sovereign Chair*, what Intereſt this *Prelate* will embrace, whether that of *France* or *Spain*: Or whether his Conduct will be *Neutral*, deporting himſelf with an equal Indifference to all the *Nazarene Princes* whom he calls his *Sons*, endeavouring to compoſe their Quarrels, and unite their Forces againſt the *Muſſulmans*. I tell thee no body can be yet aſſur'd, what the Temper of the *Roman Mufti* may prove. For, it is uſual for the aſpiring *Cardinals*, to promiſe many Things in hopes of the *Papacy* which they never perform, when they have once obtain'd the *Uncontroulable* Command. *Diſſimulation* is rank'd among the *Principal* Vertues, in the *Court* of *Rome*: and he that knows not how to diſguiſe his Affections, is not thought worthy of any Important *Truſt*. *Adonai* the *Jew*, has loſt his Liberty in that City, for being defective in this Courtly Accompliſhment. It ſeems, he and ſome others of his *Nation* rail'd too paſſionately and openly, at the *Idolatry* of the

Romans. Yet I expect daily to hear of his Relief; for, I underſtand by a Letter from him, that he was excepted out of the Number of thoſe, whoſe *Condemnation* is *Irrevocable.*

I reprov'd him for his Immorality, in reflecting on the *Eſtabliſh'd Religion*, of the *Country* where he reſides. But, this kind of Arrogance, is the peculiar Vice of the *Hebrews.* They deſpiſe all other people in the World: Whereas thou know'ſt the Impartial *God* reſpects not One *Nation* more than another; For, they are all equally the *Works* of his *Hands.* And for ought we know, he tolerates the Variety of *Religions* that are extant in the World, with the ſame Indifference, as he diſpences his Common Bleſſings to ſuch an *Infinite* Number of Men of diverſe Faces.

The *Multiplicity* in the *Univerſe*, exalts the *Divine Unity*, which is the *Root* of *All.* And if there be Ten Thouſand Myriads of *Worlds*, they all ſprang from *One Cauſe*, and there they end. For he is the *Firſt* and *Laſt* of Every Thing.

Paris, 2d. *of the* 7th. *Moon,*
of the Year 1655.

LETTER

LETTER VII.

To Nathan Ben Saddi a Jew *at* Vienna.

THE *Egyptians* have a *Proverb*, That he who thinks and ſpeaks of *God*, onely when he is Melancholly, ſacrifices to the *Planet Pharovin* or *Saturn*, and not to the moſt High and Exalted *King* of *All things*, who is the Fountain of Joy to *Men* and *Angels*.

I counſel thee, not to liſt thy ſelf in the Number of thoſe who adore the *Stars*, by cheriſhing ſad *Idea*'s of the ever Indulgent and Merciful *Divinity*: Nor think thy ſelf the leſs liable to this Cenſure, becauſe it proceeds from a *Nation* which was once at Enmity with the Sons of *Jacob*. Deſpiſe not the Wiſdom of that People, from whom even *Moſes* your *Lawgiver* learn'd all his, and from whom all *Nations* borrow'd Improvements of *Learning*, if they are not Indebted to them for its Firſt Rudiments.

By what I have ſaid, thou wilt perceive that I conſult thy Happineſs, and wou'd have thee chaſe away Vain Fears and Superſtitious Thoughts, the mere Product of an Ill-temper'd Spleen, which is the peculiar Malady of thy *Nation*. Let thy Heart be always Chearful; for *God* loves every Thing that he has made: The *Univerſe* overflows with his

Bounty. Be not *too Religious*, nor ſtrain the Faculties he has given thee for thy Support, and not for thy Bane,

I had rather hear from thee Matter of News, than theſe diſmal Scruples about thy *Soul*. If thou art not willing to embrace the *Muſſulman Faith*, in God's Name continue to obſerve the *Law* of *Moſes*, and proſecute thy Affairs with Alacrity.

Thou haſt been very ſlack of late in ſending me Advices of what paſſes at *Vienna*, and other *Parts* of *Germany*. We have flying Reports here, of the Death of *Eleanora* the *Empreſs*; and that on the ſame Day whereon ſhe died, *Leopoldus Ignatius Joſephus*, the *Emperour*'s Son, was Elected King of the *Romans*. I know not how to write to the *Miniſters* of the *Port*, till thou haſt aſcertain'd me of theſe Things. For *God*'s ſake, be ſpeedy in thy *Diſpatches*, and inform me what is done at the *Diet* of *Frankfort*. Rowze up thy ſelf, and baniſh ſuperfluous Cares. Remember, that as there is but *One God*, ſo there is but *One Law*, but *One thing* Neceſſary to Men; that is, *To live according to Reaſon*. This is Engraven in every Man's Heart, and there needs no *Comment* to explain it. Thou art a ſufficient *Lawgiver*, *Rabbi*, *Doctor*, and *Interpreter* to thy ſelf. Let not others amuſe thee with *Fables*.

I will now acquaint thee with ſomething of Certainty. The *French* have gain'd *Landrecies*, a ſtrong Town in *Flanders*. It was ſurrendred to them on the 22.d of this *Moon*;

And

And the next Day all the Garriſon marched out, conſiſting of 1500 Men, beſides 300 wounded.

The *King* is gone, upon this good News, to view and take Care of his New Conqueſts. For, this is not the only Town the *Spaniards* have loſt: They talk of *Maubeug*, *Bovines* and *Conde*; all which, according to freſh Report, are in the Hands of the *French*. This Young *Monarch* is ſtrangely Fortunate.

If thou canſt inform me of ſuch ſucceſsful Campagnes among the People of the *North*, fail not to do it in Seaſon: For we are not plac'd in theſe *Stations*: to whiſtle to Sheep.

Paris, 29th. *of the* 7th *Moon*, *of the Year* 1655.

LETTER VIII.

To Muſtapha Lulu Beamrilla, *a Man of the* Law.

I Would willingly be admitted into *Paradiſe*, as well as other *Muſſulmans*. Neither would I think, ſpeak or do any Thing, which might prejudice my Title, and baulk my Pretentions to Eternal Happineſs. This Deſire is Natural to all Men; and when I

profess it, thou may'st believe me without an Oath. Yet methinks, I wou'd not go Hoodwink'd to *Heaven*, but wou'd fain enjoy the Benefit of my Sense and Reason, in my Advances to that *Region* of *Bliss*.

I beleive the *Alcoran*, as the *Oracle* of *God*; and 'tis so firmly Imprinted in my Memory, that I cou'd repeat it *Verbatim* from the Beginning to the End, without missing a *Versicle*. I give an Entire Credence to the *Doctrine* of the *Resurrection*; being Naturally desirous of *Immortality*: but I cannot entertain the gross Conceit, which the greatest Part of *Mussulman's* have of the *Resurrection*; that is that our very *Dust* shall be raised again, and Organiz'd into a *Body*. The *Nazarenes* are of the same Opinion. But methinks, there's no need of stretching and straining of *Nature*. Besides, this Opinion is Inconsistent with other *Fundamental Doctrines* of the *Mussulman Law*.

We are all taught to beleive, That the *Souls* of *Just Men*, *Saints* and *Martyrs*, immediately on their Departure from the *Body*, ascend to *Paradise*. If so, then they either live there in an *Unbodied State*, or they have *New Bodies* assign'd them by the same *Providence* which gave them their *Old*. Be it which way it pleases *God*; it will appear a manifest Botch in the *Works* of the *Omnipotent*, and *Indecorum* in *Nature*, to make these *Souls* either cast off their *New Bodies* at the *Day* of *Judgment*, for the Sake of their *Old Rotten Reliques*, after they have enjoy'd all the

the Ravishing Delights of *Eden* for so many Ages; or to stand in Need of any *Bodies* at all, after they have liv'd so long in a *Separate* Condition. There's no Sense in't. Doubtless, this Opinion was first hatch'd by those who believ'd the *Sleep* of the *Soul*, and held that it was Inseparable from the *Body*. For then they had no other way to comfort themselves with any Probable Hopes of a *Surviving immortality*, but by maintaining, That as the *Soul* slept with the *Body* in the *Grave*, so both *Soul* and *Body* shou'd conjointly Rise again at the *Day* of *Doom*.

Or perhaps, this *Figure* of our *Resurrection* was inculcated, to insinuate the Faith of an *Immortal* State, into the duller Minds of those, who were incapable of comprehending either the *Pre-Existence* of *Souls*, their *Self-Subsistence* after *Death*, or their *Translation* into other *Bodies*.

It seems to me much more easie to believe, according to the most Obvious *Works* of *Nature*, that after our *Dissolution* here, we shall either assume some *Body* of *Air*, *Fire*, or other *Elemental* Supplement, or by Magnetick *Transmigration* shall be United to some *Vegetable* or *Animal Embrio*; than to Dream of Recollecting all our Scatter'd *Ashes* together after so many Thousands of Years, wherein they have been dispers'd, perhaps through all the Ranges of the *Universe*.

Surely, our *Holy Lawgiver*, and all the other *Prophets*, intended no other Thing by the *Doctrine* of the *Resurrection*, but only to convince

convince the World, that the *Soul* was *Immortal* and that conſequently there wou'd be a Reward of *Good* and *Bad* Works after this *Life*. We ſhall live for ever, Old *Lawyer*: And what ſignifies it, whether we have the ſame *Bodies* or others, ſo long as we are Happy in any State: And if we are Metamorphos'd we cannot fail of our *Specifick* Felicity, ſince every *Creature* is Happy in his Own *Eſſence*. Then let us be *Apes*, *Dromedaries*, *Camels* or any Thing but *Hogs*, and we ſhall have Bliſs enough. That *Creature* is the very *Emblem* of *Uncleanneſs*, and therefore its *Life* cannot be the Object of a *Muſſulman's* Wiſh. Yet we know not the *Laws* of our *Change*, or *Tranſmigration* from this *Mortal* Life. For the *Soul*, according to *Pythagoras* and the *Ancients*, is Capable of all *Forms*.

If thou wond'reſt what has put me upon this Diſcourſe, it is the Remembrance of what I have heard thee relate of the *Apparition* of *Dead Mens Bones* in the *Cemetry* of *Grand Cair* in *Egypt*, at a certain Seaſon of the Year, when Multitudes of People by Cuſtom flock thither to behold this Wonderful *Scene* of a *Sham-Reſurrection*. I can give it no better Title, ſince in all Probability, 'tis only the Effect of ſome Artifice us'd by the *Chriſtians*, to procure Money from the Admiring Croud. And I'm confirm'd in this Belief, by a Letter I receiv'd from *Mehemet* the Exil'd *Eunuch*, who now reſides at *Caire*; and having been curious to obſerve this Celebrated *Miracle* among the other *Rarieties* of this City, ſent me

me such an Account of this Passage, as convinces me there's some Cheat in't.

He tells a great many other Things of the *Superstition* and *Ignorance* of the *Egyptians*, as to the *Pyramids*, and the suppos'd *Spirits* which guard 'em. In all, he laments the Condition of Mortals, who have so far degenerated from themselves, and suffer'd their *Reason* to be debauch'd with *Fables*.

Sage *Mustapha*, thou art of the *Race* of those who have preserv'd *Science* and *Philosophy*. A *Halo* of *Light* invests thy *Soul*. Let no dark opinion of *God* and his *Works*, eclipse thy *Intellect*.

Paris 20th. *of the* 8th. *Moon*, *of the Year* 1655.

LETTER

LETTER IX.

To Solyman Kuſſir Aga, Prince *of the* Black Eunuchs.

THY *Diſpatch* came in a Happy Hour; Yet the Contents of it ſurpriz'd me. 'Tis a ſtrange Turn of *Fortune*, that the *Baſſa* of *Aleppo*, after ſo many *Rebellions*, ſhou'd become the *Sultan*'s Favorite, and be inveſted in the *Higheſt Dignity* of the *Empire*. Yet, who knows, but this may be the only Effectual Courſe to reclaim him, and of an Enemy to render him a Friend? For, *Ambition* is a *Vice* ſo nearly bordering on *Vertue*, ſo refin'd and ſubtle in Complexion, that when the Paſſion which cheriſhes it, is once gratify'd with its proper Object, it ſoon becomes a *Vertue* it ſelf, and transforms a *Libertine* to a *Hadgi*, ranking a Man to Day among the moſt deſerving *Hero*'s, who but Yeſterday was in the Number of the *Seditious*.

Therefore, I cannot but highly applaud the Counſel of thoſe, who perſwaded the *Grand Signior* to this Uncommon Choice of the *Vizer Azem*. The whole *Empire* has languiſh'd for Want of a Man of Abilities in that *Supreme Station*, ever ſince the *Seal* was taken from the moſt Illuſtrious *Chuſaein Baſſa* through the Malice of his Enemies. And in this Juncture, they cou'd not have pitch'd on a Man more

more capable of the *Charge*, than this bold *Baſſa*; who, beſides his Experience in the Wars, both by Sea and Land, is look'd on as the Stouteſt Man in this Age. As for his Former Crimes, they proceeded only from his Diſcontent and Thirſt of Glory, which is now ſufficiently allay'd by the Bounty of our *Sovereign*. The *Cauſe* therefore of his Extravagances being thus ſeaſonably remov'd, the *Effect* will naturally ceaſe.

But, ſuffer me to ask thee; Do they not reſent at the *Seraglio*, his Approaches to that *Sanctuary* of *Mortals*, with ſuch a Formidable Retinue? Thou telleſt me, he is attended by Forty Thouſand Men, an Equipage fit for a *Sovereign Monarch*. Perhaps, 'tis only the Effect of his *Martial Genius*, and that he is willing to appear like a Soldier. Or, it may be he really ſuſpected Danger, and that he was deſign'd for a Sacrifice: which made him come thus guarded to the Feet of his *Maſter*: That his Son might revenge his Death, by ſome deſperate Attempt on *Conſtantinople*. Be it how it pleaſes *God*, it ſeems, the *Sultan* wink'd at all, and receiv'd him with ſuch Marks of his Eſteem and Affection, as are ſeldom vouchſaf'd to *Subjects*. I hope, the Event will anſwer his Expectation. Theſe new methods of Clemancy may prove more ſucceſsful, than the ſevere Conduct of former Times. Men of Great *Souls*, are ſooner ſubdu'd by Favour, than Force and Cruelty.

I am

I am extreamly oblig'd to thee for thy Inſtructions, which I ſhall exactly obſerve, in writing to this *Supreme Miniſter*. Thou haſt match'd my own Thoughts, in this Advice. For, knowing that *Baſſa*'s Temper, it will be Policy, as well as Juſtice, frankly to own what I have writ againſt him, and not ſtuff my Letter with abject fawning Submiſſions, or ſneaking Excuſes. He is brave himſelf, and will be pleas'd to ſee a Man reſolute in his Duty.

However, let the Conſequence be what it will. I muſt follow the Meaſures of my own Integrity. There is Something ſo Satisfactory in Truth, and an honeſt blunt Carriage, as far ſurpaſſes the little faint Pleaſures of Artifice and Diſſimulation. And I ſhou'd be weary of my *Life*, were I forc'd to preſerve it by ſuch Effeminate Tricks. Yet, I muſt confeſs, 'tis a vaſt Encouragement, to find thy Sentiments the ſame. What is this *World*, that we ſhou'd be ſo fond of it? Or what is the *Life* of *Mortals*, that we need be ſo overſtudious of prolonging the Reſpiration of that Breath, which may with as much Eaſe be all breath'd out at once, as by ſo many Succeſſive Millions of Moments; For, *Death* properly poſſeſſes but an *Inſtant* of *Time*; no more does *Life*. Every Gaſp renews the One, and the Laſt commences and finiſhes the Other. As to Pleaſure and Pain we generally have an equal ſhare of 'em. And it appears to me an Equal, if not a Greater Happineſs, at once to be freed for ever from the Latter, than by ſuch

ſuch an irkſom Compoſition to protract the Enjoyment of the Former.

Brave *Solyman*, when I contemplate thy Vertue, it inſpires me with Courage againſt the vain Miſts of Fear, which the *Magick* of Opinion has rais'd before the Eyes of Mortals. I embrace thee with an extended *Soul*, and wiſh thee the Two Extremes of Happineſs, Plenitude of Joys in this Life, and an Immortal *Series* of Felicities in *Paradiſe*. Live for ever thou Generous Son of *Cham*.

Paris, the 2d. *of the* 9th. *Moon, of the Year* 1653.

LETTER X.

To the moſt Illuſtrious Vizir Azem, *at the* Port.

BY the *Souls* of all my *Progenitors*, I was glad to hear the News of thy Advance to this Glorious *Height* of *Power*; Yet when thou wert *Baſſa* of *Aleppo*, and heldeſt Correſpondence with the *Venetians*, I accus'd thee to the *Divan*, doing thereby no ſmall Service to the *Ottoman Empire*: For which thou haſt now Reaſon, in Honour, to reward me; knowing, that I prevented a great Deal of Confuſion and Blood. It will not become the *Firſt Miniſter*, to cheriſh Private Re-

venges.

venges, or harbour Ill Thoughts of a Faithful *Slave*. In diſcovering thy Intrigues at that Time, I did but perform my Duty to the *Grand Signior*, thy *Lord* and mine. Nay, for ought thou know'ſt, I was happily Inſtrumental in ſaving thy Life, which might have been loſt in the Purſuit of thoſe Hazardous Projects thou wert then engaged in. Be it how it will, thou art now living, and Inſtall'd in the moſt Illuſtrious Charge of the *Empire*. And, without Flattery I ſpeak it, a braver Man cou'd not have aſcended to that *Dignity*. May *God* long continue thee in it, to the Joy and Advantage of all the *Muſſulmans*.

All the World extol thy Valour and Boldneſs; eſpecially the *Nazarenes*, among whom the *Baſſa* of *Aleppo* is Famous. They alſo highly commend thy Juſtice. And thou wilt find in the *Regiſter*, that when I acquainted my *Superiours* of thy *Revolt*, I was not Envious in concealing thy *Vertues*.

Therefore I beg of thee, not to be Partial in thy Reſentments; but conſider *Mahmut* as a Faithful *Slave*, who will never tranſgreſs the Commands of the *Myſterious Bench*, nor ſuffer any Siniſter Motives to byaſs him, tho 'twere in Favour of his own Brother. For, this is the ſevere Conduct that is expected of me by my *Superiours*, and which thou thy ſelf wilt require at my Hands.

But, I believe, thou needſt not theſe Addreſſes to move thee to Generoſity. Thy own Native Juſtice will ſuggeſt to thee, that I rather merit a Reward than a Puniſhment, for doing

doing my Duty thó 'twere in accuſing thy ſelf.

Confiding therefore in thy Goodneſs, and my own Innocence, I ſhall not deſpair of that Protection and Favour from thee, which all thy *Predeceſſors* have afforded me, ſince my Arrival at this place. Nay, I think thy Friendſhip and eſteem is rather due to me than a Thouſand *Sycophants* and *Flatterers*.

I will in this Confidence, write freely to thee, as I have been commanded: and vent my Thoughts, without a Timorous Reſerve. For, thou art the *Juſt Judge* of the *Judges*, among the *Faithful*.

There is no doubt, but thou haſt heard of the *Duke* of *Lorrain*, a Famous Warriour in theſe *Weſtern* Parts, but now a *Priſoner* of *State* in *Spain*. I ſent Intelligence laſt Year to *Muſtapha Berber Aga*, of the Grounds and Circumſtances of this *Prince*'s Confinement: Whereof thou canſt not be Ignorant. For, all my *Diſpatches* are made Publick to the *Miniſters* of the *Bleſſed Port*.

The Brother of that *Duke* immediately ſucceeded him, by the *King* of *Spain*'s Orders, in the command of the Army in *Flanders*, They call him *Duke Francis*. Every Body thought that he had conſented to the Impriſonment of his Brother, as being diſguſted at his Inconſtancy, Avarice and other Vices. It was ſuppoſed alſo, that his own Ambition, and Thirſt of Honour, had corrupted the Fidelity and Love he owed to the Son of his Mother; as knowing that by his Fall, he himſelf ſhould riſe to to the Dignity of *General*, which

which his Brother enjoy'd during his Liberty.

But now 'tis evident, that this *Duke Francis* did all along diſſemble his Reſentments of his Brother's Calamity. For, he is lately Reſolved from the *King* of *Spain*, and come over to the *French*, with Five Thouſand Horſe and Foot. He has openly declar'd, That he will never give Reſt to his Sword, till he has either procur'd his Brother's Releaſe, or deeply reveng'd the Injuries have been done him. He was receiv'd by the *French King*, with all imaginable Endearments and Careſſes. The whole *Court* are Emulous, in ſtriving to excell one another in the Demonſtrations of their Civility and Reſpect to this *Prince*: And they have cull'd out the beſt Quarters for his Soldiers. This *Nation* is always Hoſpitable to *Strangers*; more eſpecially to ſuch as court their Friendſhip after this Extraordinary Way, who enter into their Intereſts, and engage in their Quarrels. Yet neither *France*, nor all the *Kingdoms* of *Europe* together can match the Bounty of the *Munificent Port*, which pardons and receives with open Embraces her moſt Implacable Enemies, on their Submiſſions and Repentance.

Commander of the *Muſſulman Grandees*, thou art but a Man, and haſt not exceeded that Character, in the Worſt of thy Errors. Now, thou art aſſum'd to a *Charge* which requires the Fidelity and Prudence of an *Angel*. If thou ſhalt reform the *State*, and reſtore the *Muſſulman* Affairs to their true Luſtre, we ſhall have Reaſon to contemplate thy *Life* in

in ſome Meaſure a Parrallel to that of *Craſſus*, who was pardon'd Three *Treaſons* by *Cæſar*, and afterwards became the moſt Loyal and Serviceable Man in the *Roman Empire*.

Paris, *the* 2d. *of the* 9th. *Moon*, *in the Year* 1655.

LETTER XI.

To Mehemet. *an Exil'd* Enunch, at Caire *in* Egypt.

THOU telleſt me Wonderful Things of *Egypt*, ſuch as almoſt ſurpaſs Credit. And I perceive thou thy ſelf doſt not believe the Story of the *Annual Reſurrection* of *Bones*, which is ſo much talk'd of by *Travellers*. My Couſin *Iſouf* Ridicul'd it with ſmart Reaſon; and was almoſt in Danger of his Life among the Bigotted *Moors* and *Coptites*.

But I cou'd hardly imagine there had ſtill remain'd in that *Region* (which has undergone ſo many Revolutions of Government) any Foot-ſteps of the Primitive *Egyptians*. Yet it ſeems, the Prieſts of thoſe *Early Ages* were particularly careful to tranſmit to Poſterity, an exact *Hiſtory* of their *Kings*, with *Memoirs* of their *Actions*, the Building of the *Pyramids*, the Place of the *Statues*, the *Magical Mirrour*, the *City* of the *Black Eagle*, the

the *Caſtle* of *Dæmons* ſeated on the *Brow* of the *Mountain* of the *Moon*, the *Palace* of *Adamant*, with Innumerable other Rareties.

I tell thee my dear *Mehemet*, I know not how to believe all theſe *Romantick* Stories. It cramps my Reaſon to hear of a *Brazen Tree*, with *Iron Branches* and *Verſatile Hooks*, to catch *Lyers* and *Cheats*, and there detain 'em till they ſhou'd do Right to thoſe whom they had Injur'd. Altogether as Improbable is the Story of *Gabdafarouis*, the *Statue* ſet up by King *Gariac*.

Who can read of that *Monarch*'s being carried in the Air by *Eagles*, but may as well believe the *Romantick* Voyage of *Domingo Gonſailes* to the *Moon*. If thou knoweſt not that Story I'll tell thee in ſhort, That this was a certain *Spaniard*, who in a paſſage to the *Indies* being by Shipwreck caſt aſhore on the *Iſland* of St. *Helena*, with a *Negro* his *Slave*, they were put to their Shifts ſo far as to divide that Unpeopled and Deſolate *Iſland* between 'em, out of pure Neceſſity, that they might both find Proviſion enough to keep 'em from ſtarving (for it ſeems, there was great Scarcity of every Thing that ſerv'd the Uſes of Life.)

In this Condition, *Neceſſity*, the *Mother* of *Cunning devices*, taught them to hold Correſpondence with one another tho' living at Oppoſite Angles of the *Iſle*, by the Help of certain Wild *Swans*, which they took out of their Neſts very Young, and brought 'em up as they do *Pigeons* at *Babylon* and *Aleppo*, to be *Letter-Carriers*. After-

Afterwards, as the Story goes, *Domingo* trying ſeveral Experiments on his Birds, and finding all Succeſsful, at laſt, having got Four and Twenty of them together, and having brought 'em up to his Lure, he ventur'd his Carcaſe with 'em in the Air, faſtening 'em together with Ropes and other Materials. But the Extravagant Animals one Day took Wing, and carry'd their *Maſter* to the *Moon*: Where he reſided a conſiderable Time, ſaw and convers'd with Divers Inhabitants of that Neighbouring *Globe*, viſited the *Courts* of ſeveral *Lunar Princes*, and was kindly receiv'd by 'em all, even at the *Seraglio* of the *Chief Emperor*, or *Grand Signior* himſelf. And having been preſented with Three *Stones* of Matchleſs Virtue, and other Rich Gifts, he had his Audience of *Conge*, and came down to the Earth again, where he publiſh'd a *Journal* of his *Travels*, out of which I have extracted this ſhort *Epitome*; not thinking it worth the while, to trouble thee with the Entire Relation of his Ingenious Whimſies.

Doubtleſs, there is Nothing ſo eaſie, as to invent new and unheard of *Fables*, to amuſe the Credulous World, and Captivate their Underſtandings. And I have told thee this, as a Parallel to thoſe Monſtrous Figments of *Egypt*: Such as that of King *Gancam*'s being carry'd in a Pavilion on the Shoulders of *Spirits*: His *Magical Tables*, and the reſt of his glorious Whim-Whams. And that of the Queen *Borſa*, who ſat on a *Fiery Throne*, and liv'd in an *Enchanted Caſtle*, whoſe Walls were

were full of Pipes, which convey'd to her the *Addresses* of all Sorts of *Plantiffs*, and her *Decree* and Decision of Controversies back again to them. Such another is that of *Bardsir's Silver Tower*, and his sitting before his People in the Clouds of *Heaven*: And *Bedoura's* sending an *Angel*, who made such a Horrible Roaring, that it caus'd an *Earth-Quake*.

Who can without laughing, read the Story of the *Idol* of the *Test*, which distinguish'd between *Harlots* and *Virgins* by the Touch of their Hand? Or of the *Spirits* which guard the *Pyramids*, One like a Naked Woman, walking about in the open Air at Noon, and making Men run Mad for Love of her? Another in the Form of an Old Man with a Basket on his Head, and a Censer in his Hand? A Third of a Black Woman with a Monstrous Child in her Arms? There is no End of such *Fables*. Neither can any Man of Reason, stoop to so much easiness as to regard 'em. And it is a pleasure to me, when I consider thee as a Man Actually *Satyrical* upon *Opinions* and *Traditions* repugnant to *Sense*.

Mehemet, whilst thou art in *Egypt*, remember that thou wert born in *Arabia*, where *Science* has flourish'd for these Thousand Years.

Paris, 28th. *of the* 9th *Moon*, *in the Year* 1655.

LETTER

LETTER XII.

To Zornesan Mustapha, Bassa *of the Sea*

I Will not pretend to Divination, nor flatter thee with presages of better Fortune against the *Venetians*, during thy command of the *Navy*, than thy *Predecessors* have had. Ye I believe, thou hast more Honesty and Valour than some of them. And I congratulate thy Rise to this *Dignity*.

If my Intellegence be true a more Glorious *Fleet* has not sail'd out of the *Ottoman Harbours*, than appears now at Sea, under thy Command. May thy Success answer the Expectation of the *Mussulmans*. But I tell thee, thou hast need to to look about thee; for thou will encounter a Valiant and Subtle Enemy.

These *Venetians* are not like the Rest of the *Nazarenes*, Superstitiously devoted to the Sentiments of their *Priests*. That Kind of Bigottry, chains up Mens Spirits, and renders 'em Effeminate: It blinds 'em, and robs 'em of their Sense and Native Vigour. But these are bold, resolute People, fearing neither *Man* nor the *Devil*. They are also well vers'd in Stratagems being as Cunning as *Serpents*. In fine *Venice* is a *Common wealth* made up of Soldiers and Statesmen: And thou canst not expect, that the Sea makes 'em degenerate

Threfore look for Hot Entertainment where-ever thou engageſt thoſe *Aboriginal Tarpawlins.* I ſpeak not this to diſcourage thee, but to arm thee with due Caution. Thou knoweſt the ſame *God* who made them, made thee and all the Men in thy *Fleet.* Thou haſt alſo the Happineſs to ſerve the moſt Victorious *Empire* in the *World.* Fear nothing therefore: But when thou looſeſt from the *Hellſpont,* with the *Invincible Fleet,* adorn'd with *Enſigns* of High Renown the Proſperous *Streamers* of *Mahomet*: When thou hearest the All-cheering *Clarions* and *Tymbrels* breathing the Lofty Menaces, the Vital Airs of War; then let thy Noble Heart flouriſh with brave Thoughts, and brisk Reſolutious. Yet let not a falſe Aſſurance of Victory, make thee Raſh and bereave thee of that Conduct, which is as neceſſary a Qualification in a *General,* as Courage. Conſider that the Fortune of Battels is Uncertain: Therefore, do all Things with great Precaution. Truſt not to the Force of thy *Commiſſion,* in that thou Fighteſt for the *Law* and *Honour* of the *Prophet.* But remember the *Proverb* of the *Ancients,* which ſays, *The Devil often carries the Standard of the Living God.* There may be thoſe in thy Fleet, who are Treacherous, and at the Devotion of the *Nazarenes.* For, I hear, that both *Spahi*'s and *Janiſaries* were very unwilling to embark themſelves; and *God* knows, how far the *Venetian* Gold may work on ſome of the *Officers.* Tho' their Reſentments ſeem'd to be appeas'd by the Bounty of our Glorious

Sovereign

Sovereign, yet the ſmalleſt Occaſion may renew their Old Diſcontent again, and put 'em on more dangerous Tumults at Sea, than thoſe they were guilty of aſhore. Or at leaſt, they will become more Remiſs and Cold in the Service of the *Grand Signior*.

Be it how it will, if the *Navy* has not good Succeſs, the Blame of all will be laid on thee. Pardon therefore the Freedom I take in adviſing thee, ſince 'tis an Argument of my Affection and Concern for thy Honour and Safety. And no Man can with Reaſon be offended at another, for warning him of Dangers. In a Word, I wiſh thee the good Fortune of the *Engliſh*; who have lately taken an *Iſland* in the *Weſt-Indies* from the *Spaniards*: They call it *Jamaica*.

It ſeems, the *Kings* of *Spain* had poſſeſs'd this *Iſle* from the Time of the Firſt Conqueſts in *America*, where his Subjects had Committed horrid Cruelties on the Natives. For which, they are now puniſh'd by that New *Common wealth*, who boaſt that they are eſtabliſh'd by *God* to reform or overturn all the *Kingdoms* of *Europe*.

Thou haſt heard, I ſuppoſe, of *Oliver*, the *Sovereign* of that *Nation*. He appears like another *Jingiz Chan*, ſetting up for a *Prophet* and Founder of a New *Empire*. He has refus'd the *Title* of *King*, which was offerd him by the *Engliſh States*, with all the *Enſigns* of *Royalty*. But, he aims at a more Sublime Character, laying the Foundation of his Hopes in a pretended Modeſty, aſſuming

onely the *Style* of *Protector*. They ſay, he talks of leading an Army to the Gates of *Rome*, and when he has ſubdu'd the *Pope*, that he will march or ſail to *Conſtantinople*, and drive the *Grand Signior* out of his *Seraglio*.

I tell thee, theſe are not Things to be contemn'd or laugh'd at. For this *Oliver* has the Fame of a Great and Invincible *General*. And I can aſſure thee, all the Neighbouring *Kings* and *States* court his Friendſhip. In fine, he makes the moſt Formidable Figure at preſent, of any *Prince* in theſe *Weſtern* parts.

If it will divert thee at *Sea*, to hear of the Tranſactions by *Land*, know, that *Leopold Ignatius Joſephus*, Son of the *German Emperor*, is Elected *King* of the *Romans* in the Room of his deceas'd Brother. There's alſo a *Diet* Aſſembled at *Frankford*, where they have too many Diſcords and Quarrels of their own, to have Leiſure to plot any Miſchief againſt the *Empire* of *True Believers*. Theſe *Infidels* in their Publick Councils, are like Women Scolding away the Time, that ſhou'd be employ'd in Action.

There arrives daily a great Deal of News out of *Sweden*, *Moſcovy* and *Poland*. One *Poſt* informs us of a *Plague* raging at *Moſco* and other Cities of that *Northern Tract*; Another alarms us with Intellegences of Sieges and Plundering of Towns, Diſpeopling of Provinces, and a Deluge of Blood and Slaughter. For the *Swedes*, eſpouſing the Quarrel of the *Moſcovites*, endeavour to make their own Game in *Poland*: Many *Princes* and Great

Men with their Towers, Villages and Vaſſals, Revolting daily from the Unfortunate *Caſimir*, and ſubmittnig to the *Swediſh Monarch*.

And here in *France*, thoſe that go not to the Wars, make Private Campagnes at Home. Here's nothing but Duelling and Murder among Men of the *Sword*; whilſt the *Eccleſiaſticks* are Combating one another with their *Pens*, and the *Lawyers* with their *Tongues*.

In *Suiſſerland*, they're Mad about *Religion*. At *Dantzich*, Two *Eagles* were ſeen Combating in the Air. And, as if all *Nature* were in a Ferment, the Winds have been at Variance in the Bowels of the Earth, which has occaſion'd frequent *Earthquakes* in the Parts of *Germany*. The *King* of *Polands* Brother is Dead; and the *Queen Mother* of *Sweden*.

We muſt all die at the determined Hour; And there is no other Terror in Death, but what is Created by our own Opinion nor any greater Pain than attended our *Birth*. For, at our *Diſſolution*, every *Element* of which we were compounded, takes it proper Share; and that which is *Divine* in *Us* returns to that which is *Divine* in the *Univerſe*.

Paris, 28th. *of the* 9th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1655.

LETTER XIII.

To Peſteli Hali, *his Brother,* Maſter *of the* Grand Signior's Cuſtoms.

OUR Kinſman *Iſouf* is now gone for *Moſcovy*, having viſited the moſt Remarkable Places in this *Kingdom*. I receiv'd a Letter from him dated at *Diep*, a Sea-Town over againſt the *Engliſh* Coaſts. He was Juſt going aboard, as he tells me, when he deliver'd his *Diſpatch* to the *Poſt*. *God* grant him a Proſperous Voyage to that *Region*, and whitherſoever his *Genius* or Fortune carry him.

I am extreamly pleas'd with his Converſation. Whilſt he was in *Paris*, I was never ſenſible of Melancholly, unleſs 'twere in the Evenings, which forc'd us to part Company. He has an Excellent Memory, and accounts all the Adventures of his Life with a great deal of Eaſe, both to himſelf and his Hearers: He never was at a loſs for Matter, or confounded one Circumſtance with another; but ranking every Thing in its due Time and Place, deliver'd all with a Clearneſs and Grace, which affected me with ſingular Delight.

Beſides he has a ready Wit, lively Fancy, and Judgment enough for one of his Years. I tell thee, the Relations he has made of his *Travels*, with his Regular Deportment here in *Paris*,

Paris, of which I have been a Witneſs, have Imprinted in me ſuch an Opinion of his Abilities, that I have truſted him with ſome Particular *Inſtructions* in order to a ſettl'd Correſpondence between us, in whatſoever *Court* he reſides. For, in a Word, I find him Mature enough for Buſineſs of Moment: and 'tis Pity his Parts ſhou'd be bury'd without ever appearing in Action.

If he ſucceeds in what I have put him upon, when he arrives at *Archangel* a *Sea-port* of *Ruſſia*, and a place of great Commerce and Traffick; I ſhall have good Reaſon to hope for more Important Matters when he comes to *Moſco*, the Chief City of the Men who worſhip the Eyes of their *Emperour*. And then it will be Time to give a due Character of him to the *Miniſters* of the *Port*: Wherein thou wilt have many Opportunities, to perform the Office of a Kinſman and Friend. Thoſe of the ſame *Blood*, ought thus to ſerve one another with Integrity and Affection: For, in ſo doing, we help our ſelves, ſtrengthen the Intereſt of our *Family*, and ſhall find Returns in Time of Need. As thou haſt receiv'd Favour from *Kerker Haſſan*, *Baſſa*, on the Score of being his Countryman; ſo there is greater Reaſon, that thou ſhould'ſt ſhew Kindneſs to *Iſouf*, who partakes of our *Blood*.

There ariſes a vaſt Complacency from doing Good Offices, tho' to a Stranger, or even to an Enemy. Man is Naturally Generous; and he has debauch'd his *Soul*, who acts contrary to this Principle. Yet the greateſt Part

of Men are degenerated. They purſue *Lyons Tygers*, *Bears*, and ſuch like *Ravenous* Beaſts with Inexorable Hatred and Revenge; they bear ſecret *Antipathies* againſt *Spiders*, *Toads*, *Serpents*, and other *Venemous* Creatures; and yet they are all theſe Things or worſe themſelves. Ever ſince *Aſtræa* abandon'd the *Earth*, there has been a ſtrange *Metamorphoſis* in our *Race*: Men have for the moſt Part forſaken their Humanity and chang'd Nature with the *Salvages*. Nay, we tranſcend them in whatſoever is Cruel and Vicious. As if our *Reaſon* were given us, only to teach us the moſt refin'd Methods of Impiety, and to be a more exquiſite Spur to Vice.

Iſouf has preſented me with Solid Obſervations of this kind in his *Travels*, eſpecially in *Africk*; he ſays, that *Region* is not more Prolifick of Strange and Horrible *Beaſts*, than it is of *Monſtrous Men Bruits* and *Devils* in *Humane Shape*. And tho' he relates ſome Fair Things of the *Indians*, and other People in *Aſia*; yet they are intermix'd with *Tragical* Reports, and Mournful *Memoirs*: Such as ſtain the *Hiſtory* of our *Race*, and make it evident, That it is hard to meet with one Good Man among Ten Thouſand. The whole World is over-run with Oppreſſion, Cruelty, Avarice, Perfidy, and Luſt.

He relates ſtrange Things of the *Antiquities* of *Egypt*. He calls it the onely *Scene* of Wonders and Miracles on Earth. Indeed this *Country* was very Famous among all *Nations* for the Wiſdom and Learning of her *Prieſts*; who

who, in the *First Ages* of the *World*, understood all the *Secrets* of the *Elements*, the *Vertues* of *Plants* and *Minerals*, and were perfectly vers'd in the *Science* of the *Stars* and *Spirits*, and in all Manner of *Myſterious* Knowledge. They were ſaid to make *Statues* and *Images*, that cou'd Speak, Walk, Run, and counterfeit all Humane Actions. They were alſo exquiſite in making Miraculous *Taliſmans* and *Mirrours*, with any kind of *Magical* Work, whereby they kept the *People*, and even the *Princes* in a Profound Awe and Veneration of their Prodigious Knowledge and Power, and likewiſe defended their *Country* againſt all *Invaders*. For no ſooner did an Enemy appear with his Armies on the *Frontiers* of *Egypt*, but theſe *Prieſts* had preſent Intimation of it by their *Secret Art*, even in their Chambers, perhaps at a Hundred Leagues Diſtance. Then by their *Enchantments*, they either caus'd Fire to conſume them in their Camps, or turned their Swords againſt each other, or ſent an Army of *Winged Serpents* to deſtroy 'em. So that for many *Ages*, no *King* ever proſpered that fought againſt the *Egyptians*.

But let not thou and I, dear Brother, ſuffer our Reaſon to degenerate by giving Credit to Fictions and Romances, though vouch'd by ſome of our Countrymen, ſuch as *Morat Alzeman*, *Eb'n Abdalhokm*, and others.

He alſo tells many remarkable paſſages of the *Pyramids* of *Cairo*, the overflowing of the *Nile*.

Nile, the *Mummies*, and other Things which I have not now Time to rehearſe; but in another Letter I will gratifie thee with a more Ample Account of his Obſervations.

In the mean Time, live thou to enjoy the Fruits of thy own *Travels* in the *Eaſt*. Which if it matches not the *South* in *Prodiges* and *Stupendous Inventions*; yet it ſurpaſſes both it, and all the Reſt of the World, in *Juſtice* and *Morality*.

Paris, 17th. *of the* 11th. *Moon*.
of the Year 1655.

LETTER XIV.

To Iſmael Kaidar, Cheik, *a* Man *of the* Law.

THou haſt the Character and Fame of a Great *Hiſtorian*; a Man of Intelligence both in the *Records* of *Paſt* Times, and the Tranſactions of the *Preſent*. Therefore the Name of *Chriſtina* late *Queen* of *Sueden*, cannot be ſtrange to thee, I doubt not, but thou haſt heard of this *Princeſs*, ſo celebrated throughout the Earth for her Learning and other Noble Accompliſhments; and how ſhe voluntarily reſign'd the *Crown*, to one of her Kinſmen. But perhaps, thou knoweſt not the true Motives which induc'd her to this

Royal

Royal Caprice: For, it deſerves no better Name, as thou wilt underſtand by the Sequel.

Her Father who for his Succeſsful Wars, and perpetual Victories was call'd the *Great Guſtave*, dying left her in the Entire Poſſeſſion of his *Kingdom* and *New Conqueſts* in *Germany*. But during the Time of her *Reign*, *Piementelly* the *Spaniſh Embaſſador* at *Stokholm*, by dayly converſing with this Great *Queen* us'd ſuch plauſible Inſinuations, as prevail'd on her to have a more favourable Opinion of the *Pope* and his *Religion*, than ſhe had before entertain'd: For, all the *Suedes* are Educated in an Averſion for thoſe of the *Roman Faith*. I need not explain to thee, theſe Diſtinctions of *Belief* among the *Nazarenes*: Thou art vers'd in their *Hiſtory*, as well as in our own. Suffice it to ſay, that this *Embaſſador* poſſeſs'd *Chriſtina* whith ſo fair an *Idea* of the *Catholick Religion*, that ſhe abandon'd her *Crown*, and has ever ſince been a *Queen Errant*, a *Royal Rambler* through *Europe*, being reſol'v'd to make Experiment of the Generoſity of *Catholick Princes*, whoſe Vertues *Piementelli* had ſo highly extoll'd.

'Twou'd be Work of Seven *Moons* for the moſt Induſtrious *Scribe*, to relate all the particular Magnificences, with which ſhe has been entertain'd in her Travels through *Germany*, *Flanders*, *Alſace*, *Inſpruck*, *Italy*, and *Rome*, where ſhe now reſides. Every *Prince* of the *Roman Church*, through whoſe *Territories* ſhe paſs'd, was Ambitious to appear Prodigal of his Favours and Civilities to their

Illuſtrious

Illustrious Stranger: Perhaps to evade the Lashes of her Wit, which, they say, is very *Satyrical*. Or, it may be, for other Reasons, more forcible and poignant. Be it how it will, the *Roman Wits* have not spar'd her; as thou wilt perceive by the Following Verses, which on the First Day of the *Moon* of *January* were found in the Hand of *Pasquin*, and on the *Portal* of the *Palace Ferneſe*, where ſhe reſides.

Pazza, Gobba, & Zoppa viene dal Norte,
Del Monarcha Invitto l' indegna Figlia,
Mentre Pologna Gente & ſi Scompiglia,
A vane Pompe Roma apre le Porte:
Contra queſti Applauſi l' ungrida forte,
Et in baſſe Note l' altro bis Biglia,
Corre la Scioca Genti. alza le ciglia,
Ride Paſquin *del* Papa, *& della* Corte.
Su ſu venite voi Ruffiani Snelli,
Et portate a Chriſtiana *ſtravagante*
Di venere il Scettro ne i Pazzarelli:
Vuol parar dotta, & e rozza Pedante,
E in Braccio a mangiator di Ravanelli
Vuol paver caſta, & e Putana Errante.

I ſend thee theſe Verſes in the Original, knowing thou art a *Critick* in the *Italian* Language; beſides, they will not ſound ſo well in *Arabick*. Thou that haſt been in *Rome*, know'ſt what *Paſquin* is, and art no Stranger to the Humours of that City.

Let not *Lampoons* of Moroſe *Italians*, abate thy Charity for this Renowned *Princeſs*. But

let

let her Extravagances be an Argument of the Greatneſs of her *Soul*; and remember the old *Roman Proverb*, which ſays, *There's no ſurpaſſing Genius, without ſome Mixture of Madneſs.*

Paris *the* 30th. *of the* 1ſt. *Moon, of the Year* 1656.

LETTER XV.

To the ſame,

HAving the Space of an Hour before the *Poſt* goes, I cou'd not forbear to inform thee of a *New Star* which lately appear'd in theſe *Parts*, moving in a direct Line from *Eaſt* to *North*. The *Aſtronomers* have made Accurate Obſervations of it, and yet are at a Loſs what to conclude: Some ſay, 'tis below the *Moon*, others place it in the *Sphere* of the *Fixed Stars*. One will have it a *Meteor*, a Second affirms it to be a *Planet*; whilſt the *Jews* report every where, that 'tis the *Star of Jacob*, and a ſign that their *Meſſias* is at Hand.

Nathan Ben Sadai, one of that *Nation* at *Vienna*, ſends me ſtrange Stories concerning the *Prodiges* which ſhall go before, and accompany the Appearance of the *Deliverer* of *Iſrael* (as he calls him.)

He

He ſays, there ſhall ſpeedily come a *Sort* of *People* from the *Uttermoſt Parts* of the *Earth*, of a Black and Horrible Aſpect, ſo that whoever ſhall but caſt an Eye on any of them, ſhall immediately die, as by the Glance of a *Baſiliſk*. For, every one of them ſhall have Two Heads, and Seven Eyes, glowing and ſending forth Sparks of Fire as Poiſonous as the Flaſhes of the Wind *El-Samiel* in *Arabia*. They ſhall alſo be Swift as *Stags*. And about the ſame Time, an extraordinary Heat ſhall flow from the *Sun*, which being diſpers'd through the *Elements* ſhall corrupt the Air, Earth, and Waters, and Infect all this *Lower* World with ſuch *Peſtilential* Qualites, that a Milion of *Gentiles* (for ſo the *Jews* call all that are not of their own *Nation*) ſhall die every Day. And Men ſhall be in ſo great Conſternation, that they ſhall run up and down the Streets crying, *Wo, Wo to us and our Children!* They ſhall dig their own Graves, and go down into them of their own Accord, expecting Death. But, that all this Time, the *Jews* ſhall be in Safety and Health.

This *Hebrew* adds, that the Light of the *Sun* ſhall be totally extinguiſh'd for the Space of Thirty Days; during which horrible Darkneſs, the *Chriſtians* and *Mahometans*, ſhall acknowledge their Errors, and many of them ſhall embrace the *Law* of *Moſes*; for which *God* being mov'd to Mercy, will reſtore that *Planet* again to its former Brightneſs.

But what he ſays next, is an Unhappy *Preſage* to the *Romans*, whoſe *Empire*, according

cording to this *Tradition* ſhall be extended over all the *Regions* of the Earth for the Space of Nine *Moons*. After which Term, *God* ſhall ſend the Firſt *Meſſias*, the Son of *Joſeph*, who ſhall gather the diſpers'd *Tribes* of *Iſrael*, and Conduct them to *Jeruſalem*. From whence he ſhall Iſſue forth, with a Victorious Army, and lay waſt the *Roman Empire*, ſack *Rome* it ſelf, and carry away the Immenſe Riches of the *Chriſtians* to *Jeruſalem*; And the very Fear of him ſhall reduce all *Nations* to his Obedience. He ſhall fight with *Armillai Haraſcha*, the *Antichriſt* of the *Chriſtians*, and ſhall deſtroy Two Hundred Thouſand of *Armillai*'s Flowers; but in the End ſhall be ſlain himſelf, and the Good *Angels* ſhall tranſport his Body to the *Appartment* of the *Fathers*.

The *Jews* hold, That this *Armillai* ſhall ſpring out of an *Image* of the *Virgin Mary* in *Rome*, made of *Marble*, with which the moſt Wicked and Profligate among Men ſhall be enamour'd, and commit the moſt execrable Uncleanneſs that can be nam'd. The Reſult of theſe *Adulterous* Congreſſes ſhall be, That the *Statue* by a *Supernatural Power*, ſhall prove *Impregnate*; and cleaving aſunder ſhall be deliver'd of this Young *Antichriſt*, who is to vex and perſecute the *Jews*, and afflict them with greater Calamities than either *they* or their *Fathers* felt ſince the *Beginning* of the *World*. They ſhall be forc'd to flee into the *Deſarts*, and hide themſelves in the Dens and Caves of the Earth, living only on the Graſs

Grass, and Herbage, with the Leaves of Trees, till the great *Michael* the *Archangel* shall Thrice wind his *Horn*. Then shall the Second *Messias* the *Son* of *David*, with *Elia* the *Prophet* appear, who shall rescue 'em out of all their Troubles, and lead them Triumphant to *Paradise*.

This is the Sum of what *Nathan*, and all the *Jews* believe concerning the *Last Times*, which they say are now approaching: As is evident by the Rising of this *New Star*, accompany'd with terrible Thunders and Lightnings. And the *Chief Patriarch* or *Prince* of the *Jews*, is come from *Jerusalem* to *Vienna*, to prepare those of his *Nation* in these *Western* Parts for the *Grand Revolutions* which they believe are ready to fall out in the *World*. All the *Jews* in that City went out a League to meet him, with great Pomp and Solemnity.

In the mean while I hear that the Son of the late *Vizir Azem*, makes a confusion amongst you at *Constantinople*, and the Parts adjacent, being at the Head of Fifty Thousand Men, on Pretence to revenge the Death of his Father: but really to recover his Ravish'd *Mistress*, the Fair *Soltana Zamiaurre*, who was forc'd from his *Seragl* by the *Grand Signior*'s Command. *Women* and *Wine*, according to the *Proverb* of the *Franks*, make all the Disturbance in the World. And without calling to Remembrance the *Trojan Wars*, the Unhappy Effects of *Helena*'s perfidy, we may conclude, That Women are the Occasions of many Quarrels among us.

There

There is a *Peace* lately concluded between the *French* and the New *Engliſh Commonwealth*: By which means, the Exil'd *King* of the *Scots*, was forc'd to depart from this *Realm*, which has been his *Sactuary* for many Years. He went away at the Beginning of the *Treaty*, and has wandred up and down *Germany* ever ſince; ſometimes keeping a *Court* like a *King*, at other Times living *Incognito*, and very privately, with onely Two or Three Attendants. That poor *Prince* is very Unfortunate; yet, they ſay, he bears his Calamity with Singular Moderation, and a certain *Royal* Stiffneſs of Mind, which will rather break than bend.

This *Pope* is a great *Peace-Maker*, and has ſent *Nuntio*'s with Letters to all the *Princes* of *Chriſtendom* within the *Pale* of the *Roman Church*, earneſtly perſwading them to Unity and Friendſhip, that ſo their Arms may be turn'd againſt the *Muſſulmans*. His *Predeceſſor* was of another Sentiment, and wou'd not inter-meddle in the Quarrels of any. One Day as he was looking out of a Window of his *Palace* with ſome *Cardinals*, they ſpied Two Men a fighting in the Street; whereupon, they deſired the *Holy Father* to interpoſe his Authority, and command peace. But he refus'd ſaying, *Let them fight it out, and then they'll be good Friends of Courſe.* And turning to the *Spaniſh Embaſſador*, he ſaid, *So will it fare with your Maſter, and the King of* France: *When they have ſufficiently wearied out one another with Wars, they will gladly embrace the Propoſals of Peace.*

Here

Here is great Rejoycing for the Reconciliation newly made between the *King* and his Uncle the *Duke* of *Orleans*, who have been eſtrang'd a long Time, the latter having eſpous'd the *Prince* of *Conde*'s Cauſe. But now he has abandon'd it, and is come to the *Court*.

Theſe *Infidels* are as inconſtant as the *Winds*, which vary to all the points of the *Compaſs*.

Paris, *the* 30th. *of the* 1ſt. *Moon*,
of the Year 1656.

LETTER XVI.

To Solyman *his* Couſin, *at* Scutari.

I See, thou art given over to a Spirit of Diſcontent. Nothing can pleaſe thee. Thou murmureſt at *Providence*, and caſteſt Obliquies on the Ways of *God*: As if the Order of All things, and the Eſtabliſh'd *Oeconomy* of the *Univerſe*, muſt be Chang'd to gratify thy Humour.

Formerly, thou wert troubl'd with dull Melancholly Thoughts about *Religion*: Now thou art angry with thy *Trade*, and pineſt that thou wert not Educated in the *Academy*. A *Mechanick* Life, thou ſay'ſt is Tedious and Irkſome: Beſides, that it is beneath one of thy *Blood*, to be always employ'd in making

making of *Turbants*. Thou wiſheſt rather to have been a *Courtier*, *Soldier*, or any Thing ſave what thou art.

Couſin, let not Pride and Ambition corrupt thy Manners. Doſt thou not conſider, that all *True Believers* are oblig'd to excerciſe ſome *Manual* Occupation, and that the *Sultan* himſelf is not exempted from this Duty? Did not the *Prophet* himſelf practiſe it, and enjoyn it to all his *Followers*? Haſt thou not heard of his Words, when he ſaid; *No Man can eat any thing ſweeter in this World, than what is acquir'd by his own Labour*? Doubtleſs all the *Prophets*, *and Holy Men*, have gain'd their Bread by their Lawful Employments. *Adam was a Gardiner*, *Abel a Shepherd*, *Seth a Weaver*, *Enoch a Taylor*, *Noah a Ship-wright*: *Moſes*, *Saguib*, and *Mahomet*, were *Shepherds*: *Jeſus* the Son of *Mary* a *Carpenter*: *Abu-Bekre*, *Omar*, *Othman*, *Gali*, and *Gabdoracha-man* were *Merchants*.

Doſt thou eſteem thy ſelf of better *Blood* than *Adam*, from whom thou receiv'dſt thine? For Shame prefer not thy ſelf to *Noah*, the *Reſtorer* of *Mankind*, to *Jeſus* the *Meſſias*, to *Mahomet* our *Holy Lawgiver*, and to the Reſt of thoſe Excellent Perſons who thought it no Contempt to work at their ſeveral *Trades*, and eat the Bread of their own Labours.

Beſides doſt thou conſider the dangerous Intrigues of a *Prince's Court*. Art thou ſufficiently arm'd with Wit and Dexterity, to ſecure thy *Station* againſt the Wily Trains of deſigning Men? I do not reproach thy Abili-

ties:

ties: Yet I think thou wilt do better in the *Poſt* allotted thee by *Deſtiny*. that is, in thy Proper *Calling*; than in the perillous Condition of thoſe who ſtand or fall at the Pleaſure of Others. Whereas, thou art now thy own Ma ı, and needeſt fear no Tempeſts of *State*, or frowns of thy *Prince*, ſo long as thou purſueſt none but thy private Affairs. Many Sovereign *Monarchs* have envy'd ſuch as thee, when they have ſeen, how chearfully and quietly they paſs'd away their Time, under the *Umbrella* of an Obſcure and Private Life: Whereas, at the *Court* there is Nothing but Intriguing, plotting, and Treachery; one Undetermining another, to make way for their own Advance. The *Court* is a perfect *Theatre*, of Fraud, Diſſimulation, Envy, Malice and a Thouſand *Vices*, which there act their various parts under the Habit and Diſguiſe of ſeeming *Vertues*. There a Man muſt flatter the *Great*, and ſpeak againſt his own Sence, and the Truth to procure the Favour of ſome dignify'd Fool: Than which Nothing is more Ignoble and Baſe.

This puts me in Mind of a pleaſant *Repartee*, which *Diogenes* the *Philoſopher* gave to a *Courtier*. The *Spark* paſſing by *Diogenes*, as he ſat in a *Tub*, eating of *Turneps*, put this Scoff upon him; *Diogenes* ſaid he, *If thou wou'dſt but learn the Art of Flattery, thou need'ſt not ſit here in a Tub, ſcranching of Roots.* To whom the *Philoſopher* reply'd: *And thou vain-glorious Man, if thou would'ſt but learn to live contented with my homely Fare, need'ſt*

not

not condescend to the Fawning of a Spaniel.

But, *Cousin*, let not this Passage cause thee to emulate the *Philosopher's* Manner of Life; For, he had his *Vices*, as well as other Men. If he was no Flatterer, yet he was proud and Opinionative: He laid Trains for the Applause of Men in all his Actions, and so taught others to become Flatterers, tho' he was none himself. All his pretended Humility, Mortification, and Rigour, were but so many Decoys for Fame. Of this, *Plato* was sensible, who was a far more Excellent *Philosopher* than he. As this *Sage* was one Day walking with some of his Friends in the Fields, they shew'd him *Diogenes* standing up to the Chin in Water, whose *Superficies* was frozen over, save one Hole that *Diogenes* had made for himself. *Pub*, says *Plato don't regard him, and he'll soon be out: For, had he not seen us coming this Way, he wou'd not have put himself to this Pain.* Another Time this *Philosopher* came to *Plato's* House: And as he walk'd on the Rich *Carpets* with which the Floor of the *Hall* was cover'd; *See*, said *Diogenes*, *how I Trample on* Plato's *Pride*. *Yes*, said *Plato*, *but with greater Pride.*

Certainly, the greatest *Philosophers*, *Doctors*, and even *Saints* themselves have their Errors and Failings. Do not therefore affect to change thy *Calling*, for the Life of a *Student* or a Contemplative Man. For the same Discontent will still haunt thee in that State, which makes thee so uneasy now. Thou art a perfect Stranger to the intolerable Anguish

of

of Mind which afflicts *Thinking* Men, and ſuch as apply themſelves to the Study of the *Sciences*. They Labour under a Perpetual Thirſt of Knowledge; and the more they learn the greater and more Ardent is their Deſire of farther Diſcoveries. So that the moſt accompliſh'd *Sages*, are no more ſatisfy'd with their own Acquiſitions, than he who has never meddl'd with *Books*.

Then as to their Bodies, they are always vexed with one Malady or other, proceeding from the Violent Agitation of their Spirits, the Intenſneſs of their Thoughts, perpetual poring upon *Books*, and their Sedentary Life.

In all that I have ſaid, I do not diſſwade thee from ſeeking after Knowledge. I rather counſel thee to read *Books*, and I gave thee the ſame Advice in a former Letter. But, do it with *Moderation*. Let not thy Studies entrench on the Affairs of thy *Calling*. Read *Hiſtories*, or other *Tracts* according to thy Fancy, when thou haſt nothing elſe to do. But, do not follow it ſo cloſe, as if thou aſpired'ſt to the Character of a Compleat *Hiſtorian*, or *Philoſopher*. Still remember, that thou art a *Turbant-Maker*, and that by the *Decree* of *Fate* thou art born for this Buſineſs. Follow it with Alacrity and Mirth. When thou art at thy Work, 'twill be pleaſant meditating on what thou haſt read at thy ſpare Hours. Thou wilt find thy ſelf much more happy, in thus mixing Studies with the neceſſary Offices of

th

thy *Trade*, than in abandoning thy ſelf wholly to a Contemplative Life. And in the Mid'ſt of thy diſguſts, thou may'ſt comfort thy ſelf with this Reflection, That thou art of none of the moſt Deſpicable *Callings*, which ſerve the neceſſities of Man's Body. Had thy imployment been only to make *Papouches* or *Sandals*, which cover the Feet, it might have been an Argument of Diſcontent to thee, in Regard the Foot is the moſt Contemptible Member in the Body. But now thou paſſeſt thy Time in making Ornaments for the Head, which is the Nobleſt Part, and Commander of all the Reſt, thou haſt no Reaſon to repine.

If, after all, thou reſolveſt to change thy Courſe of Life, I adviſe thee to turn *Soldier*; for, then thou muſt be contented and patient *per force*.

Paris, 13th. *of the* 4th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1656.

LET-

LETTER XVII.

To Melec Amet.

THE *Nazarenes* boast much of the New *Converts* they have made from the *Mahumetan Law* to the *Faith* of *Jesus* the *Son of Mary*. On the 23d. of the last *Moon*, a *Moor* of *Tripoli* was *baptiz'd* in a *Church* of this City; and the next Day he was *Anointed* with their *Chrism* or *Holy Oyl* (as they call it) which they say has a Virtue to confirm and strengthen him in his New *Religion*. On the 25th. he was Cloath'd all in *White Linnen*, and walk'd in *Procession* through the Streets with *Musick* playing before him, whilst the Ground was strew'd with *Flowers*. When he arriv'd at the Great *Mosch* of this City, a *Priest* gave him that which they esteem the *Body* of the *Messias*: But in Reality is onley a *Wafer* with the *Figure* of a Man *Crucify'd* on it. These *Wafers* are made and sold to the *Priests* by the Common *Bakers* of the Town, and yet they make the Poor Ignorant People believe with *Four words* they can change them into an *Immortal God*.

The *Renegado-Moor*, appears very zealous and devout, frequenting the *Temples*, and visiting all *Holy Places*. He walks along the Streets with *Beads* in his Hands, which the People Interpret as an Argument of his Piety to the *Virgin Mary*. The *Mother* of *Jesus*

For

For, when they pray to her, it is the Cuſtom to number their *Oraiſons* on *Beads*. But all this while they conſider not, that he may be a *Hypocrite* as to their *Religion*, and inſtead of addreſſing his *Prayers* to her, may direct them to *God* alone; as all the *True Faithful* do, who uſe *Beads*, in rehearſing the *Divine Ejaculations*, as well as the *Chriſtians* in repeating their *Ave Maria*, which they ſay, was the *Salutation* that *Gabriel* gave the *Virgin*, when he enter'd her *Oratory*.

Be it how it will, he gets Abundance of Money by his *Devotion*: For the *Franks* are really very Charitable, and give plentiful *Alms* to the *Poor*. But eſpecially to one under his Circumſtances, they are extremely Liberal, that ſo they may imprint in him a more fervent Affection, and profound Reverence for their *Religion*.

But he is not the only *Convert* they brag of. Many *Captives* they either wheadle, or force to turn *Chriſtians*. Thus, he that was taken at Sea by the Ships of *Malta* Twelve Years ago, when it was reported through *Chriſtendom* that he was the *Grand Signior*'s Son, is of late turn'd *Chriſtian* and *Friar*, having ſolemnly and in Publick abjur'd the *Muſſulman Law*, curs'd our *Holy Prophet*, and all thoſe of his *Race*, with the *Believers* of the *Alcoran*. He is like to come to great *Preferments* in the *Roman Church*. They call him the *Ottoman Father*; and boaſt, That the *True Heir* of the *Turkiſh Empire* is a *Chriſtian*, and in their Cuſtody.

Yet after all, the *Proſelyte* of greateſt Fame is *Don Philippo*, the Son of the *Dey* of *Tunis*, of whom I made mention in one of my former Letters. This *Prince* is now at *Valentia*, under the *King* of *Spain*'s Juriſdiction, who allows him a Conſiderable *Penſion*, and has given him leave to marry a *Princeſs* of that *Country*, very Beautiful and Ingenious, but of a Poor Fortune. He has one Son by her; and 'tis ſaid, the *King* of *Spain* deſigns to ſet forth a Mighty *Fleet* of *Ships*: And having furniſhed this *Prince* with all Things neceſſary for a Warlike Expedition, will ſend him thus Equipp'd to claim the *Government* of *Tunis*; or in caſe of Denial, to make a *Deſcent* in that *Kingdom*, and fight for it. But I believe, this will only prove a *Spaniſh Rhodomontade*; that *Monarch* having Work enough cut out for him in *Europe* and *America*, by the *French* and *Engliſh*, to divert him from any ſuch Wild Enterprize on *Africk*. However it be, this *Don Philippo* is much talked of in *Chriſtendom*, and the *Spaniards* flatter themſelves with the Hopes of Conquering a Great Part of *Barbary* by his Means, he having many Friends, and a conſiderable Intereſt in thoſe *Parts*.

Thou mayſt acquaint the *Divan*, that *Osman* the *Dwarf* is ſtill living, and ſerves the *Port* with a ſecret and untainted Zeal. Two days ago he diſcovered a Cunning Practice of *Cardinal Mazarini*, whoſe Motions and Intrigues he watches very narrowly. He aſſures me, That this *Miniſter* has diſpatched away

away two *Agents* to the *King* of *Sueden* and *Elector* of *Brandenburgh*, with a Letter to each of theſe *Princes* from the *King* of *France*; alſo with Blank Papers, and the *King*'s *Seal*, giving them Inſtructions, to fill up thoſe *Blanks* and Seal them with the *King*'s *Signet*, according as they found the *Treaty* go forward between thoſe *Princes*. The main Deſign of this Trick being, to hinder them from entering into a *League* againſt the *King* of *Poland*, by all the Artifice theſe *Agents* could uſe, in exactly timing and ſuiting their Counterfeit Letters, to the Difficulties and Miſunderſtandings that always happen in ſuch *Treaties*, that ſo they may exaſperate each *Party* againſt the other, as Occaſion offer'd, without being obliged to ſend to *France* for freſh Letters, which would breed too much Delay, and ſpoil their Deſign.

By this thou mayſt perceive, that *Cardinal Mazarini* comes not ſhort of his Predeceſſor *Richlieu*, in managing the Affairs of *Foreign Courts*. He is the very *Soul* of all the Grand Buſineſs in *Chriſtendom*.

A general Heart-burning has poſſeſs'd the *French*, eſpecially the Inhabitants of *Paris*, ever ſince the Concluſion of the laſt Year, when the *King* iſſued out certain *Orders*, commanding that all the Gold and Silver-Money in the *Kingdom*, ſhould be brought into his *Mint* to be new Coin'd. The *Merchants* firſt complain'd of this *Edict*; and then it was murmur'd at by all the Trading People. At length the *Parliament* of *Paris* took it into

their Conſideration, and oppoſed the *King's* Pleaſure: Upon which he baniſhed Eight of their *Members*, and has ſeveral Times prohibited them to Aſſemble; yet they perſiſted to meet, till he baniſh'd more of them: Which inſtead of awing them into the expected Compliance, has but incens'd 'em more: And the diſcontented *Clergy* blow up the Coals, as do likewiſe the Friends of the *Prince* of Conti. The *Parliament* are very bold and peremptory in their Proceedings, having expreſly forbid the Citizens of *Paris* to obey the *King's* Order, and decreed that Nothing ſhall be done in their *Aſſembly*, till the Baniſh'd *Senators* be recall'd.

Things being at this Paſs, we expect Nothing but Inſurrections, Maſſacres, and other Effects of Popular Fury. The Rich are laying in vaſt Quantities of Corn and other Proviſions, as if they expected a Siege. And the Poor fare the better for it, whilſt great Largeſſes are given among them by the *Grandees* of the *Parliament*, to engage them in the *Faction*. Beſides, thou knowſt, the Multitude always delights in Novelty and State Tempeſts, hoping for Plunder, and to enrich themſelves by the Ruine of others.

I know not what Conduct is fitteſt for me to uſe in this Caſe. Whether it will be beſt for me to abide in this City, or follow the Court which is now at *La Fere* in *Picardy*. Or whether I ſhould retire to ſome other Place, leſs liable to Civil Diſturbances. I wiſh, the Miniſters of the *Port* would ſend me full In-

ſtructions

ſtructions, what I ought to do in theſe Emergences.

From *Rome* we hear, that the *Pope* and *Cardinals* are in great Conſternation on ſome Intelligence they have received, That the *Engliſh* intend to make a *Deſcent* on the *Territories* of the *Church*. That *Nation* is now become the *Great Big-bear* of all *Europe*, ſince they have molded themſelves into a *Common-Wealth*.

Every *Kingdom* and *Empire* has a Time to riſe, and another to fall. But, who can determine the Period wherein the *Ottoman* Glory will decline, which is not yet advanc'd to its *Zenith*?

Paris, 27th. *of the* 5th. *Moon, of the Year* 1656.

LETTER XVIII.

To Sedree Al' Giraw'n, *Chief Treaſurer to the* Grand Signior.

THY Virtues have at Length raiſed thee to a Glorious *Truſt*, the Charge of Immenſe Wealth. Thou haſt in thy Cuſtody, the Riches which cannot be match'd in the Univerſe. *God* inſpire thee with Graces ſuitable to a *Dignity* ſo full of Temptations. I hope, thou wilt not be affronted at my Prayer,

as was thy Predeceſſor *Kienan Baſſa*, at ſome Counſels of like Nature, which I gave him in a Letter. Some Men are ſtrangely Cholerick, and look on him as an Enemy who gives them good Advice. I only warn'd him of the ordinary Cheats that are practiſed at certain Times in the *Treaſury*, which thou know'ſt to be true, as well as I. And I tell thee farther, he himſelf was ſuſpected by many in the *Seraglio*, not to have been altogether exempt from Guilt.

Whether he were or not, I performed but my Duty in giving him neceſſary Cautions. For, ſuch is the Will of my *Superiours*, that I ſhould not be afraid to unravel the Secrets of thoſe who are falſe to the *Grand Signior*. I did not charge him with ſuch a Crime, and therefore he had no Reaſon to be angry: But ſome Men will pick a Quarrel with their own Shadows. In a Word, this *Grandee* forgot himſelf.

In ſaying ſo, I do not reflect on his *Original*, or that he was found ſleeping on a Dung-hill in *Ruſſia*, a poor ragged Infant, when the *Tartars* took him Captive, among many Thouſands of others, in the Plunder of *Tſinaren*, and ſold him to the *Capa Agaſi*, for Thirteen *Piaſters*, by Reaſon of his Beauty. I do not call to mind the Circumſtances of his Youth, ſince 'tis common for the meaneſt Slaves to arrive at an Extraordinary Grandeur by their Merits, or at leaſt through the Favour of the *Sultan*.

But

But what I aim at is, that in his being diſguſted at the Remonſtrances I made of ſome private and ſiniſter Practiſes in the *Treaſury*, he forgot, that he himſelf is ſtill a *Slave* to the *Grand Signior*, as well as I, and therefore not above Inſtruction.

Well, it ſeems he is now made *Captain Baſſa*, and thou ſucceedeſt him in the Office of *Treaſurer*. To *him* I wiſh all Imaginable Succeſs and Victories at Sea, for the ſake of our *Great Maſter*, and the *Muſſulman Empire*: To *thee*, for thy own ſake, and for my Brother's, whom I know thou wilt ever reſpect as a Friend, I wiſh Encreaſe of Riches and Honours, even as thy Merits and Services augment, in the Eſteem of the *Sultan*, and of all the World.

And, I tell thee, I have far livelier Hopes to ſee this Latter Wiſh take Effect, than the Former: For, what Reaſon have we to expect better Luck from the Courage or Conduct of this *Ourcos Kienan*, than from the brave *Zorneſan Muſtapha*, who commanded the *Fleet* laſt Year?

This Unhappy Thought has put me into as melancholy a Humour, as *Æneas* was in when the *Queen* of *Carthage* required an Account of the *Trojan Wars*. For, I have heard that *Cara Muſtapha*, *Baſſa*, ſucceeded *Zorneſan* in the Command of the *Fleet*, and in the Revolution of a *Moon* was made *Manſoul* again, for the ſake of *Kienan Baſſa*, or rather for the ſake of the licentious Soldiers, who it ſeems command all Things. I have been informed

alſo, of all the other *Tragedies* Acted at the *Seraglio*, ſince the Second *Moon* of this Year Neither are the Cauſes and Origin of ſo much Slaughter and Blood-ſhed hid from me. 'Tis too apparent, that there is an Univerſal Diſorder and Corruption in the Diſcipline of the *Janizaries*.

I formerly wrote to the *Kiaya Bey* on this Account. But it ſeems, Avarice the Root of all Evil, had render'd him Inſenſible and Obdurate.

Is it not a Shame that the Pay of thoſe who ſerve the *Grand Signior* in the Wars, ſhould be detain'd, not Three or Four *Moons*, but Five or Six *Years*, by their corrupt *Officers*? They ſit at home enjoying their Eaſe, revelling in Taverns, and committing a Thouſand Riots; whilſt the others undergo numberleſs Fatigues abroad, and are reduced to the extremeſt Neceſſities, not having ſo much as the Veſts allowd 'em by the *Sultan*, to cover their Nakedneſs! And, if they complain of their Sufferings, inſtead of Redreſs they meet with nothing but Taunts and Reproaches, as if they were not worthy to eat the *Sultan's* Bread and Salt, thô they freely hazard their Lives for him. It is no Wonder, the *Janizaries* are ſo unbridled in their Rage, after ſo many Provocations.

Yet, I cannot but lament the Fate of thoſe Unfortunate Men, who were ſacrificed to the Fury of that inſolent *Militia*: Eſpecially, I condole the Loſs of the brave *Solyman Kyzlir Aga*. The *Janizaries* had an old Grudge againſt

against him, ever since his hot Dispute with the *Bostangi Bassa*, and now they were resolved to execute their Revenge.

As for the *Kiaya Bey*, it seems to be a Stroak of *Divine* Justice, that he who had been the Cause of all this Mutiny, should in Remorse strangle Himself, and so go to *Hell*, as an Expiation for the many Lives he had cast away.

And there's little less to be said, in Respect of the *Mufti*, who was the Chief of those that betray'd their Master, *Sultan Ibrahim*. To tell thee my true Resentments, I am heartily sorry for all the Rest: But to those who were concerned in that *Treason*, there seems no Pity due. And the *Mufti* may thank *God* and his good Stars, that his Life went not with the Others. They report here, he is fled into *Egypt*.

But, what was that *Gelep Assan*, who headed this Rabble of Mutineers? I have heard nothing of him, before the Intelligence I received of his sudden Rise, and equally precipitate Fall, during this Tumult. He was, I suppose, some passionate Fool, of an ill-contriv'd Midriff, which us'd to make a Quarrel between his Heart and his Spleen: And from this Intestine Broil, he habitually learn'd the Way to set People together by the Ears. A popular Man, an Incendiary, and one that knew how to wheadle the Vulgar to his own Ruine. Who can give an Account of these Things? Or who can unravel the Web of Destiny? Tho there's nothing strange in his

particular Caſe, yet in the General 'tis prodigious, That ſuch little Inſtruments ſhould be able to give ſo terrible a Shock to the Frame of an Ancient and Mighty Government!

He was a Man of no Fame or Character, and yet for the ſpace of two *Moons*, he may be ſaid to command the Greateſt *Sovereign* in the World, Sole Priprietor of Fame and Honour. And, had he puſh'd on his Intereſt, 'tis not improbable, but that he might have exalted himſelf above his *Maſter*, and ſecured his Poſt againſt all After-claps. For, according to my Intelligence, he had during the Sedition, heap'd together prodigious Sums of Money, the Preſents of *Baſſa's* and other *Miniſters* of the *Port*, who all ador'd this new riſing *Comet*, and ſought his Protection and Favour againſt the Barbarous Rabble. But, it ſeems, he was infatuated with too much Glory, and conſider'd not that every Body watch'd all Opportunities and Occaſions to ruine him: And that his very Followers would be the Firſt to betray him, as ſoon as the Hurry of their *Inſurrection* was over. This generally happens to all *Ringleaders* of *Parties*. When once the *Spirits* of a *Faction* are ſpent, the *Lees* (which conſiſt of Regret and Confuſion) are diſcharged on thoſe who firſt fermented them, mix'd with the Revenge of the *State*.

There are Abundance of Great and brave Men gone: But, the old *Negidher* was of their Council, and he brought them to Ruine,

Ruine, as he did the *Coreis* of *Mecca*, when they conſpir'd againſt the Life of the *Prophet*. This *Devil* enter'd the *Temple* (where they were aſſembled) in the Shape of an Ancient Man, decrepid and leaning on a Crutch. And when he was commanded to withdraw, he told them, *He was a Senior, who had ſeen all Ages, and remark'd the Occurrences of Times; that he was expert in unfolding Secrets, and rendring Difficult Things eaſie.* In a Word, he uſed ſo many plauſible Inſinuations, that they admitted him into their Aſſembly. But, none of their Counſels proſper'd.

That malicious *Demon*, is often preſent in the Cabals of Seditious Men; and thô they ſee him not, yet he ſecretly undermines their Plots, and brings 'em to Shame and Puniſhment. For, he is the *Spirit* of *Envy*: And thô he be himſelf a Rebel, and the *Ringleader* of a *Faction* in the *Kingdom* of the *Air*; yet, ſuch is his ſpightful Nature, that he ſeldom ſuffers any *Rebellion* to thrive on Earth: Not for any Love that he bears to *Government*, but becauſe he delights to be active in Miſchief, be it where it will; and the *Guardian Spirits*, will not ſuffer him to mix with the eſtabliſh'd *Divans* of an *Empire*.

The All-Good *God* preſerve thee from the Malice of Wicked *Demons* that always hover about *Treaſurers* of *Gold* and *Silver*.

Paris, 22d. *of the* 7th *Moon*, *of the Year* 1656.

LET-

LETTER XIX.

To the same.

THE Troubles of the *Sublime Port* touch'd me so nearly, and embark'd my Soul in such a Tempest of sollicitous Thoughts and Anxieties, for the Honour and Safety of the *Osman Empire*, that I had no Leisure to think of my own particular Hazards, whilst I was writing the other Letter. Yet I have been engulph'd in Abundance of Vexatious Circumstances and perillous Accidents.

It generally happens, that when one Misfortune befalls a Man, it brings a Train along with it. So that at some Seasons we seem to be besieged with Evils, or at least so closely block'd up by an Army of Calamities, that there is no Passage left open, either for Relief or Intelligence.

So has it far'd with me of late, and with Thousands of others, I doubt not, in this Populous City. The *Rebellion* of the *Prince* of *Conde*, is the Occasion of all this. For, the *King* having some Reasons to apprehend a secret Conspiracy of the *Prince*'s Friends and Well-Wishers in *Paris* and other Places, has caused a very severe Scrutiny to be made of all Strangers and Sojourners. The *Soubashi*'s or *Officers* go to every House within their *Precinct*, taking down the Names of all the Inhabitants in Writing, and seizing the Persons of

of those whom they suspect. The Prisons are fill'd with People of all Ranks, and the *Nobles* are sent to the *Castle* of the *Wood* of *Vincennes*. 'Tis said, the *King* has a List of many Thousands of *Conde's* Party in *Paris*, who design'd on a prefix'd Day to take up Arms for that *Prince*, and that their Example wou'd have been follow'd all over the *Kingdom*.

God knows what is in the Hearts of these *Infidels*: I am sure, *Mahmut* is wholly a stranger to their *Plots*. Tho' last Year I receiv'd certain Instructions from the *Vizier Azem*, commanding me to act secretly in the *Prince of Conde's* behalf, to abett the *Faction*, and use all the Endeavours and Art I could, to raise a New *Party* for him among the *Courtiers*. But, I wav'd so dangerous an Employment, by proposing to him the vast Expences it wou'd require, and the Necessity of sending some Extraordinary *Embassy* to this *Court*, to countenance the Business. To tell thee the Truth. I esteem'd it a thing Impracticable, and a mere *Caprice* of that Active *Bassa*, who had a Natural Kindness for *Rebels*, and delighted to have a Hand in difficult Undertakings, whether there was any likelyhood of success or not.

But, he is dead, and let that atone for all his *Rebellions*, when he had the Command of *Aleppo*. I love not to load the departed *Souls* with Accusations. What I have to say, is in my own vindication, who cou'd not approve his *Politick Chimæra*: In regard, had it succeeded

ceeded, no Profit or Advantage wou'd from thence ariſe to the *Ottoman Empire*: And had it been diſcover'd, not only I and all the *Secrets* of my *Commiſſion* wou'd have lain open to the *Infidels*, but alſo it wou'd have been an Eternal Diſhonour and Blemiſh to the high reſplendent *Port*, to be found guilty of violating in ſo notorious a manner, the Faith it had given to the moſt *Ancient* and *Puiſſant Monarchy* among the *Nazarenes*.

Beſides, I know not but this *Miniſter* had a private Grudge againſt me, for accuſing him formerly to the *Divan*, when he held Correſpondence with the *Venetians*; and that he ſtudy'd this way to be reveng'd, by employing me in an Affair, which muſt needs be my Ruine. However, I think I had Reaſon to be Cautious and Apprehenſive of the Worſt. This made me diſpatch to him a Letter, full of ſpecious Umbrages, ſeeming to approve his Deſign, but entangling it with ſuch Difficulties, as wou'd divert him from farther Thoughts of it.

Yet after all, I have been really brought into Danger, on the bare Suſpicion of being concern'd on the *Prince* of *Conde*'s Side: By which thou may'ſt gueſs at the Conſequence, had I hearken'd to the *Vizier*'s Advice.

One Morning early, the *Officers* appointed for this Purpoſe, enter'd my Chamber: And having demanded my Name, Buſineſs and Quality; I anſwer'd, *My Name was* Titus Durlach Nieski; *but that for ſhortneſs, and to denote*

my

my Country, I was commonly call'd Titus *the* Moldavian; *and that by this Name I was well known to* Cardinal Mazarini, *as I had been to his Predeceſſor* Richlieu, *and other Courtiers of great Quality.* I told 'em likewiſe, *That I was a Clerk, who underſtood ſome Foreign Languages, and therefore had been often employ'd by thoſe* Cardinals, *in Tranſlating Books out of* Greek *and* Arabick *into* Latin *and* French: *For which Reaſon, being recommended by* Cardinal Richlieu, *I had been introduc'd into the Acquaintance of ſeveral Nobles, whoſe Children I taught thoſe Languages. And that ſome of them had promis'd to make me Curate of* St. Stephen's *Church, as ſoon as it was vacant.*

They ſeem'd to be very well ſatisfy'd with what I ſaid; but told me moreover, *They had a Commiſſion to ſearch my Lodgings for Arms and Treaſonable Papers.*

It is impoſſible to expreſs the Horror I was in when I ſaw them go roundly to work, prying into every corner, and ſearching my Trunks, Coffers, and even my Bed it ſelf. Not that I had any Guilt upon me, of concealing either Arms or Papers relating to this *Conſpiracy*, but my Concern was for my *Box of Letters* to the *Miniſters* of the *Port*. As for Arms, they found no other but an old Sword, which I told them I Travell'd with out of my own Country, and a Brace of Piſtols for the ſame uſe, to defend me from Robbers, Aſſaſſins, and other Injuries.

These Fellows seem'd mightily pleas'd with the Curious Workmanship of my Weapons, survey'd them all over, and having drawn my Sword out of the Scabbard, and made a Pass or two with it against the Wall, after the *French* Mode of Fencing, they put it up again; telling me, *They had no Authority to take these Arms from me, since they were necessary for my Defence.* But when they came to my *Box* of *Letters*, and saw them written in strange Characters which none of them could read; they began to look on one another, and change their Countenances, as if there were some dangerous Matter contain'd in these Papers, and therefore writ in Cyphers.

They went aside to one End of the Chamber, whispering together, and nodding their Heads with all the Symptoms of Jealousie. At length, I interrupting them, said, "You "need not, Gentlemen, be concern'd about "those Papers. They were left with me by "a Merchant-*Jew* of my Acquaintance, and "they are Letters of Correspondence between "him and some of his Brethren at *Rome*, "*Venice*, *Amsterdam*, and other Places in *Eu*"*rope*. 'Tis therefore they are written in a "Character which to you appears strange, in "being *Hebrew*, the *National* Language of "the *Jews*. They contain only Matters of "Traffick, being Letters of Mart and Ex"change: For you know, the *Jews* are the "greatest Merchants, Brokers and Banquiers "in the World.

These

These Words, with some Gold which I gave them, dispers'd all their Suspicions, clear'd up their cloudy Brows, and turn'd their Frowns into Smiles and Complimental Addresses. They told me, *I was a very honest Man, and they wou'd do me what service they cou'd.* So bid me Adieu.

By this thou may'st see the mighty Power of that Charming Metal, which commands all Things. For, whatever I cou'd have said without that, had been Insignificant. But these *Idolaters*, melted into an Indifference at the First Sight of the glittering *Pistoles*, and when I had once render'd them thus ductile, 'twas easie to frame 'em to the most devout Appearance of Respect and Friendship. They promis'd and swore, no Hurt shou'd be done me.

But I knew the Fickleness of Human Fidelity better, than to repose any great Confidence in these Mens words. As soon as they were gone, I convey'd my Letters to *Eliachim*, who cou'd easily conceal 'em in any private corner of his House; desiring him to furnish me with some Letters of Indifferent Concerns written in *Hebrew*, that if these *Searchers* shou'd come again, and demand a second View of my *Box*, perhaps with Design to carry it to some *Minister* of *State*, I might have those *Hebrew Dispatches* ready to shew; which being put in the same *Box*, wou'd not be known from the other by such Ignorant Fellows, to whom *Hebrew*, *Arabick* and *Chinese* were all alike, and so I shou'd be acquitted

ted from all future trouble of this Nature.

And the Event anſwer'd my Expectation, For, within Three Days, the ſame Men came again with others in their Company, pretending they had freſh *Warrants*, and were ſworn to be Impartial. Wherefore I was forc'd to attend 'em, whil'ſt they carry'd both me and my *Box* before a *Cadi* or *Judge*, who having examin'd me very ſtrictly concerning my Name, Country, Religion, and other Matters, and ſeeming well ſatisfy'd with all my Anſwers, at laſt ſent for a *Prieſt* well vers'd in the *Hebrew* Tongue, ordering him to peruſe the *Letters*: Which when he had done, he aſſur'd the *Cadi*, that there was not a word in any of them relating to the *State*, being purely Matters of private Contracts and Bargains between Merchant-correſpondents, with Bills of Lading, *&c.* So I had my *Box* of Sham-*Letters* reſtor'd to me again, and was Honourably diſmiſs'd.

Yet, thô this Storm was ſoon blown over, I was very near running on Rocks and Sands through the Perſecution of thy Predeceſſor *Kienan Baſſa*, and *Kiſur Dramelec*, with many others in the *Seraglio*: The Firſt keeping from me the *Penſion* allow'd by the *Grand Signior*; The Second, either ſending me no Intelligence, or elſe baffling me with trifling News, nothing to the Purpoſe; the Reſt aſperſing me to the *Miniſters* of the *Divan*.

I deſire thee to ſend me the *Arrears* that are behind for the Space of Nineteen *Moons*,

as

as thou wilt find in the *Regiſter* of the *Haſna*. Had it not been for *Eliachim*, that honeſt *Jew*, I ſhou'd have been ruin'd in this Place for want of *Money*.

I need not ſay more to thee, who know'ſt that *Gold* is the *Grand Taliſman*, which works all the *Miracles* in the *World*.

Paris, 22th *of the* 7th *Moon of the Year* 1656.

The End of the Second Book.

LETTERS

LETTERS

Writ by

A Spy at *PARIS.*

VOL. V.

BOOK III.

LETTER I.

To Dgnet Oglou.

WHO can penetrate into the *Myſterious Conduct* of *Deſtiny*; Whether *God* governs this *World* by the *Influence* of the *Stars*, or by the *Miniſtry* of *Spirits*, or by his *own Immediate Power*? Or, whether *All Things* did not proceed from *Chance*, and are ſtill Rul'd by the ſame? Be it how it will, there remains ſomething Adoreable. Even that *Chance* it ſelf,

ſelf, ſuppoſing *Epicurus*'s Opinion true, is worthy of *Supreme Honours* and *Sacrifices*, which has with ſuch Exquiſite Luck, perform'd all the Part of Infinite Wiſdom and Forecaſt, in Forming and Preſerving the *Univerſe*. Were I a *Diſciple* of that *Philoſopher*, every Morning when I beheld the Riſing *Sun*, and at Mid-Day when I ſaw him Climb the *Meridian*, and in the Evening when he takes his *Congè* of this Upper World to viſit our *Antipodes*, would I with Profoundeſt Veneration cry out, *O Eternal Chance! O Omnipotent Caſualty! O Incomprehenſible Blindneſs! I adore thee, I burn Incenſe to thee, and do all Things which the duller ſort of Mortals think are only due to an All-Wiſe, All-Good, and an All-Mighty God.* Thus would I addreſs to that Infinite *Pell-Mell* of *Atomes*, could I believe with *Epicurus*, that from ſuch an Unconceivable *Hurly-Burly*, proceeded all this Admirable Beauty and Order which we behold.

Thou wilt perceive by this, that I am Religiouſly diſpoſed; and rather than not Adore ſome *Supreme Being*, I would make a *Deity* of that which to others is the Fountain of *Atheiſm*. And I think there is Reaſon on my ſide. For let this *World* be produc'd how it will, whether by the Caſual *Concourſe* of *Atomes*, or by the Deliberate Act of an *Eternal Mind*; Whether it be *Eternally Self-Exiſtent*, according to the *Stoicks*, or be the Genuine Reſult of the *Divine Idea's*, as the *Platoniſts* ſay; It is but Juſt, that we ſhould pay the moſt Devout and Grateful Acknowledgments

ledgments to the *Source* of ſo many *Immenſe Prodigies* and *Wonders*.

But then, what ſhall we ſay for all the *EVIL* that appears in the *World*? That there is ſuch a Thing as *EVIL*, ſcatter'd up and down through all the *Ranks* of *Beings*, and as it were blended and riveted in their very *Eſſences*, is manifeſt at firſt View; and every Man has his Share of this *Epidemical* Contagion. But whence it proceeds, who can inform me? I am not the Firſt that ask the Queſtion. Many Ages ago the Inquiſitive World was buſie in ſearching out the *Root* of *EVIL*. And there were almoſt as many Opinions about it, as there were *Nations* on Earth.

Some aſſerted, That all *EVIL* came out of the *North*: Others derive it from the *South*; as if the Two *Poles* were the *Centers* and *Native Seats* of this *Malady* of the *World*. But theſe ſeem to be Men of ſhort Diſcourſe, and Shallow Reaſon, Supinely Credulous, and willing to take up with any Thing, rather than be at the Pains of Attentive Contemplation.

Yet this Opinion has ſo far prevail'd in theſe *Weſtern* Parts, that the *Nazarene Prieſts* when they Celebrate their *Maſs*, ſtand on the *North* ſide of the *Altar* at the Reading the *Goſpel*, turning their Backs to that *Quarter* of the *World*. And the Reaſon they give for this *Ceremony* is, becauſe in the *Written Law* it is ſaid, *Out of the* North *comes all EVIL*. I have heard 'em ſeriouſly maintain this Argument. But, *God* knows whether there be any ſuch Place in the *Written*

Law,

Law, or no: Or, if there be, whether it muſt be taken in this Sence. Yet I muſt confeſs, the *Romans* have ſome Reaſon to believe it, having Experimentally felt a great deal of *EVIL* from the *Northern Goths* and *Vandals*, who in *Former Ages* ruſh'd out of their Frozen *Regions*, and came down like a *Torrent* upon *Italy* and other Parts of *Europe*, making Havock of all Things *Civil* and *Sacred*. And, if this be the Ground of their *Ceremony*, they have greater Reaſon now to change their *Station*, and turn their Backs to the *South-Eaſt*, having been much more Fatally handled by the Victorious *Muſſulmans*.

The Ancient *Perſians* held, That there were *Two Principles* or *Sources* of *All Things*, viz. *GOOD* and *EVIL*; and that there has been an Eternal Quarrel between them: But in the End, they ſay, the *GOOD* ſhall get the Victory, and Exterminate the *EVIL*. This Opinion was embraced by a *Sect* of *Chriſtians*, whom they call'd *Manichees*. The Founder of that *Sect*, was a *Perſian* by Birth: His Name was *Manes*, a very Learned Man, as the *Records* of the *Eaſt* teſtifie: Yet the *Chriſtians* rank him among the moſt Pernicious *Hereticks*. He taught, *That Wine was the Blood of Devils*; And therefore forbad it to his *Followers*. He alſo prohibited the Fleſh of *Animals*. This he learn'd from the *Prieſts* of *Egypt*, where he reſided a conſiderable Time.

But

But to return to the Sentiments of Men concerning the *Origin* of *EVIL*. There are ſome who affirm, *God* is the *Author* of it, Which is not far from *Blaſphemy*. Others ſay, That when the *Devils* were Exterminated from the Earth, they in Revenge ſow'd the *Seeds* of *EVIL* in the *Univerſe*. But that of the *Stoicks* ſeems the moſt plauſible to me: For they aſſerted, That Nothing is *EVIL* of it ſelf, but that the *Contrariety* which we behold in the *World*, is very *Good*, and conduces to Eſtabliſh the *Order* and *Oeconomy* of *All Things*.

My dear *Gnet*, do not eſteem me an *Atheiſt*, becauſe of the Liberty I take in diſcourſing of theſe *Myſterious* Things. There are a ſort of People here in the *Weſt*, whom they call *Deiſts*, that is, Men profeſſing the *Belief* of a *God*, *Creator* of the *World*, but *Sceptick* in all Things elſe. They have no *Implicit Faith* in *Hiſtorical Religion*, but think it the Part of Men as they are endu'd with Reaſon, to call in Queſtion the *Writings* of Mortals like themſelves, though they had the Character of the Greateſt *Prophets*. Thus they think it no Sin to canvaſs the *Books* of *Moſes*, and the *Hebrew Prophets*, the *Goſpel* of *Jeſus* the *Son* of *Mary*, and the *Alcoran* of *Mahomet* our *Holy Law-giver*: Chuſing what is Agreeable to *Reaſon*, and rejecting the Reſt as *Fabulous*, inſerted either by the Craft of Men, or the Interloping of the *Devil*.

I proteſt, there appears to me no Reaſon to call theſe Men *Atheiſts* or *Infidels*. They

rather seem to deserve the Title of *Philosophers*, or Lovers of Wisdom and Truth. And 'tis from them I have learn'd this Unwillingness to be imposed on in Matters of *Religion*. I find them in all Things Men of great Morality and Goodness, far exceeding the *Zealots* of the Age in true Virtue and Pious Actions. But they make no Noise of what they do: And whilst only their Human Frailties are Conspicuous to all, their Perfections lie conceal'd under the Veil of an Unparallell'd Modesty.

Such of Old were the *Associates* of *Zeid Eb'n Raphan*, my Country-man. This was a Person of an Ardent Spirit and Prodigious Understanding, Educated in the *Muffulman Law*: But when he came to those Years, wherein Men usually examine the *Grounds* of their *Religion*, he sought out the most *Learned Men*, and such as were vers'd in all *Sciences*. After he had converse'd some Time with 'em, and found 'em to be Persons of Integrity, as well as Men of Sense, he propos'd to them the Convenience of Frequent *Clubs* among themselves, where they might with an Unrestrained Freedom, discourse of all Things; and being United in an Inviolable Friendship, might improve one another in Knowledge and Virtue, without regarding the *Legends* and *Harangues* of the *Mollahs*. This *Society* compos'd Fifty *Books* of so many several Kinds of *Science*, and they call'd 'em *Echwanossapha*, or the *Writings* of the *Sincere Fraternity*, concealing their Names. They treated

ed of *Human* and *Divine* Matters without Reſerves or Caution: Aſſerting, That the *Muſſulman Religion* was Corrupted and Alienated from its *Firſt Inſtitution*, having imbib'd many *Errors*; and that there was no Way to reſtore it to its *Primitive Purity*, but by joining to it the *Philoſophy* of the *Ancients*. In a Word, they endeavour'd to reform whatever was amiſs in the *Doctrines* and *Manners* of the *Faithful*, by reducing both to the *Standard* of *Reaſon*.

I know not whether thou wilt approve or diſlike their Enterprize. But I am ſure thou art Senſible as well as I, that there are *Bigots* among the *Followers* of the *Prophet*, and that thoſe deſerve Correction. The *Devil* will ſet his Foot in the *Temple* of *God*. But do not thou follow his Steps. If thou do, He that made the *Devil*, fetch thee back again.

Paris, 30th. *of the* 7th *Moon*,
of the Year 1656.

LETTER II.

To the Nazin Eſchref, *or*, Prince *of the* Emirs, *at the* Port.

THE *Chriſtians* ſay, 'tis an Argument of *God*'s Love when he Chaſtiſes them. Therefore they have no Reaſon to be peeviſh, or call it an Effect of his Anger, that a diſmal *Plague* is broke out in the *Territories* of the *Pope*, the *Kingdom* of *Naples*, and other Parts of *Italy*. This Contagion rages ſo vehemently in *Rome*, the *Capital* City of the *Weſtern Nazarenes*, that above a Hundred Thouſand Perſons of ſeveral Ranks have forſaken that Place. The *Pope*'s Palace is ſhut up, and no Acceſs granted to any, not even to Foreign *Embaſſadors*, without great Precaution; and then, none of their Retinue are admitted with them.

'Tis ſaid, Seventeen Hundred die daily in that City, and Six Thouſand a Day in *Naples*. Nay, in ſome Places, the *Living* are ſcarce ſufficient to bury the *Dead*. The *Grand Duke* of *Tuſcany*, to prevent the ſpreading the *Infection* in his *Territories*, has forbid all Intercourſe between his *Subjects* and thoſe of the *Pope*, neither will he permit ſo much as a *Nuncio* to paſs through his Dominions.

This Mortality has frighted *Queen Chriſtina* from *Rome*. She has ſent to deſire *Paſſes* of the

the *Duke* of *Savoy* and other *Princes*, deſigning for *France*. She is already on her Voyage, having been preſented by the *Pope* with Ten Thouſand Crowns, to defray the Expences of her Travels. Here are great Preparations making for her Reception: The *King* having ſent Orders to all *Governours* of *Towns* and *Provinces* through which ſhe muſt paſs, to receive and entertain her with a Magnificence due to her *Sovereign Dignity*, and worthy of the *French* Grandeur and Hoſpitality.

In the mean time, this *Court* is in a ſullen Humour, by Reaſon of a late great Loſs they have ſuffer'd at *Valenciennes* in *Flanders*. This Place was beſieg'd by the *French*, at the beginning of the Campaigne, but was reliev'd by the *Spaniards* this *Moon*, who kill'd above a Thouſand Men on the Spot, took Five Thouſand Priſoners, with all their Cannon and Baggage. Amongſt the Captives of Note, is the *Mareſchal de Ferte Seneterre*, *General* of the *French* Army. The Names of the others are wanting. *Mareſchal de Turenne* himſelf very narrowly eſcaped, by timely withdrawing his *Brigade* from the Fight: For which ſome ſtigmatize him with Cowardiſe and Treachery: Whilſt others affirm, he acted the Part of a Prudent *Captain*, in thus Retreating, ſince it was impoſſible to reſtore the Battle with any ſucceſs.

From *Sueden* we hear, that the *Elector* of *Brandenburgh* has enter'd into a *League* with the *King* of *Sueden*, by which both their *Armies* are United againſt the *King* of *Poland*:

and 'tis ſaid, their firſt Deſign will be upon *Dantzick*. That Country is in a horrid Confuſion, the *Nobles*, *Gentry*, and *Boors*, being all in Arms, ſome deſerting their *Sovereign*, others adhering to his Intereſt. *King Caſimir* has Inveſted *Warſaw* with an Army of Forty Thouſand Men. In the mean time, the *Hollanders* have ſent a great *Fleet* of *Ships* of *War* into the *Baltick* Sea; but to what end is not known; nor what Part they will take, whether the *Suedes* or *Poles*. Yet, the Latter hope for great Aſſiſtance from them, there having been lately ſome Miſunderſtanding between the *Dutch* and the *Suedes*. The *Moſcovits* alſo have entered *Poland* with a Numerous Army, and the *Tartars* are coming with another to the Aid of *King Caſimir*.

Thus is *Poland* become the Stage of a moſt Terrible War; and which ſide ſoever gets the Victory, that unhappy Country will be near ruin'd.

Nathan Ben Saddi, a *Jew* at *Vienna*, and a *Private Agent* for the *Grand Signior*, ſends me Word, that the *Emperour* of *Germany* hath an Army of Thirty Thouſand Foot, and Twelve Thouſand Horſe in *Sileſia*, who are to joyn with the *Moſcovites*, and do ſome conſiderable Action againſt the *Suedes*, whoſe continual Victories, and growing Greatneſs, gives Jealouſie to theſe Puiſſant *Monarchs*. He informs me farther, that the *Emperour* has diſpatch'd a *Courier* to the *Prince* of *Tranſylvania*, with Inſtructions and Letters, to engage him to a *Neutrality*.

But

But the Young *Ragotski*, is as Wild as his Father, and hates to be led by the Noſe.

Thou mayeſt inform the *Miniſters* of the *Divan*, that *Adonai* the *Jew* is dead of the *Plague* in *Rome*, having firſt taken Care to tranſmit to me all the Papers which concern the *Myſterious Port*.

This *Court* at preſent is at a Place call'd *La Fere* in *Picardy*, a *Province* bordering on *Flanders*. From whence there may be a more frequent Intercourſe between the *King* and his *Camp*.

Prince of the *Holy Line*, I have ſent thee all the News that is ſtirring at this Juncture, leaving ſome trivial Matters which are not worth a *Muſſulman's* Knowledge; much leſs thine, who art diſtinguiſh'd from the Crowd of *True Believers*, by wearing the *Sacred Colour* of the *Prophet*.

Paris, the 30th. *of the* 7th. *Moon, of the Year* 1656.

LETTER III.

To Melec Amet.

HERE has been a ſtrange Accident lately, not many Leagues from *Paris*, which has occaſion'd Various Diſcourſes, and put the *Philoſophers* upon a New Scrutiny. One Morning a certain *Peaſant* or *Farmer*, walking over his Lands, as his Cuſtom is, to number his Sheep and other Cattle, miſs'd a *Barn* or *Store-Houſe* which ſtood in a Field at ſome Diſtance from his Habitation. Surpriz'd at this, he haſten'd towards the Place where he ſaw it but the Night before: When, to his no ſmall Aſtoniſhment, he perceived, that not only the *Barn*, but a great Part of the Field wherein it was built, was ſunk into the Earth. He immediately ran and call'd ſome of his next Neighbours to behold this ſtrange Spectacle: And the Fame of it ſpread all over the Country. Divers Learned and Ingenious Perſons have been there, to make Obſervations of this Accident. But none dares venture near enough to the *Chaſme*, to look down into it; becauſe the Earth continues breaking and falling in, which makes a Noiſe like the *Salvo's* of the *Janizaries*, when the *Grand Signior* viſits the *Arſenal*.

One would conclude by theſe Uncommon *Symptoms*, that the Earth grows Ancient and Weak,

Weak, that her Inward Strength and Vigor decays, and that we are every where in Danger of being ſwallow'd up. I have not Time to write more, it being Midnight, and the *Poſt* ready to go.

The *Almighty* and *All-Good God*, have thee in his *Holy Protection*.

Paris, 30th. *of the* 7th *Moon, of the Year*, 1656.

LETTER IV.

To Zornezan Muſtapha, Beglerbeg *of* Erz'ram.

I Will ſtill Congratulate thy Happineſs, even in this Laſt Change of thy Fortune; which, though it be a kind of *Deſcent* from the more Lofty *Stations* thou haſt poſſeſſed in the *Oſman Empire*, yet 'tis attended with Honourable Circumſtances and an Inviolable Security. Thou art not out of the *Sultan*'s Favour, Baniſh'd to *Eygpt*, and Confin'd to a narrow *Penſion* during thy Life, as has been the Fate of ſeveral *Grandees*: But thou art withdrawn from the Intrigues of *State*, the Toils of War, and the Plots of a Courtier's Life, to the Sweet Retirements of the Country, the Peaceable Poſſeſſion of a Rich and Fertile Province, where thou mayſt paſs thy

Days in Uncontroulable Eaſe and Felicity.

I am not ſurpriz'd at the Fall of ſo many *Great Men* at the *Port*, nor do I much regret the Death of thoſe who were known Enemies to the *Government*: Yet it troubles me to think, how the Brave and the Loyal had their Innocent Blood mingled with that of Traytors and Villains. But, theſe Things are unavoidable in Popular Inſurrections, when the *Sovereign* is compell'd to ſacrifice to the *Multitude*, whomſoever they require. Thus fell the Illuſtrious *Solyman*, among the Criminal *Eunuchs*, though he himſelf was free from Stain. But he was a *Negro*, and that was his Ruine. For, the *Malecontents* could not diſcern the *Fair Qualities* of his *Soul*.

Curſe on that Fool *Chaban Kalfa*, and double Curſes on his Rampant Wife *Mulkly Kedin*, who gave the Firſt Occaſions to all this Diſorder and Spoil of *Noble Blood*. I remember, the honeſt *Solyman* gave me once a Hint of the Feminine Debaucheries practiſed in the *Queen-Mother*'s Apartments: But he ſpoke of it with ſo much Modeſty and Reſerve, that it hardly made any Impreſſion on me at that Time. Otherwiſe I ſhould have imparted it to the *Vizir Azem*, or ſome other *Miniſter* of the *Divan*; for, ſo am I commanded, in Caſes that touch the Honour and Safety of the *Grand Signior*. And, I tell thee, this was none of the leaſt Importance. For, as it appears, the Women were undermining the moſt Sacred and Firmly Eſtabliſh'd *Government* in the World. They were

not

not contented to wallow in their own Impious and Unnatural Delights, but would have ſet themſelves as a Pattern to others, and by Degrees have infected the whole *Muſſulman Empire* with a New *Species* of Debauchery: Which as it began and was carried on by Embezilling the Royal Treaſures, ſelling of Places to Men of no Merit, Buffoons, Pims, and Aſſes; ſo would it have ended in enervating our *Militia*, corrupting all the *Faithful*, and laying the *Empire* naked to *Infidels*.

How many *Vizirs*, *Caimachams*, *Captain-Baſſa's*, and other *Officers* have we had this Fatal Year? Among the Reſt, I cannot but reflect on the Poyſoning of the *Chiaux Baſſa*, after he was made *Vizir Azem*, as a Stroke of *Divine* Juſtice, for having embru'd his Hands in ſo much *Noble Blood*, when he enjoy'd that *Dignity* once before. *God* purſues the Cruel with Inviſible Scourges.

But what was that *Achmet Baſſa*, who took Advantage of the *Sultan*'s Domeſtick Troubles, and Foreign Wars, to diſturb his *Government* in *Aſia*, and raiſe a *Rebellion*, which threaten'd even the *Imperial* City it ſelf? By the Courſe of his Fortune, it looks as if he were not contented with his *Command* in *Aſia*, and therefore took this new celebrated Method to obtain a Higher *Dignity*, *viz.* by Rebelling againſt his *Maſter*: Elſe why was he made *Baſſa* of the *Sea*, in the Room of *Ouroos Kienan*? The *Baſſa* of *Aleppo* firſt brought into Faſhion this daring Way of growing Great. And if it be thus counte-

nanc'd

nanc'd by the *Grand Signior*, in all Probability, he will have Reason to make *Peace* with the *Christians*, that he may have Respite and Forces to employ against his own *Subjects*.

Amidst all these Things, Nothing afflicts me so much, as the Horrible Loss our *Fleet* has sustain'd at *Sea*. We have various Reports of this Combat, but in general they agree, That the *Mussulmans* have lost Seventy Two Ships and Galleys, with an Infinite Number of Men; That the *Venetians* have taken the *Isles* of *Tenedos* and *Lemnos*, and that they are advancing to besiege *Constantinople*. This News is a great while coming to us: So that, if it be true, and the *Venetians* pursu'd their Victory; for ought I know, by this Time, the *Imperial* City, the Refuge of the *World*, may be laid in *Ashes*.

I have often propos'd the Necessity of Platforms along the *Hellespont*, to guard that Important Avenue of the *Sacred Port*. Had they put in practice *Mahmut*'s Advice, perhaps the *Nazarenes* would have had no Occasion for their present Triumphs. But now they Banquet in the open Streets; All *Christendom* rings with the News of our Disgrace. The *Drunkards* of *Europe*, insult o'er the *Professors* of *Sobriety*: Amidst their Bowls of Wine, they blaspheme our *Prophet*, and sing in the Praise of *Bacchus* their *God*: They menace the Conquest of *Asia*, and threaten to exterminate the *Mussulmans* from the Earth.

Enrag'd

Ehrag'd at theſe Prophane Boaſts, I ſtop my Ears, and turning round in a Divine Phrenſie, I pray that *God* would baffle the *Infidels*.

Paris, *the* 6th. *of the* 9th. *Moon.*
of the Year, 1656.

LETTER V.

To the moſt Renowned, and moſt Illuſtrious Mahomet, Vizir Azem, *at the* Port.

THat incomprehenſible *Majeſty*, which has no Reſemblance, at whoſe Pleaſure all Things are diſpos'd and order'd in *Heaven* and *Earth*, by whoſe particular *Providence*, for the Good of the *Oſman Empire*, thou art exalted to this Glorious Truſt, to be *Vicar* of the *Vicar* of *God*; augment thy Graces and Virtues, and bleſs thee with Superlative Wiſdom, and perfect Tranquility.

I revere thy accompliſh'd *Soul*, conſummate in all *Moral* and *Political* Science. Thou art the moſt Experienc'd Man in the *Empire*. And I ceas'd to condole the late Tumults and Riots at *Conſtantinople*, though their Effects were fatal to ſome brave Men, ſince thou art choſen to this *Dignity*, from whom the whole

Empire

Empire may expect, not only a ſerener State of Affairs, during thy Adminiſtration, but alſo a rooting up of the Cauſes of theſe Publick Diſtempers, and of all other Evils which infeſt the *Monarchy* deſign'd for the *Conqueſt* and *Reformation* of the whole *World*.

According to the Cuſtom of the *Eaſt*, I approach thee not without ſome Preſent: But pardon the Slave *Mahmut*, who can ſend thee none worthy of thy Grandeur. I have enclos'd in a *Box* the true *Effigies* of the Preſent *King* of *France*, with that of his Uncle the *Duke* of *Orleans*, his Brother the *Duke* of *Anjou*, and his Couſin the *Prince* of *Conde*; as alſo that of Cardinal *Mazarini*, and *Queen Chriſtina* of *Sueden*, who is now at the *French Court*. Accept alſo from an Exile, a little *Cabinet* containing Twelve *Watches*, of ſo many different Contrivances, according to the Circular Variation of the *Moons* in the Space of Thirty Four Years. They are the Work of my own Hands; therefore I ſhall not commend 'em. Each is wrapt up in a Piece of Silk, wherein is wrought in *Arabick* Letters, the Method of uſing it. Perhaps thou wilt find ſome Diverſion in trying the Experiments mention'd in thoſe *Tables*. However, deſpiſe not this mean Teſtimony of *Mahmut*'s Reſpect; but conſider that if I come ſhort of the Curious *Artiſts* in *Europe*, yet my Labour is paſſable enough for a *Muſſulman*, among whom there is ſcarce another *Watch-maker* to be found in the World.

If

If thou wouldſt know the Occaſion of *Queen Chriſtina's* being at the *French Court*: She came thither from *Rome*, when the laſt *Moon* was in its *Wane*. Her Paſſage was by Sea to *Marſeilles*, having touch'd at *Genoua*, and receiv'd magnificent Gifts from the *Republick*; but they would not permit her to land, for fear of the *Plague*, which then rag'd in *Rome*, and was the cauſe of her leaving that City.

However, the *French* ſhew'd no ſuch timorous ſqueamiſhneſs, but receiv'd *Her* and her *Train* with open Arms. She landed at *Marſeilles* on the 29th of the 7th *Moon*; and when ſhe made her Publick Entry, the *Conſuls* of that City, with all the *Nobles*, met her in Coaches, the Great Guns were diſcharg'd to welcome her, and ſhe was careſs'd with all the demonſtrations of Honor that are ſhew'd to the *Queen* of *France* her ſelf in her Progreſſes.

The ſame Entertainment ſhe receiv'd at *Aix*, *Avignon*, *Lyons*, and in Fine, all along the Road to *Paris*, the Keys of Towns being ſurrendred to her (for ſuch was the *King's* Pleaſure) and a *Canopy* of *State* born over her Head, when ſhe enter'd any Town, and receiv'd the Addreſſes and Compliments of *Governours*, *Prelates*, and other *Great Men* in Authority. She was likewiſe Magnificently treated by *Princes* and the Chief *Dukes* of the *Realm*: And on the 8th of the laſt *Moon*, made her Entry into this City on Horſe-back, apparell'd like a Man: Where having ſtaid ſome Time, ſhe departed for *Compiegne*, to viſit

viſit the *Court*, which reſides there now.

It is not ſuppos'd ſhe will tarry long in *France*, but as ſoon as ſhe hears the *Plague* is abated in *Rome*, and the adjacent Parts, ſhe will return thither, to paſs away the Reſidue of her Life, in that *Neſt* of *Princes* and *Prelates* of the *Nazarene Belief*.

A little before ſhe left *Rome*, the *Spaniards* there had conſpir'd to ſeize on her Perſon, as alſo on the *Pope*; to have Murder'd the *Portugal Ambaſſador*, and ſet the City on Fire. But the *Plot* was diſcover'd, and the *Conſpirators* put in Priſon: For, the *Sentence* of *Death* is never paſs'd in *Criminal* Caſes among the *Nazarenes*, without a Formal Tryal.)

Here is a Rumour, as if a Great Fire had ſome *Moons* ago broke out in *Conſtantinople*, and conſum'd much of that City. I wonder, none of my Friends, nor any other reſiding there, have ſent me an Account of any ſuch Thing. Which fills me with Hopes, that this Report is falſe.

From all Hands we are aſſur'd that the *Suedes* and *Brandenbourgers* have obtain'd a great Victory over the *Poles* and *Tartars* at *Warſaw*; the Vanquiſh'd having loſt above Six Thouſand Men on the Spot, with all their Ammunition and Baggage: And unfortunate *King Caſimir*, was forc'd to fly with a ſmall Retinue towards *Hungary*.

'Twas the general Expectation of *Europe*, that the *Moſcovites* and *Germans*, wou'd have done ſomething extraordinary for the *Poles*, and

and by ſome ſurprizing Action, put a check to the *Swediſh* Succeſſes and Triumphs. For when the *Moſcovite Ambaſſador* was at *Koningsberg*, endeavouring to withdraw the *Duke of Brandenbourgh* from the *Swediſh* Intereſt, he vomited forth terrible Menaces, in Caſe they comply'd not with his *Maſter's* Propoſals. And one Day, in a furious Zeal, he took a large Goblet of Wine, in the *Elector's* Preſence; and having drank it off to the *Czars* Health, the *Barbarian* ſaid aloud, *Thus ſhall the Great Emperour of the Moſcovites devour all that oppoſe him.* But now it ſeems, theſe were only Empty Bravadoes, and the *Moſcovites* were reſolv'd to ſtand by, and ſee who got the better on't. The ſame may be ſaid of the *Emperour*, and *Prince* of *Tranſylvania*; ſo of the *Danes* and *Hollanders*, who now all declare for the ſtrongeſt Party.

Magnanimous *Vizir*, if the preſent Engagements and Wars in *Dalmatia* and *Candy*, beſides the Domeſtick Troubles of the *Ottoman Empire*, did not wholly employ the Arms of the *Muſſulmans*; doubtleſs, 'twould be an Undertaking no leſs Profitable than Glorious, to ſuccour the diſtreſs'd *Caſimir*, turn the Tide of the *Gothiſh* Conqueſts, and oblige the *Poles* to an Eternal Fidelity and Gratitude to the *Grand Signior*.

Paris, 14th. *of the* 10th *Moon*,
of the Year 1656.

LETTER

LETTER VI.

To Abrahim Eli Zeid, Hogia, Preacher *to the* Seraglio.

I Have frequent Access to the *King's Library*: Which Favour was first granted me by *Cardinal Richlieu*, who often employ'd me in Translating some curious *Treatises* out of *Arabick* into *French* or *Latin*. The *French* seem very fond of *Eastern Manuscripts*, where ever they can meet with 'em: And they have no less regard for Men who are skill'd in those *Languages*. That *Minister* especially, was very Inquisitive into the *Wisdom* and *Learning* of *Asia*. He Monopoliz'd *Persian*, *Syrian* and *Arabick* Books, and was a profess'd *Patron* of *Linguists*. He coveted the Acquaintance of *Strangers* and *Travellers*, that he might by their means inform himself of the different *Laws*, *Customs* and *Religions* of *Foreign Countreys*; and of whatsoever was Rare and worthy of Observation, in any *Part* of the *World*.

Hence it was, that I receiv'd Evident Marks of his Esteem, as soon as he knew that I understood the *Greek*, *Arabick*, *Hebrew*, *Turkish* and *Sclavonian* Languages. He often made use of me, as I have said, and gave me free Access to his own and the *King's Library*. And thô his *Successor Cardinal Mazarini*

Mazarini, is not so much addicted to Studies of this Nature, as to the Affairs of *State*; yet he has continu'd to me, the Priviledge of visiting this *Treasury* of *Learned Books*, where I pass many Hours.

One Day I cast my Eyes on a *Manuscript* written in *Arabick*, and endors'd with this *Title*.

[*The* Original Covenant *of* Mahomet, *the* Prophet *of the* Arabians, *with the* Professors *of the* Faith *of* Jesus.]

and underneath was a *Latin Inscription*, signifying, That this *Manuscript* was found in the *Convent* of *Christian Friars* on *Mount Carmel*. I have Transcrib'd the *Contents* of this *Parchment*, and sent it enclos'd to thee, that thou may'st judge whether it be *Real* or only *Counterfeit*. For, the *Nazarenes* assert it to be the *True Agreement* of the *Messenger* of *God*; and therefore reproach all the *Musulmans* with Disobedience to our *Lawgiver*, and breaking the *League*, *Sign'd* and *Seal'd* by *Him* whom we call the *Seal* of the *Prophets*, and *Witness'd* by the *Four Principal Doctors*, *Abu Becre*, *Osman*, *Omar* and *Hali*.

If thou wilt peruse the Inclos'd Pape, it will be easy to discern, Whether *We* are guilty of this Violation of *Faith*, or *They*. For, though (supposing this to be the Real *Testament* of the *Prophet*, as is pretended) that *Favourite* of *Heaven* grants many *Articles* of Peace, Assistance and Friendship, to the *Follower*

lowers of *Jesus*; with Immunity from Taxes and Impositions, Liberty of Conscience, Freedom of Marriages, *&c.* Yet 'tis evident, that he promis'd not these Things, but on certain *Conditions* to be observ'd on the Part of the *Christians*; as that none of them shou'd harbour, or hold Correspondence with the Enemies of the *True Believers*, or Privately accommodate 'em with Arms, Horses, Money or any other Necessaries of *War*: But, on the contrary, should Hospitably receive the *Mussulmans* into their Houses for Three Days, and Protect 'em from their Enemies. If therefore the *Christians* should fail in any of these *Points*, the *Prophet* declares his *Covenant* to be void, and that they shall not enjoy the *Indulgences* granted therein. All this, thou wilt see, is recommended solemnly to both Parties, to be Religiously perform'd, till the *Final Consummation*.

Now, all the Dispute is, Whether *We* have First transgress'd these *Articles*; or the *Nazarenes*? For, if it can be prov'd, That they are the First Aggressors, then they have no Reason to complain of their Misfortunes, or accuse the *True Faithful* of Oppression and Tyranny, as they commonly do; Since it is manifest, that they have drawn these Evils on themselves by their breach of Faith, and Infidelity, disannulling the *Covenant* of *God* and his *Prophet*, and forfeiting the Benefits they might have claim'd by Virtue of it. Be it how it will, the *Prophet* is free from Blame: Let the Guilt rest on the Persons that were Criminal.

I know

I know not how it comes to paſs, that the *Chriſtians* of *this Age*, think and ſpeak more Reproachfully of our *Holy Law giver*, than did their *Fathers*, who liv'd in his Time, or immediately after it, and who by Conſequence could better inform themſelves of the Circumſtances of his Birth, Life, and Renowned Actions. Some Ancient *Writers* among the *Nazarenes*, make Honourable Mention of *Him* and his *Family*. They conceal not the early Signs of his Heroick Virtue, and the Grandeur to which he was deſtin'd. I have read in a certain *Chriſtian* Author, That when the *Prophet* was but Nine Years old, under the Tuition of his Uncle *Abu-Taleb*, who carried his *Glorious Charge* along with him to *Damaſcus*, and that whilſt they were at *Boz'r*, a Learned *Monk* whoſe Name was *Bohira*, came out of the *Convent* to meet them; and taking *Mahomet* by the Hand in the Preſence of many *Chriſtians*, he ſaid aloud, *This Youth is born to accompliſh Great Things: His Fame ſhall be ſpread from* Eaſt *to* Weſt: *For, as he drew near to this Place, I ſaw a bright Cloud deſcend and cover him. Sultan David* alſo Propheſy'd of him, in that which the *Chriſtians* reckon the 50th. *Pſalm*, and the 2d. *Verſicle*: Where that *Divine Poet* thus Sings, *From Sion God hath proclaim'd the Empire of* Mahomet. But the *Chriſtians* have Interpreted this in another Sence, though the *Original* remains a ſtanding Witneſs againſt 'em. So *Moſes* in the *Pentetcuch* uttered a *Myſtery*, when

when he ſaid, *God came from Sinai, he roſe up from Seir, and was manifeſted from Mount Paran.* Intimating hereby, the *Deſcent* of the *Written Law* to *Moſes*, of the *Goſpel* to *Jeſus* the *Son* of *Mary*, and of the *Alcoran* to *Mahomet*. The *Meſſias* alſo ſaid to his *Diſciples*, *If I go not away, the Called of God will not to come to You.* But the *Chriſtian Interpreters* wilfully hide theſe Things from the Vulgar, leſt their Eyes ſhould be opened. There appears an Obſtinate Malice and Ignorance in all their Actions.

Who will not laugh at the fooliſh ſpight of the *Spaniards*; who, in a certain Town, had a Cuſtom, as oft as they enter'd into the *Church* or came out, to ſpit on a *Black Image* of a *Man* ſitting on an *Aſs*, near the Gate. But a *Muſſulman Embaſſador* coming thither from the *Emperor* of *Morocco*, and obſerving this Vain *Ceremony* of the People, ask'd the *King*, *What Perſon that Statue repreſented?* He made Anſwer, *That it was the Image of Mahomet*, the *Arabian Prophet. That cannot be*, reply'd the Embaſſador, *ſince our Prophet never rode but on Camels: It is rather the Figure of the Meſſias; who indeed is recorded to have rode on an Aſs.* The *King* troubl'd at this Anſwer, conſulted the *Prieſts* and *Learned* Men, who all concluded, that the *Embaſſador* had ſpoke the Truth. And therefore, inſtead of offering any more Indignities to this *Image*, they fell into another Extreme, and built a *Chappel* for it, burning *Incenſe* to the *Senſeleſs Stock*, and paying it *Divine Ho-*

nours,

nours. Thus they Pray'd to that, which but a little before, they had Curs'd; and turn'd into a *God*, that which they had eſteem'd almoſt as bad as the *Devil*. *God*'s Curſe be on the *Devil*, and all his Adorers: But on the *Holy Prophet*, and his *Followers*, may Bleſſings ſhower down, and reſt till the *Knot* of the *Spheres* be diſſolv'd.

Paris, 14th *of the* 10th *Moon of the Year*, 1656.

LETTER VII.

To Murat, Baſſa.

KNow for Certain, that *Dom Juan de Braganza*, late *King* of *Portugal* is dead. He left this World on the 6th of the laſt *Moon*, after he had been tormented Ten Days with the *Stone*: His *Queen* has the Supreme Power in her Hands during her Son's *Minority*, whoſe Name is *Dom Alphenſe*. This young *Prince* was *Crown'd* within a few Days after his Father's Deceaſe, to prevent the Plots of the *Spaniards*, who ſupport a Powerful Faction in that *Kingdom* of *Portugal*, and are not without Hopes, to reduce it again to the *King* of *Spain*'s Obedience. The World is always buſie, either in recovering Old loſt Intereſts, or ſeeking of New.

The

The *Mareſchal de la Ferte*, who was taken Priſoner by the *Prince* of *Conde* in the Battle of *Valenciennes*, and having a Price ſet for his Ranſom, had Liberty to go whither he would on his *Parole*, either to bring the ſaid Sum, or ſurrender his Perſon, by a certain Day; finding himſelf ſlighted at the *French Court*, is reſolv'd to perform his Promiſe at the prefix'd Time, and go over to the *Prince* of *Conde*'s Intereſt, who will not fail to beſtow a very Honourable Command on a *General* of ſuch Merits.

In the mean Time, the *Count* of *Harcourt* plays Tricks with his *Maſter*, and holds private Correſpondence with the *German Emperour*. He is a Serviceable or a Dangerous Man, according as he is pleaſed or diſguſted, and therefore they court him on both ſides. He is now at *Briſac* in *Alſace*. I cannot admire a Man that is thus Induſtriouſly troubleſome to his *Prince*, without any thing of Merit or Bravery to boaſt of, ſave his former Services in *Catalonia*, which have been ſufficiently repay'd with *Royal* Condeſcenſions and Favours. And thoſe who make a Parallel between his Caſe, and that of the *Mareſchal de la Ferte Senneterre*, conſider not, that the laſt fell into his Enemies Hands, only by the Chance of War: Whereas, the other is a Wilful *Apoſtate*, if he embraces the *Emperour*'s Propoſals, when no Neceſſity conſtrains him, and Honour flies in his Face.

From the *North* we are informed, That *Count Comingsmark*, *Generaliſſimo* of the *Sue-*

diſh

ſh Forces in *Pruſſia*, as he was ſailing from *Wiſmar* was taken *Captive* by the *Poles*, and Impriſon'd in the *Caſtle* of *Weyſſel-munden*, near *Dantſick*. And the Inhabitants of that City, miſs'd very narrowly of taking the *Queen* of *Sueden* herſelf. 'Tis certain, they have got a vaſt Booty from the *Suedes*, Conſiſting of Eighteen Cheſts full of Gold, with Coffers of the *King*'s Jewels and other Rich Things.

Theſe, *King Caſimer* demands for himſelf, with a Million of *Rix Dollars* to be paid him by the *Dantzickers*; requiring alſo, that they ſhould furniſh his Army with all Sorts of Ammunition and Proviſions: Which tho' it be a heavy burden, yet thoſe loyal Citizens think Nothing too much for their *King*.

The *Moſcovites* in the 9th. *Moon*, Beſieg'd *Riga* a City belonging to the *Crown* of *Sueden*, but have newly rais'd the Siege, after they had loſt above Ten Thouſand Men before the Place.

This is all the News I can ſend thee, ſave that the *French* have taken *Valentia*, a City in *Italy*.

I wiſh I may hear as proſperous Intelligence as this laſt from *Candia*, after ſuch Immenſe Charges and Slaughter. But, Victory is in the Diſpoſal of the *Angel* of *Time*.

Paris, the 2d. *of the* 12th. *Moon, of the Year* 1656.

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LETTER VIII.

To Hebatolla Mir Argun, Superior *of the* Covent *of* Derviſhes, *at* Cogni *in* Natolia.

IT is difficult to define the particular Temper of my *Soul*, when *I* firſt receiv'd the News of thy *Predeceſſor*'s Death, that Renown'd and Venerable *Bedredin*, who, as *thy Diſpatch* informs me, is gone to *Paradiſe*. I was neither in Paſſion, nor yet inſenſible, but wholy Reſign'd to the *Will* of *Heaven*. I conſider'd his Immenſe Vertues, and the Courſe of *Nature*: His Wonderful Age, and more Admirable Actions, a Life Equally meaſur'd by *Hours*, and Prodiges of Piety. For he was not in the Number of thoſe, who let whole days paſs away, without the leaſt Good Work, or without leaving any *Impreſs* on the *Track* of *Time*. I expreſs my ſelf according to the Vulgar Saying, [*Time paſſes away*;] Whereas, in my Opinion, *Time* ſtands ſtill, and only *We* paſs away, with all Things ſubject to Motion and Change. 'Tis like the Miſtake of thoſe who ſailing on the Water, think the Trees and Mountains move 'whilſt only they themſelves are driven before the Wind: Or like the *Philoſophy* of thoſe, who truſting to their Groſſer Sence, maintain, the *Sun* whirls daily round our World; tho'

according

according to Reaſon and better *Philoſophy*, that *Globe* of *Light* ſtands ſtill, whilſt ours turns round its *Axel-Tree*, and ſo deceives our Eyes. Thus, whilſt we Mortals, glid o'er the Uncertain Waves of Humane Life, and paſs by the Viſible and fix'd Land Marks of Time, Day and Night, we imagine thoſe Land Marks Move, and not we our ſelves. Whereas, Day and Night remain for Ever, ſtedfaſt and invariable in their Succeſſive Intervals, and only the Elements, and Bodies Compounded of 'em are ſubject to Change.

Minutes, Hours, Days and Years, are not properly the Meaſures of *Time*, but of the Motion and duration of all corruptible Beings: For *Time* is Infinite and beyond all Dimenſions. In a Word, 'Tis no otherwiſe diſtinguiſh'd from *Eternity*, than barely by a Name.

All that I have ſaid on this Subject, is comprehended in the *Arabian Proverb*, which ſays, *To Morrow, is never.* Doubtleſs, there's no *Paradox* or *Hereſy*, in ſaying, *'Tis always To Day*; or that this Hour, this Minute is Eternal. And, from this Truth ſprung the Contemplation of thoſe, who place *Eternity* in a *Point* or *Inſtant*.

But, to return to *Bedredin*, that *Faithful* of the *Faithful*, may his *Soul* repoſe in the *Mercies* of *God*, and his Memory be bleſs'd. May *Gabriel*, the *Friend* of the *Prophet*, pray for him; then *Michael*, *Iſrophiel*, and the *Meſſenger* of *Death*, with all the *Angels* who made *Oraiſons* for the *Divine Favourite*, after

his *Tranſlation* from this *Earthly State*. And, when thou, and the *Religious Fraternity* under thy Care, have perform'd the accuſtom'd *Prayers* and *Expiations*, for the Illuſtrious *Prelate* Deceas'd; there is no Queſtion but that he ſhall be in a Condition to Intercede for you and for the whole *Muſſulman Empire*: for he was a perfect *Saint*, and the Beloved of *God*.

O Sage and Reverend *Succeſſor* of that *Holy Man*, ſuffer me to tell thee, Thy Name *Herbatolla* [*the Gift of God.*] fills me with Glorious Preſages of thy Life and Adminiſtration in that Renowned *Colledge*, where the Incomparable *Bedredin* ſhin'd ſo many Years. Now he is gone to *God*, and to the Gardens of Eternal Retirement, having left his Seat on Earth to thee, repleniſh'd with the Sacred Odour of Vertue.

He was a Religious Imitator of the *Prophets*, and of all *Holy* Men in General; a devout Admirer of the *Meſſias*, and a Faithful *Diſciple* of the *Sent* of *God*. Now he is gone to ſit down with them in the *Chioſcs* of *Eden*, on the Banks of Immortal Streems, and Rivers of Wine, Milk and Honey, which glide along the Alleys of *Paradiſe*. This is the Recompence of Heroick Vertue, the Crown of Good Works, the Bliſs prepar'd for chaſte and purify'd *Souls*, who in their Tranſmigration from this Earth, carry no Stains of Vice along with 'em. For, nothing Impure can find Admittance into that *World* of *Glittering Eſſence*.

O He

O *Hebatolla*, what is there on this obſcure Globe, that deſerves to be compar'd with thoſe Serener Joys above; thoſe unſullied Pleaſures; That unterniſh'd Bliſs? and yet ſometimes we taſte ſtrange Felicities here on Earth. But 'tis only when the Gates and Caſements of *Paradiſe* are open, when a Celeſtial Wind tranſports hither the Leaves of the Trees of *Eden* and perfumes the Air and Skies with the Tranſcendent Odours of that Happy *Region*, wafting alſo Imperfect Sounds, Muſick in ſoft Fragments and *Eccho's*, from the *Quires* of the *Bleſs'd*. Then 'tis the Hearts of Mortals feel a ſecret and Inexpreſſible Joy ſpringing up from the Root; This Lower World (if I may ſo expreſs my ſelf) is all entrench'd with Pleaſure. This happens not every Day, but only at the *Seaſons* of *Divine* Indulgence, on the *Feſtivals* of ſome particular *Saints*, and in the Time of the Immortal *Jubilee*, when *God* exhilirates the Univerſe with Uncommon Favours, and an Infinite Largeſs.

As for the Reſt of our Enjoyments, they are Mitigations indeed of the Pains and Inſeparable Miſeries of this Mortal Life; They prevail on us to wait the Appointed Hour of *Fate* and not Hurry our ſelves out of the World before our Time: But they deſerve not to be plac'd in the Rank of true Felicities.

However, our Patience under this Fatigue of Life, our Indifference to Pleaſure and Pain, Poverty or Riches, Sickneſs or Health, Honour or Diſgrace, with all the other Objects of Humane Paſſion, will prove a ſingu-

lar Argument of Merit, a prevaling Recommendation to the Life to come, and an effectual Passport or *Paradise*. For he that is thus insensibly, yet willingly wean'd from the Fulsom Joys of Earth, by the very *Course* of *Nature* and *Decree* of *Destiny*, must unavoidably ascend to a Purer *Region*, to a Place capable of satisfying his Aspiring *Soul*. For, *Nature* created no Appetite, to baulk it.

This is the Life so recommended by *Jesus* the *Son* of *Mary* whose Character thou hast in the *Library* of thy *Convent*. Here I send thee in a *Box*, that which by all the *Nazerenes* is esteem'd his true *Effigies*. I remember, I once saw another of the same Lineaments, in the *Treasury* of the *Grand Signior*. These Pieces are very Rare, because not copy'd by the Hands of Common *Painters*, but by the most Celebrated *Masters* in *Europe*. And the *Original* Draught, they say, was made by the *Messias* himself on a *Handkerchief*, which he clapt to his Face, and so left his lively Portraicture.

I cannot ascertain the Truth of this *Tradition*: but in Regard this is one of those *Copies* which is Closeted by the Greatest *Monarchs* in *Christendom*, I send it to thee, as a worthy Ornament of thy *Cell*, without either the Peril or Scandal of *Idolatry*.

The Pious *Bedredin*, was Covetous of any *Memoirs* of the *Messias*; whether Written in *Hieroglyphicks*, or in the more usual Characters of Speech. He wou'd have made no more Exceptiona t a *Picture*, than at a *Poem*, in Praise of

of that *Holy Prophet*, and I Queſtion not, but thou equalleſt him in the ſame Indifference.

I cou'd not ſo eaſily procure the true Picture of *John*, Surnam'd the *Waſher*; but here I will give thee a ſhort Hiſtory of his *Life*. This was a Famous *Prophet*, who liv'd in the Days of the *Meſſias*, and was of the *Race* of the *Prieſts*. His Habitation was altogether in the *Deſert*; for, he was an *Eremite*, and liv'd in a *Cave* on one of the Mountains of *Judæa*. Some of the *Jews* took him for *Elias* others for the *Meſſias*, and a Third Sort ſaid he was *Mahomet*, whoſe coming was foretold in the *Book* of their *Law*, and in the *Writings* of their *Prophets*.

But *John* deny'd that he was any of theſe calling himſelf in Modeſty, *A Voice* or *Eccho*. His Life was very Abſtemious. For, he fed only on the Tops of plants, and Wild Honey, drinking nothing but Water of the Fountain, which ran by the Side of his *Cave*. And his Body was only cover'd with a Veſt of *Camels* Hair, uſing a Leathern Thong for a Girdle.

To that *Solitary* Reſidence of his, there was great Reſort of People from *Jeruſalem*, and the Cities round about. For the Fame of his Sanctity had ſpread through all *Paleſtine* and *Syria*.

He Waſh'd his *Diſciples* with his own Hands in the Waters of *Jordan*, from whence he was call'd the *Baptiſt*, or *Waſher*. He daily preach'd *Repentance* and *Good Works* to

the Incredulous *Jews*; and openly declar'd, That *Jesus* the *Son* of *Mary*, was the *Messia*. That *Holy Prophet*, it seems, was one of *John's Disciples*, and had been Wash'd by him in the River *Jordan*.

In fine, after many Years of Heroick Vertue and Piety, *John* had his Head cut off by the Order of *Herod* the *Governour* of *Judea*, because he had reprov'd the *Tyrant*, for marrying his Brothers Wife.

Behold these *Memoirs* are the best presents, the Poor exil'd *Mahmut* can send thee, when he Congratulates thy Accession to that *Holy Chair*. Yet, such as these, were more welcom to thy *Predecessor*, than Gifts of Silver, Gold or precious Stones: For, he was a diligent Collector of Choice *Antiquities*, and select *Fragments* of *History*. He was also a Liberal Patron and encourager of *Philosophy* and all Sorts of *Learning*. Follow thou his Example, and the *True Faithful* will be Eternally oblig'd to thee. Thou hast a fair Opportunity, there being, as I'm inform'd, the best *Library* in thy *Convent*, of any throughout the *Mussulman Empire*. And the *Dervishes* under thy Government, are Men addicted to the *Study* of the *Sciences*. 'Tis Pity such Inclinations shou'd want encouragement whilst the *Infidels* are every where busie in Founding New *Academies*, and Augmenting the Old. There is one lately erected in the *Dukedom* of *Cleve* by the *Elector* of *Brandenburg*, where the *Oriental Languages* and *Sciences* are profess'd. If

If the *Nazarenes* are thus Curious to pry into our *Learning*, why ſhould we be remiſs in attaining the Knowledge of their *Languages* and *Hiſtories*, ſince thereby we ſhall be in a Condition to know their Greateſt *Secrets*?

Sage *Hebatolla*, let not the *Infidels* have any longer Occaſion to term us Barbarous and Ignorant. But remember, that in promoting *Literature*, thou wilt perform a meritorious Service to the *Grand Signior*.

Paris, 17th. *of the* 1ſt.. *Moon.*
of the Year 1657.

LETTER IX.

To Selim Al' Moſel, *Venerable* Imaum *of the* Moſch *of* Sancta Sophia.

PRaiſe be to *God*, ſole *Lord* of the *Zenith* and the *Nadir poſſeſſor* of *Infinite Regions*, who hides the *Firſt Meridian* in the Palm of his Hand! The Names of *Peru*, and *Mexico*, are not now Foreign in the *Ottoman Empire*, eſpecially to *Travellers*, and Men of *Science*.

When our *Fathers* firſt heard of *America*, they had no other Way to expreſs ſo Unknown a Part of the World, than by calling it the *Land* of the *Golden Mines*, becauſe o

the Abundance of that Metal, which was brought from thence by the *Spaniards*, since their *Conquests* in those *Parts*. But now we are no Strangers to the *Geography* of that Remote *Continent*. Commerce and Traffick, have Render'd all the Known Nations of the Earth familiar one with another. And I remember, when I was at *Constantinople*, the Names of *Peru*, *Mexico*, *Florida*, &c. were as Common in the *Copha-Hans*, as the Names of *Indostan*, *Turquistan*, *Gurgistan*, or any other *Province* of *Asia*. So that a Man wou'd have been laugh'd at, who in speaking of *America*, shou'd have us'd any Circumlocutions, as to call it the *Empire*, of the *Golden Mines*, the *World* beyond the *Great Sea*, or the like.

Yet we must confess, our Knowledge in this Kind is owing to the *Franks* who sail into those far distant *Regions*, and at their Return communicate their Intelligence and Observations to us; for else we had been yet altogether Strangers to the History of this *New World*.

It was first discover'd by *Christopher Columbus*, a *Genouese*, in the Year 1492. of the *Christians Hegira*. This Man had a happy *Genius* in Contemplating the Motion of the *Sun*, and the *Frame* of the *Universe*. He was no Stranger to the Extent of our *Continent*, and the Situation of all its *Parts*. He had been often at Sea, and seen divers *Regions*; And particularly when he was in *Portugal*, the most *Westerly* Part of *Europe*, he took

took great Delight to walk on the Shore in the Evenings, and obſerve the Setting of the Sun. This Cuſtom of his produc'd various Thoughts in his Breaſt. But, what was of moſt Import, his Reaſon ſuggeſted to him, That it cou'd not conſiſt with the *Order* of *Nature*, that the *Sun*, after he left our *World*, ſerv'd only to give Light to the Fiſhes, or glid the Waves of the *Weſtern* Ocean. Therefore on good Grounds he concluded, There muſt be ſome *Unknown Land*, beyond thoſe mighty Tracts at Sea, which waſh'd the *Weſtern* Shores of *Europe* and *Africk*.

This Thought made him uneaſie, and put him upon a Reſolution of attempting a Diſcovery. He made Propoſals to the *Republick* of *Genoua*, but was rejected. Then he addreſs'd himſelf to *Henry* VII. at the *Engliſh Court*; Where not finding Encouragement, he went to the *King* of *Spain*; who approving his Deſign, furniſh'd him with Two Ships. He ſail'd on the Ocean for the Space of Two *Moons*, without ſeing any *Land*, which made his Mariners mutiny, their Proviſions falling ſhort. They threatn'd to throw him over-board, if he would not return. But he, with mild Words and ſtrong Reaſons, appeas'd their Fury; promiſing to ſail back again, if they ſaw not *Land* within Three Days. On the Third Day, the Boy on the Main Top-Maſt ſaw a Fire, and within a few Hours afterwards they came within View of *Land*.

When

When he had made his Observations, and done what was requisite in his Circumstances, he return'd to give the *King* of *Spain* an Account of his *Expedition*.

After his Death, *Americus Vesputius* was sent to Conquer these *Unknown Regions*; from whom, that whole *Continent* is call'd *America*; But methinks, not without some Ingratitude to the First Discoverer.

It wou'd be endless to recount all the particular Adventures of the *Spaniards* in these *Parts*, with their Cruelties and Massacres: Suffice it to say, to the Eternal Infamy of that *Nation*, that according to their own *Writers*, they Butcher'd in Cold Blood above Twenty Millions of the Natives, in the Space of Twenty Years: and all this for the Lucre of their Gold; tho' under the pretence of propagating the *Christian Religion*.

I will not list my self in the Number of those who pretend to be *God's Privy Counsellors*, neither will I presume to descant on Things out of my Reach. But the *Spaniard* have lately felt a terrible Blow in *Peru*. Which, if it be not a Mark of the Wrath of *Heaven*, is at least a Sign, that the Earth is weary of them, especially in those Parts where they have stain'd it with so much Innocent Blood.

The City *Lima*, not many *Moons* ago was all swallow'd up by an *Earthquake*; and *Calao*, another City not far from it, was consum'd by a Shower of Fire out of the Clouds. Eleven Thousand *Spaniards* lost their Lives in

in this Calamity; and the Earth devour'd a Hundred Milions of Refin'd Silver, which the Lucre of the *Spaniards* had forc'd out of its *Bowels*. All the Mountains of *Potosi*, from whence they dug their choiceſt Metal, were level'd with the Plain, and no more hopes of Gold was left to their Inſatiable Avarice.

I leave the Judgment of theſe Events to thee, who art of the *Holy Line*, full of Reſplendent Thoughts, Prophetick *Iſcharif*, Conſecrated *Emir*, Glory of the *Houſe* of *Mahomet*. Yet give me leave to tell thee, that this Calamity of the *Spaniards*, in Part reſembles the Fate of *Sodom* and *Gomorrah*, and the reſt of the *Nine Cities* of the *Lake*. The *Infidels* ſay, there were but *Five*. Let them alone in their Errors; 'tis certain the *Muſſulmans* have the only True *Hiſtory* of Former Times. Doubtleſs, *God* is ſevere in his Chaſtiſements, when he is Incens'd againſt a *Nation*. Witneſs the People of *Aad* and *Themod*, with the Men of the *Valley* of *Smoke*, and the City whoſe Inhabitatants were in one Hour, all turn'd into *Statues* of *Stone*, and are to be ſeen at this Day, as a ſtanding Monument of Heavens Diſpleaſure. Yet no *Nation* is ruin'd till it ruin it ſelf, as *God* ſpeaks in the *Alcoran*.

O *Emir*, in whoſe Veins runs the moſt purify'd Blood in the World, pray for *Mahmut*, that he may never turn *Apoſtate* from *God* and his *Prophet* nor do any

Thing

Thing which may hurry him to an untimely Fate.

Paris 17th. *of the* 1st *Moon, of the Year* 1653.

LETTER X.

To Mustapha, Bassa.

THis following *Summer*, if all Reports be true, is like to afford some Campagnes of Blood. The General Discourse here is, that the *Grand Signior* will Speedily have an Army of Three Hundred Thousand Men in the Field: Part to act in *Dalmatia* and *Candy* against the *Venetians*; the Rest to be employ'd against the *Persians*, the more inveterate Enemies of the *Ottoman Empire*.

That sawcy *Embassador*, *Ismael Bir Coli Can*, deserv'd the Punishment was inflicted on him for his Impertinent Huff, and drawing his *Sabre* in Presence of the *Greatest Monarch* of the *World*. And let it be an Eternal *Precedent* to the *Envoys* of *Foreign Princes*, that they may learn a Lesson of Modesty, when they address to the *Lord* of their *Lords*, and not by Presumption Incense the *King* of the *Earth*.

But

But 'tis apparent, this *Embaſſador* took Advantage of our Troubles: He ſwell'd with a vain and falſe *Idea* of the *Perſian* Puiſſance. Beſides, they ſay, his *Maſter* has enter'd into a Solemn *League* with the *Czar* of *Moſcovy*, againſt the *Shining Empire*. And 'tis certainly known here, that Two *Embaſſadors* are arrived at *Venice* from that Potent *Emperour* of the *North*; and others are expected from *Perſia*, to Negotiate a *Tripartite League* between thoſe *Crowns* and that *Republick* againſt the *Victorious Oſmans*. Hence I ſuppoſe it was, that the Rude *Heretick* took the Boldneſs to commit an Action, which all the *Eaſt* puniſhes with Death. Neither is it any Thing to the Purpoſe, what the *Chriſtians* of theſe *Parts* ſay, *That the Perſons of Embaſſadors are Sacred*: For, much more ſo are the *Perſons* of *Sovereigns*. And, ſo long as an *Envoy* obeys the *Law* of *Nations*, in only delivering his Meſſage with Reſpect and Civility, that *Law* will protect him from all Injuries. But, if he muſt needs leap over his own Fence, and inſtead of appearing like an *Embaſſador*, he will act the part of an *Aſſaſſin*, a *Furioſo*, a *Contemner* of *Majeſty*, he can expect no better Treatment, than what is due to his Audacious Inſolence: He throws off with Scorn the Protection that his *Character* claims, and in a mad *Bravado* courts the Revenge of the *State*.

This *Iſhmael* has all along been counted a bold Fool in the *Court* of *Perſia*. He has committed a Thouſand Wild Pranks at *Iſpahan*,

han, more becoming a *Jester*, than a Wise *Minister* of *State*. Yet his *Master* still wink'd at his Extravagances, for his Fathers Sake, who did many notable Services to that *Crown*; Among which, his recovering *Candahar* from the *Mogul*, was none of the least: it being the onely *Town*, which commands the *Frontiers* of *Persia* and the *Indies*.

For this and other Merits, *Sha Sephi* preferr'd both him and his Son to the most Considerable *Governments* and *Offices* in the *Empire*: Wherein the Old Man acquitted himself fairly to the last. But this Young *Buffoon* grew unwieldly with too Much Honour, affronted the *Grandees*, and play'd upon the *King* himself, for wich he had once like to have been cast to the *Dogs*. But, at the Intercession of some of his few Friends that Punishment was remitted and chang'd into *Exile*; whilst his Enemies made Use of his Absence to ruine him.

They were some of the Greatest *Lords* of the *Court*, who bore him a Grudge, and they had hourly the *Kings* Ear. Which Advantage they made Use of to insinuate such an Ill *Character* of *Ishmael*, that he knew no better Way to be handsomly rid of him, than by sending him on this desperate *Embassy* to the *Mysterious Port*: Chusing rather that he should fall by the *Grand Signior's* Command, than by his own, who had reap'd so much Benefit from the Services of his Father,

By

By this thou may'ſt diſcern, that the *King* of *Perſia* is earneſtly reſolv'd upon *War*, without regarding how his *Herald* that proclaim'd it, is received: (For that *Embaſſador* deſerves no other *Title* who comes not with the accuſtom'd *Preſents* and *Supplications*; but with an Addreſs of a Harſher Style, denouncing Enmity at his very Firſt Approach to the Feet of the Invincible *Sultan Mahomet*.)

After all it rejoyces me to hear, that thou, and the other *Baſſa*'s of the *Empire*, are ſo ready to aſſiſt our *Great Maſter*. For I am aſſur'd that from your Perſonal and Voluntary *Contributions*, he has received a Supply of Thirty Millions of *Aſpers*, beſides the Conſtant *Revenues*, *Cuſtoms*, *Tributes*, and *Subſidies* of the *Empire*. This is nois'd all over *Chriſtendom*: Yet the *Venetians* ſeem not much to dread the Conſequences of theſe Vaſt Preparations; Judging that they will be employ'd elſewhere, than againſt any *Province* of their *Dominions* except in *Dalmatia*, where theſe *Infidels* truſt to the Strength of their Forts, and the Inacceſſible Heights of Rocks.

But *He* that laid the Foundations of the Earth, and cauſes it to tremble when he pleaſes; the ſame *God* form'd the Lofty Mountains, and can level them with the Plains ſerve the *Followers* of his *Prophet*: Even as the *Stones* came Voluntarily to Salute the *Divine Meſſenger* himſelf: The *Trees* rowz'd themſelves, as out of a deep Sleep; and the

Earth

Earth, yielding on all Sides to the Forcible Motion of the *Inspired* Roots they walk'd out of their Places, and compos'd an *Umbrella* over the Head of *Mahomet*, when he was ready to faint with the Violent Heat of the *Sun*.

Thus shall the *Elements* conspire to aid the *True Believers*: And when they fight for the *Alcoran* against *Infidels*, *God* shall endue the *Inanimate Beings* with *Faith* and *Devotion*.

Paris, 7th. *of the* 2d *Moon*,
of the Year 1657.

LETTER XI.

To Mehemet, *an Exil'd* Enuuch, *in* Egypt.

PRepare thy self with a Constancy of Spirit becoming a *Mussulman*, when thou shalt understand, that the best Friend thou hast in the World is gone to *Paradise*, May *God* grant him the repose of a *True Believer*, in *Apartment* of Singular Delight. For 'tis the Brave *Solyman* I speak of, who not only deserves thy most Grateful Vows for saving thy Life, but has done a Thousand Meritorious Actions besides, which now crown him with *Chaplets* of *Immortality*.

I will

I wish I cou'd have been the Relater of better News to my baniſh'd Friend. But perhaps thou haſt heard of his Death already, by ſome Veſſels from *Conſtantinople*, and ſo 'twill be Needleſs to ſay any Thing as to his Untimely Fate, or the *Tragedies* of the *Seraglio* and *Imperial* City.

It ſeems very ſtrange to me, and a Thing Unaccountable, that there can be no Means found out to prevent theſe dangerous *Inſurrections* of the Soldiers; and that the moſt Formidable *Empire* on Earth, ſhould be thus frequently ſhock'd by her own *Subjects*! *Mehemet*, the Things of this Preſent World are a perfect *Riddle*. and our *Life* it ſelf is but the *Shadow* of a *Dream*. Thou haſt Experienc'd the Inconſtancy of *Fortune*, and that there is Nothing on Earth deſerves a Wiſe Man's Confidence. Therefore if I may adviſe thee, it ſhall be, to wean thy ſelf from the Trivial Affairs of Mortals. Let not the Natural Fondneſſe which thou may'ſt poſſibly have for thy former *Courtly* Life in the *Seraglio*, return to diſquiet thy *Soul*. A Man may be Happy any where, that knows how to be Contented. Nature is ſerv'd with a *Little*: And we ought to eſteem our Irregular Appetites as Foreigners. If our *Fortune* be not extended to the larger Meaſure of our Wiſhes, 'tis eaſy to contract and adequate our Minds to our *Fortune*.

Thou may'ſt carve to thy ſelf various Sorts of Felicities in *Egypt*, and render *Caire* as Pleaſant to thee now, as *Conſtantinople* was formerly.

formerly. Virtue makes all Places Delightful. If thou art for an Active Life, there's Buſineſs enough in that Populous City; and Opportunities are never wanting to a Man that is ready to lay hold of them. Beſides, 'tis the Popular Character of *Egypt*, that whoſever dwells in it, finds an Employment ſuitable to his Inclination. But if thou art Melancholly and Contemplative, in my Opinion thou cou'dſt not have choſen a *Country* more agreeable to ſuch a Temper.

Were I in thy Station, I ſhou'd make frequent Viſits to the *Pyramids*, and never be weary of ſearching out the *Antiquity* of thoſe *Admirable Structures*. There is hardly any Thing made by Humane Art, which has put me upon more Important Studies and Diſquiſitions, than the *Original* of theſe *Stupendous Fabricks*. They far ſurpaſs in Grandeur and Magnificence the moſt Renown'd *Buildings* of the *Greek* and *Roman Empires*, even in the *Zenith* of their moſt Flouriſhing State. And I wou'd fain learn, when they were Firſt Erected, by *Whom*, and for *What* Ends? For I cannot believe what *Joſephus* the *Jewiſh Hiſtorian* reports of them, That they were built in the Time of *Moſes* their *Lawgiver*, and that all thoſe of the *Hebrew Nation*, amounting to ſome Hundreds of Thouſands, were employ'd as Slaves in the Work, by the *King* then Reigning in *Egypt*.

I have perus'd *Herodotus* the *Grecian*, *Diodorus* the *Sicilian*, with *Strabo*, *Pliny* and other

other *Writers*, who have all taken great Pains to ſearch into the *Antiquity* of the *Pyramids*: Yet after all their Travel in *Egypt*, and their Converſe with the *Prieſts* of that *Country*, they ſeem to have receiv'd but ſmall Light in this Affair; leaving Things in Uncertainty, and not agreeing in their Accounts. One will have 'em to be only deſign'd for *Sepulchers* of the *Kings*: Another ſays, they were built by *Joſeph* the *Hebrew*, the *Vizir* of *Egypt*, and that they were the *Granaries* were he laid up Seven Years Proviſion of Corn, againſt the *Famine*, which in his Days afflicted the Earth. Thus they differ in their Sentiments. And our Countryman *Ibn Abd' Alhokm* declares, That when he was in *Egypt*, he could not draw from any of the *Prieſts*, the leaſt Certainty as to the *Age* of theſe *Pyramids*, or their *Founders*. Which make him conclude, That ſince there was no Memory or Footſteps of their *Original* left among Men, it is Probable they were built before the *Flood*.

This agrees exactly with what others of our *Arabian Writers* have deliver'd concerning King *Saurid*, who Reign'd in *Egypt* Three Hundred Years before the *Deluge*. They relate ſtrange Things of this *Prince*; and among the Reſt, That he dreamt, *The Fixed Stars came down from Heaven to the Earth, overturning all Things with the Violence of their Precipitate Fall.* Being much troubl'd at this *Viſion*, he ſent for the *Prieſts* and *Sages*; who when they were aſſembl'd together in the *Kings*

Palace,

Palace, Aclimon their *Cater*, or *Prince* of the *Aſtrologers*, told the *King*, *That a Year before, he had ſeen a Viſion which made a deep Impreſſion on his Mind. For, the Celeſtial Orbs appeared to deſcend ſo low as to touch the Earth, ſo that the Stars were mingl'd among Men. Then he Lift up his Hands above his Head in his Dream, to keep the Heaven from quite oppreſſing Mortals with its Weight. Whilſt I were in this poſture*, ſaid he, *methought I addreſs'd my Self to the Sun, beſeeching the Reſplendent God, to retire with all his Glittering Train of Lights to their Ancient Stations on High. Whereupon, the Sun made Anſwer, When I ſhall have accompliſh'd Three Hundred Circuits, the Heavens will return to their Proper Places.*

When *Aclimon* had related this *Viſion*, the *King*, commanded the *Aſtrologers* to erect a *Scheme* of the preſent *Configurations* Above, and to tell them what they Preſag'd. They did ſo, and all agree'd, That a *Deluge* ſhou'd *Firſt* overflow the Whole *Earth*, and that *Afterwards* it ſhould be totally deſtroy'd by Fire.

Upon the hearing of this, they ſay *King Saurid* commanded the *Pyramids* to be built, carrying all his Riches into them, with the *Tables* of the *Miſterious Sciences*, and *Laws*, and Whatſoever was eſteem'd Precious, and Worthy to be preſerv'd from the *General Deſtruction*. And the *Annals* of *Egypt* ſay, that he commanded theſe Words to be Engraven on them :

I

I Saurid, *laid the Foundation of the* Pyramids, *and finish'd them in Six Years: Yet I Challenge any Future* King, *to demolish them in Six Hundred Years; Tho' it be much easier to Ruine, than to Build. I cover'd 'em with* Silks; *let any Man after me, cover 'em with* Mats, *if he can.*

In thus asserting *Saurid* to be the *Founder* of the *Pyramids*, it ought to be understood only of some of the Greatest; and that other Succeeding *Princes* (perhaps after the *Flood*) four'd on with Emulation and Desire of Glory, built the Rest; Which is the only Way to reconcile our *Arabian Writers* to *Herodotus*, *Diodorus* and other *Historians* of the *West*, who assign *Cheops* or *Chemmis*, with *Chephren*, *Chabryis*, and *Mycerinus* the Son of *Chemmis*, as *Founders* of some Particular *Pyramids*. Whilst *Strabo* and *Pliny*, ascribe the Building of one to *Rhodope*, a Famous *Strumpet*, or at least to some of her *Paramours*.

Doubtless, there is great Obscurity and Confusion in the Records of the *Ancients* about the exact Time when these Illustrious *Monuments* were built, which yet is an impregnable Argument of their *Antiquity*; since, when

when One *Author* aſſerts this or that *King* to have built a *Pyramid*, Another demonſtrates the Contrary, by proving that that *Pyramid* was in being, long before the Days of the ſuppos'd *Founder*. Neither can I find any Concurrence of *Authorities*, ſo Rational and exactly agreeing, as that of the *Arabians*; who all Unanimouſly deliver as a certain Truth, that theſe Unparallell'd *Structures*, were built long before the *Flood*. All which is confirm'd by the *Egyptian Annals* themſelves, pen'd by thoſe of the *Coptite Race*, who deſcended from *Coptim*, the Son of *Maſar*, the Son of *Banſer*, the Son of *Cham*, the Son of *Noah*; With whom and his *Family*, *Philemon* the Good *Prieſt* made an *Alliance* by Marriage, and in their Cuſtody were the *Records* and *Traditions* of the *Old World*.

But if it be granted, Dear *Eunuch*, that thoſe *Hiſtories* are true, which relate the Tranſactions of the *Kings* of *Egypt* before the *Flood*; what Reaſon have we to call in Queſtion the *Fragments* of *Manethos*, a *Prieſt* of *Egypt*; or the *Genealogy* and *Succeſſion* of *Egyptian Monarchs* delivered by *Herodotus*; or the *Chronological Regiſters* of *Egypt* unfolded by *Diodorus*, which carry up the *Reign* of their *Kings* to above a Thouſand Years beyond any other the moſt Early *Epocha* of the *Creation*, except that of the *Aſſyrians*, or the Interminable Aſcent of paſt Ages in the *Records* of the *Chineſe* and *Indians*.

I know not what to call it, whether the *Cowardiſe* of the *Intellect*, which dare not venture

venture to launch into ſo vaſt a Speculation; or its *Sloth*, which will not take the Pains to unfold and ſtretch its drowzy *Faculties* on the moſt Natural *Idea* in the World. 'Tis true indeed, we cannot without ſome Fatigue, contemplate ſtedfaſtly the *Eternal* Exiſtence and duration of Things. 'Tis an Immortal Thought, that can tranſport the *Soul* back through ſuch an *Infinity* of *Ages*. Yet the Pleaſure is Agreeable to the Undertaking: Becauſe Truth, ſerene as the Mornings in *Egypt*, enlightens the Proſpect, and tempts the *Mind*, if twere poſſible, to look even beyond *Eternity* it ſelf: Whereas, he that only confines his View to the narrow *Horizon* of Particular *Hiſtories*, is like a Man in a *Wilderneſs*, or a low and ſhady *Vale*, where his Eye is curb'd with the Interpoſition of Thickets, Uneven Ground, and Envious Encloſures. For, ſuch are the Dark Controverſies, Inextricable Difficulties, and Affected Umbrages of moſt *Writers*, who never durſt peep o'er the Mountains of receiv'd Opinion; or, if they did, they fearfully or maliciouſly hid their Diſcoveries from the Reſt of Mortals: I tell thee, as *God* is *Eternal*, there cannot be aſſign'd an *Inſtant* of *Time*, wherein the *World* did not Exiſt. For, the *Firſt Matter* flows as Naturally from his *Eſſence*, as *Light* from the *Sun*.

If thou Adoreſt any other *God* but this, thou wilt befound in the Number of *Idolaters* and *Infidels*, who pay *Divine Honors* to certain Mighty *Angels*, *Architects*, as they believe, of the *Univerſe*.

They behold Houſes, Caſtles and Great Cities built by Mortals, and at a certain Period ruin'd by Fire, Water, Earthquakes, or other Accidents; Or deſtroy'd by the Effects of War: from hence they form a Notion, of the Worlds *Original* and *Cataſtrophe*. They conſider the Animals, Plants and Minerals, That every *Individual* periſhes in *Time*, and that even in the *Heavens* there are ſtrong *Symptoms* of *Corruption* and *Alteration*. Hence they collect Arguments to prove the weakneſs and decay of *Univerſal Nature*, which they vainly compare to the Life of a Man, a Beaſt, or a Tree. And as theſe have their appointed *Seaſons* of Birth, Growth, Maturity, Decay and Death; ſo is it with the *Univerſe*.

But all this is *Sophiſtry*; or, to ſpeak more favourably, we ought to charge it to the Account of ſhort Meditation. For, thô the *Individuals* of all *Kinds* are chang'd, ceaſe and diſappear at their appointed Periods; Yet the *Species* or *Kinds* themſelves remain for ever before our Eyes. As faſt as One *Man* dies, Another is born; and ſo 'tis with the *Brutes*: And the *Seaſons* of the *Year* in their proper Courſe, renew all the Vegetables. We find the Elements, the Sun, Moon, Stars and Earth remain unchangeable. And why then ſhou'd we think, they were not always ſo, and will not continue ſo for ever? Or, if this be too bold a Stretch, let us conceive them at leaſt much more Ancient and Durable, than they are generally thought to be. And if theſe *Greater Bodies* ſhall undergoe a *Change* in their

their *Outward Forms*; we may yet believe their *Subſtances* will remain for ever.

But, whether *Corporeal Beings* are thus laſting or no, we have Something in us that can never periſh. Our *Souls* are *Immortal*, and need not the *Embalming* of *Egypt* to preſerve 'em from *Corruption*.

Therefore, Dear *Mehemet*, ſince we are Deſtin'd to live for ever in one State or other, let us not fear Death which is but a Minutes *Slumber*, a ſhort *Trance*, out of which we ſhalll immediately awake, to increaſe our Knowledge and Experience of thoſe *Myſteries* and *Secrets* in *Nature*, which at Preſent are hid from us. In a Word, let us live like *Philoſophers*, and then we may hope to die with the ſame Equanimity of Spirit as he did, who in his laſt *Agonies* being ask'd by his Friend, *Where was all his Philoſophy now?* Anſwer'd, *I am juſt entring on a new Diſcovery concerning the Nature of Salt.* And with that Word he Expir'd.

Paris, 7th. *of the* 2d. *Moon,*
of the Year 1657.

LETTER XII.

To the most Venerable Mufti.

IF the *Publick Seditions* ſhou'd always continue, or be as frequently renew'd as they have lately been at *Conſtantinople*: and if their Effects ſhall be Equally Fatal to the *Grandees* as has been this laſt Horrid Mutiny of the *Soldiers*; To Congratulate any Man's Riſe to an *Eminent Dignity*, will be but to flatter him, and Addreſſes of this Nature muſt be eſteem'd no better than Mock-Compliments, Civil Inſults, and faſhionable *Sarcaſms*: Since at this Rate, Great Honours ought to be look'd on no otherwiſe, but as direct Advances and nearer Approaches to Infamy, and Death; when a Man is exalted from an obſcure Faſtneſs, and Humble Security, to the Glorious Hazard of a Precipitate Fall.

'Tis therefore, when I come to kiſs the *Duſt* of thy *Feet*, among the *Crowd* of *True Believers*, and to welcome thee to the moſt *Sacred* and *Sublime Vicarſhip* on Earth; I draw near with an Indifference, ſuitable to a *Muſſulman*, wiſhing thee not more Joy than Safety in that *Myſterious Station*, but ſuch a Temperament of both, as is due to thy *Sanctity* and *Incorrupt Actions*. In a Word, I wiſh thee a perpetual Immunity from thy

Prede-

Predeceſſor's Temptations, and from his crimes; and then thou need'ſt not fear his Misfortune and Diſgrace.

Let not what I have ſaid, paſs for an Argument of Diſreſpect and Undutifulneſs to the *Heir* of *Prophetick* and *Apoſtolick Revelations*, the *Great Patriarch* of the *Faithful*. I reverence both thy *Office* and *Perſon*: Yet am Commanded to avoid Flattery and Partial Addreſſes, when I write to the greateſt *Sages* in the *Empire*. And had not this Injunction been laid on me, my own Natural Temper wou'd prompt me to ſhun that Vice, which renders a Man ſo much leſs than himſelf. by how much he exalts another above his due.

I have often propos'd to thy Predeceſſor, the Mighty Benefit that wou'd redound to the whole *Ottoman Empire*, if *Learning* were more Encourag'd and the *Hiſtories* of *Foreign Nations* were Tranſlated into the Familiar *Language* of the *Muſſulmans*.

It is that thoſe who are deſtin'd to ſubdue All Things, and have already ſpread their Glorious Conqueſt through the greatſt part of the Earth, ſhou'd be acquainted with the *Tranſactions* of *Former Times*, the *Wars* of Illuſtrious and Brave *Hero's*, the *Riſe* and *Fall* of *Ancient Kingdoms*, and in General, the moſt noted *Revolutions* in the *World*. From ſuch *Records*, our *Generals* and *Military* Men may draw Examples of Fortitude and Patience, Conduct and Prudence in all the Fatigues and Difficulties of *War*, Our *States-*

men may improve their Knowledge in all the *Maxims* of *Policy* and Wiſdom requiſite in Time of *Peace*. In fine, Men of all Conditons may learn the *Precepts* of *Morality* and *Virtue*.

Methinks 'tis pity, that we who poſſeſs the *Territories* of the Ancient *Grecians*, the *Kingdoms* of *Corinth*, and the *Argives*; the *Common-wealth* of *Athens*, and *Lacedæmon*; the *Empire* of *Macedon*, and the *State* of the *Jews*; ſhould be ignorant of the *Laws* by which theſe divers *Countries* were of Old Govern'd, and the Characters, Lives and Actions of their *Firſt Law-givers*, and *Succeeding Governors*.

But if thou ſhalt determine, that the Knowledge of theſe *Remote* Affairs is Superfluous and Unneceſſary for *True Believers*; let 'em at leaſt not be Ignorant in their *Own Hiſtory*, and the *Original* of their *Progenitors*.

'Tis true, we *Arabians* have all along taken Care of Our *Genealogies*, every *Family* and *Tribe* being diligent to preſerve the Memory of their *Anceſtors*; and all concur with an Unanimous Zeal to Regiſter the *Holy Lineage* of *Mahomet*, the *Meſſenger* of *God*. So that we can from his *Father Abdalla*, run up in a direct *Paternal Line* to *Caydar*, the *Second Son* of *Iſmael* (on whom be the *Benedictions* of *God*.) We are not Ignorant how this *Caydar* (from whom the *Noble Coreiſ's* derive their *Pedigree*) Firſt ſetled at *Mecca*, in pure *Devotion* to the *Square Temple*, which was built by *Angels*: when we might as well have choſen the more Fertile Plains of *Media*, *Perſia*,

Perſia and *Aſſyria*, as did his Brethren *Doama*, *Naphis*, and *Redma*. But he foreſaw by his skill in *Aſtrology*, that the Inhabitants of thoſe *Regions* would be *Idolaters*. And ſo it came to paſs: For, they were in the Number of of thoſe who ador'd the *Fire*. For the ſame Reaſon he choſe not for his Seat, *Armenia*, though that *Country* be Renowned for the Reſting of *Noah*'s *Ark* on *Mount Geudis*, and the Famous City *Themanine*, or the *Work* of *Eighty*, being the *Firſt City* built after the *Deluge*, by the *Eighty* who eſcap'd in the *Ark*. But *Caydar* knew that the *People* of that *Province* ſhou'd worſhip the *Sun*: And it was verify'd in the *Poſterity* of his *Brethren*, *Nabſam* and *Maſna*. Therefore he choſe *Mecca*, though a Barren *Country*, becauſe he knew it was the *Seat* predeſtin'd to the *Elect Lineage*, the *Generation* of *Juſt Men* and *Prophets* from whom was to ſpring the *Light* of the *World*, *Mahomet*, who in *Paradiſe* is called *Al Batraſim*, and in *Heaven*, *Achmet*.

Caydar was the *Onely Son* of *Iſmael*, who took Part with his *Father*, and follow'd his Example. Worſhipping *One God*, *Creator* of the *Worlds*, as he had learn'd by Tradition from *Abrahim* the *Beloved* of the *Eternal*: Whereas *Nabayeth*, *Abdael*, *Thema*, and the Reſt of the *Twelve*, either Ador'd the *Sun*, *Moon* and *Stars*, or the *Elements*; except *Jackour*, who paid *Divine Honours* to the Tree *Betlemer*; and *Hadal* and *Maſſa*, who ſacrific'd *Beaſts* to the *Idols Bohinum* and *Alleze*.

And as our *Hiſtorians* have been thus particularly exact in Recording the Affairs of the *Twelve Sons* of *Iſmael*; ſo have they ſhew'd themſelves no leſs preciſe, in relating the Tranſactions of the *Twelve Tribes* which deſcended from them, even down to the Preſent Age.

I do not inſiſt on this, to teach thee ſomething whereof thou art Ignorant: but to put thee in Mind of the Benefit and Advantage, beſides the vaſt Delight which accrues to a *Nation* by thus preſerving the *Memoirs* of their *Anceſtors*. In which, my *Countrymen* have exceeded the Fidelity and Care of all other *People*.

Had it not been for the Induſtry of *Arabian Writers*, the *Hiſtory* of the whole *Saracen Empire*, the *Succeſſion* of the *Caliphs*, with their *Wars* and *Conqueſts*, would have been either quite loſt to this *Age*, or at leaſt much deprav'd and falſify'd by the Malice of *Chriſtian* and *Perſian Authors*, both Equally Enemies to the Truth. By which it is Evident, that every *Nation* ought to *Regiſter* their own *Tranſactions*.

What therefore I chiefly aim at, is, That the Glorious *Oſmans*, who have by their Valour enter'd into the *Poſſeſſions* and *Territories* of many Ancient *Nations*, might alſo be acquainted with the *Hiſtories* of thoſe *People* whoſe *Lands* they Enjoy: But, above all, I wiſh, that after they have found a way to ſo much Wealth and Honour, they would not loſe *themſelves*, and their *own Original*.

I ſpeak

I ſpeak of the *Turks* properly ſo call'd; the *Deſcendants* of the *Scythians*, who by ſome were eſteem'd the moſt *Ancient Nation* on Earth; a *People* form'd by *Nature* for the *Empire* of the *World*; were never Conquer'd themſelves, yet ſpread their Victories over all *Aſia*. They routed *Zopyrio*, a *General*, of *Alexander* the *Great*; and drove back a huffing *King* of *Egypt*, with Shame and Loſs to his own *Country*. In fine, they were a *People* Naturally Juſt, Temperate, Hardy and Endu'd with all the Excellent Qualities, which the *Philoſophy* of the *Greeks* and *Romans* cou'd never inſpire into their *Subjects*, though they aim'd at it.

Theſe were the People, O *Oracle* of *Believers*, from whom the preſent *Turks* deſcend. And is it not a Shame, that they can give no other Account of their *Anceſtors*, but what they borrow from the *Chriſtians*, who in the mean time reproach the *Muſſulmans* with *Ignorance* and *Barbariſm*?

'Tis for this Reaſon I renew the ſame Requeſt to thee, which I often made to thy *Predeceſſor*, that *Learning* may be encourag'd. Let all the Ancient *Records* and *Hiſtories* of the *Greeks* and *Romans* be ſought out and Tranſlated, by Men skilful in *Languages*, into the Familiar *Speech* of the *Ottomans*. Some, I know, are already common among the *Grandees*, as *Herodotus*, *Plutarch*, and others; but, let not any *Credible Writer* be wanting.

In doing this, thou wilt put a check to the Scoffs of *Infidels*, augment the Honour and Intereſt of the *Muſſulmans*, and leave an Immortal Name behind thee on Earth: Which will make thy Joys in *Paradiſe* more ſweet to an *Infinity* of *Ages*.

Paris, 19th. *of the* 3d. *Moon*, *of the Year* 1657.

LETTER XIII.

To the Caimacham.

ALL *Europe*, except the *French* and *Suedes* hangs down the Head for the Death of the *German Emperour*. He went to the *Immortals*, on the 2d. Day of this *Moon*, after a long Fit of Sickneſs, and Forty Nine Years Life on Earth.

Nathan Ben Saddi, the *Agent* of the *Port* at *Vienna*, informs me, That on the ſame Day whereon the *Emperour* died, the *Imperial Palace* took Fire on a ſudden, and with ſuch Impetuoſity, that a great Part of it was preſently conſum'd; and the *King* of *Hungary* and *Bohemia*, the *Emperour*'s Son, narrowly eſcap'd with his Life. This is eſteem'd a bad *Omen* to the *Empire*. And without being *Superſtitious*, I can aſſure thee, That *Germany* is in a very bad condition at this Juncture.

Juncture. The *Electors* are ſo divided on the Score of *Religion*, and their Secular Intereſts and Allyances, That in all Probability, they will not with Eaſe decide the Succeſſion.

The *Duke* of *Brandenburgh* having United himſelf to the *Suedes*, will not conſent to the Inſtalling *Leopoldus Ignatius Joſephus*, the *Emperor's* Son, becauſe that *Prince* ſupports the Cauſe of the *Poles* and *Danes*. The *Palatine* of *Heydleberg* and *Duke* of *Bavaria*, are at odds about their Private Pretenſions. The *Duke* of *Saxony* wou'd fain be *Emperor* himſelf, or have one at leaſt of the *Lutheran Religion*: And the Reſt are ſo incens'd againſt the *Houſe* of *Auſtria*, that it is thought, none but the *Eccleſiaſtick Princes* will vote for the *King* of *Hungary* and *Bohemia*. So that there being no *King* of the *Romans* to claim the *Succeſſion* by the *Laws* of the *Empire*, the *Throne* is like to be Vacant yet a while.

Cardinal Mazarini, who watches all Opportunities to Aggrandize his *Maſter*, has diſpatch'd away ſeveral *Couriers* into *Germany*, to negotiate privately with the *Electors*, and concert thoſe Meaſures, which will be moſt for the Intereſt of *France*. And I tell thee, this *Miniſter* has no ſmall Influence on the *Elector* of *Colen*, and *Prince Palatine* of the *Rhine*. Beſides, thou wilt ſay, he goes the Right Way to work, when thou ſhalt know that he makes Uſe of the *French* Gold to compaſs his Deſigns.

No-

No sooner did the News of the *Emperour's* Death arrive at this *Court*, but it was obſerv'd the *Cardinal* took up a Hundred Thouſand *Piſtoles*, of the Publick *Banquiers* in this City. And every Body gueſs'd how 'twou'd be diſpos'd.

The *Portugueze Ambaſſador* at this *Court*, has caus'd Extraordinary *Fire-works* to be play'd on the River *Seyne* before the *Palace* of the *King*, in Honour of his *Maſter's Coronation*, the young *King* of *Portugal*. But the *Spaniards* are preparing more deſtructive *Fire-works* on the *Frontiers* of that *Kingdom*, being ready to enter it with an Army of Sixteen thouſand Men to recover the *Portugueze Crown*.

In ſending thee theſe Intelligences, Sage *Miniſter*, I am not concern'd for the *Infidels*. Who dies or who lives, who riſes or who falls is all one to *Mahmut*, provided the *Grand Signior's* Health, Life and Happineſs be augmented. And this I ſpeak as an *Arabian* and *True Believer*.

Paris, *the* 30th. *of the* 4th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1657.

LETTER

LETTER XIV.

To Raba Mahomet, General *of the* Ottoman Forces, *at his* Camp *near* Adrianople.

THE Sacred *Empire* of *True Believers*, is beſet at this Time with *Infidels*, *Rebels*, and *Hereticks*. Here are many Rumours ſpread abroad concerning the *Perſians*, and the Intereſt they have in the *Baſſa* and Citizens of *Babylon*. They talk alſo, that ſome Male-contents deſign Things which ought not to be nam'd.

God has given me two Ears, and I hear theſe Diſcourſes with both, but I entertain them with one Unchangeable Judgment, That they are only the Whiſpers of Fame, which has a Thouſand Double Tongues. If it be true, that the Four *Chiauſes* who were diſpatch'd to *Babylon* from the *Grand Signior*, to confirm the Inhabitants of that City in their Allegiance, and aſſure them of ſpeedy Succors, were Murder'd by the diſloyal Citizens; I doubt not but 'tis as true, that the *Plague* has conſumed the Greateſt Part of the *Red-heads* in their *Camp* at *Aranſacat*. What thô theſe *Babylonian* Mungrels cry, *Long Live the King of Perſia!* The reſt of the *Empire* with true Zeal and Devotion, pray for the Health and Proſperity of the *Grand Signior*. What thô

thô the *Sultan* has ſworn by *God* and his *Throne*, by the *Heavens* and *Earth*, That he will go againſt the *Venetians* in Perſon! The *Mufti* can eaſily abſolve him in Caſe of Supreme Neceſſity, whence his Preſence is requiſite againſt the more Accurſed *Kyſilbaſchi*.

'Tis probable, the *Oſman Monarchy* may be much embaraſs'd by *Domeſtick* Troubles, and Foreign Wars: Yet he that founded it, and is the *Conſervator* of *Ages*, will out of theſe very Diſtempers and Evils, produce a good Conſtitution of Health in the *State*, and a Firmer Eſtabliſhment againſt all Enemies.

In the mean while, the *Venetians* are very buſie in their Levies at Home, and in making Intereſts abroad. *Couriers* are perpetually poſting up and down *Chriſtendom*, to and from that City. They would willingly have all the buſineſs of *Europe* ſuperſeded for their Sakes. Every where 'tis whiſper'd, There's ſome Grand Deſign a foot againſt the *Turks*; but no body knows what. And I tell thee, *France*, *Spain*, *Germany*, *Poland*, *Sueden*, and the Reſt of the *Nazarene Kingdoms*, are too much entangled among themſelves, to have any Thoughts of medling with Remote Affairs.

The *Poles* would have had the *German Emperor* taken that *Crown* in Vaſſalage, on Condition of Protecting it from the *Swedes*. But, whilſt the *Emperor* was alive, he weigh'd the Difficulties, and refus'd ſo Chargeable an Offer. Now, he is lately dead, and the

the *Empire* is hardly capable to defend it ſelf.

Differences are newly riſen between the *Duke* of *Bavaria*, and the *Elector Palatine* of *Heydelburg*; each claiming the Right to be *Vicare* of the *Empire* during the *Vacancy*. And they are preparing on both ſides, to diſpute the Matter with the Sword: Whilſt the *King of Sueden* ſmiles ſecretly at their *Inteſtine* Quarrels, reſolving to be reveng'd on *Germany*, for the Aſſiſtance they have given to *Caſimir* King of *Poland*.

At the ſame Time, the *Danes* are Arming and Equipping by Sea and Land, to Demand Juſtice of the *Suedes*. Whilſt the cunning *Moſcovite* ſtands aloft, amuſing all Parties with ſpecious Pretexts, but deſigning only to play his own Game, and eſpouſe that Quarrel, which will bring him moſt Booty. *Prince Rogotski*, promiſes fair to the *Suedes*, but 'tis thought, will prove falſe in the End. The Counſels of theſe *Uncircumciſed*, are full of Treachery; They are infatuated, blinded, and know not what they do.

The Caſe is as bad in *Spain*, where the *King* is making vaſt Preparations to enter *Portugal*, and claim that *Crown*, hoping to make Advantage of their *Domeſtick* Factions ſince the Death of *Dom Juan de Braganza*, the late *Portugueſe* King: Not conſidering, that the *French* are like to find him Work enough in *Italy*, *Flanders*, and *Catalonia*; beſides the Continual Damages he receives by Sea from the *Engliſh*, and the Loſſes he ſuſtains in *A-*

merica.

merica. I tell thee in a Word, all *Europe* is at this Time in ſuch a Hurly-Burly, that they have no Leiſure to attend our Motions in the *Eaſt*; every *Kingdom* and *State* being wholly buſy'd in their own Affairs. And *Venice* can rely on Nothing but her own Strength.

Go on then Brave *General* of the Army, deſtin'd to Chaſtiſe theſe *Infidels*; and let nothing diſcourage thee, from purſuing the Aims of *Honour* and *Religion*. Let the proud *Franks* know, That there is a Sword drawn in the *Eaſt* which will never be put up, till it has not only cut off the Exteriour Members, but even ript up the Bowels of the *Weſtern Empire*.

The Inhabitants of *Sicily* are in great Conſternation, by Reaſon of a freſh Eruption of Fire from *Mount Ætna*, or *Mount Gibel*, whereby the City *Catanea*, and Adjacent Parts, are much in Danger, and the Aſhes are ſcatter'd all over the *Iſland*. This Mountain has at Times flam'd forth in an Extraordinary manner from Immemorable Ages; and in all Probability, will continue to do ſo till the *Day* of *Judgment*.

There is like to be a New Quarrel between *France* and *Holland*; the latter complaining, that they have had above Three Hundred *Merchant*-Ships taken from 'em by the *French* within theſe Seven Years. Upon which they have ſtopt two Veſſels belonging to this *Kingdom*, and Miſunderſtandings encreaſe apace between them.

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In the mean time, the *German Court* is preparing to chuſe a New *Emperor*. His *Son* is the Perſon deſign'd for this *Dignity*, if the *Elector* does not oppoſe it. His Name is *Leopoldus Ignatius Joſephus*, King of *Hungary* and *Bohemia*. He lies ſick of a dangerous Diſeaſe, not leſs loathſome than the *Plague*.

And now I have mention'd this Scourge of *God*, it will not be amiſs to inform thee, that in *Rome* and *Naples*, where it has rag'd theſe Eleven *Moons*, and has deſtroy'd a Hundred and Eighty Thouſand People; 'tis not now to be heard of: Commerce is reſtor'd: *Publick Courts* ſit; *Ambaſſadors* have Audience; and all Things run in their wonted Channel. Yet in *Genoua*, they feel it ſtill.

The *Souls* of theſe *Infidels* are Infected with an *Infernal Peſtilence*, and therefore *God* rains *Curſes* on them; whilſt the *Elect* in all *Nations*, are preſerv'd from all Evil, being mark'd in the Forehead by the *Angel* of *Health*.

Paris, 15th. *of the* 5th *Moon*,
of the Year 1657.

LET-

LETTER XV.

To Cari Hali, Phyſician *to the* Grand Signior.

I Have encounter'd a Paſſage in the *Hiſtory* of the Firſt *Caliphs*, which a little entangles me. My *Faith* is disjoynted. Thou know'ſt, we *Muſſulmans* believe, that *Abu Becre* was the True *Succeſſor* of the *Prophet*. Yet when I conſider, that he attain'd the *Sovereignty* by Surprize without the Conſent of the *Muſſulmans*, I know not what to think of it.

After the Death of the *Meſſenger* of *God*, the Inhabitants of *Mecca* and *Medina* rais'd a Sedition, and took up Arms, each Challenging the Right of *Election* to themſelves. When, to prevent the Ill Conſequences of this Tumult, *Abu Becre* and *Omar* immediately came to them; and to end the Controverſie, *Omar* ſtretching forth his Hand to *Abu Becre*, ſaluted him *Caliph*, and lifting up his Hand to *Heaven*, ſwore *Allegiance* to him. Which Example ſuddenly prevail'd on others, and ſo the Tumult was appeas'd. Yet, *Omar* himſelf ſeem'd to repent of what he had done: For a while after he was heard to ſay, *Aſſuredly, the Inauguration of* Abu Becre *was a Raſh, Unadvis'd Thing; God avert the Evil which may reſult from it. But, let it be a Law, That if any one hereafter ſhall preſume*

to

to do as I have done, and ſwear Fealty to another without the Aſſent of the Muſſulmans, he ſhall be put to Death.

But, that which is of greateſt Moment with me, is, that *Ali Eb'n Abi Taleb* the *Son-in-Law* of the *Prophet*, was not preſent at this *Election*, who had as much Right to the *Caliphate*, as any of them, if not more: At leaſt he had a Right to Vote. And when he firſt heard the News, he proteſted againſt what they had done as Null and Invalid, in Regard they had not conſulted him. Certainly, *Ali Eb'n Abi Taleb* was a Matchleſs *Hero*, performing *Miracles* of Valour in Defence of the *Prophet*. When he beſieg'd *Chaibar*, a City of the *Jews*, he took the Gates of the City from off their Hinges, and us'd them as his Shield. When he brandiſh'd his Glittering Sword, he made his Enemies tremble. I will not ſay more in his Praiſe, leſt thou ſhouldſt conclude, I have liſted my ſelf in the Number of the *Kyzil Baſhi*. What I write, is only by way of Scrutiny, being diſſatisfy'd about theſe Things.

So when *Abu Becre* lay on his Death-bed, he call'd from *Othman Eb'n Aphan* the *Scribe*, and bid him write as follows: "In the Name "of *God*, Gracious and Merciful; This is "the *Teſtament* of *Abdollah Eb'n Abu Kohapha*, when he was arrived to the Laſt Hour "of this World, and the Firſt of the World "to come. Then he fell into a *Trance*, while *Othman* proceeded, and wrote the Name of *Omar Eb'no'l Chattab*. Then *Abu Becre* awak'd;

awak'd; and asking *Othman*, *Whom he had named for his Succeſſor*; He reply'd, *Omar. Thou haſt done well*, ſaid he, *and according to my Mind. Yet, if thou hadſt named thy ſelf, aſſuredly, thou art worthy of the Honour.* Thus *Omar* ſucceeded in the *Caliphate*, by the Private Order of *Abu-Becre*, without asking the Conſent of the *Muſſulmans*. It looks like a Contrivance or Bargain between theſe Two at Firſt. When *Omar* ſwore *Fealty* to *Abu-Becre*, one would ſuſpect he made him promiſe to bequeath the *Caliphate* to him. Be it how it will, thou ſeeſt *Omar* accepted the *Government*, on Conditions which he himſelf had made Unlawful, when he prohibited any *Succeſſion* that would be made without the Conſent of the *Muſſulmans*. He was the Firſt that was call'd *Amiro'lmumenin*, or *Commander* of the *Faithful*.

It is reported, that when *Omar* was near his Death, thoſe that ſtood about him deſir'd hime to name his *Succeſſor*, they themſelves recommended *Ali Eb'n Abi Taleb*, becauſe of his *Relation* to the *Prophet*. But he rejected him, and committed the *Election* of his *Succeſſor* to *Othman*, *Ali*, *Telha*, *Azobair*, *Abu Obeid*, and *Saad Eb'n Abi Wakka*. *Abu Obeid* therefore coming to *Ali Eb'n Abi Taleb*, ſaid thus to him, *Art thou he to whom I may ſwear Fidelity, that thou wilt act according to the Book of God, and the Laws of his Prophet, and the Conſtitutions of the Two Seniors?* *Ali* anſwered, *I will ever act according to the Book of God, and the Law of his Prophet; but as to the Conſtitutions*

tions of the Two Seniors, I will follow my own Counſel. Then *Abu Obeid* going to *Othman*, ſaid the ſame Words: And *Othman* promiſed to perform all that they requir'd. So they choſe *Othman* to ſucceed *Omar* in the *Caliphate*. He was accus'd of too great Partiality to thoſe of his *Blood*; for he recall'd *Hacem Ebno'l As Eb'n Omaih*, whom the *Prophet* had baniſh'd. He gave him alſo a Hundred Thouſand *Aſpers*, and to *Abdella Eb'n Chaled*, he gave Forty Thouſand. They tax'd him alſo with Pride, in that he ſate in the Higheſt Seat of the *Prophetick Throne*, where none but the *Holy Prophet* himſelf had ever ſate: For, *Abu-Becre*, in Reverence to the *Meſſenger* of *God*, ſate *One* Step below it, and *Omar*, *Two*. So that the *Arabians* being Incens'd at *Othman*'s Arrogance and other Vices, took up Arms, and kill'd him. Then ſucceeded *Ali*.

I rehearſe this *Hiſtory* to thee, that thou may'ſt know the particular Grounds of my Diſſatisfaction, and give me thy Opinion in this Matter. For, if *Abu-Becre*, *Omar*, and *Othman*, were Unlawfully lifted to the *Caliphate*, it follows, that they were *Uſurpers*, and *Hali* the only *True Succeſſor* of the *Prophet*. And, if this be granted, then we have no Reaſon to Curſe the *Perſians*, who are the *Followers* of *Hali*. *God* knows which is in the Right, We or They. We all are *Diſciples* of the *Prophet*, and believe in the *Unity* of the *Divine Eſſence*.

God bleſs *Mahomet* our *Law-giver*, with all thoſe of his *Houſe*. *God* bleſs *Mahomet* our Glorious

Glorious *Sultan*; In fine, *God* bleſs thee and me.

Paris, 15th *of the* 5th *Moon of the Year*, 1657.

LETTER XVI.

To Cara Muſtapha, Baſſa.

BY the Notices which I receive from *Conſtantinople*, it appears that the Ground of all the *Publick* Diſcontents in that City, is the *Venetians* Conqueſt and Poſſeſſion of *Tenedos*: As if the People thought that *Iſland* would prove as Fatal now to the *Muſſulmans*, as it was formerly to Old *Troy*, when the *Grecians* under the Conduct of *Agamemnon*, pitch'd their Firſt Camp there, to recover *Helena* the Faireſt Woman of *Greece*, whom *Paris* the *Prince* of *Troy* had Raviſh'd from her Husband's Embraces.

That *Rape* was Fatal to the *Trojans*: For, after a Ten Years War, their City was taken by Stratagem, and burnt to Aſhes: Their *Princes* and *Nobles* either all ſlain, or carry'd away Captives by the Victorious *Greeks*. Only *Æneas* ſav'd his *Father* alive, carrying him on his Back out of the Flames, and with ſome other *Commanders*, eſcap'd to Sea in ſuch Veſſels as they found ready. The *Hiſtory*

ſtory of all his *Adventures*, is too tedious for a *Letter*. Suffice it to ſay, that after many Voyages from one *Region* to another, at laſt he landed in *Italy*, where he and his Company ſetled; And from them the *Venetians*, with other People of *Europe*, derive their *Original*.

'Tis this makes their preſent Poſſeſſion of *Tenedos*, appear as an Ill *Omen*, in the Eyes of the *Superſtitious*. As if thoſe Reliques of *Ancient Troy*, where now come to recover the *Habitations* of their *Fathers*, and drive both *Greeks* and *Muſſulmans* out of the *Empire*.

But, theſe are only *Chimæra's* and Dreams; For, when a *Nation* is once diſplanted from their *Native* Seat, they ſeldom or never take *Root* there again. Beſides, who knows whether the *Venetians* deſcend from *Troy*, or no? 'Tis true indeed, if *Hiſtorians* ſpeak Truth, that *Æneas* ſail'd into *Italy*, Two Years after the Burning of *Troy*: 'Tis probable alſo, that he built *Lavinium*; as *Padua* is aſcrib'd to *Antenor*, one of his *Captains*. But where's the Conſequence, that the *Venetians* ſhould therefore be the *Off ſpring* of theſe *Heroick Fugitives*? They may as well ſay, the *French* are the *Poſterity* of the *Moors*, becauſe thoſe *Africans* once ſeated themſelves in *Spains*. For, juſt ſo Independent are the *States* of *Italy*, one of another, and their Inhabitants of as different *Genealogies*, as are theſe Two Potent *Kingdoms*, with the People that dwell in them.

And

And now the *Trojan* War is in my Mind, I cannot but ſmile at the Egregious Folly of *Ajax*, the Son of *Telamon*. This was a Great *Commander* in the *Grecian* Army, a huge, brawny, Giant-like Fellow, that had perform'd Prodigies of Strength and Valour in combating the *Trojans*, and yet at laſt, fell upon his own Sword and kill'd himſelf, becauſe he could not have his Will of *Ulyſſes*; and all about an Old Ruſty *Buckler*, taken from the Enemy, which *Ajax* claim'd as his Right, in Reward of his Meritorious Services, and the many Scars he had received. But *Ulyſſes* over-rul'd the *Council* of *War*, which was call'd on Purpoſe to decide this Quarrel, and got the *Shield* himſelf. For, being a cunning, plauſible Fellow, he pleaded, That though the Courage and brave Actions of *Ajax* deſerv'd all due Honour and Acknowledgment; yet the Surprize of *Troy* and ending the War, was only owing to his Wit and Contrivance, who deluded the *Trojans* with a *Wooden Horſe*, in the Belly of which lay a Detachment of Armed Men; and theſe, after the *Horſe* was admitted into the City, came out of their Neſt in the Dead of the Night, and ſet Fire to the Houſes, opening the Gates alſo to the *Grecian* Army.

If the *Venetians* could invent ſome ſuch Stratagem, perhaps there would be Danger of their taking *Conſtantinople*: But, till then, Illuſtrious *Baſſa*, there's no Reaſon to fear theſe *Infidels*. Beſides, it will be very eaſie to diſpoſſeſs 'em of that Ominous *Iſland*, and ſo

ſo diſſipate the Charm which has bewitch'd the Seditious Rabble. But I would counſel, that it be attempted in Time, before the *Venetians* are got into the *Helleſpont* with their *Navy*: For, there's no Succeſs againſt theſe *Infidels* by Sea. That *Element*, it ſeems, is the *Wife* of the *Duke* of *Venice*; being E-ſpous'd with a *Ring* and other Solemn *Ceremonies*, on a certain *Feſtival* of the *Nazarenes*.

One would think alſo, that the *Engliſh* had made ſucceſsfull Love to the Sea; For, their *Navies* are always proſperous. We have freſh News come in, of an Encounter between them and the *Spaniſh Weſt-India* Fleet, near the *Iſland* of *Teneriff*; wherein there were Seventeen of the *Spaniſh* Ships ſunk and burnt, and among them were Five great Galleons. They took from them an Immenſe Treaſure of Gold and Silver, with other coſtly Merchandiſe.

The *French Court* rejoyces mightily at this Exploit; not in any Real Love to the *Engliſh*, but in Hatred of the *Spaniards*. For, between theſe Two *Nations*, there ſeems to be an Irreconcilable *Antipathy*. Beſides, the *French* have Reaſon of *State* for their Joy, being in *League* with the *Engliſh Common-Wealth*.

That which renders this Victory the more Remarkable, is, that it was obtain'd in a *Spaniſh* Harbour, the *Port* of *Santa Cruz* in *Teneriff*. Every one extols the *Engliſh Commander* for a very brave Perſon. His Name

is *Blake*. I am the more Particular in this Relation, becauſe thou art expert in *Marine* Affairs, having had the Command of the Invincible *Ottoman Armado*.

There is a *Poſt* newly come in from *Germany*, who informs us, that the *King* of *Sweden* and *Prince Ragotski*, have taken the ſtrong Fort of *Brzeski Litenski* from the *King* of *Poland*.

The *Portugueſe Embaſſador* at this *Court*, preſſes the *King* with much Earneſtneſs, to ſend Aids to his *Maſter*; in Regard the *Spaniards* are actually enter'd into *Portugal*, and have taken *Olivenza*, a City of that *Kingdom*.

I formerly acquainted the *Miniſters* of the *Divan*, that the *King* of *Spain* had caus'd all the *People* of his *Kingdom* to be Number'd: Now I tell thee farther, That in Order to carry on the War effectually againſt *Portugal*; this *Monarch* has commanded the 5th Man in every *Family* to take up Arms, and follow the *Campagne*. At which Rate, they ſay, he will have a Hundred Thonſand Men in the Field.

In the mean time, all the Diſcourſe here at preſent is, concerning the *Siege* of *Montmedi*, a very ſtrong Place in *Flanders*. It was Inveſted by the *French* Army on the 11th of this *Moon*, under the Command of *Mareſchal de la Ferte Seneterre*.

France has ſent a great many Brave *Generals* into the Field this *Summer*; and I perceive, the *Baſſa's* of the *Ottoman Empire* are not

not like to tarry at home. *God* inſpire thee, and thy Equals, with a Reſolution which knows no *Medium* between Victory and a Glorious Death.

Paris, 26th *of the* 6th *Moon of the Year* 1657.

LETTER XVII.

To Nathan Ben Saddi, *a* Jew *at* Vienna.

THE Beginning of thy Letter ſurpriz'd me with wonder, when I Read that a *Chiaus* from the *Grand Signior*, the *Sovereign of Sovereigns*, *Lord* of Three *Empires*, and Five and Twenty *Kingdoms*, ſhould have the Diſhonour, not to find Admittance within the Walls of *Vienna*; and that in a Time when the *Germans* have no Reaſon to provoke a *Foreign* War, being ſufficiently embarraſs'd with *Domeſtick* Troubles. But, when I read farther, and perceiv'd, That no *Embaſſador*, not even of the *Chriſtian Princes*, has any more Privilege at this Juncture; and that it is an Eſtabliſh'd *Law* of the *Empire*, thus to reverence the *Majeſty* of their deceas'd *Sovereign*, and conſult the Safety of the next *Election*; I ceas'd to reſent this any longer as an Indignity to our *Great Maſter*,

and only concluded it to be ſome *Myſtery* of the *Auſtrian State*.

It is an Argument of profound Reſpect to the *Imperial Ghoſt*, That the *Churches* are all hung with *Mourning*, throughout the *Hereditary Dominions*, and that no *Muſick* is permitted either in the *Temples* or elſewhere; no Jollity or Mirth, till the *Funeral Obſequies* are perform'd, and the Body of *Cæſar* is conſign'd to the Place of its Everlaſting Repoſe.

As to the Quarrel between the *Duke* of *Bavaria*, and *Prince Palatine*, about the *Vicariate*; there's much to be ſaid on both ſides: And it ought to be a Thing Indifferent to thee and me, which of thoſe two gets the Victory. Yet, for the ſake of Truth, I will tell thee in ſhort what I have collected out of the *Journal* of *Carcoa*, thy *Predeceſſor*, and out of other *Memoirs*, as they came to my Hands.

It appears then, that by the *Golden Bull* of *Charles* V. this *Dignity* was declar'd Inherent in the *Palatinate Family*, in Right of their *Poſſeſſion* of that *Principality*; and that it had been ſo for many Ages, even before there were any *Electors* Eſtabliſh'd in the *Empire*. 'Tis upon this Ground the preſent *Elector Palatinate* claims it. But on the other ſide, it is as manifeſt, that when *Maximilian* the Father of the Preſent *Duke* of *Bavaria* was Inveſted with the *Electoral Dignity*, it was Inſerted in the *Imperial Bull*, that the *Vicegrevcy* of the *Empire*, during an *Interregnum*, ſhould

ſhould henceforth belong to that *Family*. Yet, this *Grant* was again diſanull'd by the late *Pacification* at *Munſter*. And ſo the Buſineſs is left in Diſpute between theſe two *Families*. He of *Bavaria* truſts to his Strength and Riches, being alſo back'd by the *Eccleſiaſtick Princes*; whilſt the other only confides in the Juſtice of his Cauſe, the Right of Unqueſtionable Inheritance.

Leaving therefore theſe *Grandees* to proſecute their ſeveral *Claims*, I'll tell thee what makes the freſheſt Noiſe in this City, is an Attempt which the *Prince* of *Conde* made lately on the Town of *Calais*, a *Sea-Port* of this *Kingdom*. He had receiv'd certain Intelligence, that the *Governour* had ſent out the beſt Part of the Garriſon to fortify *Ardres*, a Place not far from *Calais*, and ſuppoſed to be in greater Danger; Upon this News, the *Prince* march'd with great Expedition, deſigning to ſurprize *Calais* by Night. But he was diſcover'd before he came near them; and the Inhabitants taking up Arms, appear'd on the Walls and Ramparts to welcome him, ſo that he was forc'd to retire again with the loſs of near a Thouſand Men.

Here are Two Men come out of *England*, that pretend to be *Prophets*, foretelling the Downfal of the *Pope*, whom they call *Anti-Chriſt*, a *Beaſt*, a *Dragon*, and I know not how many other Titles. One of them is gone to *Rome*, to tell the *Holy Father* to his Face what is like to befall him. The *French Court* looks upon them as Mad Men; and no Body

can eſteem them better if they go to *Rome*, where they will Infallibly fall into the Hands of the *Inquiſition*; which thou know'ſt is a *Hell* upon *Earth*. Thy Brother *Adonai* felt the Smart of it, only for two or three Words, utter'd in Contempt of their *Religion*; And thô he was not Condemn'd to Death, yet he ſuffer'd a tedious Impriſonment; till at Length, the *Plague* releaſed him both from that, and the *Chains* of this Mortal Life.

Nathan, if he had dy'd by the Stroke of the *Executioner*, or by *Fire*, the Common Death of thoſe who rail at the *Roman Faith*, I could not pronounce him a *Martyr*, unleſs it were to his own Folly and Raſhneſs; ſince he was not plac'd there to make *Proſelites*, either to the *Law* of *Moſes* or *Mahomet*, but to penetrate into the Secret Tranſactions of the *Followers* of *Jeſus*.

Thy Buſineſs is the ſame at *Vienna*; purſue that with Alacrity, and *God* ſhall protect thee from all Adverſity.

Paris, 9th. *of the* 7th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1657.

LET-

LETTER XVIII.

To Melec Amet.

I Welcome thy Return to the Earth again For it appears by thy Letter, that thou haſt been in the *Other World.* 'Twere to be wiſh'd thou would'ſt favour the *Living* with a *Journal* of thy *Travels* and *Obſervations* among the *Dead.* Thoſe *Regions* of *Silence*, would afford Matter of Noiſe enough to Mortals, that are always greedy of Foreign News. Perhaps if thou would'ſt communicate the Remarks thou haſt made during that Ramble of thy *Soul*, we might find out ſome Method of Correſpondence between *Our World*, and that *Inviſible State.* We might contrive a Way to ſend *Diſpatches* to our Friends, and to receive their Anſwers again. Or, at leaſt we might make ſome Uſeful Diſcoveries, in that *Empire* of *Shadows.*

But tell me ſeriouſly, doſt thou think that it was any more than a *Trance* or *Dream* that has happen'd to thee? Such as frequently falls out in *Melancholy Conſtitutions?* I once inform'd *Cara Hali* the *Phyſician*, of ſuch an Accident as this not far from *Paris.* It was of a Man that had lain Five and Thirty Hours as Dead, in all Humane Appearance, and ſo given over by the *Phyſicians*: Yet after that Period, he recover'd his *Senſes* again, and

told ſtrange Things to thoſe that were about him. Surely, theſe are but the *Slumbers* of the *Soul*; and *Death* it ſelf is but a *deeper Sleep*, when it cauſes the *Diſſolution* of the *Body*. Doubtleſs, Men awake again in ſome other *Active State*. For, as a Flame of Fire is Equally diſpoſed to embody it ſelf in the Fat of Fleſh or Fiſh, in Oyl, Wax, Sulphur, or any Proper Vehicle; and as ſoon as it is extinguiſh'd in One, will readily tranſlate it ſelf ſucceſſively to all the Reſt, if they be within the *Sphere* of its *Activity* (as the *Weſtern Philoſopher* ſpeaks:) So is the *Spirit* or *Flame* of *Life*, always in a Poſture of *Tranſmigration*. For ought we know, he that is a *King This* Hour, may be a *Peacock* the *Next*, and within a *Few Days* be ſerv'd up at his *Succeſſor*'s Table, as a *Royal* Diſh.

But not to inſiſt too much on theſe Secrets, I will relate to thee a Paſſage, not unlike that thou haſt Experienced.

It is Recorded in the *Writings* of an Authentick Pen, the *Manuſcript* of an Ancient *Arabian*, That *Al' Raſhid*, *Emperour* of the *Faithful*, had many Famous *Phyſicians* about him. Among the Reſt, he highly eſteemed *Saleh Eb'n Nahali*, an *Indian*, for recovering one of his near *Kinſmen*, out of ſuch a Condition as I ſuppoſe thou haſt been in. That *Kinſman* was very dear to the *Emperor*, who was ſitting at a *Feaſt*, when News was brought him that he was Dead. The *Emperor* extremely troubled to hear this, burſt forth into Tears, and cauſed the Table to be

taken

taken away. Then *Jaafer Ebn Yahya*, one of his Confidents, immediately desired that *Saleh* the *Indian Physician*, might visit the *Corps* of his dead *Relation*. Who went accordingly, and having felt his *Pulse*, and consider'd him well, he returned to the *Emperor*, and said, *Cease to mourn, my Lord, Commander of the Faithful: For if this Man be dead, and I do not restore him to Life again, may I be divorc'd from all my Wives for Ever.*

He had scarce made an End of saying this, when a Second *Dispatch* came to the *Emperor* from those who were about his *Kinsman*, assuring him, That he was really departed this Life.

Then *Al Rashid* began to Curse the *Indians*, and their Ignorance. But *Saleh* persisted in his Assertion, crying out with some Vehemency, *Be not Incredulous, O Emperor of the Faithful, nor suffer thy Kinsman to be buried, till I have been with him again: For assuredly he is not dead. I will shew you something that is Admirable.* *Al Rashid* pacify'd with these Words, took *Saleh* along with him to visit the supposed dead Person.

As soon as they came into his Chamber, the *Indian* took a Needle, and thrust it between the Nail and the Flesh of his Left Thumb. Then the Entranc'd snatch'd up his Hand toward his Mouth. At which *Saleh* cry'd out, *Now my Lord comfort your self; for dead Men use not to be sensible of Pain.* After this, he blew up a *Powder* into his Nose. Upon which, in a few Minutes the *Patient*

ſneez'd; and ſitting upright in his Bed, ſpoke to *Al' Raſhid*, kiſſing alſo his Hand. The *Emperor* asking him, *How he found himſelf*; He reply'd, *Benefactor of Mankind, I have been in the ſweeteſt Sleep that ever I remember fell on me in my Life. Only I dream'd that a Dog came and bit me by my Left Thumb, the Pain of which wak'd me.* With that, he ſhew'd him the Mark of the Needle, and the Blood. Adding, *Surely it was no Dream, but a Truth; for I feel it yet.* The *Emperor* was extremely pleaſed with his *Indian Phyſician*, and did him great Honour. His *Kinſman* alſo, whoſe Name was *Ibrahim*, lived many Years after this, and was made *Governor* of *Egypt*, where he dy'd and was bury'd.

The *Eaſtern Phyſicians* have been Famous in all Ages, and are now much in Eſteem among the *Franks*, who addict themſelves to ſtudy the *Sciences*. Here are ſome very Learned *Phyſicians* in theſe *Parts*, and not a few Ignorant ones, who ſerve as Foils, to ſet off the Luſtre and Fame of the others. Every *Province* and *City* in *France* ſwarms with 'em: And they all find Employment either to Kill or Cure. The *Nazarenes* live very Intemperately, and fall into abundance of Diſeaſes, whereof the *Eaſt* is wholly Ignorant: Therefore it is Neceſſary for 'em to be well ſtock'd with *Phyſicians*. Yet 'twas *Satyrically* obſerved by a certain *French Lord*, That in a Town not far from his *Palace*, the Inhabitants were all healthy long-liv'd Men, till a certain

certain *Emperick* came and took up his Reſidence there: For then they began to ſicken and die apace. But this may be an Invidious Remark. The *Arabian Proverb* ſays, *No Man is a good Phyſician, but he that is born ſuch:* Meaning, that ſome are *Naturally* diſpoſed and fitted to this *Science*. Indeed, I have known Admirable Cures perform'd by Men, who never ſtudied in the *Academies*, or could anſwer three Queſtions in *Anatomy*. Nay, ſome Women have a Gift of this Nature, and are very Fortunate in their Practices. But, when all's done, the *Beaſts* are moſt Happy, who are all their own *Phyſicians* by *Inſtinct*.

Melec, I wiſh thee ſuch a State of Health as needs no Medicines. But if it be thy Misfortune to fall into *Parmenides* his Indiſpoſition, I counſel thee to make uſe of the Advice given him by a *Philoſopher*; who, when *Parmenides* complain'd of a Pain in his *Stomach*, and usk'd his Advice, he bid him uſe ſuch and ſuch *Confections* and *Electuaries*. The other reply'd, *He had made Tryal of them all, and many more, yet found no Eaſe*. Then ſaid the *Philoſopher*, *Turn Poet, for they Generally have Good Stomachs.*

Paris, 9th. *of the* 7th. *Moon,*
of the Year, 1657.

LETTER

LETTER XIX.

To the Kaimacham.

COuriers upon *Couriers*, are come to this City with the Joyful News that *Monmedi* is ſurrender'd to the *French*. For which, the whole Body of the *Parliament*, and City of *Paris*, the *Chancellour* of the *Kingdom*, with *Cardinal Antonio Barberini*, and all the *Eccleſiaſticks*, went to the *Grand Moſch* or *Temple*, where *Te Deum* was ſung this Afternoon, with a Pompous Solemnity. And now whilſt I am writing, there is ſuch a Confuſed Noiſe of Great Guns, Ringing of Bells, and Shouts of People, that one would think it were enough to wake the very *Dead*, and make them ſtart from their *Graves*, to enquire what's the Matter.

The Truth of it is, this Place is counted one of the ſtrongeſt in *Europe*; and the Inhabitants were not Inſenſible of it, when they made their *Conditions* of Honour with the *King*. And therefore we need not wonder at the Exceſſive Joy of the *French*.

When the *Keys* were deliver'd to the *King* by the *Deputies* of the Town, one of them in the Name of the Reſt, made this following Addreſs.

" Sire, We ſhould have had juſt Reaſon to " complain of Fortune, and accuſe our ſelves " of Cowardiſe, if we had ſurrender'd this

" Impreg-

" Impregnable Fortreſs, to the Arms of a " *Prince* leſs Glorious and Puiſſant than your " *Majeſty*: Since our very Walls are of ſuf- " ficient Strength to defend us, without ta- " king up Arms, againſt a Power Inferiour " to yours. But, in regard it is the *Will* of " *Heaven*, that we muſt change our *Maſter*, " we rejoyce to fall into the Hands of ſo In- " vincible and Generous a *Monarch*. And we " hope, Sire, that your *Majeſty* will ſhew us " the more Favour, for having us'd our Utmoſt " Efforts to conſerve an Inviolate Fidelity to " the *Catholick King*, who but Yeſterday was " our *Maſter*.

This was ſpoken with ſo graceful an Action, and ſuch a becoming Frankneſs, that the *King* being mightily pleaſed with them, made them this Anſwer.

" Yes, I ſhall always remember, that your " Conſtancy deſerves my Eſteem. And now " conſidering you as my *Subjects*, I will be- " ſtow ſuch Privileges on this City, as ſhall " oblige you to manifeſt no leſs Courage and " Zeal for my Service, than you have done " for the *Catholick King*.

And to evidence, that he has equal Sentiments of Gratitude and Eſteem for his *Officers*, by whoſe Courage and Conduct this Important *Place* is come under his Obedience; the *King* has beſtow'd the *Government* of it on the *Lieutenant-General* of his Armies, who was preſent at the Siege, and was ſhot in Seven Places of his Body. They call him the *Marquis* of *Vandi*. He has ſignaliz'd his Va-

lour

lour in Sixteen Sieges and Battels, being mark'd all over with Scars, the Glorious *Characteristicks* of an Indefatigable and Fortunate *Hero*.

It is fit the *Divan* should be inform'd of all such Passages: Not to instruct them what to do in the like Cases (for they are Perfectly Wise) but that these Examples may be Register'd, as Spurs to Vertue and Magnanimity of Spirit. For, it cannot be supposed, that the *Emperor* of *True Believers* will come short of these *Infidel Kings*, in Rewarding his Faithful and Undaunted *Slaves*.

Mareschal de Ferte Senecterre has also had his Share in the Caresses and Acknowledgments of the *King* and the whole *Court*.

This Success has given a great Damp to the *Spaniards*, who begin to retire as fast as they can from the Neighbourhood of the *French* Armies. On the other sides, these are full of Vigour and brisk Resolutions; resolving not to end the Campaign, without some farther Attempts in *Flanders*.

They creep by Degrees into the very *Heart* of that *Province*, which is ever like to be the Stage of War, so long as the *King* of *Spain* has one Town left in it. 'Tis a very Rich *Country*, abounding in all the desirable *Productions* of *Nature*. And the People are very Industrious, to learn and improve whatsoever is Profitable in *Art*. All their Unhappiness lies in this, That they are not able to protect themselves and subsist Independent of

one

one or other of the Neighbouring *Crowns*. So that whenever thoſe *Sovereigns* fall out, theſe Poor People are miſerably oppreſs'd with Armies; and in this Caſe, their Friends many Times give 'em as much Trouble as their Enemies. Nay, 'tis difficult to determine, which are their Enemies, and which their Friends. For, to whatſoever *Maſter* they are ſubject, he dreins their Coffers of Money by Taxes and Contributions; beſides the Intolerable Vexation of Quartering unruly Soldiers, who commit a Thouſand Inſolences unpuniſh'd.

Poland is at this Time in as bad a Condition, between the Armies of *Sueden*, *Auſtria*, *Brandenburgh*, *Moſcovy*, *Tranſylvania*, and the Forces of King *Caſimir*.

The Son of the deceas'd *Emperour*, has ſent a great Army to the Aid of that Unfortunate *Monarch*; and 'tis confirm'd on all Hands, that they have laid Siege to *Cracow*. Whilſt his *Embaſſador* is Negotiating with the *Elector* of *Brandenburgh*, to draw him off from the *Suediſh* Intereſt. This is like to prove a War of long Continuance, if the *Plague* do not make *Peace*, which rages in thoſe *Parts*, and deſtroys many Thouſands more than the Sword or Gun. The *Moſcovites* have Combated with this Diſtemper above theſe Two Years, the *Grand Duke* being forc'd to fly with his Army, like Vagabonds, before this Inexorable *Conquerour*, which gives no Quarter.

In

In the mean time, I hear Ill News from *Candia*, where they say, the *Mussulmans* have in a Late Attempt on that City, lost above Four Thousand Men, with Thirty Four Ensigns, and a Considerable Treasure. These *Infidels* have also taken and destroy'd this *Summer* above Thirty Ships of *Barbary*, and as many more of *Constantinople*, *Smyrna*, *Aleppo*, *Scanderoon*, &c. On Board of one of which, they seiz'd the Yearly Revenue which comes to the *Grand Signior* from *Scanderoon*: And out of another they have taken the Revenue of *Rhodes*, kill'd a Thousand *True Believers*, took Half that Number Captives, and releas'd Abundance of *Christian Slaves*: In a Word, they have taken out of the several Vessels which fell into their Hands, an Immense Treasure of Silver, Gold, and Precious Stones.

These continual Successes of the *Nazarenes*, would tempt one to think, That this *War* was Unjustly commenc'd by *Sultan Ibrahim*, and therefore Unhappily carry'd on by his Glorious *Successor*, *Sultan Mahomet*. Pardon the Effect of Melancholy, Benign *Minister*, if it be a Crime to think, that the *Creator* of *All Things* is Angry with those who Violate their Solemn Word and Oath. Thou know'st the whole Story of this *War*, and the First Occasions of it. I say no more.

They have a *Proverb* here in the *West*, *That the Voice of the People, is the Voice of God*. And though I approve not the Practice of those, who make Use of this Popular *Aphorism*

rism to foment *Seditions* in a *State*; yet I cannot but own, there's a great Deal of Reason in it, and it may be verify'd in the present Circumstances of *Constantinople*.

Thou obſerveſt, that the Soldiers are Mutinous, and unwilling to ſerve any longer in this Unfortunate War. Thou findeſt the *Merchants*, and in General, all ſorts of People diſcontented and Factious. The *Avenues* to that *Sanctuary* of the *World*, are block'd up by the *Venetians*; ſo that neither Corn nor other Neceſſary Proviſions can be brought in, to ſupply the Wants of ſo many Hundred Thouſands of People. In a Word, thou ſeeſt the Publick Calamities have made them almoſt deſperate; they care not what they do. *Peace* with the *Chriſtians*, is the Word every where; or elſe each Impertinent Mechanick, will preſage Ruine to the *Ottoman Empire*.

May *God* inſpire thee and the other *Miniſters* of the *Divan*, in this *Calenture* of the *State*, to apply ſuch Remedies, as may prevent the Inconveniences of a *Domeſtick* War which is always more Fatal to a *Government*, than a *Foreign* Invaſion.

Paris, 17th. *of the* 8th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1637.

LETTER

LETTER XX.

To Nathan Ben Saddi, *a* Jew *at* Vienna.

NOW thou giveſt me ſome Solid Hope of a *Convert*. Thy Letter has raiſed my Expectation, ſince 'tis not penn'd in a Style full of Scruples and Inſignificant Doubts, which would be Endleſs: Nor yet does it favour of Hypocriſie and Diſſimulation, as if thou intendeſt only to mock me and my *Faith*, and ſtill continue thy ſelf an *Infidel*. But it abounds with very fair Conceſſions, *Articles* of *Reaſon* and *Honour* on thy ſide; Only expecting from me, a True and Authentick Account of our *Holy Prophet*'s Life, and of the *Miracles* which can be produced in Confirmation of his *Prophetick Office*. Thou wouldſt fain ſee, if any Thing happen'd of this Kind, to the *Meſſenger* of *God*, parallel to the Stupendous Wonders which recommended *Moſes* your *Lawgiver* to the World, as the undoubted *Oracle* of *Heaven*.

I proteſt, there is no Fault to be found in this Demand: For it is but Reaſon, that he who aſſumes the *Character* of a *Prophet*, ſhould be diſtinguiſh'd from *Impoſtors* by ſome Evident Signs and Wonders. Yet, 'tis needleſs to make an exact Parallel, becauſe the Occaſions of *Moſes*'s *Miracles* were different

ſerent from thoſe of *Mohammed*, the *Seal* of the *Prophets*. Your *Lawgiver* had a *Commiſſion* and *Power* given him to work *Miracles* when he pleaſed: Whereas *Ours* declar'd, That he was not ſent to work *Miracles*, but to preach the *Unity* of the *Divine Eſſence*, the *Reſurrection* of the *Dead*, the *Joys* of *Paradiſe*, and the *Torments* of the *Damn'd*.

Yet, leſt the Unbelieving World ſhould doubt the Truth of his *Miſſion*; From his very Birth, his Life was graced with many *Supernatural* Favours. His Mother bore him without the leaſt Pain of Body or Mind: And as ſoon as he breath'd the Vital Air, he ſpoke with an Audible Voice, ſaluting his Mother, and adding, *I profeſs, That there is only One God, and that I am his Apoſtle.* He was alſo *Circumcis'd* by *Nature*, coming into the World without his *Prepuce*. At the ſame Hour, the *Devils* were forbid to aſcend above the *Orb* of the *Moon*: And *Four Voices* were heard from the *Four Corners* of the *Square Temple*: The *Firſt* ſaying, *Proclaim, The Truth is riſen, and all Lies ſhall return into Hell.* The *Second* uttering, *Now is born an Apoſtle of your own Nation, and the Omnipotent is with him.* The Words of the *Third* were, *A Book full of Illuſtrious Light is ſent to you from God.* And the *Fourth Voice* was heard to ſay, *O Mahomet, we have ſent thee to be a Prophet, Apoſtle, and Guide to the World.*

When he was about four Years Old, accompanying the Sons of his Nurſe into the Field, the

the bleſſed Child retir'd into a *Cave* at the Foot of the Mountain *Uriel* to pray: When the *Archangel Gabriel* appeared to him, and ſaid, *Biſmillahi rrahmani rrahimi*, &c. *In the Name of God, Compaſſionate and Merciful, O Child greatly beloved, I am ſent to diſplant from thy Heart, the Root of Evil; for thy Ejaculations made the Gates of Paradiſe fly open.* The Young *Reſigned one* ſaid, *The Will of thy Lord and Mine be done.* Then the *Angel* open'd his *Breaſt* with a *Razor* of *Adamant*, and taking out his Heart, ſqueez'd from it the *Black Contagion*, which was derived from *Adam*: And having put the Child's Heart in his Place again, he bleſs'd him, and retired to the *Inviſibles*.

From that Time the Young *Favourite* of *Heaven* grew up and proſper'd in all Things, having the Smiles of *God* and Man. He was under the Tuition of his Uncle *Abu-Taleb*, who diſcerning the Marks of an Immenſe Soul in his Young Nephew, was more Solicitous for his Welfare, than if he had been his Son. His Fortune being Low in the World, he had no other Way to provide for his *Illuſtrious Charge*, than by placing him as a *Factor* to *Chadijah*, a Widow of the ſame *Tribe* with *Mahomet*, which was the *Nobleſt* among the *Arabians*. Beſides, ſhe was very Beautiful and Rich: And there wanted not Hopes, that in Time ſhe might become *Mahomet's* Wife.

That which chiefly encourag'd 'em to this, was a *Viſion* of *Chadijah*, every where talk'd

of

of in those *Parts*. For, she had divulg'd it her self, long before *Mahomet* became her Servant, or his Uncle had any Thoughts of thus disposing of him. "The *Sun* seem'd to "leave his *Heaven* and come down to her "House, from whence he dispers'd his Beams "through *Arabia*, *Egypt*, *Persia*, and in "fine, through the whole Earth. This *Vision* had made a deep Impression on the Mind of *Chadijah*; and she could not rest, till she had told it to a certain Famous *Sage* in those *Parts*, who had great Skill in *Astrology* and other *Mysterious Sciences*, and was *Celebrated* for the Integrity of his Manners. As soon as he heard the Contents of her *Vision*, he said, "In the Name of *God*, O Widow, "enter into thy *Bath*, and prepare thy self "with the Necessary *Purifications*: For, thou "shalt shortly be married to the Greatest "*Prophet* in the World. And when she ask'd the *Astrologer*, *What was the Country, Tribe, and Name of her next Husband?* He told her, *He was an* Arabian *of* Mecca, *of the Tribe of the* Corei's, *and that his Name was* Mahomet.

As yet, the *Prophetick* Widow knew Nothing of the Nephew of *Abu-Taleb*. But, thou may'st imagine she felt strange Passions, when his Uncle afterwards recommended him to her Service; and she knew, that he was the Man in whom the *Astrologer*'s Character was verify'd, as to his *Country*, *Tribe*, and *Name*. For, *Mahomet* was the Son of *Abdalla*, who descended from the *Bani Haschim*, who

who were the *Nobleſt Family* in the *Tribe* of the *Corei's*. Who can expreſs her Sentiments, when ſhe ſaw the Beautiful Youth making his Firſt Addreſſes to her as an humble *Slave*, whom ſhe believ'd *Heaven* had ordain'd for the *Partner* of her *Bed*? With what a Grace and becoming Modeſty did he receive the laſt Inſtructions and Farewel of his parting Uncle? However, ſhe concealed her Tranſports, and ſent her beloved *Slave* with a *Caravan* into *Syria*, allowing him a Noble *Penſion*.

In that Journey, there happen'd ſomething very Remarkable in Honour of the Admirable Young Man. For at a certain Place on the Road, as he waited on the Captain of the *Caravan* to a *Synagogue* of the *Jews*, no ſooner had *Mahomet* ſet his Foot o'er the Threſhold of the *Synagogue*, but all the Lamps therein were looſen'd from their Chains, and fell down on the Floor. All thoſe of thy *Nation* that were preſent, being aſtoniſhed at the Portentous Accident, fell at the Feet of the *Rabbies*, deſiring their Advice in this amazing Circumſtance. They having performed the accuſtomed *Ceremonies* and *Expiations*, anſwer'd, *It is revealed in the Traditions of the Seniors, That at what Time ſoever an Arabian, called* Mahomet, *ſhall be preſent at our Solemnities, God ſhall remove the Candleſticks out of their Place. It is therefore moſt certain, that ſuch a one is now among us; let him not eſcape our Hands, leſt Reproach and Contempt come on Iſrael.* But behold, whilſt

whilſt they were buſy in ſearching for the Cauſe of this *Prodigy*, Two *Angels* conveyed *Mahomet* to *Mecca*, where he ſoon after married *Chadijah*.

It were eaſie to recount many more *Miracles* in the *Life* of the *Prophet*; ſuch as that of the Cloud Overſhadowing him, the Eagle perching on his Head when he was aſleep, the Trees and Stones proclaiming him the *Apoſtle* of *God*. And, if we were to make *Parallels*, I think, the Stupendous *Deſcent* which the *Moon* made, at the *Prayer* of the *Divine Meſſenger*; comes not far ſhort of the Celebrated Diſorder on *Mount Sinai*, when your *Law* was delivered by *Moſes*.

If thou requireſt Undoubted *Teſtimonies* for the Truth of this *Miracle* on *Our* ſide, offer ſomething that is Unqueſtionable on thy *Own*. We both equally confide in the Different *Records* of our *Nations*, which were penn'd by Men as liable to Temptations and Errors of all ſorts, as thou and I, and all that believe what they write. Therefore, unleſs thou canſt ſtart ſome more Infallible *Authority*, to prove the Eternal and Univerſal Obligation of your *Law*, than I can to the Contrary, thou lieſt under a manifeſt Diſadvantage: Since I profeſs with our *Holy Prophet* and all the *Muſſulmans*, that the *Alcoran* contains Nothing Repugnant to the *Law* of *Moſes*; but is only a more Perfect and Complete *Idea* of the *Divine Will*: And that as *Moſes* was the *Lawgiver* of the *Sons* of *Iſaac*; ſo *Mahomet* was the *Apoſtle* of the

Sons

Sons of *Iſmael*, and the *Seal* of all the *Prophets*.

Uſe thy own Reaſon; and rather be of no *Religion*, than in the Number of thoſe to whom it ſhall be ſaid at the *Laſt Day*, *Drink, ye Worſhippers of Ozair, and be damn'd for ever.*

Paris, 10th. *of the* 9th. *Moon*, *of the Year* 1657.

LETTER XXI.

To Dicheu Huſſein, Baſſa.

THere has been a mighty Quarrel of late between the *French* and *Spaniſh Embaſſadors* at the *Hague*, about *Precedency*. The Occaſion was this. One Evening the *French Embaſſador* was Riding in a Coach, in a Place where the *Spaniſh Embaſſador* met him in another Coach; and both ſtriving for the Upper Hand, they met with their Horſes Heads one againſt another, and ſo ſtood ſtill. There was preſently a Tumult of People gathered about them: And the *French* being moſt reſpected, many Gentlemen came in to his ſide with Swords and Piſtols; and all Things ſeemed to portend a Combat. But, the *Magiſtrates* having Notice of this Diſturbance, ſent ſome of the *Guards* to keep the *Peace*, and defend the *Embaſſadors* from any

any Attempts of the Rabble. In the mean while, ſeveral *Great Lords* walked to and fro between the *Ambaſſadors* propoſing Expedients of Accommodation: But it being at the very Juncture when the *French Ambaſſador* had received the News of the Surrender of *Montmedi*, he would not in the leaſt yield to any Terms. So that at laſt the *Spaniard* was forced to drive out of the way, thinking it a Matter of ſufficient Triumph, That he had ſtopp'd the *French Ambaſſador* ſo long.

There is a Poſt come in from *Denmark*, who brings News of the Total Deſtruction of *Itzchow* by Fire. This was a *Town* belonging to the *Danes*, and was Fir'd by the *King* of *Sueden*'s Order. The *Danes* are very Unfortunate of late Years; they make no Figure in *Europe*. There is a Period ſet to the Grandeur of every *Kingdom* and *State*, and the *Danes* were once very Victorious and Formidable; but now their *Monarchy* declines apace, to make way for the Riſing Luſtre of the *Suedes*.

By Sea the *Dunkirkers* make a great Noiſe: They have lately taken from the *French*, Twenty Merchant Veſſels, and from the *Engliſh* near halfe that number. But, if they have not better Fortune than their Neighbours, the *French* will take their City from them e're long. Every Campagne makes a fair Advance toward it. I ſent an Account already to the *Kaimacham* of the Surrender of *Montmedi*, , one of the moſt Important Places in *Chriſtendom*. Now I acquaint thee;

that *St. Venant*, which has not ſo great a Character, yet conſiderable enough, has yielded upon *Articles*. This was done on the 28th. of the laſt *Moon*. At this Rate the *French Prieſts* will have little elſe to do, but to ſing *Te Deum*, for their repeated Succeſſes and Victories.

From *Portugal* we hear, that that *Court* to ſecure themſelves the better againſt the *Spaniards*, have ſent to implore the Aſſiſtance of *Morocco* and *Fez*: Which is much cenſur'd among the *Nazarenes*. Others ſay, they are only Meſſengers, gone to buy up all the Horſes they can get in that *Country*.

In the mean while the *King* of *France* is taking all the *Politick* Meaſures he can, for the *Empire* of the *Weſt*. His *Ambaſſadors* in *Germany* appear with a Magnificent Train of Three hundred Men, and they ſtyle their *Maſter*, *His moſt Chriſtian Majeſty*, *King of* France *and* Navarre, *Sovereign Prince in* Germany *and* Italy; Which laſt is look'd upon as a Fair Step to the *Title* of *Emperour*.

The *Counſels* of the *German Court* are not a little diſturb'd, to hear that our *Invincible Forces* are approaching towards the *Confines* of *Hungary*. It will put ſome ſtop to the deſign'd *Election*. Beſides, they cannot agree among themſelves about a *Succeſſor*.

The *Queen Chriſtina* of *Sweden*, is come back again into this *Kingdom*, being frighted out of *Italy* a Second *Time*, by the Return of the *Plague*.

There is a *War* commenc'd between the City

City of *Munster* and the *Bishop* of that Place: So that he has laid a Formal Siege to it, and presses them very close.

All this is of no such Importance, as the News that I receive from *Constantinople*, which assures me, that the *Mussulmans* have retaken the Isles of *Tenedos* and *Lemnos*, tho with some Loss of Men.

I wish they cou'd as easily drive the *Venetians* out of the *Archipelago*, and then the *Imperial* City would have no longer Reason to complain for want of Bread.

Paris, 10th. *of the* 9th *Moon*,
of the Year 1657.

LETTER XXII.

To Dgnet Oglou.

I Know not what's the Matter, but most of my Friends are of late grown strange to me. They write but seldom, and then their Letters are full of Reserves, as if they suspected my Integrity: Or, because that I am commanded to inform the *Divan* of all *Criminal* Practices, therefore they are afraid to communicate their Sentiments with the same Freedom as formerly; tho on *Themes* no Ways belonging to the *State*, but purely *Speculative*, and the Common Discourse of all Sen-

ſible Men. Are you become more Moroſe and Rigid at *Conſtantinople*, than you were Twenty years ago? In thoſe Days, I remember it was common in the Publick *Coffee-Hans* for *Muſſulmans*, *Greeks*, *Curds* and *Franks*, or Men of any other *Religion*, to meet together and vent their Thoughts with Liberty: No Man being willing to be Stigmatiz'd with the Character of a *Clown*, for taking Offence at another's *Faith*, thô different from his own.

It was then eſteem'd a point of Gallantry, to favour the *Chriſtians* of all *Sects*, and let 'em talk and act as they pleas'd, provided they Blaſphem'd not *God*, or his *Prophets*. And they themſelves wou'd have condemn'd any of their own *Party*, who ſhou'd have been Guilty of ſuch an Immorality and Affront to the *Eſtabliſhed Religion* of the *Muſſulmans*, and the General Sence of Mankind.

But why then is the ſame Liberty retrenched now, and that among *Muſſulmans* who are intimate Friends? Is it not now as Lawful for us to converſe with one another by Letter or any other Way, as it was then to enter into Dialogues with *Infidels*? I wou'd not encourage or imitate the Bold and Prophane Efforts of their Wit, who deny the *Being* of a *God*, or utter *Blaſphemies* againſt his *Meſſenger*: The whole *Univerſe* is an Irrefragable Teſtimony of an *Eternal* and *Omnipotent Nature*: And the *Alcoran* is an Evident Proof, of the Sanctity and Indiſpenſible *Commiſſion*

mission of Our *Holy Law-giver*. But I hope 'tis no Crime, to enter into Speculations of Things lyable to Controverſie. At leaſt, I will venture to diſcloſe to Thee my Thoughts, who art the moſt Agreeable of all my Friends. I tell thee, my dear *Gnet*, it appears to me ridiculous, and like the Quarrels of Children, for *Muſſulmans* to wrangle about mere Trifles in *Religion*, and that the *Reſign'd* to *God* ſhou'd be zealous for the *Whimſies* of *Men*. One Party believes the *Alcoran* is *Eternal*, Another ſays 'tis *Created*. In my Opinion, they are both Abſurd Aſſertions. The *Firſt*, becauſe then it will follow, That there are more *Eternals* than *One*, which is a fair Step to *Polytheiſm* and *Idolatry*: The *Second* is only an Impropriety of Speech; For we do not uſually ſay of any *Writing*, That it is *Created* but *Penn'd*.

I can eaſily believe the Manifold *Deſcents* of *Gabriel* from *Haaven*, when he brought down the *Hundred* and *Four Sheets* of *Science* and *Faith*. But whether *Adam* had only *Ten* of theſe *Sheets*; or *One and Twenty*, as ſome ſay: Or, whether his Son *Seth* had but *Twenty-Nine* of them; or *Fifty*, according to Others; is not Material, according to my *Faith*. It is poſſible *Edris* had no more nor leſs than Thirty, and *Abrahim* our *Father*, juſt Ten of theſe *Divine Manuſcripts*. Of this we are ſure, That the *Volume* of the *Law* was ſent to *Moſes*, the *Pſalms* to *David*, the *Goſpel* to *Jeſus* the *Son* of *Mary*, and the Mighty *Alcoran* to *Mahomet* the *Seal* of the *Prophets*

It is as easie for me to believe the *Celestial Pen* with which all these *Manuscripts* were written, to be of some *Admirable Substance*. But, why it shou'd be made of *Pearls*, rather than of *Diamonds*, or any other *Jewels*, I see no Reason; Or that it shou'd be a Journey of *Fifty Years*, for the swiftest *Horse* in *Arabia* to run from one End of it to the other. Yet if I have not *Faith* enough for these things, I will not be angry with those that have. Let every Man enjoy his Fancy.

But I cannot be so indifferent, when I hear Men tell me, that *God* has a *Body* like Ours, with Eyes, Ears, Nose, Hands, Tongue, and all other Members and Organs of Life, Sence, Speech and Motion: That he is subject to Passions of Love, Hatred, Anger, Grief, and all the Affections that are common to Mortals. Yet thou knowest there is a *Sect* of *Mussulmans*, who believe all this, and Preach it to others with great Assurance. What is this, but to set up an *Idol*, in the Place of *God*? For, the *Original* of all *Idolatry* was the vain Presumption of Men, who represented the *Incomprehensible Divinity*, under some Common *Visible Figure* of *Men* or *Beasts*.

If we must assign a *Body* to *God*, it wou'd seem more Rational to adhere to their Opinion among the *Sephatim*, who say, his *Body* is *Infinite*, *Uncircumscrib'd*, and beyond all *Form*. Neither is it of any Import, that the *Western Philosophers* assert, It is of the *Essence* of all *Bodies* to be *Circumscrib'd* and *Finite*:

nite: Since, though this may be readily granted true of *Particular Bodies*, yet muſt it ever be deny'd of the *Immenſe* and *Univerſal Body* out of which the *World* is *Form'd*: Unleſs they will allow an Unlimited and Interminate Unbody'd *Space*, which is more Unintelligible and Abſurd. Doubtleſs, if the *Eternal Mind* has a *Body*, 'tis Expanded Wide as the Endleſs *Æther*, and Equally Preſent in all Places: Neither can this *Body* be any more Circumſcrib'd, Confin'd, or ſhut up in any *Place*, than the Light of the *Sun* can be Reſtrain'd within a *Room*, or ſeparated from its *Source* by the drawing of a *Curtain*. For all the World is Pervious to this *Infinite Body*, which is altogether *Indiviſible* into *Parts*, even as that which we call a *Spirit*. In a Word, we muſt conceive it to be *ſimple* and *uncompounded*, the *Fineſt* and *Faireſt Matter* of the *Univerſe*.

But if thou wilt have my Opinion, all this is Infinitely too low and narrow an *Idæa*, of that *Eternal* and moſt *Exalted Eſſence*, that *Intellectual Beauty*, which no Mortal Eye has ſeen, no Tongue or Pen can deſcribe; the ſmalleſt Glimpſe of whoſe *Ineffable Majeſty*, falling on the Thoughts of *Holy Men* and *Prophets*, ſnatches away their *Souls* in Sacred Paſſions and Divine Extaſies, whilſt their *Bodies* are in the Cuſtody of the *Angel of Death*. At ſuch Times they are carry'd up through the *Seven Heavens*, beholding all their *Wonders*, and the *Purple Sea* which divides the *Firſt Heaven* from the *Second*. They paſs by the *Orbs*, where Fire, Hail,

Snow and Thunder are prepar'd and kept as in *Reſervatories* againſt the *Day* of *Calamity*; being guarded by the *Spirits* of *Vengeance*, who are Created to puniſh *Infidels*. Then they aſcend to the *Fourth Heaven*, where dwell Innumerable Armies of *Holy Ones*. Next to the *Fifth*, where are the *Angels* of *Interceſſion*. Then to the *Sixth* which is the *Reſidence* of *Arch-Angels*, the *Internuncio's* or *Meſſengers* of the *Eternal Majeſty*. And laſt of all, they are introduc'd into the Preſence of the moſt *Sublime Potentates* and *Principalities*, who wait before the *Receſs* of the *Creator* in the *Heavens* above all *Heavens*, whoſe Height tranſcends the *Power* of *Created Intellects* to meaſure.

O *Dgnet*, when I have ſaid all I can, 'tis nothing to the purpoſe. For no Words nor Thoughts can reach that *Infinite above all Infinity*. Nothing but pure unbodied *Minds*, can have Acceſs to the *Skirts* and *Borders* of that Endleſs *Region* of *Light*.

Therefore, let us not ſtretch our Vain Imaginations, nor greedily pry into thoſe Secrets, which for ever fly from Humane Thought: But keeping our ſelves within the Bounds of Reaſon and Sobriety, let us Adore *God* and believe his *Prophet*, Obey the *Law* of Cleanneſs and Purity, without Injuring *Man* or *Beaſt*; And that's the way, if there be any to aſcend to the *Viſion* and *Enjoyment* of that *Happineſs*, which at preſent is hid from us.

Paris 5th. *of the* 11th *Moon*,
of the Year 1657. LET.

LETTER XXIII.

To the Aga *of the* Janiſaries.

I Receiv'd the *Diſpatch* coming from Valorous Hands, an *Expreſs* perfum'd with *Narciſſus*; full of Honourable Words, and exhibiting a Command worthy of an *Ottoman General*. May the *Angel* of *Fortitude*, conduct thee in all thy *Expeditions*, againſt *Infidels*, *Rebels*, and *Hereticks*.

Thy Conceptions of the *Preſent State* of *Europe*, are very proper and lively. Yet in ſome Things, 'tis poſſible thou haſt been miſinform'd. The Affairs of *Italy* are Inconſiderable, when compar'd with the more important *Wars* of the *North*. That *Quarter* is at preſent the *Theatre* of the moſt Remarkable Actions. Yet the Campagnes in *Flanders* this Year, have made ſome Noiſe in the world.

But, all the Diſcourſe at preſent is, of the Famous Siege and taking of *Fredericks-Ode* by the *Suedes*. This is a *Fortreſs* belonging to the *King* of *Denmark*, and eſteem'd one of the ſtrongeſt in *Europe*. Yet it was taken by Storm: Wherein the *Danes* loſt Ninety Three Principal *Officers*, and about Three Thouſand Common Soldiers; Thirty Three Colours; Seventy Seven Great Guns of Iron and Braſs; Three Hundred and Eighty two Barrels of Powder; Forty Thouſand Muſquet Bullets; Six hundred Granado's; Three thouſand Pikes, and Two thou-

ſand Two hundred Suits of Armour.

This Victory makes the *Suedes* appear Terrible to their Enemies; and they are look'd upon as the only Flouriſhing *Nation* in the *North*, as *France* is in the *Weſt*. Yet, to ſhew that there's no unmix'd Happineſs here below, their Intereſt has been much leſſen'd, by the Deſertion of the *Brandenburgers*, who now ſeem to favour the *Cauſe* of *King Caſimir*.

That *Monarch* had an Interview lately with the *Elector* of *Brandenburgh*, at a Place call'd *Broombergh*; where they embrac'd one another, Banqueted together, and buried all the *Memoirs* of *Enmity* in Generous *Compotations*: For, this is the Way of the *Northern Princes* of *Europe*; who live in ſo Cold a Climate, that Nothing leſs than a Debauch with Wine, can thaw their Frozen *Souls*, and melt 'em into an obliging Humor.

As for the *State* of *England*, I perceive thou know'ſt the *Character* of *Oliver*, the New *Sovereign* of that *Common-wealth*. Yet I can inform thee, that he begins to change his Temper. There are Perſons in his Court, who give conſtant Intelligence to the *King* of *France*, of all his Secrets. And as the Exil'd *King* of *Scots* cou'd not *Snuff a Candle* in a *Paſſion*, but that *Uſurper* had Knowledge of it; ſo neither can *Oliver* have a *Dream*, but ſome ſpightful *Mercury* carries the News into Foreign *Countries*. His Sleep is Interrupted with fearful *Viſions* of *Plots* and *Treaſons* againſt his Life; which makes him change his Bed Five or Six times a Night. They ſay, he is

Meta-

Metamorphos'd from a *Hero* to a perfect *Coward*. And this is not the Report of the Multitude, who take things upon Truſt; but 'tis the Sport of the *French Grandees*, who wiſh well to the *Son* of the late Murder'd *Engliſh King*.

I muſt be Irregular in my Method of Writing, that I may oblige thee with *Military* Remarks. A more particular Account of the *Storm* of *Frederick-Ode*, is juſt come to my Hands, wherein we are aſſur'd, that it was taken at the Firſt Aſſault, which much redounds to the Honour of *General Wrangle*; and that the *Crown-Marſhal* of *Denmark*, with many *Senators* and *Grandees*, fell by the Edge of the Sword; And that Two Thouſand *Captives* were driven yok'd in Couples like Beaſts, as an Augmentation of the *Conqueror*'s Triumph.

Thou wilt not be diſpleaſed at the little Coherence and Order of theſe *Memoirs*, conſidering that it ſuits well enough with the Subject: For I write *a la Campagne*, as the *French* ſay, and ſo am oblig'd to Entertain thee with broken Detachments of News, from ſeveral Parts, as Occaſion offers.

The *Spaniards* are ſtark Mad, for the loſs of *Mardike* which was taken by the *Engliſh* and *French* in the 9th *Moon*, and all the Gariſon ſent Priſoners to *Calais*. They ſwear, they will have this Important Place again, whatever it coſt 'em. The *Prince* of *Conde*, lies dangerouſly ſick of a *Fever* at *Gaunt*: Whilſt *Don John* of *Auſtria*, labours under a Malady of another Nature, being much diſtreſs'd for

Want

Want of Money to pay his Soldiers. This is look'd upon as a very bad *Symptom* in a *General* of an *Army*.

The Great City *Cracow* in *Poland*, is surrendred by the *Suedes* to *King Caſimir*. That *Monarch* begins to find a turn of his Affairs; and 'tis thought he will draw halfe the *Princes* of *Europe* into a *League* againſt the *King* of *Sueden*.

It will be of no great Importance for thee to know, that the Siege of *Munſter* is rais'd, and a *Peace* concluded between that *City* and their *Biſhop*: Yet 'tis convenient, that this ſhould be related to the *Miniſters* of the *Divan*: who are the Judges of all Humane Events. Beſides, in one of my Letters, I mention'd this Quarrel and Siege.

Illuſtrious *Aga*, I have obey'd thy Commands, in ſending thee an Abſtract of all the moſt Remarkable Tranſactions in *Europe*, during the laſt Three or Four *Moons*. I wiſh, 'twere as agreeable to any of my Friends, to ſend me the News of our *Armies* and *Navy*.

But I am more oblig'd to Strangers and *Infidels*, for the Intelligence I have of the *Ottoman* Affairs, than to any of the *True Believers*.

Brave *Commander*, may *God* preſerve thee from the Common Vices of a Soldiers Life, and make thee as Renowned as *Caſſim Hali*, who was preſent in 25 pitch'd Battels, receiv'd 48 Wounds, and yet lived to the 63d. Year of his Age.

Paris, 27th. *of the* 12th *Moon*,
of the Year, 1657.

The End of the Third Book.

LETTERS

Writ by

A Spy at *PARIS.*

VOL. V.

BOOK IV.

LETTER I.

To Cara Hali, Phyſician *to the* Grand Signior.

MOST of my Letters to the *Grandees* of the *Port*, carry News of Wars, Sieges, and Battles among the *Chriſtians*. Now I'll tell thee who art my Friend, I'm at *War* with my ſelf, One Potent Paſſion takes the Field againſt another, Oppoſite Armies of Affections,

ctions, are Embattel'd in my Breaſt: My Heart is block'd up: Here, lies Intereſt Intrenched; There, Honour diſplays its Standard. One Minute, Nature and Self-Preſervation makes a Sally; the next, they are beat back by Generoſity and Love. The Woſt of it is, that theſe contrary Factions in the *Soul*, are ſo blended together by a ſecret Correſpondence, that it is almoſt impoſſible to diſcern which is which.

Wouldſt thou know what the meaning of this is? I'll tell thee in Brief; I'm in a Controverſie with my ſelf, whether I'd beſt to die or live.

Wonder not at the Expreſſion, as if 'twere in any Mans Power to make this Choice; ſince according to the *Muſſulman Faith*, we cannot haſten or retard the Moments decreed by *Fate*. Aſſuredly, *Predeſtination* does not in the leaſt interfere with what is call'd Man's *Free Will*. Every the moſt *Voluntary Action* of our Lives, complies as exactly with the Appointment of *Eternal Deſtiny*, as the Accidental Fall of a Tile of a Houſe, or the more Regular and Conſtant deſcent of Rain, Snow and Hail from the Clouds. And, for ought I know, we may as properly call it the *Free-Will* of a *River* to run toward the *Sea*, as for a Man to purſue the Various Currents of his own Reaſon or Appetite. For ſo a *Fountain* frequently divides it ſelf into many *Streams*, before it falls into the *Ocean*, which is its *Center*. And Man himſelf, notwithſtanding the boaſted *Freedom* of his *Will*, is

as

as much confin'd to act according to his *Principles*, *Prepoſſeſſions*, *Prejudices*, *Paſſions* and *Habits*; as the different *Rivulets* iſſuing from the ſame *Spring*, are reſtrained each within the *Banks* of its proper *Channel*.

But not to entertain thee with more *Allegories*; both thou and I, and all Men, find our ſelves Violently carry'd away by certain Inclinations ſo forcible, as no Power of our *Will* is able to reſiſt: Sometimes our Love, Hate, Joy, Grief, and ſo the reſt of Humane Paſſions, are as *Involuntary*, as the Motions of our *Pulſe*. And thô in the moſt Important Actions of our Lives, we Generally form ſome Regular Deſign, as their Scope and Center; Yet we do many Things without Reflection, as *Muſicians* are ſaid ſometimes to play Excellent *Tunes*, without ſo much as regarding or thinking what they are about. By all which it is Evident, that our *Will* has little to do in the Conduct of our Lives. We, like all other Creatures, act according to certain *Secret Impulſes* of *Nature*. The very ſame *Faculty* which we call *Inſtinct* in the *Beaſts*, is no other than what we term *Reaſon*, *Wiſdom*, *Knowledge*, *Diſcretion* and *Forecaſt* in *our ſelves*. And I think 'tis no *Soleciſm* to ſay, That that was a Prudent *Dog*, who perceiving his *Maſter* making ready a Rope to hang him, ſlily ſlipt away, and never came near him more.

Suffer me to make yet a farther Digreſſion, and aſcribe it to *Fate*. For I'm on a ſudden ſtrangely Interrupted in my Thoughts, by a moſt

most Furious *Tempest*; A Medley of Hail, Rain, Lightning and Thunder. And this last, tho not over-noisy and loud, yet it was the most singularly terrifying, that ever I heard in my Life. There is a sort of *Thunder* which they call the *Drum*, because it approaches near the Sound of that Warlike Instrument, making a lively, fierce Rumbling in the Air, like the Beat of an *Alarm*. There is another more surprizing, like the Roaring of *Cannons*. But this had a Touch in it, of the most Harsh, Affrighting and Irregular Noises that ever shook the *Welkin*.

I was possessed with a deep Melancholy, as soon as I heard the Horrid Clatter begin, and saw the Air darken apace, with a more than ordinary Gloominess. Then I felt some *Religious* Passions strugling with my Reason. I was full of Fears, lest *God* was angry with me, for my Counterfeited Life among the *Christians*: And imagined no less, than that this *Tempest* was raised on purpose to destroy me; and make me an Example to all *Mussulmans*, who dare deny the *Holy Prophet*, to serve the Interest of the *Grand Signior*, as much a Mortal as themselves. Or, at least, I concluded I should taste my share of the Wrath of *Heaven*, at this cholerick Juncture. Nay, and all the *Philosophy* I could muster together, served but to raise my dismal Expectations of the *Fatal Blast*. For I could not avoid thinking, That a *Wicked Man* is a *Magnet* which *Naturally* attracts the *Vengeance* of *Heaven*: And that I being such in

the

the Higheſt Degree, could not fail of having my *Soul* ſcorched up at once to *Nothing*, or *Metamorphoſed* to a *Fury* (Which is Worſe) by ſome ſurprizing and inevitable *Flaſh*. For, to paſs from this *Life* by Lightning, Poiſon, or an Earthquake, are the only Deaths I fear.

I fell on my Knees and Face, addreſſing my ſelf to *God* with the moſt Humble and Fervent *Devotion* I was capable of. I made my Application alſo to his *Prophets*. I ſaid and did, all that I thought would procure a Reſpite of the Puniſhment I fear'd At length, being tired and ſick of too much *Prayer*, I roſe and ſate down chearfully; remembring I was a *Muſſulman*, and reſigned to the *Will* of *Deſtiny*. Conſidering alſo that I was an *Arabian*, of a *Noble Stock*; I reſolv'd, if I muſt die, to prepare my ſelf with a Moderation worthy of my *Blood*; that ſo I might go to the *Inviſibles*, like the *Grand-Son* of an *Emir*.

Perhaps thou wilt impute this to Vanity: But I eſteem it a point of Juſtice, for a Man to take care, that he may live and die like himſelf, without degenerating from the *Virtue* of his *Anceſtors*, or bringing a Diſgrace on the *Tribe* to which he belongs. For, thô *God* has Created all Men of the ſame *Mould*, yet he has diſtinguiſh'd One *Family* from Another, by more than *Specifique Characters* Imprinted on them in their *Nativity*: And has Ennobled ſome Mortals with Peculiar Qualities

ties and Innate Perfections, which Others are wholly Strangers to. So, there are Others Remarkable for *Hereditary* Vices.

Whether theſe things depend on the *Blood*, or on the different Circumſtances of *Souls* before they came into theſe *Bodies*, is a Queſtion not ſoon reſolv'd. But, this I'm ſure of, That I find in my ſelf both ſome Virtues and Vices, which I could never yet diſcover ſo Odly blended together in any other Mortal. I'm always Campagning on the *Frontiers* of *Good* and *Evil*. Yet my Paſſions are not Mercenary: No Price can tempt me to Treaſon or Perfidy. I am Maſter of a certain Faſtneſs of Spirit, which no Human Charm is able to diſmantle. My integrity cannot be warp'd by Gold. And 'tis for this Reaſon, I a little value my ſelf. Which makes me ſometimes inclin'd rather bravely to ſally forth into the *Unknown* World, than tarry in This, where I meet with Nothing but Contempt and Diſeſteem from the *Slaves* of *Him*, for whoſe Sake I bear the Fatigue of Life. Surely, think I, wherever it be my Lot to go, after my Eſcape from this *Mortal State*; the *Spirits* of that *Region* will be kind to me, for the ſake of my Incorruptible Truſtineſs: For, they have Intrigues as well as we; and conſequently, will be glad of Faithful *Agents*.

In a Word, ſince all my Zeal and Loyalty is thought not to merit any Reward in this Life; I would fain try, whether at leaſt I may not deſerve to be a *Ghoſt* of *Honour*; If there be

be any such Distinctions in that *World* of *Spirits*.

Paris, *the* 27th. *of the* 12th. *Moon*, *of the Year* 1657.

LETTER II.

To Mustapha, Bassa.

I Shall acquaint thee with a late Transaction in this *Kingdom*, which I believe has but few Examples. The *Kaimacham* has already received a *Dispatch* from me, wherein I signify'd the Return of *Christina*, *Queen* of *Sweden* into *France*: This *Princess* since her Arrival at *Fontainblean*, having discover'd some secret Treachery in one of her *Retinue* who was an *Italian Marquis*, pronounc'd a Formal *Sentence* of *Death* on him: Which was accordingly executed on the 10th Day of the 11th. *Moon*, by her own *Officers*, in a *Gallery*, of her *Palace*, after he had been warn'd of it by her Express Order, and had a *Confessor* sent to him, to prepare him for *Another World*.

When this was done, she immediately sent a Messenger to acquaint the *French King* with this Action, and the Reasons which induc'd her to it. Some of the *Courtiers* at first perswaded him, That the *Queens* Proceeding entrench'd

trench'd on his *Royal Prerogative*, he being the ſole *Arbiter* of *Life* and *Death* within his own *Dominions*: Whereupon *Monſieur de Chamut* was ſent to Expoſtulate with her. I have formerly mention'd this Perſon in ſome of my Letters, when he was *Ambaſſador* from this *Crown* to *Queen Chriſtina*, then *Reigning* in *Sueden*. He is a Gentleman of Great Abilities: And for that Reaſon, has been employ'd in the moſt Difficult *Negotiations*, with the *States* of *Holland* and other *Countries*.

Yet People Cenſure variouſly; And the Caſe has been referr'd to the *Doctors* of the *Civil Law*, who Pronounc'd this *Sentence* in her Favour, *That being an Independent Sovereign, and having the King of* France's *Permiſſion to reſide in this Realm, the Rights of Sovereignty could not be deny'd her over her own Subjects: Such are to be eſteem'd all that are in her Service and take her Pay, except the Subjects of the State where ſhe reſides.*

The Swift Execution of this *Queens* Sentence on her Servaot, in Part reſembles the Rigour of our *Eaſtern Juſtice*, which admits of no Delays in puniſhing *Criminal* Perſons, and removing *Traitors* out of the way. Neither is it to be diverted, by any Fears of After-claps. And though theſe *Weſtern Monarchs* generally put no Man to *Death* without a formal Proceſs at *Law*; yet ſometimes they have leap'd over this Rule, and only given the Word of Command to ſome of their *Officers*, and the Buſineſs was done: As

As in the Caſe of the *Marſhal d'Ancre*, and the *Duke of Guize*; the One falling by a Piſtol Bullet, the Other by the Stab of a Dagger; and both in the *King's* own *Palace*, ſurrounded with their Servants and Friends. And there was no other way for the *Crown* of *France* to ſecure it ſelf from the Attempts of theſe dangerous Men, who were grown to ſuch a Height, as to *Monarch* it almoſt as much as their *Maſters*.

Mighty *Baſſa*, the Charms of *Sovereignty* are very ſtrong, Creating Envy and Ambition in *Subjects*, and Jealouſie in *Princes*. It is not ſafe for an Eminent *Grandee*, to appear too Popular. For he that is Inveſted with a *Diadem*, can never brook a *Rival*, or one whom he has Reaſon to ſuſpect for ſuch.

Paris, 15th. *of the* 1ſt *Moon*, *of the Year* 1658.

LET-

LETTER III.

To Muſtapha, Berber Aga.

THE *Spaniards* are all diſſolv'd in Joy for the Birth of a young *Prince* and *Heir* of that declining *Monarchy*. 'Tis ſaid, that the *King* his Father, appointed a Solemn *Feſtival* throughout all his *Dominions*, commanding his Subjects to Celebrate it with the moſt exalted Demonſtrations of Joy, And on that Day, he himſelf wore the Ranſom of *Kings* in his Apparel; the very *Diamonds* and *Pearls* in his Hat, being valu'd at Three Millions of *Gold*. By which thou mayſt gueſs at the Reſt.

He has alſo communicated this Joyful News to all *Chriſtian Princes* and *States*, his *Friends* and *Allies*. And indeed, he has ſome Reaſon to make a noiſe of this Good Fortune, being an Old Man, and in all Mens Opinion not likely to have any more Children.

His *Ambaſſadors* in *Foreign Countries*, endeavour to imitate their *Prince* in all manner of Magnificent Triumphs. And particularly from *Holland* we have the following Account: That on a certain Day of this *Moon* of *January*. *Don Stephano de Gamara*, the *Spaniſh Ambaſſador* at the *Hague*. caus'd *Te Deum* to be Sung with Excellent *Voices* and *Muſick*, whilſt Fifty Pieces of *Ordnance* plaid continually. At Night a Hundred and Fifty *Pitch-Barrels*

Barrels were lighted on ſeveral Scaffolds in the Streets, and all the Windows in the *Hague* were Illuminated with *Wax Tapers*. And theſe Words were ſeen flaming in an Artificial *Fire-work* for Two Hours together;

ParVo, at Magne PhILIppe,
Proſpere proCeDe, et regna.

I need not explain this *Inſcription* to thee who art vers'd in the *Roman Language*; and wilt find, that all the *Salt* of theſe words lies in the *Capital* Letters pointing at the Year wherein this young *Prince* was Born, *viz.* MDCLVII. except a little *Pun* upon his *Name*, which is *Philip Proſper*. On each Side appear'd the *Arms* of the *Spaniſh King*; and underneath, the *Golden Fleece*, ſo Artificially contriv'd, that from it ſprung Fountains of divers kinds of Wine, at which the Multitude drank liberally for ſome Hours: Whilſt many new Coin'd Pieces of Gold and Silver, were ſcatter'd among them out of the *Ambaſſadors* Windows. They were ſtamp'd with an *Olive Tree*, having this *Motto* on One Side,

Creſcente hac, Pax aurea creſcet:

and on the Other Side a *Hand*, with this *Inſcription* in a *Label*,

Dabit Populis Pacem.

The *French* ridicule this latter *Motto*, and ſay, The *King* of *Spain* will e're long deſerve the

the Title of *Peace-maker*: when he ſhall be forc'd to ſue for it, not being in a Condition to carry on a *War*.

Illuſtrious *Officer*, I know thou art well verſed in the *Roman Hiſtories*, having been Educated under *Achmet-Lala*, who was a *Learned* Man. And 'tis probable, thou art no Stranger to the more Modern Relations of *Europe*, and the Diverſe Characters of the *People* that Inhabit it. Yet give me leave to tell thee, that *Rome* in all its Victorious Bravery, never ſaw firmer Soldiers in a Battle, than the *Spaniards* are at this Day, But the *French* have Finer Wits, more Money, and better Fortune: And 'tis this makes 'em inſult. Beſides, *Deſtiny* over-rules all Things. Every *Kingdom* and *Empire* has its *Climacters*, wherein it droops, declines, and at the Grand *Critical* Period falls to Ruine.

The *Greeks* had Money enough when the Great *Sultan Mahomet* beſieged *Conſtantinople*: But they had not Wit to uſe it for their own Preſervation; and ſo that City, the laſt Conſiderable Stake of the *Empire*, was loſt to the *Ottomans*, who ſoon after became *Maſters* of all the Reſt.

Thou haſt Wealth in Abundance, and Diſcretion to manage it: Slip no *Opportunities*, but remember the Old *Arabian Proverb*, which ſays, *God has given whole Days to the Fortunate, but to the Unhappy he affords only ſome Hours.*

Paris 17th. *of the* 1ſt. *Moon*,
of the Yearr, 1658. LET-

LETTER IV.

To Pesteli Hali, *his Brother*, Master *of the* Grand Signior's Customs, *at* Constantinople.

I Remember my promise, though it be late. Thou know'st I have many Hindrances, and therefore will not tax me with feigning an Excuse. However, thy Letter came to me in a good Hour, to put me in Mind of these Things, and to enquire of our Mothers Health who still resides in this City.

I have said Nothing of her, since my First Letter after her Arrival at *Paris*. And, to tell thee the Truth, she has said Little her self; being Ignorant of the *French Tongue*, and too Old to learn it. Therefore her Chief Conversation has been with *Eliachim* and me, above these Three Years: For that *Jew* speaks Indifferent good *Turkish* and *Arabick*.

If thou wou'dst know how she has spent her Time, 'Tis divided between her *Devotions* and her *Needle*. She lives more Recluse than a *Christian Nun*; seldom or never stirring abroad, unless to take the Air of the Fields, and then shut up in a Coach with her Maid. In a Word her Manner of Living, is a fit Example for the *French* Women: For, in all Things she observes the *Laws* of her *Education*, and the Modest *Customs* of the *East*.

No Argument can perſwade her to change her *Grecian* Garb, or dreſs her ſelf after the Looſe Mode of *Weſtern* Females. Neither will ſhe eat or Drink any where, but in the Houſe of *Eliachim*, for Fear of infringing the *Precepts* of the *Alcoran*, and diſobeying the *Meſſenger* of *God*: For ſhe eſteemes the *Diet* of the *Jews* Pure, and free from *Pollution*. In her Pious and Motherly Zeal, ſhe rebukes me for eating and Drinking with *Infidels*: And I've nothing to ſay in my Defence, but the Neceſſity I lie under of preventing Suſpition, that ſo I may ſerve the *Sultan* with greater Succeſs, and that I have the *Mufti's Diſpenſation* for this and many more Irregularities. When ſhe hears this, ſhe lifts up her Eyes to *Heaven*, lays her Hand upon her Breaſt, and appears reſign'd: Yet ſhakes her Head, and ſeems to pity my Caſe; not without ſome Reflections on the Corruption of the Times, the Impiety of the *Seraglio*, and Want of Zeal for the *Holy Prophet*.

She has her Health to a Miracle: And excepting the Firſt Two *Moons* after ſhe came to *Paris*, I never heard her complain of the leaſt Indiſpoſition. 'Tis poſſible, the Change of Air, with the Inconveniences of Travelling ſo far by Sea, and Land, might incommode her at Firſt. She was for a while troubled with *Rheums*, *Obſtructions*, and a *Dyſentery*: But ſhe ſoon overcame theſe Diſtempers, and has ever ſince been perfectly well.

We

We often discourse together of thee, and thy Travels in the *East*. Sometimes I read Part of thy *Journal* to her, which affords her infinite Delight. She congratulates her self, and thy Good Fortune, in escaping so many Perils and Deaths, as every where threaten a Stranger: And takes a particular Delight to hear thy Adventures with the *Indian* Lady, at the *Court* of *Raja Hullaca*. Thou may'st be assur'd, our Mother bears a Singular Affection to thee: For we never meet, without wishing thee in our Company. She rejoyces mightily, to hear of thy Prosperity and advancement in the Favour of the *Grand Signior*, and his *Principle Ministers*; Wishing thee every Day a New Step of Honour and Interest. Thou may'st also rest satisfyed that *Mahmut* comes not short of the Affection he owes to such a Brother.

At other Times we talk of our Cousin *Iusef*, who is now in the *Frozen Regions* of the *North*. His *Itinerary Memoirs*, are also very Pleasant; and we pass some Hours in reading and comparing 'em with the *Dispatches* which I frequently receive from *Mehemet* an Eunuch *in Egypt*. For *Iusef* is more large in his *Description* of that *Colontry*, and his *Remarks* on its *Antiquities*, than on any other Part of *Africa*. Yet he says enough of all that *Southern* Quarter.

As to what I promis'd to inform thee, concerning the *Pyramids*, *Mummies*, and other Singularities of *Egypt*; know, that our Kinsman *Iusef* is a great *Critick*, and gives the

Lye to *Herodotus*, *Diodorus*, *Strabo*, *Pliny*, and other Writers of *Greece* and *Rome*. Neither will he consent in all things to our *Arabian Historians*. He says, the *Pyramids* are neither so High, nor does their *Basis* take up so much Ground, as is reported by the *Ancients*. He laughs at those who affirm, They cast no *Shadow* at *Noon*, having experienc'd the Contrary, when the *Sun* was in *Capricorn*. And we may believe him in this, on good Ground: For it is Recorded of *Thales Milesius*, who liv'd above Two Thousand Years ago, that he took the *Height* of their *Pyramids* by their *Shadow*.

There are Three of these *Admirable Structures* how far from *Cairo*, and about Fifteen more in the *Deserts* of *Lybia*. It is generally suppos'd, That they were built for *Sepulchres* of the *Egyptian Kings*; some of them before the *Flood*, the rest after. There are not wanting *Historians*, who affert the Greatest of the *Pyramids* to be the *Tomb* of *Seth*, the Son of *Adam*.

Joseph was within this *Mighty Fabrick*, and relates, That after he, and his Company had descended and ascended through certain *Stories*, they came at last to a *Square Chamber*, wall'd about with Pure *Thebaick Marble*, in the Middle of which was a Chest of the same Stone, which when struck, with the hollow sounded like a *Musical Instrument*. It is believ'd that in this Chest was laid the Body of the *King* who built that *Pyramid*.

The Ancient *Egyptians* were of Opinion, That even after that which we call *Death*

or the *Separation* of the *Soul* and *Body*, there were certain *Arts* to retain 'em together; If not in so strict an Intimate and Union as before, yet in a very Familiar Correspondence for many Ages. So that the *Soul* should always take delight to hover about the *Body*, and so exercise its *Faculties* in the Place where that was reposed.

For this Reason, in the First Place they took out the Bowels, and whatsoever was most liable to *Corruption*: And having wash'd the empty Belly with *Wine* of *Palmes*, mix'd with *Aromatick* Powders, they stuff'd it with *Myrrh*, *Cassia*, and many costly *Confections*; and then sowed it up. After this, they purifi'd the Whole *Body* with *Nitre*; And having drawn out the Brains by the Nostrils with a Hook, they fill'd up the Skull with melted Gums. And last of all, they Swathed up the whole Body in Silk smearing it over with Rich Mixtures of *Bitumen*, *Spices* and *Gums*, and so delivered it to the Kindred to be laid up in the *Sepulchre*.

These were the Preparations they made to Court the Presence of the *Soul* by rendring the *Body* for ever Sweet and Incorruptible. And, that the Majesty of *Royal Ghosts* might never be interrupted or Violated by the Neighbourhood of *Vulgar Spirits*, or the Rude Approach of Mortals; *Kings* built these *Magnificent Piles*, as the *Palaces* of their last *Repose*. 'Tis therefore they were Erected in Desert and Unfrequented Places, and in such a Form as was esteemed the most

Dura-

Durable, and secure from the Injuries of *Time*, the Assaults of the *Elements*, and from the Common Fate of all Humane Enterprises. Each Stone of a Prodigious Bulk, and riveted to the next with a Bar of Iron: Which with the strength and Invincible Fastness of the Cement, renders it a Thing Impossible for any one of these *Pyramids* to be demolished, tho' all Mankind were set to Work for many Successive Generations.

Al Mamun the *Calipb* of *Babylon*, attempted to do it, but in vain. For after he had set his Men to Work, and been at Vast Expences, they made but one small Breach, so Inconsiderable, that being made Sensible it would exhaust his *Treasures* to remove but the Hundredth Part of the *Pyramid*, he desisted, full of Wonder at the Wisdom of the *Founders*.

If it be true, that the *Soul* may by such Allurements as these, be prevail'd on to remain with the *Body* in its *Sepulchre*, and that a Man's Future Happiness Consists in this, I should my self Admire and Imitate those *Egyptian Sages*, I would in my Life-Time build me a small *Musoleum*, according to my Ability, and order in my *Last-Will* and *Testament*, that my *Body* be Embalmed and Condited for a perpetual Duration. But if none of these *Arts* can alter the *Decrees* of *Destiny*, or force an *Immortal Spirit* from Ranging where it pleases; I must conclude with *Pliny*, That this Celebrated Wisdom of the *Egyptians*, was no other than Glorious

Folly,

Folly, and all the Magnificence of their *Kings* in building ſuch coſtly Sepulchres, but *Royal* Waſte.

They themſelves in thus cautiouſly providing to ſecure the *Soul*'s Abode with the *Body* after *Death*, tacitely own'd, That by the Courſe of *Nature* it would immediately paſs into ſome other. Nay, the *Tranſmigration* of *Souls*, was an Eſtabliſh'd *Doctrine* in *Egypt*. How then could they be ſo blind as to imagine a *Dead Carcaſe*, however Perfumed and Fenced againſt *Corruption*, was more inviting than an *Embrio* formed to live? Or that it was more Eligible for the *Soul* to be Impriſoned in a *Dark Dungeon* (for no better are the Inſides of the *Pyramids*) than to enjoy the Light of the *Sun*, *Moon* and *Stars*, and the Various Sweets of the *Elements*? Brother in my Opinion, 'twere better to be a Bird, a Worm, a Fly, or any Living Thing, than to be thus Immur'd for many Ages, and have no other Companion, but an Old Salted *Mummie*.

Iſouf has made ſome Remarks on the River *Nile*, to which he ſays *Egypt* owes not only its Corn and Fruits, but alſo the very Soil which brings 'em forth. For every Year, at the Time of the Inundation, that River brings along with it from *Æthiopia*, or ſome other *Regions* through which it paſſes, Abundance of Slime and Mud, with which it covers all the Land of *Egypt*, leaving it behind at the Decreaſe of the Waters; So that the Soil of *Egypt* is borrowed from other,

Countries, And if this be true, for ought we know, the Place of its Situation may be borrowed from the Sea, according to the Opinion of some Ancient *Philosophers*.

Herodotus, *Pliny* and others, were of this Perſuaſion grounding their Conjectures on the nearer Approaches of the *Continent* to the *Iſland Pharos*, from the Time of *Homer* who exactly Calculated its Diſtance. And they concluded, that the Immenſe Quantities of Slime which the *Nile* tranſports from the Mountanous *Regions* of *Africa*, might in the Space of two *Myriads* of Years, have filled up all that part of the Sea which is now *Firm Land*, and call'd *Egypt*.

If this be true, it ſeems to be very ſtrange, That the *Egyptians* ſhould boaſt of Greater *Antiquity* than any other *Nation* in the *World*, tho' their Country it ſelf be the Youngeſt of all the *Regions* on Earth, an Abortive Spot of Ground hatched by a River in the Depths of the Sea, and ever ſince-cheriſh'd by that River as by a Parent or Nurſe, which ceaſes not to convey to it Yearly a Convenient Proportion of Aliment, whereby the Country it ſelf grows in Bulk, And the Inhabitants are maintained. O Admirable Providence of *Nature*, who can penetrate into thy Myſterious Conduct! O *Egypt* abounding in Prodigies and Wonders! Where the *Land* and *Water*, with the other *Elements*, conſpire to render thee all over *Miraculous*.

Dear *Peſtell*, I am tranſported when I think of that *Region* and could relate a Thouſand

find more Passages, both out of *Isouf*'s *Memoirs*, and from the Mouths of others, who have travelled thither to observe so many *Miracles*. But I believe, thy Patience will be sufficiently tir'd with the length of this Letter. Besides, my Mother is just come to visit me, and desires me to recommend her Unfeigned Affections to thee.

Be assured also, that *Mahmut* loves thee with the Integrity of a Man, and the Tenderness of a Brother; And he serves thee in all Things without repining.

Paris *the* 17th. *of the* 1st. *Moon*, *of the Year* 1658.

LETTER V.

To the Kaimacham.

THE *Venetians* are very angry for the Loss of *Tenedos*; and not without Reason; For, that *Island* is a delicate Spot of Ground, abounding in Rich Wines, and other Products of *Nature*. Besides, it commands the Avenue of the *Shining City*, the *Refuge* of *Mortals*.

They variously relate the Manner of its being taken from em, by the *Arms* which no *Earthly Power* is able to resist. Endeavouring in all their Rumours, to disguise the

Truth as much as they can, and misrepresent the Bravery of the *Ottomans*; that so the Actions of their own *Generals*, may make the Greater Figure.

These *Nazarenes* have a bad Cause, and therefore are Compelled to make Use of shifts and Equivocations to support it. They are quite degenerated from the Integrity of the *Primitive Followers* of *Jesus*. In a Word, they make good the Character of the Ancient *Candiots*; Of whom a Certain *Poet* says, *They are thorow pac'd Lyars, Ravenous Beasts, and Gluttonous Drones.*

It is believ'd in these *Parts*, that when the *Venetians* quitted the *Island* they departed not without Revenge, setting Fire to a Mine, and blowing up several Hundreds of *Mahometans*, into the Air.

However, they have for ever Proscribed and Excommunicated *Girolamo Loredan*, and *Giovanni Cornarini*, in whose Custody the Chief Fortresses of the *Island* were; accusing them of Cowardise and Treachery: Offering also Two Thousand *Cequins* to any that Seizes on 'em within the Dominions of *Venice*, and Three thousand to him that kills 'em in another *Country*.

I know, 'tis in the Power of the All-Commanding *Port* to protect these *Exiles*, if they are within the *Territories* of our *Sovereign*; much more, if they shelter themselves in that *Sanctuary* of the *Distressed*. But thou, and the other *Supreme Ministers*, are best able to judge whether these *Infidels* merit so great a favour.

Perhaps

Perhaps, their Caſe may be like that of *Nadaſt*, *Governour* of *Buda*, when *Solyman* the *Magnificent* beſieged that City. For *Nadaſt* was a Man of Invincible Courage and Fidelity, but was betrayed by the Soldiers, who bound him in Chains, and deliver'd up the City and Caſtle to the *Victorious Sultan*. That brave *Hero* underſtanding their Treachery, and the Reſolution of *Nadaſt*, ſet him at Liberty, and preſented him with Noble Gifts; but commanded the perfidious Garriſon to be cut in Pieces: A due Reward of their Treaſon. For, tho' *Princes* often make Uſe of *Traytors* to ſerve their own Deſigns; yet, when the Work is done, they commonly purſue the Hated Inſtruments, with the Effects of a Juſt Contempt and Indignation.

Plutarch the *Greek Hiſtorian*, abounds with Inſtances of this Nature; ſo does *Herodian*, and other *Roman* Authors. But, no example of Puniſhment in this Kind, ſeems ſo Proportionate, Regular and Ingenious, as that which *Brennus*, *King* of the *Gauls*, cauſed to be Inflicted on a *Virgin* of *Epheſus*; who, when he beſieged that City, promiſed to deliver it into his Hands, on Condition that his Soldiers would beſtow on her, all their *Ornaments* of *Gold*, which they had Plundred in the *Wars* of *Aſia*, and wore about them as *Trophies*: For, when ſhe had performed her Contract, the Wiſe *General* to do his Part, cauſed this *Virgin* to ſit down on the Ground; and then every Soldier in his Army caſting his Plate into her Lap, ſhe was oppreſſed

oppreſſed with the Inſupportable Weight, and buried Alive in a Heap of Gold.

I do not mention this, as if the like were due to the *Venetian* Captains. I refer the Judgment of ſuch Things to my *Superiours*, *Miniſters* of the *Bleſſed Sanctuary* of *Mankind*.

'Tis poſſible the *Vizirs* of the *Bench* thought me dead or turned *Renegado*, becauſe they have not received any News from me theſe Five *Moons*. But I tell thee, neither *Men* nor *Devils* can corrupt the *Faith* of *Mahmut*. But by the *God* of my *Vows*, there is not a more truſty Man in the *Univerſe*.

All the Reaſon of my Silence, was the Height of the *Waters*, which ſeemed to threaten the Earth with a *Second Deluge*. *Germany* was a *Sea*, and *Flanders* a *Lake*, for above Three *Moons* together; ſo that 'twas Impoſſible for the *Poſt* to travel. There were ſeen alſo ſtrange *Spectres* of *Fire* in the *Air*; And the People of *Brabant*, were Alarmed with Uncouth Noiſes in the *Elements*.

Perhaps Illuſtrious *Kaimacham*, theſe are the laſt Preparations, to the *Grand Cholick* of *Nature*; when *Wind*, *Water* and *Fire*, ſhall ſtrive to turn this *World* into its *Old Chaos*.

Paris, *the* 3d. *of the* 6th. *Moon*, *of the Year* 1658.

LETTER

LETTER VI.

To Solyman, *his* Couſin, *at* Conſtantinople.

MORE *Melancholy* ſtill? Wilt thou have no compaſſion on thy Exil'd *Uncle*, but harangue him to Death with thy *Religious Jargon*? Believe me, thy Letters of this Kind are as Irkſom to me, as the Continual Din and Babling of *Boys* is to a Poor Weary *Pedagogue*. I forbid thee not to write to me, and that as often as thou wilt: 'Tis a Comfort in my Baniſhment, to hear from thoſe of my *Blood*. But let me beg of thee, to alter both thy *Theme* and *Style*. Leave *Spiritual* things to the *Mollahs* and *Imaums*; And let thy Thoughts be taken up in Things belonging to thy *Trade*. In that be as Inquiſitive as thou canſt. Bend thy Mind wholly, to make new Diſcoveries and Improvements in that; and it will turn to thy Advantage. At thy Hours of Leiſure I councel thee to read *Hiſtories*, and ſometimes go into Company: There is much to be gain'd by Converſing with Men of Sence. Such will ſerve as *Mirrours*, wherein thou may'ſt behold *Humanity* in its *Proper Figure*, and the *Deformity* of that *Vizard*, with which Error and *Superſtition* diſguiſe our *Nature*. They will correct thy Miſtakes, without putting thee to a Bluſh,

Bluſh. Wit and Reaſon ſhall flow from their Tongues, as ſoft Harmonies breath from the *Pipes* of an *Organ*, which chear the Spirits, and ſerene the Heart that was clouded with Sadneſs.

The *Imperial* City is full of ſuch, both Natives and Strangers. Cull them out from the mix'd Multitude, and make 'em thy Companions, without regarding the Difference of *Religion*, whether they be *Muſſulmans*, *Franks*, *Armenians*, *Jews*, or others. Above all Things, ſhun the Society of *Bigots*; and number not thy ſelf among thoſe who are Opinionated, becauſe they profeſs the *True Faith*: For, what ſignifies that, if their Lives be Vitious? I tell thee, they are worſe than the *Idſidels*. Give no heed to *Fortune-Tellers*, and ſuch as pretend to *Aſtrology*. For whilſt they boaſt of knowing other Mens Fates, they are Ignorant of their own. And if there be any Truth in that *Science*, one may ſay, their Ignorance in it affronts the *Stars*, and often provokes 'em to haſten their own Ruine. Aſſure thy ſelf, they only amuſe the World with Portentous Stories, to get Fame and Money.

Aſſociate thy ſelf with none but Prudent and Moderate Men, whoſe *Morals* are not leaven'd with a too Furious Zeal; who look not Superciliouſly, and with Diſdain on a *Frank* as he walks along the Streets, much leſs offer him any Indignity, when he goes about his Honeſt Buſineſs, under the Protection of the *Grand Signior*. It becomes none but

but *Janizaries* and *Ruffians*, to be guilty of these Incivilities to *Strangers*. The *Law* of *Nations*, and the particular Commands of our *Holy Prophet*, oblige us to treat such with all Humanity and Tenderness. Besides, 'tis Reflection on the *Justice* and *Hospitality* of the *Magnificent-Port*, which is the *Refuge* and *Sanctuary* of all the *Earth*, that a *Stranger* cannot walk the Streets in Peace. Despise no Man on the Score of his *Religion*; for there are no Factions in *Paradise*: But consider, that whilst Thousands of *Mussulmans* shall go to *Hell* for their Wicked *Lives*, so an Equal Number of those we call *Infidels*, may be receiv'd into the *Mansions* of the *Blessed* for their *Virtues*.

Thou seemest to be much concern'd for thy *Soul*: Thy Letter abounds with *overmuch* Care in this point. In being too sollicitous, it is Evident thy *Faith* is small. Every Line is tinctured with Sad Expressions about the Perils, Snares, Ambushes, Hooks, Gins, and I know not what other Devices the *Devil* has to ruine thy *Poor Soul*, (as thou call'st it.) *Cousin*, dost thou know what the *Soul* is, about which thou keep'st such a Pudder; If thou do'st, 'tis more than I do, and yet I have been searching and prying into it above these Thirty Years; I mean, from the time that *I* first began to *think* and *consider* of *Things*; but am as far to seek as ever I was. Neither cou'd all the *Wise Men* of *Old*, the *Philosophers* and *Sages*, for ought I perceive, agree in their Verdict about this *Mysterious* thing which we call the *Soul*. One

One will have it to be, *Only the Finest Part of matter in the Body*. Another says, *'Tis the Air which the Lungs suck in, and diffuse through all our Members*. A Third sort affirm it to be, *A mixture of Air and Fire*; A Fourth, *Of Earth and Water*; A Fifth call it, *A Complection made up of the Four Elements, a Kind of Quintessence*, and I know not what. The *Egyptians* call'd it, *A certain Moving Number*; And the *Chaldeans*, *A Power without Form it self, yet Inhibing all Forms*. *Aristotle* call'd it, *The Perfection of a Natural Body*. All these agreed, That it was *Corporeal*, and as it were Extracted from *Matter*. The best *Definition* among them is not worth an *Aspre*.

But there were Men of Sublime Speculations, who affirm'd the *Soul* to be, *A Divine Substance, Independent of the Body*. Of this Opinion were *Zoraster*, *Hermes Trismegistus*, *Orpheus*, *Pythagoras*, *Plutarch*, *Porphyr*, and *Plato*. This last defin'd the *Soul* to be *A Self-Moving Essence, endow'd with Understanding*. But when they have said all, I prefer the Modesty of *Cicero*, *Seneca*, and others who acknowledged they were altogether Ignorant what the *Soul* is.

There was no less Disagreement among the *Philosophers*, about the *Seat of the Soul*. *Hippocrates* and *Herophilus* plac'd it in the *Ventricles* of the *Brain*. *Democritus* assign'd it the *Whole Body*. *Strabo* was of Opinion, it resides between the *Brows*; *Epicurus* in the *Breast*. The *Stoicks* lodg'd it in the

the *Heart*; and *Empedocles* in the *Blood* Which laſt ſeems to be the moſt Current Opinion of the *Eaſt* to this Day: In Regard both *Moſes* the *Lawgiver* of the *Jews*, and *Mahomet* our *Holy Prophet*, aſſerted the ſame, and for that Reaſon forbid *Fleſh* to be eaten with the *Blood*.

But be it what it will, either *Corporeal* or *Incorporeal*, a *Subſtance* or an *Accident*, whether it dwell in the *Head* or in the *Feet*, *Within* or *Without* the *Body*, there is no Certainty of theſe Things, neither can we be aſſur'd, what will become of it after *Death*. Therefore 'tis in vain to diſquiet thy ſelf in Search of a *Myſtery* that is hid from *Mortals*. And equally fooliſh it will be, to frighten thy ſelf with an Imagination of Hooks, Gins, and ſuch like *Chimera*'s, which thou ſuppoſeſt the *Devil* is buſy with to entrap thy *Soul*. 'Tis a Wonder thou art not afraid to ſleep, leſt he ſhould catch thee Napping, and ſteal thy *Soul* from thee. I wou'd fain know, what Sort of Tools he muſt uſe, to take hold of a *Subſtance* more thin and Imperceptible than a *Shadow*, or how he will be able to ſeize and run away with a *Being* Active and Free as *Thought*?

Couſin, ſerve *God* after the Manner of thy *Forefathers*: love thy Friends, pardon thy Enemies, be Juſt to all Men, and do no Injury to any *Beaſt*. If thou obſerveſt this Rule, thou may'ſt defy the *Devil*; for thy *Soul* is in Safe Cuſtody. *God* is nearer to thee, than thou art to thy ſelf. He is in the *Center*

of

of *Every Thing*, and is *Himself the Centre* of *All Things*. In a Word, *He is All* in *All*.

Paris, 3d. *of the* 6th *Moon*,
of the Year 1658.

LETTER VII.

To Asis, Bassa.

NOW the *Scenes* are changed in *Europe*. Enemies are become Friends, and those who professed a Mutual Friendship, are at open Defiance. Constancy is a Vice in the *Politicks*, and a Dextrous Way of shifting from one Engagement to another; for Interest, is esteemed the only *State* Virtue.

I have already Intimated to the *Divan*, the *War* which broke out last Year between the *Suedes* and *Danes*. The latter begun it by Solemn *Proclamation*, sending a *Herald at Arms* to the *Suedish Court*, and dispatching *Embassadors* to all his *Allies* in *Christendom*, to give them an Account of his Proceedings. Now I shall entertain thee with a short *Idea* of this *War*. By which thou wilt comprehend, That the *Danes* are either much degenerated from the Valour of their *Ancestors*, who

who formerly made the moſt terrible Figure of all the *Nations* in the *North*: Or elſe, they are leſs obliged to *Fortune*, who has not favoured them with ſo many Succeſſes and Triumphs of late, but rather expoſed 'em to the Inſults of their Enemies, and the Contempt of all Men.

When the *King* of *Denmark* firſt proclaimed this *War*, he had a fair Advantage of the *Suedes*, who at that time were ſorely entangled between the *Polanders*, *Germans*, and *Moſcovites*, and had more Need of helps than Hindrances. Yet *King Guſtavus* turning Part of his Forces into *Holſtein*, *Schoneland*, and *Juitland*, he took one Part after another, till he had over-run thoſe *Provinces* in the ſpace of Six *Moons*; And reduced the *Danes* to a Neceſſity of Compoſition, and that on ſuch Diſhonourable Terms, as renders them the Scorn of the Neighbouring *Nations*.

On the 13th of the 3d *Moon*, the Two *Kings* had an Interview near *Copenhagen*, the *Capital* City of *Denmark*: For, ſo far had the Fortune of the *Suediſh* Arms carried their Victories. They Eat and Drank together ſeveral Times, and Converſed privately ſome Hours. At laſt, a Firm *Peace* was Concluded between them, and they concerted the Meaſure of a Perfect Friendſhip.

But, before this, the *Dane* had been forced to yield up *Schoneland*, with *Elſimberg*, which commands Half the *Baltick Sea*. He ſurrendred alſo the *Provinces* of *Blakin* and *Halland*,

Holland, with a very strong Castle; the *Island* of *Burtholme*; Ten *Ships of War*; and obliged himself to pay a Million of *Dollars*; and to maintain Four Thousand Horse and Foot in the *King of Suedland*'s Service, and give Free Quarter to all the *Swedish* Forces till the 5th. *Moon*. These are such Dishonourable *Articles*, that the *King* of *Denmark* has quite lost himself in the esteem of all his *Allies*. They call him a Poor Spirited *Prince*, not Worthy of Support or Assistance.

In a Word, Serene *Bassa*, it is like to fare with him, as with other Unfortunate Men, who when they are once falling, every Body will help to throw them down. Therefore conserve thy Honour, as the only Bulwark of thy Interest and Life.

Paris 3d. of the 6th. Moon, of the Year 1658.

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LETTER VIII.

To the Mufti.

BY the *Faith* of a *True Believer*, I swear, the *Christians* are Enemies to themselves, if they do not embrace the Project of a certain *Jesuite*. They are no Friends to their *Messias*, if they reject so Regular an *Idea*, so Reformed a Model of the *Nazarene Empire*, as this *Sage* has lately proposed to the *Pope* and the *Cardinals*.

He lays his *Foundation* very deep, and draws his *Examples* from the *Practice* of *Peter*, the *Prince* of the first Twelve *Christian Caliphs*, whom the *Franks* call the *Apostles* of *Jesus* the *Son* of *Mary*. For, according to their *Traditions*, the *Messias* before he ascended to *Heaven*, left an exact *Battery* of the *Empire* he designed to Establish on Earth. He divided this *Empire* into *Twelve distinct Provinces*, according to the Number of his *Apostles* or *Vicars*, assigning to each that Quarter of the World where he was to preside, as *Moses* had formerly Cantonized the *Holy Region* of *Palestine* among the *Twelve Tribes*, that descended from *Jacob*.

But the *Happy Son* of *Mary*, being a far Greater *Prophet* than *Moses*, or any that had gone before him, they say, he would not be content with diminutive *Territories*, or *Dominions*

minions disproportionate to his Ineffable *Descent* and *Original*. Therefore he resolved on the Conquest of the Whole Earth; commanding his *Vicegerents* to disperse themselves through all *Nations*, according to a certain Method, and proclaim his *Laws* to every *Creature* on the *Globe*.

Venerable *President* of the *Faithful*, I relate these Things, as I receive them from the Mouths and Pens of Learned *Christians*, who may be presumed to know their own *History*. Thou wilt perhaps expect to hear of Armies immediately raised; of Camps, Battles and Sieges; of Devastations by Fire and Sword; Storming of Cities, and Famishing of the more impregnable Fortresses. In a Word, I believe thou lookest for a Relation of Campagnes and Victories, more Glorious than the Atchievements of the *Roman Cæsars*, more Fortunate than the Successes of *Alexander* the *Great*: but, I tell thee, all the *Registers* and *Archives* of the *Primitive Christians* cannot furnish us with any *Memoirs* of this Nature.

Their *Gospel* mentions no Warlike Undertakings, not so much as the drawing of a *Sword* by the *Son* of *Mary*, or any of his *Followers*, unless in a Private Rencounter, when *Peter* the *Lieutenant* of the *Messias*, enflamed with a Passion to see his *Master* betrayed by *Judas*, his *Kabya*, or *Tefterdar*, and rudely assaulted by *Malchus*, a *Slave* of the *Jewish Mufti*, the Valiant *Apostle* drew his *Cimeter*, and cut off the Fellow's Ear,

Believe

Believe me, O Myſterious *Doctor* of the *Muſſulmans*, I have perus'd the *Four Hiſtories* of the Life of *Jeſus*, written by thoſe who were Eye-witneſſes of his Actions; and I find indeed, that he once ſaid to them of his Retinue, *I come not to ſend Peace on Earth, but a Sword.* Yet by the Sequel it is evident, That when he examin'd what *Weapons* his *Followers* had, and they told him, *but Two Swords*; he ſeem'd to be well ſatisfy'd, ſaying, *It is enough*; Though a Moment before, he bid him among 'em that had no *Sword* ſell his *Robe* and buy *One.*

And I have ſeen a *Diſpatch* ſent by *Paul*, one of the *Primitive Chriſtian Caliphs*, to the *Nazarenes* at *Epheſus*; wherein he counſels them, to put on compleat Armour, as *Helmet*, *Breaſt-plate*, *Shield*, *Buskins*, *Sword*, and the Reſt.

Beſides theſe Paſſages, or ſuch like, there is no *Military* Diſcourſe throughout the *Book* of the *Goſpel*; much leſs any Relation of Battels, Sieges, or any *Martial* Exploits. And the *Chriſtian Mollahs* or *Doctors*, Interpret that *Letter* of *Paul* in a *Myſtical Sence.*

Wilt thou know then, how the *Meſſias* and his *Apoſtles* ſubdu'd the World; I tell thee, it was by Exemplary Virtue and Good Works, by Miracles and Evident Demonſtrations of a *Supernatural Power* aſſiſting them. For, they ſpake all *Languages*, yet were moſt of them *Illiterate* Perſons; They Cur'd the Deaf, the Blind, the Lame and the Paralytick, without the Methods of *Surgery*

or

or *Physick*, (They cast out *Devil's*; Rais'd the Dead: And Finally, perform'd such and so many Stupendous Actions, that the *World* became Captivated to their *Doctrines* and *Laws*, and willingly submitted to a Yoke, which seem'd to come from *Heaven*. With *Divine* Eloquence, and the *Dint* of Irresistible Reason, *Peter* the *Prince* of the *Christian Caliphs*, subdu'd the Minds of his Astonish'd *Auditory*, one Day in *Jerusalem*; so that before the *Sun* went down, he gain'd Five Thousand *Proselytes*. The Fame of these Things was soon spread through the Adjacent *Countries*, and diverse Remote *Provinces*; and the Number of the *Converts* was proportionably encreased. In a Word, all that Embrac'd the *Faith* of *Jesus*, surrendred both themselves and their Estates, to be entirely dispos'd of, at the Pleasure of the *Apostles*. So great and unreserv'd an Attach had they for the *Vicars* of their *God*.

Now the forenamed *Jesuite* considering these Things, and comparing the State of those *Devout Times*, with the Libertinism, Divisions, Wars and General Contempt of the *Priesthood* among the *Christians* of *Succeeding Times*, and especially in this *present Age*; attributes the *Source* of all these *Evils* to the *Ill Conduct* of the *Apostles* themselves, and their *Successors* in the *Primitive Times*, who did not sufficiently improve the Advantages they were possess'd of, when the *Pious Multitude* wou'd willingly have made 'em *Lords* of *All Things*. For, says he, by the

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ſame Methods and Reaſons might they have Claimed the *Dominion* o'er the *Eſtates* of *Kings* and *Emperors* themſelves, as o'er the Goods and Lands of the meaneſt *Proſelyte*: Since they were all equally *Sons* of the *Church*, and *Subjects* to the *Diſcipline* and *Laws* of *Jeſus*.

This *Eccleſiaſtick Politician* therefore mightily blames *Pope Sylveſter*, who ſate in the *Chair* of *Peter*, when *Conſtantine* the *Great* became a *Chriſtian*, being the *Firſt* of the *Roman Emperors* who embraced that *Faith*. He accuſes him, I ſay, of Weakneſs and a Meen Spirit, for accepting of that *Donation*, which to this Day is called the *Patrimony* of the *Church*, and comprehends all the *Temporal Eſtate* the *Roman Pontifs* can boaſt of. Whereas, he ought to have claimed an Entire Reſignation of the whole *Roman Empire* into his Hands, as *Supreme Vicar* of *God* on *Earth*. This would have been a *Pattern*, ſays he, to all the *Kings* and *Princes* of the *Earth*, who thought fit to turn *Chriſtians*. And ſo the *Dominions* of the *World*, had all fallen to the ſhare of the *Prieſts*.

Neither could it appear difficult, in his Opinion, to have reduced the *Greateſt Monarchs*, to ſuch a Forgetfulneſs and Contempt of their *Royal* Birth, and all the Potent Charms of a *Crown*: Since the ſame *Rhetorick* which perſuaded 'em to be *Followers* of the *Meſſias*, would have alſo convinc'd 'em of the Vanity of all *Earthly* Enjoyments; and of the Obligation they had to be Mortified.

fied, and to purſue their Claims to *Diadems* of a more *Exalted* Degree, the Ineffable *Regalia* of *Paradiſe*.

But ſince Things are thus in their *Preſent State*, and the *Chriſtian Princes* retain their *Sovereignty*, without any other Dependance on the *Pope*, ſaving in Matters purely *Religious*; this *Jeſuite* propoſes, That the *Roman Pontifs* would either firſt Reform their owe *Lives* and *Court*, to the Height of that *Primitive* and *Apoſtolical* Purity, which ſhined ſo eminently in the Earlieſt *Governours* of the *Church*; and by that means perſuade all the *Monarchs* in *Chriſtendom* to become their *Subjects*: Or elſe, compel them by Force to take the *Order* of *Prieſthood*, and ſo turn their *Crowns* into *Mitres*, their *Kingdoms* into *Eccleſiaſtick Commonwealths*, where all the *Publick Offices* of *State*, *Seats* of *Judicature*, and in Fine, the whole *Syſtem* of the *Civil* and *Politick Adminiſtration* ſhould be managed by the *Prieſts*, in a Subordinate Dependance one of another, according as their ſeveral Characters required. By which means, all *Chriſtendom* would be ſoon United into one *Eccleſiaſtick Empire*, whereof the *Pope* ſhould be the *Supreme Head*, in *Temporals* as well as *Spirituals*.

What I have related, is not only this Man's *Private* Project, but the *Univerſal* Aim of his *Whole Order*. And Thouſands of other *Prieſts* and *Dervifes* are Caballing, in all the *Courts* and *Countries* of *Europe*, to bring it to paſs.

Venerable

Venerable Eſad, if *God* ſhould ſuffer their Contrivance to take Effect; it is to be feared, our *Wars* with the *Chriſtians* would be as *Expenſive* and *Troubleſome*, if not more *Fatal* to the *Muſſulman* Intereſt, than when theſe *Infidels*, formerly laying aſide their *Private Feuds*, banded together to Conquer the *Holy Land*.

Paris, 25th *of the* 7th *Moon of the Year*, 1658.

LETTER IX.

To Abdel Melec Muli Omar, Preſident *of the* College *of* Sciences *at* Fez.

I Received the *Pacquet* of Venerable Import, containing Sacred Counſels and Acceptable Intelligence; repleniſhed with Noble *Memoirs* and Illuſtrious Remarks, Sage Precepts, and Refined Improvements in *Philoſophy* and the *Myſterious Science* of *Nature*.

With abundance of Affection and Joy I read the Character of *Muſu Abu'l Yahyan*, and the *Encomium* of his Wiſdom and Virtues. May a *Conſtellation* of ſuch *Lights* always adorn that Renowed *College*, and from thence diſperſe their Learned *Influence* and *Rays*, not

only through *Africa*, but over all the *Earth*: That *Fez* may be Numbered among the *Cities* whose Fame is ſweet; That it may be ranked with *Jeruſalem* the *Holy*, *Maſre* the *Ancient*, *Medina Talnabi* the *Chaſt*, and the *Salutiferous Babylon*; acquiring a Peculiar *Title* of *Honour*, an *Attribute* worthy of *Reſpect*, when Men ſhall every where call it, *Fez*, the *Mother* of *Sciences*.

My *Soul* has been very Inquiſitive and Reſtleſs for many Years, and I think this is owing to my *Captivity* in *Palermo*. For, before that, whilſt I lived at Eaſe in the *Seraglio*, basking under the Warmer *Influence* of *Royal Majeſty*, the Sacred Preſence of the *Grand Signior*, who like the *Sun* gives Motion, Heat, and Life to all things; I ne'er regarded *Books*, or once applied my Mind to ſtudy any Thing, but how to acquit my ſelf in my *Station*, and ſtrengthen my Intereſt at the *Court*: Eſteeming all other *Learning* as *Barbarous*, which conduced not to this End.

Foreign *Hiſtories* and *Languages*, were Equally Contemptible to me: I thought it beneath a *Muſſulman Courtier*, to give his Tongue and Mind the Fatigue of any other *Dialect*, ſave the *Perſian*, *Arabick*, and *Turkiſh*: Or to load his Memory with the *Records* of other *Nations*, deſigned to be the *Slaves* of *True Believers*.

As to the *Speculative Sciences*, I was Naturally deſirous enough of *Knowledge*. But I either had not Leiſure, or wanted *Books* and other Advantages of *Study*. So that all the

Knowledge

Knowledge I could then boaſt of, conſiſted only in ſome looſe Notions of *Logick* and *Metaphyſicks*, which I had got by reading an Old *Arabick Manuſcript*. And I thought my ſelf *Hiſtorian* enough, after I had peruſed the *Annals* of the *Ottoman Empire*, and now and then caſt an Eye on the *Turkiſh Tranſlation* of *Herodotus* and *Plutarch*.

'Tis true indeed, by Converſing frequently with the *Greeks*, I ſoon learned their *Vulgar Dialect*; But this is far from the Polite *Language* of the *Ancient Grecians*: And a *Page* of the *Treaſury*, taught me the Rudiments of *Sclavonian*; which afterwards I learn'd more Perfectly, hoping it would be of ſome Service to me one Time or other.

All theſe were very Superficial Accompliſhments; yet I thought my ſelf Happy enough, without ſearching any farther. The Pleaſures and Gayeties of a Courtly Life, took from me the Edge and Guſt, with which I have ſince purſued more Solid *Studies*, and looked into the Wiſdom of the *Ancients*.

But when once Misfortune had changed the *Scene* of my *Life*, and inſtead of the Honourable *Poſt* I had in the *Grand Signior*'s Service, *Fate* had render'd me a Miſerable Abject *Slave* in *Sicily*; I began to grow very Thoughtful and Penſive. The Continual Drudgery and Labour I underwent, ſoon mortified my Former Paſſions, and weaned me from all Hopes of Worldly Honour. And the Cruel Stripes I daily received from that *Barbarous Infidel*, my *Maſter*, ſo broke my Spirits, that

Servitude became Familiar to me; and despairing to be Happy in this World, I was only Ambitious to be Wise.

I grew very Contemplative: And having acquainted my self with an honest *Carpenter* in the *Town* where we lived, who had a great many *Books* in's Custody, he lent me several Choice *Treatises*; and I borrowed all the Hours I could from Sleep, to peruse them with Attention and Profit. That *Carpenter* pity'd my Condition, and did me many Good Offices of Friendship, without other Hopes of Reward, save what he expected from *God*. By his Means, I contracted a Familiarity with Two or Three *Learned* Men, who spared no Pains to Instruct me in the *Roman* and *Ancient Greek Languages*, as also in the *Principles* of *Philosophy*. My *Master* often beat me for this, attributing the Neglect of his Business, to my *Bookishness* (as he called it) and keeping the *Priests* Company. But all his Severity, could not abate my *Ardent Thirst* after *Knowledge*. I still continued Studying at certain Seasons, till the Happy Hour of my *Redemption*; and then I frequented the *Academies*, Ever since which Time, I have neglected no Opportunities of Improving my *Reason*: Yet find my self at this Day, much in the Dark. There appears no Certainty, in any *Science* but the *Mathematicks*. All the Rest are entangled with a Thousand Controversies and Riddles: Which has made me turn *Sceptick* in most Things: Only I retain an Inviolable *Faith* for the *Alcoran*, and the

Book

Book of *Prophetick Doctrines* and *Traditions*. Next to these, I pay a Profound Respect to the *Writings* of *Porphyry* the *Philisopher*, who seems to approach neareſt to *Reason* of all the *Ancient Sages*. His True Name was the same as thine [*Melech*] which thou knoweſt, in the *Syriack* signifies [*King*.] Whence his *Tutor Longinus* taking Occasion from the Usual Colour of *Royal Robes*, called him *Porphyrius*, which in the *Greek* signifies, *One clad in Purple*. He was born at *Tyre*, the *Metropolis* of the Ancient *Phœnicians*. His *Pedigree* was *Noble*, and his *Education Generous*. *Nature* also had formed him for a *Sage*, and *Fortune* favoured him with Anvantages enough. For besides his First *Tutor*, whom I have already mentioned (who was the Greateſt *Grammarian* and *Orator* of his Time;) *Porphyry* went to *Rome*, where he gained the Friendship of *Plotinus*: And that *Philosopher* accomplished him in the Perfection of all *Science*. So that he had Power over the *Dæmons*, and expelled the *Genius Atan*, which Infeſted certain *Baths* in *Rome*. In a Word, his *Doctrines* appeared *Divine*, and his *Actions* more than *Humane*. Yet he himself before his Death, publish'd a Reverse of his Former *Writings*: Which is a sufficient Argument, That there is no *Stability* in the *Thoughts* of *Mortals*.

Therefore, since the Wiſeſt of Men contradict themselves and turn *Scepticks*, tell me, O *Oracle* of the Age, Why may not I?

Paris, 13th. *of the* 8th. *Moon*;
of the Year 1658.

LETTER X.

To Murat, Baſſa.

THere has been ſomething lately tranſacted between the *French* and the *Engliſh*, which ſeems a *Myſtery*. No body here underſtands the Meaning of it, but the very *Privado's* of the *Cabinet*: Yet every one gueſſes, 'tis a Fetch of *Mazarini*'s Wit. That *Miniſter* has more *Meanders* in his Brains, than an Old *Turkiſh* Gameſter at *Cheſs*; who forſees no leſs than *Nine* Unavoidable Conſequences, before he makes *One* bold Motion: And, to be ſure, the laſt ſhall be to his own Advantage. In a Word, *Dunkirk*, the Strongeſt and moſt Important *Sea-Town* of all the *Weſt*, is ſurrendered by the *Spaniards* to the *French*; and by theſe, as an Earneſt of Friendſhip, is put into the Hands of the *Engliſh*.

The little *Politicians* of the *City*, are amaz'd at it; and the Greateſt *Machiavil*'s of the *Court*, either cannot, or will not inform 'em of the True Secret.

You ſhall ſee Two or Three Grave *Citizens* brooding Thoughts together over a *Box* of *Polvita*, and ſneezing out their Sentiments, without Reſerve. Yet after all their Wiſe Conſult, they part as great Fools as they met, and only ſatisfie themſelves, with Nodding

Wiſdom

Wiſdom to each other, at the laſt *Congè*; wherein is comprehended, the whole *Syſtem* of the *Politicks*.

It was generally thought to be ſome Extraordinary Overture this *Court* would make to the *Engliſh*, when a little before the Surrender of *Dunkirk*, the *Duke* of *Crequi*, *Firſt Gentleman* of the *Bed-Chamber*, and *Monſieur Mancini*, the *Cardinal*'s Nephew, were ſent with a Splendid *Retinue* of *French Nobles* to *England*. Every Body gueſs'd ſome Surprizing Action would follow; and that it muſt needs be a *Myſtery* of Grand Importance, which could not be truſted to Perſons of leſs Note than the Two Chief *Favourites* of the *Cardinal Miniſter*. And now 'tis come out, they know not what to make on't. Neither can I poſſibly learn as yet, the true Reaſon of putting the *Engliſh* in Poſſeſſion of ſuch a *Town* as this, which commands all the *Northern* Seas, and has coſt ſo much Sweat and Blood to take from the *Spaniards*. I have ſet *Oſmin* the *Dwarf* to Work, and laid Traps to get the Secret from ſeveral other *Courtiers*. But, I might as well have attempted to find out the *Body* of *Moſes*, which cauſed a Quarrel between *Michael* and the *Devil*. Time perhaps will diſcover the Secret. And I dare at preſent conclude, that the *Engliſh* are the only *Nation* in *Europe*, whoſe Friendſhip the *French* think worth Courting.

The *King* has been very Ill of a *Fever*, and in great Danger of his Life: But is now recovered again; which occaſions Abundance

of Real Joy among his Friends and Loyal *Subjects*. As for the Reſt, they know how to counterfeit.

I had almoſt forget to tell thee, that the *Spaniards* endeavouring to relieve *Dunkirk*, were encounter'd by the *French*, and Routed: About Two Thouſand of their Men being killed, and as many taken Priſoners.

Sage Baſſa, the Succeſſes of this *Monarch* are ſo Conſtant, that they have given Birth to a *Proverb*: For when they would encourage any Man's Hopes, or make a ſtrong Aſſeveration, they uſually ſay, *As ſure as the* Great Lewis *will get a Town or Two in* Flanders *this Campagne*.

Mareſchal Turenne is a Brave *General*, and the *French* Victories are in a great Meaſure owing to his Conduct. He is very Expeditious in his Undertakings. There were but a few Days between the Surrender of *Dunkirk*, and his taking of *Bergen*, *Furnes*, and *Dixmude*, Three ſtrong *Fortreſſes* in *Flanders*. And, 'tis thought, 'twill not be long before he takes others.

The *French King* is in a Fair Way to the *Empire* of the *Weſt*. But this will not be for the Intereſt of the *Grand Signior*. For, then he will have a New Enemy, of an Old Friend, and one more Potent than he had before. Yet, *Deſtiny* over-rules All Things.

Paris, 13th. *of the* 8th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1658.

LETTER

LETTER XI.

To Mahammed, *the* Eremit *of* Mount Uriel *in* Arabia.

I Have often troubled thee with Importunate Addreſſes, O Matchleſs Mortal; Permit me once more to unboſom my Thoughts, as to my *Confeſſor*, or rather as to an *Oracle*.

Surely, this Hour the *Stars* of my *Nativity* ſuffer a Mighty Change. I ſeem to my ſelf, like one newly awak'd out of a deep Sleep, or from the Deluſions of a long *Dream*: For, ſo methinks, have my Paſt Years gone away like a *Night*, wherein my Labouring Spirit has encounter'd with Nothing but *Phantaſms*, *Viſions*, and *Darkneſs*.

My *Infant* Days I eſteem the moſt Happy, when my Ignorance of Vice had greater Influence on my Actions, and preſerv'd me more free from Blemiſh, than could afterwards all my Acquir'd Knowledge of the *Precepts* and *Maxims* of *Virtue*. For no ſooner was I enjoin'd the Study of *Morality*, and taught to diſtinguiſh between *Good* and *Evil*, but my Curioſity prompted me to examine the Nature of the *Latter*, more cloſely than by bare Speculation. I found my ſelf more Forcibly carry'd away by a Secret Pleaſure, to make Experiment of what was *Forbidden*, than to practiſe what was *Commanded*: So prone is Man

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to be jealous of his *Tutors*, and to ſuſpect thoſe *Laws* as *Impoſitions*, which put a *Reſtraint* on his *Native Liberty*.

Beſides this, there are certain Genial Inclinations in every Mortal, which the *Youngeſt*, and he that is in his *Nonage*, thinks he has as much right to gratify, as the *Wiſeſt Senior*. Nor can any Reaſon eaſily perſuade him to part with this Privilege, but under the Notion of being highly wrong'd; ſince every Man Naturally places his Intereſt and Happineſs, in purſuing the Motions of his own Will.

'Tis true, I never was prone to any Enormous *Vices*, or ſuch as for their Singularity, would make the moſt harden'd *Libertine* bluſh, did he practiſe them to the Knowledge of Men.

I ever had an Unconquerable Abhorrence for thoſe Specifick Acts of Laſciviouſneſs, which ought not to be nam'd, and whoſe very *Idea* makes the Thought recoil: Yet am Naturally Amorous, and cannot but pay to Beauty, the Sentiments and Paſſions which are due from *Platonick* Love. I admire Symmetry and Elegance, where-ever I diſcern them; and can ſtand gazing whole Hours together, on a *Flower*, a *Tree*, or a *Peacock*. I am Enamour'd with the Brightneſs of the *Sun*; and like another *Endymion*, I languiſh for a more Intimate Acquaintance with the *Moon*. The Leſſer Beauties of the Night, the *Stars*, enflame me with a Thouſand Paſſions. I make my Court to the whole *Hoaſt* of *Heaven*, yet I hope commit no *Idolatry*. In fine, I am

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in Love with the *Univerſe*; and die hourly, when I contemplate the Glory of that *Tranſcendent Eſſence*, which is the *Root* and *Source* of *All Things*.

Theſe are Paſſions not unbecoming a *Muſſulman*. But I have alſo ſome Emotions for Beautiful Women, more Violent than all the Reſt, more Dangerous and Fatal. Tell me, O Pious *Sylvan*, how I ſhall gratifie my Love, without offending Virtue, or the Gravity of a Man?

Theſe *Creatures* ſeem to be Created for our Perplexity; ſince a Man can neither well be Happy with, or without 'em. They are Perfect *Riddles*: And to love 'em, or hate 'em too much, is an Equal *Soleciſm*. 'Twere a Queſtion worthy of a *Philoſopher*, Whether this *Sex*, among all the Neceſſary Good Offices they do us, were not ſent into the World as *Spies* and *Trepans*, to obſerve our Counſels and Actions: And by mixing Smiles with Frowns, Flatteries with Reproaches, Sullenneſs with more Obliging Favours; to keep us in a Perpetual *Maze* and *Labyrinth*, leſt the Aſpiring Wit of Men ſhould, if left to themſelves, attempt ſomething more Audacious than the *Poets* feign of the *Sons* of *Titan*, or the *Written Law* Records of *Nimrod* and his Companions, who built the *Tower* of *Babel*.

But, whether they be *Spies*, or *Faithful Aſſiſtants*, *Enemies*, or *Friends*, I tell thee plainly, I have not been able to forbear Loving 'em exceſſively. And this is Part of the *Dream* or *Trance*, out of which I am juſt now Awak'd.

Another

Another *Scene*, is that of *Honour*. This is a Phantome alſo, a mere Vapour, a Shadow. I never hunted after Glory, nor courted Popular Applauſe. Yet being entruſted with the *Sublime Secrets*, and commanded to ſerve the *Grand Signior* in this *Station*, I would fain acquit my ſelf without Diſgrace. Nay, like other Mortals in ſuch a *Poſt*, I would willingly have the Smiles of my *Sovereign*, and the Careſſes of the *Happy Miniſters* who ſerve *him*, if it ſhall be my Lot ever to return to the *Seraglio*. Nothing appears to me more Terrible, than at ſuch a Time to encounter with Rugged, Furrow'd Viſages, or Cold and Faint Embraces of my *Fellow-Slaves*.

This puts me upon a Thouſand Inquietudes; makes me ſwear to Contradictions; utter Lyes and Blaſphemies, which would turn the *Devil* to a *Saint* for Fear. In a Word, I ſtumble at no Vice or Immorality, which may promote the *Cauſe* I am engag'd in. And all this for the ſake of a Fair Character at the *Port*: Whilſt I'm cajoling my ſelf as well as others with a Perſuaſion, that 'tis only on the Score of Honeſty, and to acquit my ſelf a Good Man. Thus, I purſue a Blaſt, a Bubble, the *Idea* of Nothing, mere Vanity and an Empty *Dream*. And 'tis harder for me to ſhake of this *Enchantment*, than that of *Love*.

Yet, all this while, I have not taken the *French* Method to gain *Honour*. I never was Guilty of Oppreſſion and Cruelty, nor bath'd my Hands in Human Blood. No *Widow* or *Orphan*

Orphan mourns for what I've taken from 'em. Nor did I ever Dragoon any Body into Compliance with Reaſon. All the Parts I've Acted in this Nature, were Defenſive; Pure Efforts of *Self-Preſervation*: Which, thou know'ſt, is a *Principle* Natural to all Men, and even to the *Worms* of the Earth. Theſe little *Reptiles*, when they're trampled on, will turn again. And nothing more do I, unleſs in the *Sultan*'s Cauſe.

This puts me in Mind of my *Integrity*: For I muſt tell thee my Virtues as well as my Vices. Neither *Arabia*, nor all the *Eaſt*, have ever brought forth a Man more true to his Truſt, than Honeſt Loyal *Mahmut*. I will for ever boaſt of this, in an Age ſo full of Treachery. This alone will carry me ſafe to *Paradiſe*, in ſpight of all the *Mollahs*. As for the Reſt, they're only *Venial* Sins, eaſily dropt off on the Bridge of Tryal. And ſo long as no Body can ſay, I've betray'd my *Maſter*'s Secrets, I'm ſafe as an *Angel* that is not oblig'd to ſtand *Sentinel* at the Loweſt Poſt of *Heaven*: For, there he's within Gun-ſhot of the *Devil*.

Juſt as I drew my Pen from that Word, a ſuddain Noiſe in the Streets call'd me to the Window. Where turning my Eyes from the Earth to the *Moon* and *Stars* (for 'twas a very ſerene Sky) I obſerved a ſmall ſwift Cloud to glide along from *South* to *North*, much in Appearance like a *Bale* of *Silk*. It cleft the *Element* like a Sly *Arab Thief*, that ſwims for Booty on the River *Tigris*. Wondring

dring at this, when all the *Firmament* was Clear, and not another Cloud above the *Horizon*; I ſoon concluded, 'twas the *Chariot* of ſome *Airy God*, a *Mercury* or *Meſſenger*, ſent with ſpeedy News, to the *High Lords, Commanders* of the *Artick Regions*; to bid 'em be upon their Guard, or ſome ſuch weighty Matter. Perhaps, thought I, a *War* is commenc'd between the *Spirits* of the *Poles*. Or, it may be, King *Æolus* has ſent a *Summons* to the *Northern* Winds, being reſolved to play ſome Royal Pneumatick Freaks upon the Sea.

In good Earneſt, it made me reflect on our Ignorance of the *Laws* and *Conſtitutions* of the *Elements*. It put me in Mind of the Fogs and Miſts, which ſometimes envelop the *Globe* in Darkneſs; on purpoſe, for ought we know, to hinder us from ſeeing what is tranſacting at ſuch Seaſons in the *Higher Regions* of the *Air*. The *Spirits* of thoſe Serener *Tracts*, may then be Frolicking in *Viſible Forms*, Celebrating Solemn *Feſtivals*, and kindling all the *Meteors* of the Upper *Welkin*, as Natural *Fire-Works* and *Illuminations*, not fit for Mortals to behold, leſt we ſhould learn too much, and grow as Wiſe as they. However, it made me very Contemplative, to ſee a ſingle Solitary Cloud thus glide along the Air: And I could have wiſh'd for Wings to purſue its Motions, becauſe the Appearance was not Common.

Thou that haſt meaſur'd the whole *Frame* of *Nature*, and taken the True Dimenſions

of

of the *World*; that haſt penetrated into the Secrets of the *Elements*, and art always buſy'd in the moſt Sage and Solid Scrutinies; wilt ſmile at the Vanity of Common Mortals, ſuch as I, who when we are Unintelligible to our ſelves, yet preſume to comprehend the Ways of the *Omnipotent*, who is *Perfect* in *Knowledge*.

As for me, who have ſtudy'd in the *Academies*, and read *Ariſtotle*, *Avicen*, *Plotinus*, *Averroes*, with other *Philoſophers*; I eſteem my ſelf ſtill but at the Bottom of *Plato*'s Cave, Converſing with Shadows, miſtaken in every Thing, but the *Idea* of thy *Sanctity* and *Immenſe Wiſdom*, which is Imprinted on my *Soul*, as thoſe which the *Philoſophers* call *Firſt Principles*, becauſe they are *Self-Evident*.

I deſign'd to have ſaid more to thee, but a ſudden Indiſpoſition and Extreme Faintneſs, has taken away my Spirits. My Limbs tremble, my Head is giddy, my Heart fails me. In a Word, I ſeem like one between a *Mortal* and a *Ghoſt*.

Paris, 29th *of the* 8th *Moon*
of the Year 1658.

LET-

LETTER XII.

To Achmet Padiſhani Culligiz, Baſſa.

THY Sur-Name argues thee a *Favourite* at the *Seraglio*: And for that Reaſon, I know thou art accuſtom'd to receive Infinite Submiſſions and Flatteries. But I muſt be as blunt with thee, as I was with the New *Mufti*, when I Congratulated his *Acceſſion* to the *Chief Patriarchate*. I told that *Prince* of the *Muſſelman Prelates*, that I had no Encouragement to welcome him to a *Dignity*, which though in it ſelf Sacred and Inviolable, yet could not ſecure him from the Perſecutions of *Popular* Envy, any more than it did his *Predeceſſor*. And the ſame I muſt ſay to thee.

Darniſh Mehemet, *Baſſa*, is fallen a *Victim* to the Rage of the *Multitude*; and thou haſt got his *Seat* on the *Bench*. May'ſt thou enjoy it long, and never be *Mob'd* out of thy Honour and Life as he was. Some Years ago he forbad me to write any more to him. What his Reaſon was, I know not, neither did I ever enquire. However, I obey'd his Injunction; being Indifferent to whom I ſend my Intelligence, provided I do the *Grand Signior* any Service, For, to that End am I plac'd here,

Illuſtrious

Illuſtrious Baſſa, I ſhall now acquaint thee with Two the moſt Principal Points of News ſtirring in *Europe*. One is, the *Election* of *Leopoldus Ignatius Joſephus*, King of *Hungary* and *Bohemia*, to the *German Empire*. They have been canvaſing this Buſineſs Eleven *Moons*: And at laſt the *Auſtrian* Faction carried it, This was done on the 8th of the 7th *Moon*. And he was ſolemnly *Crown'd* on the 22d of the ſame. This has height'ned the Quarrel between the *Duke* of *Bavaria*, and the *Prince Palatine*. The Latter was ſo far tranſported with Paſſion at the *Diet* of *Frankford*, that he threw a *Standiſh* of *Ink* at the *Bavarian Embaſſador*: Which is reſented as an Unpardonable Affront. And the *Duke* is marching with an Army to revenge it, or demand Satisfaction. The *Elector* of *Mentz* has deny'd him Paſſage through his *Principality*. And they are all like to be embroil'd in a *Civil War* about it. This is no bad News for the *Muſſulmans*.

But that which makes yet a greater Noiſe is the Death of *Oliver*, the *Protector* of the *Engliſh Commonwealth*; who whilſt Living, was the Terror of all *Europe*. The *Superſtitious*, and ſuch as regard Signs, ſay, This was preſag'd Three *Moons* ago, when a Great *Whale*, Nine Times as long as a tall Man, was taken in a River of *England*, near the *Capital* City Forty Miles from the Sea. I know not whether theſe Kind of Obſervations are worthy of Credit. Yet, it ſeems, the *Annals* of that *Nation* take Notice, That the Unuſual

uſual Appearance of a *Whale* ſo far within Land, has always Prognoſticated ſome Mighty *Change*. Perhaps, the Fate of *Illuſtrious Perſonnages*, affects *Nature* with a more than ordinary Paſſion, puts the *Elements* into a Diſorder, and inſpires the *Brutes* with *Sympathy*.

We are aſſured, that on the Day of this *Prince*'s Death, and at the very Hour of his Departure, there was ſo Violent a Tempeſt of Wind, Rain, Hail, Thunder, and Lightning, as had never been known by any Man then alive in that *Nation*. Which ſome Interpreted to his Diſhonour, as if he were a *Magician*, or at leaſt a very Wicked Man: And that this *Hurricane* was rais'd by the *Devils*, who tranſported his *Soul* to *Hell*. Whilſt others affirm'd this Mix'd *Storm*, to be only the *Sighs* and *Tears* of *Nature*, the *Mournful Paſſions* of the *Guardian Spirits* of *England*, for the Loſs of ſo Great and Fortnnate a *Hero*: And that the very *Inanimate Beings* Condol'd his *Death*. As for me, I look on all theſe Things as pure *Accidents*, the Effects of *Chance*. I have an Equal Opinion of another Circumſtance, much obſerv'd both by his Enemies and Friends; That he died on the ſame Day, whereon he had formerly gain'd ſome Notable Victories. The *One*, deſcanting on this to his Reproach, the *Other* drawing from it Arguments of Honour. 'Tis difficult to ſay any Thing of him, without appearing Partial. He had Great *Virtues*, and no Leſs *Vices*. He was a Valiant *General*, and wiſe

States-

Stateſman: Yet a *Traytor* to his *Sovereign*. As for *Religion*, though he profeſs'd himſelf a Zealot, yet 'tis thought he was as indifferent as other *Princes*; who for Reaſons of *State*, and to pleaſe their *People*, make a Shew of Piety, but in their Hearts Adore no other *Gods* but *Fortune* and *Victory*.

He was eſteem'd one of the Greateſt *Politicians* of this *Age*; and none could match him but *Mazarini*. Yet I cannot but ſmile when I call to Mind, how both theſe Eminent *Stateſmen* were cheated this Year, by Two or Three *Fugitives*.

A certain *French Captain* named *Gentilot*, that had ſerved under the *States* of *Holland* in the *Wars*, and on that Account had often paſs'd through the *Sea-Towns* in *Flanders*; obſerv'd a Weakneſs in one Part of the Walls of *Oſtend*, by which the *Town* might eaſily be ſurpriz'd. At his Return to *Paris*, he acquainted *Cardinal Mazarini* with this; and gave him ſo great Encouragement, that the *Cardinal* reſolved to try ſome *Stratagem* in Order to gain that Important Place, without the Coſt and Hazards of a Formal Siege.

To this End, he commands *Gentilot* to ſeek out ſome Perſons fit to be engag'd in the *Plot*: Men of Reſolution, Conduct, and Secrecy. This *Captain* therefore knowing Two or Three *Fugitives* in *Paris*, who were forced to fly out of *Flanders* to ſave their Lives, having committed Murders, and other Crimes againſt the *Spaniſh Government*; breaks the Buſineſs to them, promiſing Mountains of *Gold*, if they would aſſiſt in carrying it on. They

They ſeem'd to embrace his Propoſals with Abundance of Readineſs, and were introduced into the *Cardinal's Cabinet*. Where that *Miniſter* being ſatisfy'd in their Characters, and the Offers they made to ſerve him in this Affair; ſeconded the Promiſes which *Gentilot* had made him, with many Additional Encouragements. In a Word, they conſulted together frequently; were late every Night in the *Cardinal's* Lodgings: And at laſt, having adjuſted all the Neceſſary Meaſures that were to be taken; the *Fugitives* were diſpatch'd away into *England*, with Letters from *Mazirini* to *Oliver*, the *Engliſh Protector*. Wherein he acquainted him with the Deſign, requiring the Aſſiſtance of ſome *Engliſh* Ships to tranſport Men into the *Haven* of *Oſtend*.

Theſe *Agents* went accordingly, but with a Reſolution to put a Trick both on the *Cardinal* and the *Protector*; and by doing their *Country* ſo Conſiderable a Service as the ſaving this *Town*, to merit a Repeal of the *Sentence* pronounc'd againſt 'em, that ſo they might return Home in Peace, and enjoy their Eſtates and Native Liberty.

Oliver received 'em very kindly, and embraced the Motion with ſome Warmth. But upon Second Thoughts, try'd to out-bribe *Mazarini*, and hire theſe Perſons for himſelf. *Oſtend* was too ſweet a Bait in his Eye, to let it ſo tamely fall into the Hands of the *French*, for want of a few larger Promiſes, and Offers of Gold. Wherefore he ply'd theſe *Agents* briskly

briskly with all the Effectual *Oratory* he could, to win 'em over to his own Separate Intereſt; engaging to beſtow Great *Preferments* on 'em in *England*, with Two Hundred Thouſand *Sequins*, as ſoon as the Buſineſs was accompliſhed.

The three *Flemings* deſired no better Sport, than thus to cajole Two the Ableſt *Stateſmen* in *Europe*. They poſſeſſed *Oliver* with an Entire Belief of their *Zeal* and Fidelity in his Service: And it was agreed on between 'em, to hold *Mazarini* in Play, and that *Oliver* ſhould ſend him an Anſwer, refuſing to meddle in an *Intrigue* which ſeemed to carry ſo little Probability of Succeſs.

From *England* their *Agents* paſſed over into *Zealand*. It having been ſo concluded before they parted from *Cardinal Mazarini*; that ſo they might there gain more Confederates, and lay all the Neceſſary Trains to bring this *Intrigue* to the deſired Iſſue. But, Inſtead of doing either the *Protector* or *Cardinal Mazarini* this Service, they went immediately, and revealed the whole Secret to the *Governor* of *Flanders*.

He having duly examined all Circumſtances, and being ſatisfied in the Truth of their Relations, and in their Loyalty to the *King* of *Spain*; commanded them to proceed in deluding both the *French* and the *Engliſh*, as long as they could, with fair Hopes of accompliſhing their Aims. Whilſt he took Care to ſecure *Oſtend*, and other Parts of *Flanders*, from all Attempts of this Nature.

In

In fine, the *Protector* falling off again, being frighted by *Cardinal Mazarini*'s Threats, who had diſcovered his Under-Hand Dealing; theſe *Agents* applied themſelves cloſe to the *French*, who were now made ſo much more Eager, by *Oliver*'s Deſign to Interlope 'em. They ſpun out the *Intrigue* ſeveral *Moons*, brought the *French King* to ſign *Articles*, and to paſs his Word for the Payment of near a Million of *Gold*; cajol'd his *General* in *Flanders*, and at one Time made him believe, 'Twas his Intereſt to lie ſtill for Six Weeks together, when all the World expected he would purſue his *Conqueſts* in that *Province*. At another Time, cauſed him to march with ſo much Precipitation, when the Ways were Unpaſſable, that he was forced to leave moſt of his Cannon, and a Thouſand Waggons plunged in the deep Roads, with the Loſs of Three Thouſand Men, who were either drown'd or ſtarv'd: And all this for the ſake of gaining *Oſtend*. When after all, they were not only cheated of their Hopes in that Point, but moſt ſhamefully expoſed to the Deriſion and Contempt of all *Europe*. For *Cardinal Mazarini* repoſed an Entire Confidence in the Fidelity of his *Flemiſh Agents*. So that whatſoever they propoſed, as an Expedient to compaſs the Deſign, was a Law. Hence it was, that the *French General* in *Flanders* received Expreſs Orders to embarque part of his Army on certain Veſſels that lay before *Dunkirk*, and on a prefixed Day to ſail into the *Haven* of *Oſtend*, there ro

to Land his Men, and take Poſſeſſion of the *Town*, in the Name of his *Maſter*: Being made to believe, That the Gates would be opened to him, and that the *Spaniſh* Gariſon ſhould march out in his Sight.

All this was carried on with ſo much Artifice and ſubtle Management, that when he entred the *Haven* with Ten Veſſels, he thought himſelf ſecure of the *Place*: Yet no ſooner Landed his Men to the Number of Fifteen Hundred, but they Thund'red upon them ſuch Vollies of Great and Small Shot, from the Walls, that Two Hundred of them fell immediately, as many threw down their Arms, and the Citizens making a Vigorous Sally, the Reſt were either Kill'd or taken Priſoners, he himſelf not eſcaping that Misfortune.

By this thou may'ſt diſcern, how eaſie 'tis for an *Agent* of any *Prince*, to embaraſs his *Maſter*'s Affairs: And, that a *Publick Miniſter* can never commit a greater or more dangerous Error, than in being too Credulous.

Serene *Baſſa*, let not *Mahmut*'s Name ſound harſh at the *Port*, nor his Honour be traduced by *Sycophants*: Since his *Loyalty* is Proof againſt all *Temptations*, And this the *Miniſters* of the *Divan* know by Twenty Years Experience.

Paris 5th. *of the* 10th *Moon of the Year* 1658.

LETTER XIII.

To Peſteli Hali *his Brother,* Maſter *of the* Grand Signior's Cuſtoms *at* Conſtantinople.

I Have receiv'd a *Diſpatch* from our Couſin *Iſouf.* He has been in a *Cold Region,* within the *Artick Circle,* but now is at *Stockholm* in *Sueden.* The *Parts* he has viſited, are the Farthermoſt *Tracts* of our *Continent* to the *North.* They may be call'd, The *Territories of Night* and *Darkneſs*: For they have but *One Day* in a *Whole Year.* The *Sun* appears but *Once* above their *Horizon,* during his *Annual* Progreſs through the *Zodiack.* Yet, he makes them amends by the long continued Light he affords them at that *Seaſon*: For, that *One Day* is without the *Miracle* of *Joſhua,* prolong'd the ſpace of Four, Five, or Six *Moons,* according to the Proportionate Diſtance of each *Country* from the *Pole.*

Iſouf relates Strange Things of thoſe *Dark Countries,* and ſuch as ſeem almoſt to ſurpaſs Credit, were they not confirm'd by very grave and Learned *Writers.* He ſays, that in ſome *Parts* of *Norway,* no Tree is to be ſeen, by Reaſon of the Violent Force of the Winds, which blow down all before 'em, carrying away even the Roofs of Houſes, and ſcattering them at a great Diſtance. So that the Inhabitants

bitants are forced to dwell in Dens and Caves, and burn the Bones of Fiſhes, for want of better Fuel: Since it is Impoſſible for any *Plant* to grow in thoſe Parts. Neither can Men travel ſafely on Horſes, or a Foot, at certain Tempeſtuous *Seaſons*. For, the Wind will either throw both Horſe and Man to the Ground, or catch 'em up into the Air.

But when he deſcribes the horrible *Coldneſs* of theſe *Regions*, the very *Idea* of it is enough to make one quake. He ſays, *Cold* is an *Active Quality*, and Reigns under the *North Pole*, as in its proper *Kingdom* or *Centre*, from whence it darts its freezing Rays through the Earth. Yet, others are of opinion, that *Cold* is only a *Privation* of *Heat*, a bare *Paſſive* Diſpoſition of the *Elements*; and therefore more ſenſibly felt in thoſe *Climates* that are fartheſt from the warm *influences* of the *Sun*, whoſe Beams give Life and Vigor to All Things. Be it how it will, its Effects are very remarkable in theſe *Northern Regions*.

All the Rivers, Lakes, and Seas there, are frozen up during the *Winter*. Men, Horſes Waggons, Coaches, and even whole Armies paſs as commonly over the *Ice*, as before Ships Sailed there, or as we Travel o'er the *Firm Land*. And laſt *Winter*, the *Baltick* Sea was the *Road* of *Ice*, over which the *King* of *Sueden* marched with his Army of Horſe and Foot into *Zealand*, to proſecute the *War* in thoſe *Parts*. They alſo raiſe Strong *Forts* of *Snow*, able to ſuſtain the *Battery* of *Bullets*, and *Engines* of *War* with all the Vi-

olence of the Fierceſt Aſſaults. They build *Carvanſera*'s on the *Frozen* Seas and Lakes, for the Convenience of *Travellers*; and ſet up Branches of Firr or Juniper, as Marks to diſtinguiſh the Holes and Fiſſures of the *Ice*, from that which is ſolid and ſecure; For there are *High-ways* on thoſe *Congealed-waters*; and *Officers* appointed to ſurvey them, and take all Neceſſary Orders for the Security of *Travellers*. And ſometimes they fight *Pitch'd Battels* on the *Frozen Element*.

Our *Kinſman* alſo has made Curious Remarks on the *Triumphal Obelisks*, and *Funeral Monuments* of Ancient *Hero's* among the *Goths* and *Suedes*: For thoſe *Nations* boaſt of *Giants* and Famous *Warriours*. Theſe *Monuments*, thô of Stone, and Exquiſitely Shaped, yet were never cut by the Hand of Man; but are as ſo many ſplinters of Rocks and Mountains, torn from the main Body by the Violence of Earthquakes, Thunders, or the like motions of *Nature*; And falling down in the Forms of *Pyramids*, and other *Artificial* Figures were of Old ſet up by the *Graves* of *Giants* and other renowned Perſons. Having alſo *Inſcriptions* on them, ſignifying the Particular *Hero* who there lies buried. Such as theſe,

I Uſſo,

I Uſſo, *Fighting in Defence of my* Country, *with my own Hand Kill'd Thirty Two* Giants, *And at laſt being kill'd by the* Giant Rolvo, *my Body lies here.*

And,

I Ingolvas, *that Subdu'd all Oppreſſors, aud Defended the Poor and Weak; Now grown Old, Poor and Weak my ſelf; yet having my Sword girt to my Thigh, am forc'd to yield to* Death (*who Conquers All Things*) *ana to go down into this* Sepulchre, *which I prepar'd for my* Laſt Retreat.

It ſeems, there are Infinite Numbers of theſe *Tombs* all over the Deſarts, Mountains, and Vallies of the *North*, which is an Argument, That however Contemptible theſe *People* may ſeem to the *True Believers*; Yet they have not been wanting in Valiant Men and *Hero's*. Doubtleſs, *God* has diſpens'd his Virtues and Graces to Men of

all *Nations*: He is not Partial in his Gifts. We ought to Praiſe him in the Beginning and End of all our Actions. And if we contemplate his Honour in the Middle of our Affairs, we ſhall not do amiſs; Since, as he is the *Firſt* and the *Laſt* of the *Univerſe*, ſo he is the *Center* of *Every Thing*.

I had not theſe Relations only from *Iſouf*, but out of the *Hiſtorians* themſelves, who write of theſe *Countries*: Yet our *Kinſman* informs me of ſome Things, which are omitted by thoſe *Authors*. Every *Traveller* is Singular in his Obſervations: For, all Men have not the ſame *Genius*. And thy *Journal* of the *Eaſt*, abounds with Remarks which are not common in other *Writers*.

Brother, if I may adviſe thee, it ſhall be, to do nothing by Imitation; but purſue the Dictates of thy own Sence, and the Peculiar Bent of thy *Soul*. For whatever is forced and affected, is Nauſeous.

Paris, 16th. *of the* 12th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1658.

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LETTER XIV.

To Zeidi Alamanzi, *a* Merchant *in* Venice.

THE *Kaimacham* has informed me, that thou art appointed to ſucceed *Adonai* the *Jew* in *Italy*. He has alſo acquainted me with other Matters relating to thy *Charge*. I am glad they have found out a *Muſſulman* Capable of that *Important Truſt*; and that we ſhall not always ſtand in need of *Jews* to ſerve the *Grand Signior*, *Emperor* of the *Faithful*. Thô ſome of that *Nation* are very Honeſt and Loyal; yet 'tis better to be without 'em.

Thou and I are Strangers to each other: But 'tis neceſſary for us to be ſpeedily acquainted, and hold a mutual Intimacy by Letters, that ſo we may ſerve our *Great Maſter*, without Interfering or Claſhing in our Intelligence. I have been here theſe Twenty Years, and made no Falſe ſteps in my *Sovereigns* Buſineſs, whatever I have done in my own: Yet have encounter'd a Thouſand Difficulties and Perils; ſuffered Impriſonment many *Moons* in *Paris*, for my Fidelity; whilſt my Enemies at *Conſtantinople*, perſecuted me as a *Traytor* and an *Infidel*.

'Tis impoſſible to avoid theſe Croſſes, in the Courſe of Humane Life. They are as

Natural as the Wind or the Rain. All that we can do is, by a prudent and dextrous management of Contingences, to wind our ſelves out of Trouble as well as we can. And above all, rather to be our own Executioners, than betray the leaſt Secret committed to us.

I queſtion not, but thou haſt had the ſame Inſtructions given thee by the *Miniſters* of the *Happy Port*. What I ſay, is only to confirm thee in thy Fidelity and Care. Write to me with the ſame Frankneſs, and let Nothing make thee reſerved to thy *Fellow-Slave*. We are both *Followers* of the *Prophet*: We Worſhip *One God* after the ſame Manner, and Equally reverence the *Alcoran*. We ſerve *One Maſter*; and thô in different *Stations*, yet let our Affections and Intereſts be United as Friends. Let no little narrow Paſſions or Emulations, corrupt our Integrity; or teach us to Un-Man our ſelves.

I know not thy *Original*, whether thou art of *Mahometan* or *Chriſtian* Parents. 'Twould be very obliging to ſend me a ſhort *Hiſtory* of thy *Life*, and how thou Learned'ſt the *Italian Tongue*: For without that, I judge they would not have ſent thee into that *Country*.

As for me, I'm an *Arabian* by *Birth*, brought up in the *Seraglio*; from thence ſent to Sea; there taken *Captive* by the *Chriſtians*; Sold in *Sicily*, where I underwent a tedious Servitude, yet at length gained my Freedom: and having paſſed through Vari-

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ous Fortunes, at laſt was ſent hither, to obſerve the Secret *Counſels* of the *Chriſtians*, eſpecially of this *Court*.

I now grow Old, having ſeen near Fifty Years, Yet, thô the Strength of my *Body* fails, I feel not the leaſt Decay in my Zeal for the *Muſſulman Faith*, or my *Maſter*'s Service, I'm ſtill *Mahmut* the *Loyal Slave* of the *Port*; and thy Friend ſo long as thou art ſo to thy ſelf.

Paris, 30th. *of the* 1ſt. *of the Year*, 1659.

LETTER XV.

To the Kaimacham.

IT Rejoyces me to hear, that *Adonai's Place* is ſupplied by a *Muſſulman*, in whom the *Sublime Port* may put more Confidence, than in any of the *Jewiſh Race*. 'Twill be Encouragement to the *True Faithful*, and a Precedent of good Import. For, no *Nation* love to ſee their *Prince* beſtow *Offices* of *Truſt* on *Strangers*, when his own *People* are as capable of *Employment* as they. 'Tis Generally taken as an Affront and Contempt of their Abilities or their Virtue, and has often produc'd Ill Conſequences.

I deny not, but there are many Honeſt and

Wiſe Men among the *Hebrews*, Perſons of Merit and Honour, from whom the *Sultan* receives no ſmall Services. But, this ought not to diminiſh the Reputation of thoſe who are of the ſame *Faith* with their *Sovereign*. Doubtleſs *Arabia* and *Turkey* are not barren of Good *Soldiers*, Prudent *Statesmen*, and Dextrous *Miniſters*.

I know not the Character of *Zeidi Alamanzi*, whether he be a Natural born *Turk*, a *Tributary* Son of a *Chriſtian*, or a Voluntary *Renegado*. However, the choice that is made of him, convinces me, that the unerring *Divan* eſteem him a Man fit for the Buſineſs committed to his Charge.

He ought to be perfectly skill'd in *Italian*, or at leaſt in ſome other *Language* of the *Nazarenes*: That ſo he may paſs the better unſuſpected among the People where he reſides, who are more jealous of Strangers, than any other *Nation* in *Europe*. 'Tis a Crime thought worthy of Impriſonment, for a *Venetian* to converſe with a *Foreigner* too frequently, and in Private: For they are afraid leſt by that means, a dangerous Correſpondence ſhould be eſtabliſhed betwixt ſome Ill-affected Subjects of that *Common-wealth*, and its Enemies: Whereby their Secrets may be betray'd, and Meaſures taken to ruine 'em.

For this Reaſon alſo they have forbid *Falſe Hair*, or *Perukes* to be worn by any in their *Dominions*, leſt this might ſerve as a Diſguiſe for Villains and Traitors. Yet Nothing

thing more common in *France* and other Countries of *Europe*, than for Men to wear on their Heads, Ornaments of Womens Hair, inſtead of their own.

As to *Religion*, I believe, they will not much trouble him, being no *Zealots* themſelves: And provided he does but profeſs himſelf a *Chriſtian* and a *Catholick*, they'll make no farther Inquiſition.

The *Italians* in General, are much like the Ancient *Romans* in their Humour. Men of grave Aſpect and Carriage, and much more compos'd in both than the *French*, who appear Ridiculous through the Levity of their Diſcourſe and Actions. The former abound in Sage Precepts of Morality, and Politick Aphoriſms, which ſerve as a Rule whereby to ſquare the courſe of their Lives: The Latter only affect ſome flaſhy Improvements of Wit and Converſation, ſtudying rather how to pleaſe Women than Men; coveting to be perfect in External Accompliſhments, and the Graces of the Body, whilſt they ſlight the more valuable Endowments of the Mind. In a word, they are mere *Apes* and *Mimicks*. On the contrary, the *Italians* are Men of an Awful and Majeſtick Behaviour, ſolid Judgment, and deep Reach. If you ſee them ſmile, you ſhall ſeldom or never hear 'em laugh: Whereas the Motion of a Feather will ſet the *French* a Braying like *Aſſes*. Theſe will contract a warm Friendſhip with any Man at firſt Interview, heighten it with a Thouſand Compliments, make him their

Confeſſor.

Confessor, and unbosom all their *Secrets*. Yet a *Second* Encounter shall extinguish this Passion, and a *Third* shall revive it again. Whereas those are cautious and slow in the choice of their Friends; and when once that Knot is dissolv'd, 'tis never to be fasten'd there again. They are Irreconcileable in their Hatred and Revenge.

But, there are Men to be excepted in Both *Nations*, who fall not under these General Characters. *France* affords many Wise, and Learned Persons; and *Italy*, not a few Fools and Ideots. Virtues and Vices are strangely mix'd in all People. War, Commerce and Travel, with other Humane Occurrences, alter Men's Natural Dispositions, and give the Lye to the Exactest Observations that can be made. Besides, Time changes all Things: And the Qualities which this Age remarks in the *Italians*, may in the next be transferr'd to the *French*. For, there is no Constancy in any Thing under the *Moon*.

Zeidi will find great Examples of Frugality, among the *Venetians*, in the necessary Expences of their Persons and Families; Yet abundance of Magnificence in whatever relates to the *Publick*, which the *Subjects* of that *Commonwealth* serve with open Purses, and free Hearts.

Indeed, they are not so remarkable for their Temperance, as some other Parts of *Italy*, Libertinism, and Voluptuousness, Reign uncontroul'd in *Venice*. *Women* and *Wine* are there almost as Common as the *Elements*.

Yet,

Yet, tis obſerv'd, that Strangers generally debauch more with Both, than the Natives. *God* preſerve *Zeidi* from their Temptations.

If it be his Fortune or Duty to viſit *Padua*, he ought not to make too long an Abode in that Neſt of *Philoſophers* and *Phyſicians*, leſt they firſt Anatomize his *Soul*, and diſcover the *Secrets* of his *Commiſſion*; and then turn his Body to a *Skeleton*, as they once ſerv'd a *Moor*, whom they Diſſected Alive, to make Experiment, perhaps, whether a *Mahometan's* Blood Circulated the ſame Way as a *Chriſtians*.

Thoſe *Italian Phyſicians*, are very Cruel; and think it no Sin to try Poiſons, and other Fatal Tricks on the *Poor*, that ſo they may be the better able to keep the *Rich* on the Rack at their Pleaſure, and make their Market on 'em.

I know not *Zeidi's* appointed *Station*, or what *Cities* he is to ſee: But, wherever he goes, 'twill be neceſſary for him to uſe abundance of Caution; for the *Italians* are the cloſeſt, ſlyeſt and moſt Judicious People in the World.

But, I forget that he is choſen by the *Divan* for this *Employment*, to whom the Characters of all *Nations* are known, and who penetrate into the moſt Intetiour Receſſes of Men's Spirits.

Therefore I lay my Hand upon my Mouth in profound Submiſſion, and acquieſce to my *Superiours*. Still praying, That the *Grand Signior*

Signior may have Faithful and Wiſe *Miniſters* at *Home*, and no Novices for his *Agents Abroad*.

Paris, 3d. *of the* 2d. *Moon, of the Year*, 1659.

LETTER XVI.

To William Voſpel, *a* Recluſe *of* Auſtria.

THere is a *Street* in *Paris*, which they call the *Street of Hell*. The Reaſon of this Name is ſaid to be, becauſe at one End of it, there formerly ſtood an Old Houſe, poſſeſs'd by *Devils*, who were ſo troubleſome, that as the *Records* of *Paris* affirm, an *Edict* of *Parliament* was paſs'd, to remove all the Inhabitants out of their Houſes in that *Street*, and ſhut up the Entrance with a Wall. Since which, theſe *Demons* were expell'd by the *Carthuſians*, who built a *Monaſtery* in the Place. If this Story be true, it redounds much to the Reputation of that *Order*, and of all you *Monaſticks* in General, who by your *Exorciſms* are able to ſubdue the *Infernal Spirit*. But I have heard ſo many ſilly Tales of Houſes being haunted by *Ghoſts* and *Hobgoblins*, that I know not how to give Credit to this.

Beſides,

Beſides, when I conſider the Nature of *Incorporeal Beings*, it ſeems Ridiculous to think, that they can take Delight to play the *Anticks*, to frighten poor Mortals: Or confine themſelves to an Old Ruin'd *Caſtle* (for ſuch was this Houſe) for the ſake of a little Sport; When according to the Ancient *Philoſophers*, every *Incorporeal Being* is far more Excellent than the moſt *Perfect Body*, and can be *Every Where*: Neither are they at any Time *Locally* Preſent in *Bodies*, but only by Propenſion or Habit are inclin'd to them: And this they mean of *Living Bodies*. What *Charm* then can there be in an Old Rotten *Fabrick* of *Stone* and *Wood*, to allure and detain *Immaterial Subſtances?*

Certainly, the Nature of theſe *Separate Eſſences*, is very Remote from all *Compounding Beings*. I have been often at a Loſs, in Contemplating the *Soul* of Man. Sometimes it ſeems no otherwiſe diſtinguiſh'd from the *Souls* of *Brutes*, than by being United to a *Body* of Different *Organs*; Which cauſes us to ſhew more Evident Tokens of *Reaſon* than they, in the *Faculty* of *Diſcourſe*, and in our *Actions*. Yet when I conſider more attentively the *Operations* of our *Mind* and *Intellect*, I cannot but conclude, there is a vaſt Diſtinction between *our Souls*, and *thoſe* of the *Beaſts*. I have with Pleaſure obſerved the Excellency of *Humane Intellect* in *Madmen* and *Dreamers*; who being *come to themſelves*, (as we uſually ſay) relate many Things of which they were before Ignorant, and comprehend

prehend Things ſurpaſſing their former Imaginations.

It appears therefore more rational to me, That the *Soul* is *Every-Where* and *No-Where*, as the *Ancients* ſay; Than that it is ſhut up and impriſon'd in the *Body*, as a *Wild Beaſt* in his *Den*, or *Liquor* in a *Glaſs*. However, by an Ineffable Production of it ſelf, it is Preſent in *Every Part* of the *Body*, as the *Light* of the *Sun* is diffus'd through the *Air*, and can as ſoon withdraw it ſelf, as that *Light* when interrupted by a *Cloud*. In a Word, I conceive the Soul to be a very *Free Agent*, and that it is *here* and *there*, and *Every where*. It United it ſelf to the *Body* by its own Choice, and can retire again from it at Pleaſure.

One cloſely purſu'd Act of *Contemplation*, will at any Time carry thee or me to the *Inviſibles*, when-ever we go reſolutely about it.

Paris, 1ſt of the 4th *Moon*, *of the Year*, 1659.

L. E. T.

LETTER XVII.

To the Venerable Ibrahim, Cadileſquer *of* Romeli.

THere has not a Year eſcap'd, ſince my Arrival at *Paris*, wherein I did not ſend to the *Miniſters* of the Ever Happy and Exalted *Port*, conſtant Intelligence of Battles, Sieges, Storming of Towns, and ſuch other Occurrences of *War*, as happen'd between the Kingdoms of *France* and *Spain*. But now I believe my Future *Diſpatches* muſt contain other Matters. For, in all appearance, this *War* which has laſted Four and Twenty Years, is in a fair way to be ended. The *King* of *Spain* grows weary of his Continual Loſſes in *Italy*, *Flanders* and *Catalonia*: And he of *France*, ſeems glutted with perpetual Victories and Conqueſts. In a word, theſe Two Potent *Monarchs* laying aſide their Quarrels, are making diligent Preparations this Year for a *Campagne* of Friendſhip and Love.

They are both in *Arms*, yet commit no Acts of *Hoſtility*. Whilſt *Cardinal Mazarini* on the part of this *Crown*, and *Don Louis d'Aro de Guſman*, *Firſt Miniſter* of *Spain*, are gone to meet each other on the *Frontiers* of both *Kingdoms*, as *Plenipotentiaries* for their reſpective *Maſters*, to concert the Meaſures

ſures of a Laſting *Peace*, and treat of a *Marriage* between the *King* of *France*, and the *Infanta* of *Spain*.

All *Europe* is amazed at this ſurprizing Change. And the *French* and *Spaniards*, who border on each other, can hardly believe their own Senſes, whilſt they find a Mutual Commerce reſtor'd between their *Frontier Towns* and *Villages*, which had been Interrupted, ever ſince the Year 1635. about Sixteen *Moons* before I came to this City.

But, though they are thus diſpoſed to *Peace* here in the *Weſt*; the *Northern Monarchs* are puſhing the *War* forward in *Sueden*, *Denmark*, and *Poland*, with all Imaginable Vigour and Animoſity. The coming over of the *Elector* of *Brandenburgh* to the *Daniſh* Intereſt, has made a great Alteration in their Affairs. For, whereas *Fortune* ſeem'd before in all Things to favour the *Suedes*; now they loſe Ground, and find their Attempts Unſucceſsful. Four Thouſand of their Men fell before the Walls of *Copenhagen*, in Three Nights and Two Days: Which caus'd *King Guſtavus* to raiſe the Siege. Whilſt the *Duke* of *Brandenburgh* retook *Fredericks-Ode*, and thereby reſtored to the *King* of *Denmark*, the *Provinces* of *Holſtein*, *Jutland* and *Ditmarſen*.

The *Hollanders* alſo have had a Combat with the *Suedes* at Sea, and ſunk Fourteen of their beſt Ships: Beſides what they burnt and took,

Theſe

These Events have ſtirr'd up ſeveral *Princes* to mediate a *Peace*. And 'tis not Improbable, but in a little Time, we may ſee all the *Chriſtians* good Friends: And then 'twill be Time for the *Muſſulmans*, to be upon their *Guard*.

As for *Mahmut*, he will not fail to pry into the Counſels of theſe *Infidels*; and ſend timely Notices to the *Port*; Leaving the Reſt to the Wiſdom of his *Superiors*, and the Pleaſure of *Deſtiny*.

Paris, 29th *of the* 6th *Moon of the Year* 1659.

LETTER XVIII.

To Muſu Abu'l Yahyan, Alfaqui, Profeſſor *of* Theology *at* Fez.

THE Character, which the Great and Illuſtrious *Abdel Melec Muli Omar*, *Preſident* of *Preſidents*, *Grace and Ornament* of *Ancient Learning*, *Oracle* of *Africa*, and *Reſtorer* of *Obſolete Truth*? has given me of thy profound Wiſdom and Science, fills me with Reverence and Sacred Love. I am raviſhed with Wonder and Joy to hear, That in this Age, wherein the *Muſſulman Theology* has ſuffered ſo many Innovations, there yet ſurvives a Man who dares, and is able to aſſert againſt

againſt all Oppoſers, not only the *Primitive* and *Original* Truth, brought down from *Heaven* by the Hand of *Gabriel*; but alſo the Real and Indubitable *Sayings*, *Sermons*, *Counſels* and *Actions* of the *Prophet*, whilſt he was on *Earth* converſing with *Mortals*, before his *Tranſmigration* to the *Gardens* of *Eternal Repoſe* and *Solitude*. Thou art the *Enoch*, the *Hermes Triſmegiſtus* of the *Age*.

I have ſeen many Copies of the *Zunè*, or the *Book* of *Doctrine*; each pretending to comprize the whole *Syſtem* of that *Divine Philoſophy* and *Wiſdom*, which dropt from the Lips of our *Incomparable* and moſt *Holy Lawgiver*, and were Atteſted by his *Wife*, the Holy *Ageſha*, *Mother* of the *Faithful*, and by his *Ten Diſciples*. Yet all theſe various *Tranſcripts* differ, both in their Sence and Manner of Expreſſions.

I have peruſed the *Books* Entituled *Dabif*, or *Imperfect*; which contain the *Memoirs* of his other *Wives*; and the *Manuſcripts* called *Maucof*, or *Fragments*: Being only a *Collection* of ſome *Select Sentences*, *Aphoriſms* and *Parables* of the *Sent* of *God*. But theſe have no other Authority to back 'em, ſave the Credit of ſome *Learned Scribes*, who were not familiar with the *Divine Favourite*, only living in his Time, and taking Things on Report.

In fine, I have met with ſeveral *Parchments* of the *Zaquini*, or Pretended *Traditions* of *Abu Bexre*, *Omar*, and *Othman*: But theſe I eſteem as Spurious, Corrupted, and full of Errors.

What

What ſhall I ſay? The Zeal of *Omar Ebn Abdi'il-Aziz*, the Ninth *Caliph* of the *Tribe* of *Merwan*, is not unknown to me. I am no ſtranger to his ſingular Piety, not to be matched among *Crowned* Heads: For, of him it is Recorded, That as he deſcended from the *Throne* at the Time of his *Inauguration*, he gave the Robe from his Back, as an Alms to a Poor Man; And, That during his whole *Reign*, he ſpent but Two *Piaſters* a-Day on himſelf. And ſo great was his Reſignation to *Deſtiny*, (an Admirable Vertue in a *Sovereign Emperor*) that when he was on his Bed in his laſt Sickneſs, and was counſell'd to take *Phyſick*, he anſwered, *No; if I were ſure to heal my ſelf, only by reaching my Finger to my Ear, I would not. For, the place to which I am going, is full of Health and Bliſs.*

This *Caliph* was a Miracle of Humility, and his Charity always kept him poor. *Moſlema Ebn Abdi'l Malec* relates, That going to viſit *Omar* on his Death-Bed, he found him lying on a Couch of Palm-Leaves, with three or Four Skins inſtead of a Pillow, his Garments on, and a foul Shirt underneath. Seeing this *Moſlema* was grieved and turning to his Siſter *Phatema* the *Empreſs*, he ſaid, *How comes it to paſs, that the Great Lord, Commander of the Faithful, appears in ſo ſqualid a Condition?* She reply'd, *As thou liveſt, he has given away all that he had, even to the very Bed that was under him, to the Poor, and only reſerved what thou ſeeſt, to*

cover

cover his Nakedneſs. Then *Maſlema* could not refrain, but burſt forth into Tears, ſaying, *God ſhew thee Mercy upon Mercy, thou Royal Saint: For thou haſt pierced our Hearts with the Fear of his Divine Majeſty.* This *Caliph* was numbred among the *Saints.*

He it was, that perceiving the Contradiction, and Diſputes of the *Muſſulman*'s, the Darkneſs and Confuſion in the various *Copies* of the *Zunè*, or *Book* of *Doctrine*; aſſembled a *General Divan* of *Mollah*'s, and *Learned Men* at *Damaſcus*, from all Parts of the *Empire*: Commanding that all the *Manuſcripts* of the *Zunè*, which were extant, ſhould be brought in to this *Aſſembly*, on Pain of Death to him that ſhould detain one. This being done, he Commanded *Six* of them, to be choſen out of the *Whole Number*, by Vote; Men Eminent for Learning and Piety; And that theſe *Six* ſhould ſeverally collect, out of all the Multitude of *Copies*, each Man a *Book*, containing what he thought to be the moſt *Genuine Diſcourſes* of the *Prophet*, concerning this *World*, and that which is to come. When this was executed according to his Will, he commanded all the Old *Books* to be burn'd, in a Field near *Damaſcus.*

Yet after all the *Religious* Care of this *Holy Caliph*, to reſtore theſe *Writings* to their *Primitive* Integrity, the *Muſſulman*'s ſoon fell into New Contentions, about the *Sence* and *Interpretation* of theſe *Correct Copies* of the *Zunè.* From whence ſprang the *Four Cardinal Sects*, on which, all the Innumerable,

Ieſſer

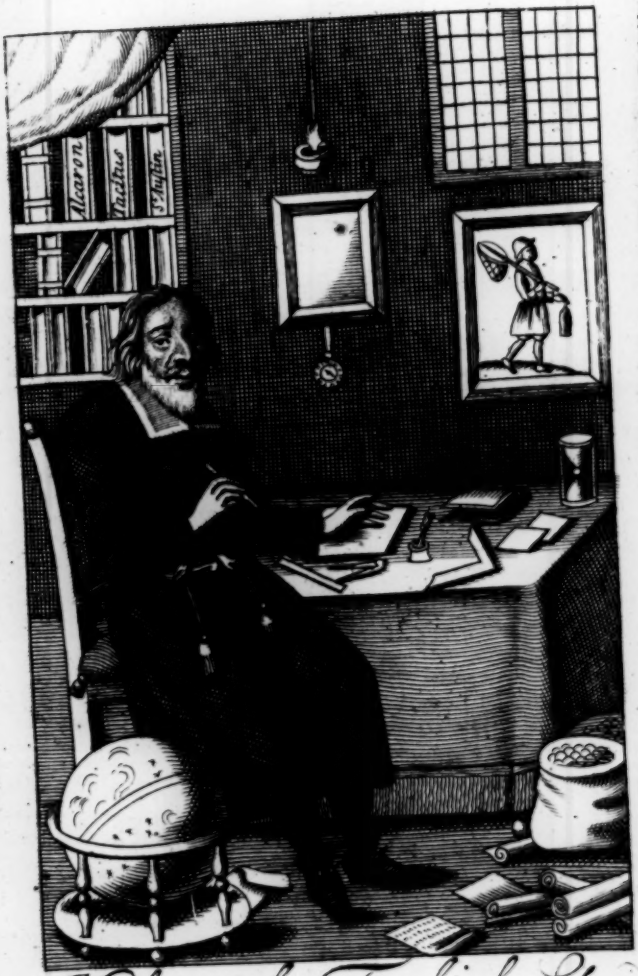
leſſer and later Diviſions among *True Believers*, are founded.

I cannot therefore but inwardly rejoyce, and from my heart highly applaud the Method taken by thoſe of your Renowned *Colledge*, to diſcern the *True Doctrines* and *Sayings* of the *Holy Prophet*, from thoſe which are *Suppoſititious* by comparing all the *Books* that are extant together, and reducing *Matters* of *Divine Revelation* to the *Analogy* of the *Alcoran*; Thoſe of *Philoſophy* and *Moral* Regards, to the Standard of *Experience* and *Reaſon*: For, it is Impious to believe, that the *Divine Apoſtle* would impoſe any thing on our *Faith*, repugnant to the *Sence* of *Men*, or the *Expreſs Will* of *Heaven*, By the *Soul* of *Pythagoras*, *Mahomet* ſaid Nothing but what was Rational, and Evident to any Unprejudiced Mind. But, the Greateſt Part of theſe *Sectaries*, are beſotted. They form to themſelves Falſe Notions of *God* and his *Prophet*, and think to merit *Paradiſe* by their Stupidity.

Reverend *Alfaqui*, I have much more to ſay to thee, and many Queſtions to ask; But, Time and the *Grand Signior*'s Service, force me to conclude abruptly, wiſhing thee *Perfection* of *Bliſs*.

Paris, 29th *of the* 6th. *Moon, of the Year* 1659. *according to the* Chriſtian *Style*.

The End of the Fifth Volume.



Mahmut the Turkish Spy

Ætatis suæ 42.

THE

Sixth Volume

OF

LETTERS

Writ by a

Turkiſh Spy,

Who lived Five and Forty Years, Undiſcover'd, at

PARIS:

Giving an Impartial Account to the *Divan* at *Conſtantinople*, of the moſt Remarkable Tranſactions of *Europe*; And diſcovering ſeveral *Intrigues* and *Secrets* of the *Chriſtian* Courts (eſpecially of that of *France*) continued from the Year 1659, to the Year 1682.

Written Originally in Arabick, *Tranſlated into* Italian, *and from thence into* Engliſh, *by the Tranſlator of the* Firſt Volume.

LONDON,
Printed by *J. R.* for J. Hindmarſh and R. Bare, at the *Golden Ball* in *Cornhil*, and at *Grays-Inn Gate* in *Holborn*, 1694.

TO THE READER.

AS ſuperfluous as *Prefaces* ſeem, yet there is one thing which makes it in a manner neceſſary to prefix a few Lines to this *Volume*, in regard there is an Occaſion given by the Objections ſome Gentlemen have been lately pleaſed to make againſt the Style of the *Engliſh* Tranſlation. Theſe Perſons having by a very coſtly Inquiſitiveneſs, found and procur'd the *Italian* Copy of theſe *Letters*, and compar'd them with the *Engliſh*, pick many Faults in the latter, which they would fain improve to the leſſening the Reputation of the *Turkiſh Spy*, or at leaſt to the heightening their

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own Characters as *Wits* and *Criticks*, *Maſters* of *Languages*, and the *Grand Patentees* of *Humane Senſe*.

In the Firſt Place they ſay, the *Italian* Tranſlation keeps cloſe to the Original *Arabick*; whereas the *Engliſh* abounds too much with *Angliciſms*, which are not ſufficient to expreſs the *Author*'s Primitive Senſe.

How Impoſſible a Thing it is, to pleaſe all People in Undertakings of this Nature! Formerly they were offended that ſo many *Turkiſh* and *Arabick* Words were left untranſlated. And that being anſwered in the *Preface* to the *Fourth Volume*, they have now form'd New Arguments out of that very Anſwer, to aſſault us on the contrary Side, and tax us with being too *Vernacular*. 'Tis true, the *Letters* they have ſent to the *Bookſeller* on this Accounr, are not ſubſcrib'd at Length. Yet by Accident, one of the Gentlemen's

men's Hand-Writing is known. And tho' we acknowledge him to be an Ingenious Perſon, and a Man of Learning; yet I believe he would be unwilling his *Letter* ſhould here be expos'd in Print (or the *Original* ſhew'd to ſome that know him, and perhaps may claim an Equal Rank among the *Criticks.*)

But to come to the purpoſe; I have often heard *Tranſlations* blam'd for keeping too cloſe to the *Original* Phraſe, but never any before this, for a Negligence that is abſolutely neceſſary to retain the Senſe of a *Foreign Author.* All the World knows, there is a vaſt Diſtance between *Arabick* and the *Languages* of *Europe*; and if the *Italian Tranſlator* was more exact in forming his Words up to a near Imitation of the *Eaſtern* Proprieties of Speech, no doubt but Impartial Men will rather Cenſure it as a Fault, than cry it up for an Excellency; ſince no-

thing ſounds well in any *Language* which is not deliver'd in the *Natural Idiom*. Every thing ought to be writ in as Familiar a Style as we Diſcourſe; eſpecially *Letters*, which are but a Proxy-Method of Converſing at a Diſtance. And he that Tranſlates out of one *Language* into another, ought to aim Chiefly at this, That he be ſure to retain the *Original* Senſe, and render it ſmooth and eaſy to the Reader. The Flowers of *Arabia* and *Italy*, when once Tranſplanted to our barren *Engliſh* Soil, loſe their Vertue and Beauty, till they are Naturaliz'd: What then muſt we expect from their Weeds? Doubtleſs, there are ſome Peculiarities in all *Languages*; and to Tranſlate *Verbatim* from ſo Remote a *Tongue*, would ſound as harſh as *French* does in an *Engliſhman*'s Mouth, when he pronounces it as 'tis writ.

What I have more to ſay is, that as this *Volume* contains a *Hiſtory*

ſtory of things tranſacted within the Memory of moſt Men now living; ſo the Two ſucceeding *Tomes* fall down lower and nearer to the preſent Times: Giving an Account of Events whereof many have been Eye-Witneſſes, and wherein not a few have had a Perſonal Share either by Way of Action or Suffering, Profit or Damage; which muſt needs afford Delight to thinking Men, ſince there is nothing more Agreeable to Mortals than to reflect on the former Paſſages of their Lives, according to that of the *Poet:*

Hæc olim meminiſſe juvabit.

Beſides, for the farther Encouragement of the Candid Reader, he may aſſure himſelf, that toward the Concluſion of the Laſt *Volume*, he will meet with ſeveral *Secrets* between the *French* and *Turkiſh* Courts, which will diſcover the true Source of the *Preſent War* between the *Emperor* of *Germany*, and

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I have but this more to say, That we hope to be more Speedy in publishing the Remainder of these *Letters*, than we have hitherto been in the Former *Volumes*. Reader, Adieu.

A TA-

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LETTERS

Writ by

A Spy at *PARIS.*

VOL. VI.

BOOK I.

LETTER I.

Mahmut *the* Arabian *at* Paris, *to* Dgnet Oglou, *his Friend at* Conſtantinople.

IT makes me ſmile ſometimes, when I reflect how often I was put to it for an Addreſs ſuitable to the Manners of the *Nazarenes*, and the particular Mode of *Paris*, when I firſt arriv'd at this City: For, thou know'ſt, we had other Employments, than to learn Faſhions and Conge's at *Palermo*.

The Mind of a *Slave* is dejected under the Circumſtances of his *Captivity*; ſo that he has not Leiſure to regard any Thing, but how to accompliſh his daily Task, and to pleaſe his *Patron*. All his Study and Care is bent upon this, and there's no Room left for Generous Thoughts; Neither has he Means or Courage to venture on Projects, or improve the Preſent Occurrences in Order to his Future Happineſs: Nay, he hardly dares think of ever being Happy again. This was my Caſe, and I believe 'twas not much better with thee.

Yet, notwithſtanding all the Rigorous Uſage *I* had, the *Baſtinado's*, Kicks, Bruiſes, Cuts and Wounds, I receiv'd from the Hands of that Barbarous *Giafer*, my *Maſter*, which made me ſometimes Incapable of doing him any Service by Day, or of taking any Reſt my ſelf by Night, I was reſolv'd to find ſome ſpare Time for *Books*. I roſe Early, and went Late to Sleep; neglecting no Moment, wherein I cou'd apply my ſelf to Study. The Acquaintance I had with that *Sicilian* Carpenter, our Friend, was of Singular Advantage to me in this Kind: For, thou may'ſt remember, he was well ſtock'd with many Ancient and Learned *Treatiſes*. He furniſhed me with *Plutarch*, *Polybius*, *Strabo*, *Pliny*, and other *Hiſtories*. All which, and many more, I devour'd with Greedineſs; for I had a ſtrong Appetite to Knowledge. And after my *Redemption*, I paſs'd away ſome Time in the *Academies*, where I learn'd the Knotty Tricks

Tricks of *Logick*, how to ſplit *Moods* and *Figures*, and chain one Impertinent *Syllogiſm* to the Tail of another to Eternity. I alſo ran through a Courſe of *Phyloſophy* and other *Sciences*. Neither was I altogether Ignorant of *Men*: For the Reading of *Hiſtories*, fits a Man the better to make Practical Experiments in the Affairs of the *World*. To which alſo, *Philoſophy* is not a little helpful, in directing our Obſervations on the various Tempers of *People*, Mens Perſonal Diſpoſitions and Singularities, with the Humours and Cuſtoms Peculiar to this or that *Nation*. For theſe things depend many Times on the Difference of the *Climate*, the *Nature* of the *Soil*, the *Qualities* of the *Air*, and the *Manner* of their *Diet*.

But neither *Hiſtory*, *Logick* or *Philoſophy*, were able to efface the Impreſſions of my Early Years, or unteach me the *Manners* in which I had been Educated from my Infancy. I brought *Arabia* and *Conſtantinople* along with me even to *Paris*. And becauſe I had not been uſed to diſſemble the Profeſſion and Carriage of a *Muſſulman*, during my Thraldom in *Sicily*; I was at a Loſs in my Deportment, when I came Firſt hither.

How often have I been like to diſcover my ſelf by Pronouncing the Sacred *Biſmillah*, either when I ſat down to Eat, or put a Glaſs of Water to my Lips; or, when I begun any other Action of Importance? So likewiſe in uttering the *Handillah*, after a Repaſt, or when any Thing happen'd which prompted me to praiſe *God*.

When I met any of my Acquaintance in the Streets, I was apt to forget that I had a Hat on. And inſtead of putting off that, according to the Faſhion of the *Franks*, I laid my Hand on my Breaſt, and ſometimes bowed ſo low, that my Hat fell off from my Head, before I was ſenſible of my Error.

If I had Occaſion to addreſs my ſelf to a *Perſon* of *Quality*, I was ready to take up the Bottom of his Cloak, Gown or Robe, and to Kiſs it in Token of Reverence, as the Cuſtom is in the *Eaſt*, when we ſalute the *Grandees*. Nay, ſometimes I could not forbear falling on my Knee, or proſtrate on the Ground before *Cardinal Richlieu*, and thoſe of his High *Dignity*. All which, nevertheleſs, paſſed only for Clowniſhneſs, and want of *Courtly* Education, which teaches the Nice *Punctilio's* of Addreſs. They took me for a Kind of *Moldavian* Ruſtick, without any farther Jealouſy. Or perhaps, they ſmil'd at all this, as ſome Singular Caprice or Humour, like that of the *Philoſopher Paſicles*, who coming to ſalute a Great *Captain*, and the Ceremony of thoſe Times requiring him to touch the *Captain's* Knee, he laid his Hand on his *Genitals*. At which the *Captain* being affronted, and thruſting his Hand away with Scornful Words; *What*! ſays the *Philoſopher*, *does not that Part belong to you, as well as your Knees*? It often diverts my Melancholy, to conſider how many Errors of this Kind I have committed, not through Ignorance, or any Cynical Humour, but only in pure Overſight, and Forgetfulneſs.

It

It was a long Time ere I could frame my Fingers to handle a *Knife* and *Fork* at *Meals*, as is the Univerſal Cuſtom in theſe *Weſtern Parts*; Whereas thou knoweſt, we make uſe of no other *Inſtruments* in Eating, but our *Fingers* and *Teeth*. Whence it was, that I could not ſometimes forbear thruſting my Hand into a whole Diſh of Meat; which is counted a great Indecency in *France*. And after I was reconciled to thoſe Nicer Inſtruments of Voluptuouſneſs, ſo as to Carve my Meat *à la Mode*; yet when once I had it on my own *Plate*, I laid aſide thoſe Tools as Uſeleſs, and tore it aſunder with my Fingers and Teeth, feeding *à la Turceſque*, as the *French* call it; that is, like a *Muſſulman*.

Nevertheleſs, no Body ſuſpected me; but all theſe Miſcarriages paſs'd for *Moldavian Barbariſms*, the ſalvage *Cuſtoms* of that my ſuppoſed *Country*. I tell thee, that tho' the Manner of Eating among the *French*, ſeem to have ſomething more of Neatneſs and Delicacy in it; yet it appears full of Softneſs and Luxury, and I cannot in Reaſon prefer it to the more Natural and Simple Method of *Diet*, us'd in the *Eaſt*. Neither wou'd the *Franks* themſelves condemn us for Salvages in this Point, as they commonly do, did they but conſider, that this Negligence very well becomes *Men* of the *Sword*; and that in their *Campagnes*, their own *Generals* are ambitious to appear Careleſs in every Thing relating to their Body.

Doubtleſs, the Ancient *Romans*, who brought

the Greateſt Part of the *World* under their Power, ſhunn'd all Fineneſſes in *Diet* and *Apparel*, till ſuch Time as their *Manners* were debauched, and their *Empire* in its *Decline*. Our *Annals* record, That when *Sultan Selim* lay down with his Army before a certain Place, and the *Governour* of the *Town* ſent *Commiſſioners* to treat with him about a Surrender; they found him at Dinner, which conſiſted only of Two or Three *Onions*, a little *Salt* and *Bread*.

Hiſtories alſo relate of the Faithful *Omar*, *Succeſſor* of the *Prophet*, That when he was with his Army not far from *Jeruſalem*, the *Nazarene Prince* who govern'd that City, ſent a *Spy* into the *Hoſt* of the *Muſſulmans*, to obſerve their Diſcipline, and bring him a Lively Character of their *General*. The *Spy* went according to his *Maſter*'s Order. And having tarried ſome Time in the *Arabian* Camp, returned again, and thus ſpoke to the *Governour*.

"It will be Needleſs to recount every "Thing I obſerved among theſe Souldiers; "ſince by what I ſhall ſay of their *Leader*, "thou mayeſt comprehend the *Manners* of "them all: For they obey him, and follow "his Example in every Thing, with Exqui-"ſite Silence and Modeſty. I ſaw *Omar* their "*Prince*, at the Head of his Army, ſitting "on a *Camel*, his Face Tawny and Scorch'd "by the *Sun*, in a *Veſt* of *Perſian* Cotton, "girded about with a Belt of Leather, at "which hung a Cymetar and Dagger, with a

"Knapſack

"Knapſack tied behind him like the Meaneſt "Souldier. I ſaw him take out from thence "hard Cruſts of Bread, ſhaking off the Husks "of Millet which ſtuck to them; and ſaying, "*In the Name of God*, he Eat heartily of the "ſame. Then he drank Water out of a Leathern Bottle hanging by his Side; And when "he had done, he ſaid, *Praiſe be to God.* All "his Army made their Repaſt at the ſame "Time, and in the ſame Manner with Admirable Temperance, and ſuch an Order "and Modeſty, as I never ſaw before, neither "can I expreſs.

When the *Prince* heard this, he ſtood ſtill a Conſiderable Time; muſing as one Aſtoniſhed. Then turning to the *Seniors* and *Chief* of the People who were preſent, he ſaid, "It is Neceſſary that we ſurrender our City "to theſe People; for they have the Smiles "of *Heaven*. Their *Prophet* and their *Law*, "oblige 'em to Temperance, Frugality, Obedience and a Modeſt Deportment. Theſe "Virtues are certain Steps to *Victory* and *Empire*. Beſides, I have received a *Tradition* "from my *Anceſtors*, That a *People* ſhall "come out of *Arabia*, with a New *Law* and "*Religion*, which ſhall aboliſh all that went "before it. They ſhall ſubdue *Paleſtine* and "*Egypt*, and ſhall build *Moſques*, wherein "their *Prayers* ſhall ſound like the *Humming* "of *Bees*. Their *Empire* ſhall extend from "*Eaſt* to *Weſt*, and to the *Extremities* of the "*Earth*. This is what I have learned from "my *Fore-Fathers*, and which I believe is

" now coming to paſs. Therefore it will be " in vain to reſiſt theſe Men; for they are In- " vincible by a *Decree* from *Above*.

Thoſe that were about him, did not approve the Counſel of this Wiſe *Nazarene*. However, he ſent to *Omar*, and obtained Favour for himſelf and his *Family*.

Thou wilt ſay, I'm got wide of the Mark of my Firſt Diſcourſe, which related to my ſelf, and not to any of the Primitive *Cailiphs*: But 'tis impoſſible to reſtrain our Thoughts from roving. Some ſay, they hang together like the Links of a Chain; and that one *Idea* being faſtened to another in our Memory, we muſter them in Rank and File, according to their proper Order, when we think, or make Reflections. *God* knows how 'tis. This I'm ſure of, That when I write to my Friends, I ſtudy not to make an Elaborate Speech on't, as if I were penning an *Oration*; but purſuing my Firſt Intention at Random, I run on, letting one Thought and Word beget another.

But I was telling thee how great a Bungler I was at firſt in all the *Ceremonies* and *Manners* of the *Franks*, which differ from thoſe of the *Eaſt*. I was as much to ſeek in my Addreſs, as an *Aß* would be to play on a *Lute*, according to the *Roman Proverb*: Yet Time and Practice render'd all theſe Things Familiar and Eaſy. Now, methinks, I'm a thorow-pac'd *Nazarene* as to my Exteriour. I go to the *Court*, and the *Temples* with as much ſeeming Formality as the *Chriſtians* whilſt

whilſt, *God* knows, my Heart is ſomewhere elſe. All my Actions are out of their Natural Byaſs, ſo long as I am Abſent from the Society of *True Believers*.

In a word, I'm forc'd to imitate the *Fox*, which Creature, when it is environ'd with *Huntſmen* and *Dogs*, counterfeits a Barking like the Latter, and ſo paſſes undiſcover'd for one of their Company.

Paris, 3d. *of the* 9th. *Moon, of the Year* 1659.

LETTER II.

To the Reis Effendi, *or* Principal Secretary *of the* Ottoman Empire.

I Am at this Time poſſeſs'd with more Apprehenſions and Jealouſies, than an Old *Infidel* Uſurer. My Lodging affects me with greater Melancholy, than would a Priſon. And my Uneaſineſs is the ſame when I go out of Doors. Every Body that meets me, looks either as my *Accuſer* or my *Judge*: And ſome appear as terrible as *Executioners*. By Day, my Imagination torments me like a *Fury*; and by Night, I am affrighted with Melancholy *Viſions*. I dream of nothing but Racks, Wheels, Saws, Gibbets, and ſuch like Inſtruments of Humane Cruelty. Or that I am

in ſome dark Dungeon, condemn'd to more Unſufferable Tortures, by Order of the *State*; with *Cardinal Mazarini*, ſitting by me like a *Spaniſh Inquiſitor*, and in the moſt Tyrannical Manner, threatning me with Pains, to which the *Damn'd* themſelves are wholly Strangers, if I will not confeſs what I am, and reveal the Secrets with which I am entruſted.

The Occaſion of theſe Terrors which haraſs me Night and Day, is this: I have for Four or Five Days together, found my ſelf dogg'd up and down *Paris*, by a Man whoſe Face I never ſaw before in my Life. Let me go where I will, he's always at ſome Diſtance from me. If I ſtand ſtill, ſo does he: Or if I turn back, he's quickly at my Heels. I have endeavour'd by all the Prudent Methods I could take to drop him in the Crowd of People, or in the *Churches*: But all in vain; for ſtill I encounter with the ſame Face. He purſues me like my Shadow. Neither Coach nor Boat, Land or Water, Houſe or Alley, can reſcue me from the Fellow's Eyes, who is more quick-ſighted than *Argus*, and nimbler than *Mercury*. He is very Cunning alſo in this Buſineſs, and as dexterous as a Jugler, conveying himſelf when he pleaſes out of my Sight; yet preſently after, he's in View again. And if I chance to loſe him in the Dark, I am ſure to find him not far from my Lodging next Morning.

This is it which gives me ſo much Diſturbance, and pierces me with a Thouſand Anxieties:

ties, For I know not what to conjecture of this Fellow's Deſign. Sometimes I think he is employed by *Cardinal Mazarini* to watch my Motions, obſerve what Houſes and Company I frequent, and trace me in all my Appointments. And I am the more confirm'd in this Suſpicion, when I reflect on my Former Impriſonment in this City, and the Occaſion of it. Beſides, when I went Yeſterday to ſee *Eliachim* the *Jew*, this Spark followed me near to the Door: And tho' I tarried there Two full Hours, yet when I came out, I had not walked a Hundred Paces, before I ſaw him again, footing it after me in a Careleſs manner, with his Arms folded, and his Eyes fix'd on the Ground, as if he knew Nothing of the Matter. Theſe are convincing Circumſtances, that he is ſet at Work by the *Cardinal*, or ſome Body elſe, to diſcover my Buſineſs.

But when on the other Side, I conſider, that if the *Cardinal* ſuſpected me, he might go a nearer Way to work, and ſeize me in my Chamber, where my Letters would betray me; this Thought vaniſhes, and I am at a Loſs what to think.

Then comes into my Mind the Encounter I had once with my *Sicilian* Maſter, who ſtrove to ſet the Rabble upon me in the Streets of *Paris*, but my better Stars delivered me out of his and their Hands, whilſt, for ought I know, he drew upon himſelf the Miſchief he deſign'd for me. However, when I reflect on that Paſſage, I am apt to think he may

may be now in *Paris*, and having by ſome Accident ſeen me go in or out at my Lodging, contrives how to revenge himſelf on me, and uſes this Fellow's Aſſiſtance in compaſſing his Ends. Perhaps, think I, he will cauſe me to be ſtabb'd or piſtoll'd at ſome convenient Seaſon; Or, he will find out ſome other Way, leſs noiſy and more malicious to diſpatch me. It may be he ſeeks to entrap me, and render me Obnoxious to the *State*. I have a thouſand Imaginations about it, and know not what to conclude. I value not my ſelf, nor am I careful to prolong a Miſerable Life for my own Sake. All that I can hope to enjoy in this World, would come far ſhort of tempting me to skreen my ſelf from the Stroke of Death, by any Action Unworthy of a *Philoſopher*, and a Man. But the Duty and Affection I owe to the *Grand Signior*'s Service makes me willing to live, till I have acquitted my ſelf of my *Province* with perfect Succeſs, that ſo I may return to *Conſtantinople* with Honour. And then I care not how ſoon I poſt to that Unknown World, where all the Generations of Mortals take up their Eternal Reſt: For in this there's Nothing but Labour and Grief.

In the mean Time, I know not what Conduct to uſe in this Emergency; Whether I'd beſt to ſpeak to this Fellow, or diſſemble my Suſpicion; Whether it will be ſafe to truſt this Event to the General *Providence*, or to ſacrifice him that gives me ſo much Diſquiet, and ſo ſecure my Peace. I could eaſily have

him

him diſpatch'd without any farther Noiſe. But then my Conſcience would trouble me with after-Claps, leſt I ſhould have Murder'd a Man without Reaſon, which is expreſly forbid by the *Alcoran*. Beſides, I ſhould always ſtand in Fear of ſome Diſcovery, I proteſt, I am at a Loſs for want of Ample Inſtructions in ſuch Caſes as theſe. And I am weary of mentioning what I have ſo often intimated already to the *Miniſters* of the *Port*, without any Direct Anſwer. However, I will do what my Reaſon ſuggeſts, and leave the Event to *Deſtiny*.

Happy *Miniſter*, the Affairs of this World are full of dark Windings and *Meanders*; and we have all need of a Guide or a Clew to conduct us through 'em. May that *Omnipreſent* aſſiſt us, whenever we are catch'd in a Knot, or loſt in a *Labyrinth* of Difficulties.

Paris, 3d. *of the* 9th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1659.

LETTER

LETTER III.

To Abdel Melec Muli Omar, Preſident *of the* College *of* Sciences *at* Fez.

THY Venerable *Diſpatch* I received with Kiſſes, and a Tranſport of Joy. I Thrice touch'd my Eye-lids with the Paper of High Eſteem, and as oft I laid it to my Breaſt. I broke up the Seals with Modeſty and Reverence, and my Greedy Eyes devour'd the Lines of Profound Wiſdom; the *Sentences* and *Aphoriſms* worthy to be written in *Letters* of *Gold*. Then 'twas I bleſs'd the Hour of my Nativity, and the more Happy Moment wherein I Firſt had the Honor of thy Familiarity and Friendſhip: O thou Sincere and Eximious *Patron* of ſuch as love the *Sciences*! Renowned for thy Learning and Probity of Manners! *Prince* of the *Alfaqui's* and *Doctors*! *Crown* of the Sage *Aſſembly* of *Philoſophers*! *Oracle* of the *Age*!

Glory be to *God*, who has neither Beginning nor End; Who alone poſſeſſes the Infinite Expanſe and Life Eternal; Who is Ador'd by the *Inhabitants* of *Heaven*, of *Earth* and of *Hell*. Benedictions on *Michael*, *Gabriel*, *Iſraphiel*, *Ithuriel*, *Jeremiel*, *Haſmariel*, and on all the Happy *Miniſters* of his *Divine Majeſty*; as alſo on the *Angel* of *Death*. *Peace* to the *True Believers* on *Earth*, and *Salvation* to the *Devils* and *Damn'd*, after they have accompliſh'd

compliſh'd their *Penance* in *Hell*, and the *Term* of *Wrath* ſhall be Expir'd.

An Univerſal Charity dilates my Heart; I embrace with Love all the Creatures of *God*. This is owing to the Seaſonable Arrival of thy Letter: For at the Moment when that came, I was plung'd in ſo deep a Melancholy, that I cou'd hardly afford a Kind Thought for any Thing on Earth, and I perfectly hated my ſelf. I have theſe Fits of Sadneſs often, it being an Effect of my *Conſtitution*.

At thoſe Seaſons Life appears an Inſupportable Burden, and all the Buſtle and Noiſe of Mortals a Vain Fatigue. My Senſes, which at other Times adminiſter Delight and Pleaſure, are now the Inſtruments of Anguiſh and Pain. Every Thing I ſee and hear, diſguſts me. I abhor my Neceſſary Food. Neither can the Sweeteſt Odors, or ſofteſt Strains of *Muſick* bring me into a better Temper; Till Sleep Eclipſes the Light of my buſy Imagination, and puts out every glaring Thought. Then my *Soul* takes her Repoſe: And ſtealing from my *Body*, enters into the Shady Vale of *Viſions*, and ſports with Innocent *Idea's*. Thus having diverted my ſelf with jumbling Monſtrous *Eſſences* together, and hurling one *Chimæra* at another, I return again to my *Body*, and Sighing awake, griev'd that I cou'd not longer ſtay in that *Mock-World*, where I cou'd have wiſh'd my Reſidence for Ever, rather than in *this*, which gives me ſo much Real Pain. Thus is my Anguiſh renew'd with the Morning. Light is more Irkſom to

me

me than Darkneſs, and the Day which brings Joy to other Mortals is more terrible to me than Night, and the Shadow of Death.

I complain to the *Elements*, but they will not hear or regard me. All *Nature* ſeems to laugh at my Affliction, and the Beaſts of the Field triumph o'er me. As for Men, here are none but *Infidels*, my profeſs'd Enemies to whom I can vent my Sorrows: And I'm aſham'd to make a Woman my *Confeſſor*, tho' 'twere my own Mother, who lives in *Paris*, and daily ſees me.

If in this dolorous Condition I prepare my ſelf with the accuſtom'd *Purifications* of the *Law*, and addreſs to the *Omnipotent*, I know not where to find him: His *Eſſence* is Unſearchable, and flies from Human Thought. I call him aloud by his Ninety Nine Adorable Names, but receive no Anſwer. I repeat his Incomprehenſible Attributes, but all to no Purpoſe. In a Word, I ſay and do all that the *Law* enjoyns, the *Prophet* counſels, Holy Perſons recommend, or my own Reaſon ſuggeſts, as proper Means to obtain the Favor of *Heaven*, and a Redreſs of my Calamity: But find no Comfort. And, for ought I know, that *Spaniard* might as ſoon be heard, who being ignorant what *Form* of *Prayer* to uſe, rehears'd the Four and Twenty Letters of the *Alphabet*, deſiring *God* to form ſuch Words out of 'em, as beſt expreſs'd the *Petitioner*'s Neceſſities.

I tell thee, Illuſtrious *Prelate*, after I'm tyr'd with Vocal Devotions, I have Recourſe

to

to Contemplation. I examine my Paſt Life, and find that I my ſelf am the Source of my own Melancholy, in not ſtrictly obeying the *Law* of the *Prophet*, the *Precepts* of the *Seniors*, and the Dictates of my Conſcience: And all this, for the Sake of Loyalty to the *Grand Signior*, and in Confidence of the *Mufti*'s Diſpenſation. Now I ask of thee, Whether it be Lawful to commit a Thouſand Vices, that I may only acquit my ſelf fairly in One Virtue? Or, to think, that in ſuch Caſes, the *Mufti* has Power to diſannul the Expreſs, Poſitive Injunctions of our *Holy Law-giver*? Is the *Empire* of the *Faithful* to be ſerv'd by the Infidelity and Prophaneneſs of *Muſſulmans*? Or the Truth to be ſupported by Lyes and Perjuries?

I tremble to think what a Confuſion I ſhall be in, when the *Prophet* ſhall reproach me, That I have preferr'd the Favour of Men, to the Smiles of *Heaven*. I know not what to do. Oh, that I were in the Parching *Deſarts* of *Libya*, or any the moſt Unfrequented Solitude of *Egypt*! A Companion of Dragons, and other Horrid Monſters of *Africk*! rather than in this *Station*, which renders my Life a Hell upon Earth, and torments me with Half the Diſquiets of the *Damn'd*.

But if this appears too Extravagant and Deſperate a Thought, let me at leaſt wiſh my ſelf at *Fez*, the meaneſt of thy Slaves, or of the Incomparable *Muſu Abul Yahyan*, of whom thy laſt Letter gave ſo high a Character. I have addreſs'd a *Diſpatch* to him, hoping

hoping for the Honour of his Friendſhip and Correſpondence.

Let not the Liberty I've taken to tell thee of my Sadneſs, diſcourage thee from writing: But reſt aſſur'd, that whenever thou ſhalt vouchſafe me a Letter, tho' I were in the Agonies of Death, 'twould call me back again.

Paris, 25th. *of the* 9th. *Moon, of the Year* 1659.

LETTER IV.

To the Kaimacham.

THeſe *Nazarenes* are very Fertile in New *Religions*. *Europe* is a Wilderneſs overrun with Monſtruous *Sects* and *Hereſies*. Every *Age* produces freſh Pretenders to *Prophecy* and *Divine Revelation*. Error is Prolifick and multiplies Infinitely, whilſt Truth remains the ſame for Ever, and is comprehended in a few Rules.

Of late Years there are a Sort of People ſprung up in *England*, *Holland*, *Germany*, and other Parts of the *North*, boaſting of a New *Commiſſion* given them from *Heaven*, to Preach the Everlaſting Truth, reform the Errors and Vices of Mankind, and lead People the only Infallible Way to Happineſs.

Their

Their Addreſs is Plain and Simple, Bold and Uniform, uſing no other Ceremonies or Compliments in their Diſcourſe or Carriage to Perſons of the Greateſt *Quality*, than to the *Vulgar*, and thoſe of the moſt Inferiour Rank.

They ſtile themſelves, *The True Seed*, the *Offspring of* Jacob, *Jews of the Promiſe*, *Iſraelites without Fraud*, with ſuch like vain Titles; but by others they are generally call'd *Quakers*.

They ſay the *Ring-Leader* of this People, profeſſes himſelf to be the *Meſſias*, being in all Parts of his Body and Features of his Face like *Jeſus* the Son of *Mary*: Or at leaſt 'tis obſerv'd, That he exactly reſembles that Pourtraiture of him which *Publius Lentulus* ſent to the *Senate* of *Rome* out of *Judea*, when he was *Governour* of that *Province*. Hence his *Followers* ſcruple not to call him *Jeſus*, *The Beauty of Ten Thouſand*, *The Only begotten Son of God*, *The Prophet who is to Seal up all Things*, *the Prince of Peace*, *King of Iſrael*, *Judge*, *Conſolation and Hope of the World*.

When he travels, his *Diſciples* attend him bare-headed (which, thou knoweſt, is a Token of Reverence among the *Franks*) yet they never uncover to any other Mortal. He rides on Horſeback, whilſt they walk on Foot before, behind, and on each Side of him, ſpreading their Garments in the Way through which he paſſes. The Hoofs of his Beaſt tread

tread only on Silks, or other Coſtly Stuffs. And as they enter any Town or City, they Chaunt aloud his Praiſes, proclaming him the *Son* of *David*, and *Heir* of the *Divine Promiſes*.

All his *Followers* pretend to be *Prophets*, boaſting of ſtrange Illuminations and Raptures, foretelling Things to come, and reproaching the Vices of *Governours* and the Greateſt *Princes*, with a Boldneſs which has but few Precedents. In a word, they every where preach, That *God* is laying the Foundation of a *New Monarchy*, which ſhall deſtroy all the Reſt in the World, and ſhall never have an End it ſelf.

This gives a Jealouſy to the *States* where they live, and therefore they are perſecuted in all Places. Yet they appear very conſtant in their Sufferings, and tenacious of the *Doctrines* they preach.

They ſeem, in my Opinion, to reſemble one of our *Muſſulman Sects*, who aſſert, That *Jeſus* the *Son* of *Mary* ſhall return again upon Earth: That he ſhall Marry and beget Children, be Anointed *King* of the *Nations* who believe in *One God*, and in this Glorious State ſhall reign Forty Years. After which he ſhall ſubdue *Antichriſt*, and then ſhall follow the Diſſolution of all Things. Yet the *Orthodox Believers* reject this *Tenet* as Fabulous. Neither is there any Countenance given to it in that *Verſicle* of the *Alcoran*, where it is ſaid, *Thou* Mahomet *ſhalt ſee thy Lord return in the Clouds:* Since that only

ly intimates the Glorious Deſcent which *Moſes*, *Jeſus* and *Mahomet* ſhall make from *Paradiſe*, with *Enoch*, *Elias*, and the One Hundred Twenty Four Thouſand *Prophets*, to aſſemble the Elect at the *Day* of *Judgment*.

If thou would'ſt have my Opinion of theſe New *Religioniſts* in *Europe*, and their *Leader*; I take him to be an *Impoſtor*, and his *Followers* to be either Fools or Mad-Men. Even juſt ſuch another Crew, as thoſe who follow'd *Moſeileima*, in the Days of our Holy *Law-Giver*. This was an *Arabian Impoſtor*, who pretended to ſet up for a *Prophet*, and attempted to compoſe a *Book* like the *Alcoran*. But he was Infatuated with a Vain Arrogance, and there was no Truth or Elegance in his *Writings*, no Juſtice on his Side, nor Underſtanding in him or his Party. To be ſhort, both he and they were all cut to pieces in the Vale of *Akreb*, by the Troops of *Abu-Bacroſſadic*, the Firſt *Cailiph*.

As to theſe Modern *Seducers*, they are not Men of *Arms*, but a Herd of Silly, Inſignificant People, aiming rather to heap up Riches in Obſcurity, than to acquire a Fame by any Heroick Undertaking. They are Generally *Merchants* or *Mechanicks*, and are obſerv'd to be very Punctual in their Dealings, Men of few Words in a Bargain, Modeſt and Compos'd in their Deportment, Temperate in their Lives, and uſing great Frugality in all things. In a word, They are ſingularly Induſtrious, ſparing no Labour or Pains to encreaſe

encreaſe their Wealth; and ſo Subtle and Inventive, that they wou'd if poſſible, extract Gold out of Aſhes. I know none that excel them in their Characters, but the *Jews* and the *Banians*. The Former being the Craftieſt of all Men, and the Latter ſo ſuperlatively Cunning, that they will over-reach the *Devil*.

But theſe are no Signs of a Pure *Religion*; For that only preſcribes the Methods of withdrawing and ſeparating the Soul from the Contagion of Earthly Things, and of uniting it to the *Deity*, which is its *Sourſe*.

Illuſtrious *Kaimacham*, I bid thee Adieu, praying that thou and I may at laſt meet in that Center of all Things, after our Various *Epicycles* and Excurſions in this Lower World.

Paris, 15th. *of the* 11th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1659.

LETTER

LETTER V.

To the Same.

I Sent a *Diſpatch* ſome *Moons* paſt to the *Cadileſquer* of *Romeli*, *Guardian* of the *Imperial Canons*, *Interpreter* of the *Laws* of *Equity*; wherein I inform'd him of the Advances that were made in order to a *Peace* between *France* and *Spain*. Now I can aſſure thee, that *Peace* is concluded, and the *Articles* Sign'd on both Sides by the Two *Plenipotentiaries*.

I need not repeat what I particularly related to that *Grandee*. My Letters are all publiſh'd in the *Divan*, and Regiſter'd. Yet it will not be unwelcome perhaps to thee, to hear with what Niceneſs of *Punctilio*, theſe *Infidel Miniſters* met to accompliſh an Affair, whereon depends the Intereſt and Honor of their Reſpective *Maſters*, the Happineſs of the Two *Kingdoms*, and the General Byaſs of all the *Weſt*.

There is a little *Iſland* form'd by the River *Bidaſſoa*, call'd the Iſle of *Pheaſants*, through the Middle of which, a Line is drawn which exactly ſeparates the *Territories* of both *Monarchs*. This Place was agreed on for the Interview of the Two *Miniſters*. Each had his Bridge to enter the *Iſland* in that Part which belong'd to his *Maſter*. And over the Line of Separation was erected a large *Divan*

or *Council-Room*, to be enter'd only by Two Private Doors, one out of *Cardinal Mazarini*'s Lodgings, rais'd on the *French* Side of the *Council-Room*, the other out of *Don Louis D'Aro*'s Apartment, built on the *Spaniſh* Side.

Each of theſe *Miniſters* was accompany'd by ſeveral *Princes*, and *Grandees* of the *Court*, and above Sixty other Perſons of *Quality*, with a Guard of Four Hundred Horſe and Foot, to ſecure their Bridges, and the Place of Conference. In a word, Things were manag'd with ſo much Moderation and good Succeſs, that the *Mareſchal de Gramont* was ſent *Embaſſador Extraordinary* into *Spain*, and receiv'd at that *Court* with Infinite Civilities and Honour.

The Subject of his *Negotiation*, was to treat of a *Match* between the *King* his *Maſter*, and the *Infanta* of *Spain*. His Conduct and Addreſs were ſuch, as ſoon procur'd the *Catholick King*'s Conſent: And from that Time the *Marſhal* approach'd the *Infanta* with more than ordinary Submiſſions, eſteeming her now as the *Queen* of *France*. Soon after this, the *Nuptial Contract*, and the *Peace* was mutually Sign'd, to the Immenſe Joy of the *Subjects* of both Sides, who were very glad to exchange the Toils and Calamities of *War*, for the Sweets and Profit of *Peace*.

It will be needleſs to inſert here all the *Articles* on which they agreed. Two will be worth the Knowledge of the Supreme *Divan*. And thoſe are, the Releaſe of *Charles Duke* of *Lorrain*,

Lorrain, on the *Spaniſh King*'s Side; And on the Part of the *King* of *France*, the Reſtauration of the *Prince* of *Conde* to the Free Poſſeſſion and Enjoyment of all his Eſtates, Honours, Dignities and Priviledges, as the *Firſt Prince* of the *Royal Blood*, with the *Government* of the *Provinces* of *Bourgoigne* and *Breſſe*.

A little before theſe *Articles* were Sign'd, the Young *Prince* of *Spain* dy'd ſuddainly, not having ſeen Twelve *Moons*. I mention'd the Birth of this *Royal* Infant in one of my Letters, and the Extraordinary Solemnities that were made thereupon by the *King* of *Spain*, and his *Embaſſadors* at *Foreign Courts*. Theſe *Infidels* appear in all things too paſſionately affected with the Glories of our Mortal State, which at the Height are but Tranſient Shadows, or ſomething leſs Conſiderable.

I'm amaz'd at the bold Rebellion of the *Baſſa* of *Aleppo*, and that he ſhou'd endeavour to cheat the *Empire* with ſo ſtale an Impoſture, as a Sham-Son of *Amurat*. Yet it ſeems he made a Conſiderable Progreſs under this Pretence. Some were glad of Novelty, others were frightned out of their Allegiance: Whilſt only a few ſerv'd his Intereſt in pure Diſcontent and Hopes to amend their Fortune. The Country People are generally oppreſs'd by their *Governours*, and 'is no Wonder if they take up Arms for one that promiſes to deliver 'em from their Calamities. This is the Uſual Pretext of all Innovations in the State. The Soldiers alſo are defrauded of their

due Pay; and then they're ready to Fight under the next *General* that brings moſt Money with him. Neither are there wanting Male-contents among the *Grandees* at ſuch Times, to foment and abett an *Inſurrection*.

All theſe Events proceed from the Ill Conduct of the *Supreme Miniſters*, who alone are Reſponſible for the Miſcarriages of the *State*.

Illuſtrious *Kaimacham*, the Frame of the *Ottoman* Government is out of Order; I wiſh *Fate* does not pull it in Pieces, as a Neceſſary Step to its Amendment. Adieu

Paris, 2d. *of the laſt Moon,*
of the Year 1659.

LETTER VI.

To Hamet Reis Effendi, *Principal Secretary of the* Ottoman Empire.

I Wiſh thee all Imaginable Joy of thy New *Dignity*; yet queſtion, whether thou or thy *Predeceſſor* be the Happier Man. 'Tis a vaſt *Honour* indeed, and attended with Immenſe Profit, to ſerve in this *Station* the moſt High, moſt Potent and moſt Invincible *Monarch* on Earth. But at the ſame Time, there's Infinite Toil and Fatigue in it, with Abundance of Perils. From all which the Fortu-

nate

nate *Muzlu* is now deliver'd, and they are become thy Portion.

As for him, I cannot but eſteem him Happy, in that he has got Permiſſion to retire to his *Country-Seat*, out of the Crowd and Noiſe of the City, and from the Stifling Buſineſſes of *State*, which choak the more Innocent and Natural Delights of the *Soul*. Now he is fully reſtor'd to the *Elements*, and to himſelf; whereas before, the perpetual Hurry of the *Court*, made him in Part a Stranger to Both: For there a Man inſenſibly loſes Acquaintance with his own moſt Intimate Affections: His Spirit is alienated amidſt the Multiplicity of his Concerns; 'tis ſtretch'd on the Rack of Ten Thouſand Cares and Inquietudes; 'tis divided, ſhatter'd and rent in Pieces.

Beſides, were he as free from theſe diſtracting Thoughts as a *Santone*; yet the very Neceſſity of living always in a City, was enough to render him Miſerable. For I eſteem ſuch a Confinement, no better than a Priſon at Large; and not far from being buried Alive.

'Tis true, *Conſtantinople* has the Advantage of all the Cities in the World, for the Delightfulneſs of its Situation; the Houſes being ſo pleaſantly intermix'd with fair Gardens, and the Streets refreſh'd with cool Breezes from the Sea. It looks at a Diſtance like a Town in a Wood; or one may term it, a Foreſt compos'd of Minarets and Cypreſſes. The Terraſſes afford agreeable Proſpects of the

Neighbouring Fields and Mountains: And 'tis pleaſant to ſtand on the Water-Side, and view the Innumerable Variety of Boats and Veſſels Sailing from one Port to another, with all the other Divertiſements on the Sea, and the Beautiful Mixture of Palaces and Groves, Chioſcs and Gardens, *Seraglio's* and Villages which grace the Oppoſite Shore. O *Queen* of *Cities*, *Miſtreſs* of *Kingdoms*, *Glory* of *Nations*, *Commandreſs* and *Sanctuary* of the *Whole Earth!* Thrice Happy ſhou'd I count my ſelf, if I might have the Favour to reſide within thy Venerable Walls, and exchange the polluted Society of *Infidels*, for that of *True Believers.*

How often do I languiſh to ſee the Glittering *Creſcents*, the Triumphant Enſigns of the *Ottomans*, on the Tops of the Minarets in the *Imperial* City? How oft do I wiſh my ſelf proſtrate on the Carpets of the *Sacred Moſques*, in the devout Aſſemblies of the *Faithful*, Adoring the *Eternal* in Perfection of *Sanctity*? Whereas, now I'm forc'd to go into the *Temples* of *Idolaters*, to kneel and bow down before *Stocks* and *Statues*, to join ſeemingly with *Unbelievers*, and pray to that which has no Life, nor Senſe, nor Power,

How do I envy the Bleſſed State of the meaneſt Artizan in *Conſtantinople*, who daily feeds on the wholeſom *Pillaw* of the *Eaſt*, and drinks the delectable *Sherbets*, or Waters tinctur'd with the Rich Fruits of *Greece*? Whereas, I am compell'd to eat *Meats* forbidden by our *Holy Prophet*; and to render my

Soul

Soul Execrable by an Impure and Prophane Diet, or I muſt Starve. For, theſe *Uncircumcis'd* are more Abominable than Ravens and Vultures, to whom the moſt filthy *Carrion* is a Dainty. And to cloak their Uncleanneſs they corrupt their own *Goſpel*, and forge a Toleration from the *Meſſias* himſelf. As if that *Holy Prophet*, who in every the leaſt Tittle obey'd the *Law* of *Moſes*, and ſet himſelf as an Example for his *Followers* to imitate, cou'd be guilty of Contradicting thoſe *Divine Precepts*, and running Counter to his own Practice, in recommending *Uncleanneſs* and *Libertiniſm*. No: the Admirable *Son* of *Mary*, was the moſt Temperate and Abſtemious Man in the World, and both in his Words and Actions preach'd up thoſe Vertues to others; having often expreſly declar'd to his *Diſciples*, *That he came not to aboliſh the Law, but to refine and perfect it.*

He was *Circumcis'd* on the Eighth Day after his *Nativity*, according to the Injunction of *Moſes*, and the conſtant Practice of the *Sons* of *Iſrael*. In a Word, through the whole Courſe of his Life, he never deviated from the *Traditions* of his *Fathers*, the *Seniors* of the *Houſe* of *Jacob*.

'Tis true, he frequently argued againſt the many Trivial *Superſtitions* of the *Phariſees*, who evacuated the more *Eſſential* Points of the *Law*, by ſuperinducing a Number of Inſignificant *Ceremonies*: But he never open'd his Mouth againſt any Poſitive *Precept*;

ſuch as were thoſe which limited the Choice they were to make of *Meats*, diſtinguiſhing the *Impure* from the *Clean*. Yet, the *Chriſtians* delude themſelves with a Falſe Belief, that he gave 'em a *Diſpenſation* to eat any Thing without Caution or Reſerve.

Hence it is, that they defile themſelves with *Swines-Fleſh* and *Creeping Things*, and *Blood* is in all their Diſhes. They ſcruple not to eat of that which died of it ſelf, and banquet as freely with what was knock'd down or ſtrangl'd, as we wou'd do with the *Fleſh* of a *Beaſt* that was kill'd in Pronouncing the *Name* of *God*. The *Shambles* here afford no other Proviſion but ſuch as this; and he that will not Eat that which is an Abomination to a *Muſſulman*, muſt be contented with *Herbs*. This I reckon as one of the Greateſt of my Misfortunes, and it makes me burn with Deſire to return to *Conſtantinople*.

Yet, after all, I ſhou'd think my ſelf far more Happy, if I might have the Liberty to ſpend the Reſt of my Days in my *Native* Country: So great an Admirer I am of a Rural Life, and Solitude. And 'tis for this Reaſon, I count thy *Predeceſſor* a Happy Man, in having the Privilege of a ſweet Retirement; where he may take Breath from the vain Importunity and Buſtle of Mortals.

In the mean Time, there is a *Species* of Felicity in thy *Employment*: And thou can'ſt not be call'd Miſerable, ſo long as thou acquitteſt thy ſelf fairly, and enjoyeſt the Favour of thy *Sovereign*.

I perceive by thy Letter, that thou art curious to know the *Characters* of *Foreign States*, with the various *Intereſts* of *Nazarene Princes*; The *Intrigues* of theſe *Weſtern Courts*; their *Overtures* of *Peace* and *War*; And the different *Laws*, *Maxims* and *Cuſtoms* by which the *People* are Govern'd. Thy Converſation with *Embaſſadors* at the *Port*, will furniſh thee with Abundance of Uſeful Remarks in this Kind: But, ſince thou requireſt me to ſend my Obſervations, I will hereafter obey thy Commands in Succeſſive Letters. For, this is too large a Theme for one *Diſpatch*.

At preſent, thou mayſt receive and Regiſter for true News, That the *Peace* between *France* and *Spain* has been Sign'd by both *Kings*, and Solemnly publiſh'd throughout their *Territories*, with Inexpreſſible Joy and Magnificence. It is certain alſo, that the *King* of *Sueden* is dead, and the *Duke* of *Orleance*, Uncle to the *French King*: Which has in ſome meaſure qualify'd the Mirth of the *French* on this Occaſion. Aſſuredly, Human Affairs are Equally checquer'd with Good and Evil. Bliſs comes not to us in Pure Unmix'd Streams. *Death* keeps an even Pace, and knocks as boldly at the *Gates* of *Kings*, as at the *Cottages* of the *Meaneſt Slaves*.

It is the Part of a Wiſe Man to be always reſign'd to *Heaven*, and prepar'd for the worſt Events: As for the Beſt, they never come amiſs.

Paris, 17th. *of the* 3d. *Moon*,
of the Year 1660.

LETTER VII.

To Dgnet Oglou.

SHall I converſe with thee, as *Horace* us'd to do with his Friends over a Glaſs of Generous Wine? Let us lay aſide Maſques for a while, and diſcourſe with open Souls. I believe thou haſt as equal a Veneration for our *Holy Prophet*, as I; and haſt been Educated in all the Tenderneſſes of Piety, the *Niceties* of *Divine Love*, as our *Mollahs* are pleas'd to call it. We have been both of us Careful to riſe before the *Sun*, and ſay our *Oraiſons* every Morning in a Demy-Trance, that is, Half a-ſleep, and Half a-wake. This, no doubt, is a neceſſary Point of Piety. And we have been no leſs ſollicitous in obſerving the other *Four* Hours of *Prayer*. Either of us wou'd have counted it an Irreligious Negligence, if we had ſeen a Piece of Paper on the Ground, and had not ſtoop'd to take it up, with Reverence wiping off the Dirt, and kiſſing the *Tabula Raſa*, on which Men uſe to write the *Name of God*. As if 'twere not an Equal Argument of Reſpect, to ſecure from Prophanation, Sticks, Stones, Rags, or any Thing whereon 'twere poſſible to Engrave or Print the *All-Myſterious Characters*; Nay, or the very *Sands* themſelves, which, as ſome ſay, were the *Firſt Books* on Earth. However, if they were not the Firſt, we are

ſure

ſure that in very Early Ages, Men us'd to ſtamp their *Memoirs*, or draw them out in perceptible Figures on the Surface of the Earth: Witneſs the Old Ship-wreck'd *Philoſopher*, who being caſt aſhore in an *Unknown Land*, ſoon trac'd out the Manners of the People, by certain *Mathematical* Impreſſions which he found in the *Sands*: For, he concluded theſe to be the very Foot-ſteps of Humanity and Vertue. But, to return to the Bus'neſs of *Religion*: We have been Obedient to the Inſtructions of our *Fathers* and *Tutors*; Zealous in obſerving every *Punctilio* of *Traditional* Piety. We have Faſted, Pray'd, Waſh'd, and given Alms, at the Appointed Seaſons, and in the Manner preſcrib'd by the *Law*. All theſe, I own, are Commendable Exerciſes. But, methinks, they are not the Solid and Subſtantial Parts of *True Religion*. I hate Hypocriſy, and the devout Wantonneſs of thoſe who think to mock *God* with *Ceremonies* and *Empty Forms*. It were much better to mix with the *Idolatrous Rites* of *Bacchus* (if they deſerve that *Epithet*) and rant in Honour of Eternal Wine, talk Reputed Blaſphemy, and reform the Model of the *Univerſe*; I ſay, I'd chuſe to do all this, and more, rather than cheat my ſelf with Empty Hopes of gaining *Paradiſe*, for acting to the Life, the Shams of Pious Mimickry.

I would not have thee think, that what I have now ſaid, proceeds from any Contempt of the *Eternal Majeſty*.

By thoſe fair *Heavens* above, and all the *Immortal Spangles* of the *Sky*, I ſwear, there's not a Faculty in *Mahmut's Soul*, which is not fill'd with Gratitude and Veneration, which does not burn with Flames of Sacred Love to the Adorable Fountain of All Things. In a word, I only ſtrive to reſcue my Friend from the Attempts of *Pious Frauds*, the *Religous Burleſques* of our *Mollah's* and *Muftis*.

Believe, my Dear *Dgnet*, That there is a *God*, a *Firſt Cauſe*, a *Juſt Judge* preſiding over the *World*: Believe alſo his *Prophet*, the Holy, the Beloved, *Mahomet*, the *Minion*, as I may ſay, of the *Omnipotent*. But, have ſome *Faoth* alſo for the Reſt of his *Meſſengers* and *Favourites*. Let not *Hali* be thought of, without ſome Inward Flurry's of *Devotion*. He was a *Muſſulman*, and the Fourth *Cailiph*, tho' his *Followers* be damn'd *Hereticks* in our *Divinity*. Had Right taken Place, perhaps he had been the *Firſt* of the *Vicars*, but his Cauſe was ſuperſeded by his Abſence. Let him, and that, reſt till the *Final Inquiſition*: And acknowledge, that I have ſaid too little for a *Schiai*, and not too much for a *Synni*.

I know no Reaſon alſo, why we ſhou'd not reverence the *Memories* of *Mercury*, *Orpheus*, *Cadmus*, *Meliſſus*, *Faunus*, and the Reſt of the Ancient *Sages* and *Lawgivers*, who Inſtructed the *Nations* of the Earth in the *Myſteries* of *Religion*, taught them to Adore One *Supreme God*, to believe the *Immortality*

tality of the *Soul*, and to practiſe *Good Works*.

What, tho' the *Ceremonies* of their *Worſhip* were different from ours, and perhaps polluted with an Unjuſtifiable Adoration of *Images*? What tho' their *Altars* reek'd with the *Blood* of ſlain *Beaſts*, and ſometimes ſmoak'd even with *Humane Sacrifices*? Theſe *Barbarous Rites* were not Inſtituted by the *Firſt Oracles* of *Religion*, Illuminated *Souls*, *Nuncio's* from *God* to this *Lower World*: But, they were afterwards ſuper-induc'd through the *Corruption* of *Times*, the *Avarice* of *Prieſts*, and the *Superſtition* of the *People*. And for ought we know, our own *Hiſtorians* have not been Impartial in relating the Truth.

There is an Innate Envy between People of different *Families* and *Nations*. Both *We* and our *Fathers* that deſcend from *Abraham* by *Iſmael*, and the *Jews* who are his *Poſterity* by *Iſaac*, have been too favourable to the *Offspring* of that *Beloved* of *God*. We generally entertain and cheriſh a Specifick Pride on the Score of our *Illuſtrious Pedigree*: Eſpecially the *Jews*, who will not allow any *People* on Earth to be their Equals, either in Point of *Antiquity*, the *Nobility* of their *Race*, or the *Innumerable Multitude* of their *Brethren*. Whereas they conſider not, that they are diſpers'd up and down over the whole Earth, like *Sheep* without a *Shepherd*, not permitted to poſſeſs a Cubit of Land which they can call their own: Contemn'd, hated, and made a *Proverbial* Scoff among all *Nations*: Infa-

mous,

mous Vagabonds, Uſurers, Slaves, and Pimps to other Men's Pleaſures: Men of no Fame or Character: Finally, in their preſent Circumſtances, the moſt Spurious and Ignoble of all the *Sons* of *Adam*, except the *Kafars* of *Ethiopia*, who feed on the *Guts* and *Dung* of *Beaſts*.

'Tis true indeed, their *Anceſtors* made a Conſiderable Figure in the World in the Days of *Solomon* and other Victorious *Kings*, during their Poſſeſſion of *Paleſtine*. And yet in thoſe very Times, they were often humbled and led away into *Captivity*, by the more Fortunate *Kings* of *Babylon*, *Perſia*, and *Aſſyria*, and afterwards ſubdu'd by the *Grecians*; till at laſt they were totally Ruined, their *Cities* laid Waſte, their *Temple* burnt to Aſhes, and their *Country* quite diſpeopled by the *Romans*.

If we aſcend yet higher to their Celebrated *Migration* out of *Egypt*, of which their own *Hiſtorians* make ſuch a Noiſe, and tell ſo many *Fabulous* Wonders. We ſhall find a very Mean and Contemptible Character given of 'em by *Egyptian Writers*, and thoſe of other *Nations*, Men of as great Authority, as *Joſephus*, or any other *Jewiſh Hiſtorian*. *Manethos* a *Prieſt* of *Egypt*, calls 'em a Crew of *Leprous* and *Naſty People*, and ſays, they were expell'd the *Country* by *Amenophis* then Reigning, and driven into *Syria*; their *Captain* being *Moſes*, an *Egyptian Prieſt*. A like Relation we have from *Chæremon*, an *Author* of good Credit among the *Greeks*, who tells

tells us, That in the *Reign* of *Amenophis*, Two Hundred and Fifty Thouſand *Lepers* were forcibly baniſh'd out of *Egypt*, under the Conduct or *Tiſithen* and *Peteſeth* (i. e.) *Moſes* and *Aaron*. And tho' other *Writers* differ in the *Name* of the *King* then Reigning in *Egypt*, yet all agree in aſſerting the *Iſraelites* to be a Naſty Sort of *People*, over-run with *Scabs* and *Infectious Boils*, and that they were eſteem'd the *Scum* and *Filth* of the *Nation*. *Tacitus*, a *Roman Writer*, of Unqueſtionable Authority; adds, That *Moſes*, one of the *Exil'd Lepers*, being a Man of Wit and Reputation among them, when he ſaw the Grief and Confuſion of his Brethren, bid them be of good Cheer, and neither truſt the *Gods* or *Men* of *Egypt*, but only confide in him, and obey his Counſel: For that he was ſent from *Heaven* to be their *Conductor* out of this Calamity, and to Protect them from all their Enemies. Upon which the *People* not knowing what Courſe to take, ſurrendred themſelves wholly to his Diſpoſal, from which Time he became their *Captain* and *Lawgiver*, leading them through the *Deſarts* of *Arabia*, where they committed great Rapine and Spoil, putting Man, Woman and Child to the Sword, burning their Cities, and laying all Things deſolate. Dear *Dgnet*, What could be ſaid worſe of a Company of *Robbers* and *Banditi*?

Moſes is gone to *Paradiſe*, and when I mention his Name, it is with a profound Reverence; for, he was the Greateſt of the *Ancient*

cient Prophets. Yet give me Leave to have ſome Regard for my own Reaſon. He was but a *Mortal* as well as I; and without doubt, was not exempt from *Humane* Frailties. He had the Advantage to be Educated in the *College* of the *Royal Prieſts* at *Memphis*, which none of his *Nation* could boaſt of beſides himſelf. Suffer me to tell thee my Thoughts frankly, and without Diſguiſe. *Magick* and *Aſtrology* were the only *Sciences* then in Vogue: And he being perfectly vers'd in all the *Myſteries* and Secrets of *Egyptian* Wiſdom, 'twas no hard Task for him to poſſeſs the Rude and Ignorant *Sons* of *Jacob*, with a profound Attach and Veneration for his Perſon: And in that diſtreſs'd Condition, to mold their flexible Spirits to what Diſcipline he pleas'd.

Suſpect me not for an *Infidel* or an *Atheiſt*, becauſe I diſcourſe with this Freedom. I have heard ſome of our *Mollahs*, ſay a great deal more in their Private Converſation. And 'tis a ſuperſtitious Timerouſneſs, not to be bold in the Exerciſe of our Reaſon, which taught even the Prophet *Moſes* himſelf, the Methods of *Conqueſt*, and getting a Fame which ſhould know no End.

I am not Ambitious, nor would I tempt thee to aſpire at an undue Grandeur: But let us not be leſs than our ſelves, that is, Men, There is no reaſon we ſhould be impos'd upon by *Fabulous* Reports of Interreſs'd and Deſigning *Writers*: Or that we ſhould give Faith to every Credulous Fool, Doubtleſs,

there

there were many *Nations* eſtabliſh'd on Earth before the *Iſraelites*; and *Great Prophets*, who were not of the *Lineage* of *Abrahim*. The *Date* of the *Olympiads* is much more certain to a Day, nay, to an Hour, than the *Hejira* of the *Iſraelites*: ſince the Former is Demonſtrated by the *Eclipſes* of the *Sun* and *Moon*, interwoven by the *Gentile Hiſtorians*, in the Body of their *Hiſtory*; whereas the Latter is defective in this Material Point, and is expos'd to a Thouſand Diſputes among *Writers*.

My Friend, let not thou and I trouble our ſelves with Needleſs Controverſies, or be Zealous for Things of no Moment; but Adoring One *God*, and believing what is Rational, we may poſſeſs our *Souls* in Tranquility and Peace.

Paris, 11th. *of the* 5th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1660.

LET-

LETTER VIII.

To the Kaimacham.

AT length, after a long Alienation, the *Prince* of *Conde* is reſtor'd to the *King*'s Favour: For which, he is oblig'd to the *King* of *Spain*. I have already intimated in one of my Letters, That this was agree'd on in the *Treaty* of *Peace* between theſe Two *Crowns*, as an *Article* Equivalent to that of the *Duke* of *Lorrain*'s Releaſe, ſollicited by the *King* of *France*. Now 'tis put in Execution, and the *Rebel Prince* is receiv'd with Abundance of Careſſes, by the *King*, *Queen-Mother*, *Cardinal Mazarini*, and the whole *Court*.

He is counted the Valianteſt Man of this Age; and was ſo pronounc'd long ago by the *Mareſchal Turenne*, who is a Souldier of no mean Character, both for his Judgment and Courage. He was once extremely belov'd by all the *French*. But his Wildneſs and Inconſtancy, with the Deſtructive Effects of the *Civil Wars* which he rais'd, chang'd their Affections for a while into Indifference, Coldneſs, and Ill-Will. But now all's well again.

He and his Brother the *Prince* of *Conti*, ſeldom agree'd, being often the Heads of Contrary Parties, during the *Minority* of this *King*. And the Younger being crump-Shoulder'd,

der'd, *Conde* us'd to be a little Sarcaſtick upon him, threatning to ſhave his uncourtly Back into the Faſhion with his Sword.

It is certain, the *Prince* of *Conde* was very wild and profuſe when Young, but now he begins to take ſoberer Meaſures. During his Father's Life, he was call'd the *Duke* of *Enguien*. And to reflect on the Parſimony of the Old Prince, he us'd to take ſeveral Handfuls of Gold with one Hand, and fill a Purſe, ſaying, *This is my Father's Practice.* Then he would turn the Purſe up-ſide down with t'other Hand, and ſcattering the Gold among his *Favourites*, would add, *This is my Humour.*

Once as he was paſſing on Foot through a Town in *France*, under his Father's Government; the Chief *Magiſtrate* of the Place, who was an Old Man, met him and begun to make an *Oration* with the beſt *Rhetorick* he could. But the *Prince* being in a Frolickſom Humour, took Advantage of a very low *Conge* the Old Gentleman made him, and leap'd over his Head, and ſtood ſtill behind him. The *Magiſtrate* not taking any Notice of this wild Prank, turned very gravely about, and addreſs'd himſelf with a new Obeiſance, but not ſo low as the Former. However, the Nimble *Prince* catch'd him upon the Half-Bent, and ſetting his Hands on the Old *Monſieur*'s Shoulders, whipt over again the ſecond Time; Which quite ſpoil'd his intended *Speech*, to the great Diverſion of all the Spectators.

In

In his Youth he was much addicted to Women, and took a peculiar Delight in debauching *Nuns*: Which occaſion'd the *Queen-Mother* to reflect on him ſomething Satyrically once, when he inform'd her that the *Suiſſe* Souldiers were guilty of great Diſorders, ſome of them getting into the *Nunneries*, and violating the Chaſtity of thoſe Conſecrated Females. For the *Queen* replied, *If you had told me they broke into the Wine-Cellars, I would believe you; for the Suiſſes are all known Drunkards. But as for Amours with Nuns, none is ſo likely to make 'em as the Duke of* Enguien.

However, all that I have ſaid, hinders not but that he is now a Prudent Man, a good *General*, and Fortunate in recovering his *Sovereign*'s Favour.

In a Word, this *Court* is ſo overjoyed at the Marriage of their *King* with the *Infanta* of *Spain*, that they have no Room left for peeviſh Reſentments. All Crimes are forgiven. And the *Devil* himſelf would be welcome at the *Wedding*, provided he would be debonair, and good Company.

The *Nuptials* are only Celebrated by *Proxy* as yet. But here are vaſt Preparations making for the compleating the *Ceremony*.

What the Iſſue of this *Marriage* and *Peace* will be, 'tis not eaſy to divine: But I doubt, the *Chriſtians* are hatching Evil againſt the *Ottoman Port*, in Regard all the *Princes* in *Europe*, are coming to an Agreement.

Illuſtrious

Illuſtrious *Kaimacham*, Let not this Intimation paſs away as a Dream. For I tell thee again, theſe *Infidels* are plotting of Miſchief.

Paris, 1ſt. *of the* 7th. *Moon, of the Year* 1660.

LETTER IX.

To the ſame.

I Believe thou wilt now receive from me the earlieſt News of a Mighty Change, a Surprizing Revolution in the *Engliſh* Government. Know then, that he whom I have ſo often mention'd under the Title of *King* of the *Scots* in my Former Letters, the Eldeſt Son and Rightful Heir of the *Britiſh Kingdoms' Charles* II. is reſtor'd to the *Throne* of his *Father's*, without Violence or Blood-ſhed, by the Unanimous Conſent, and Earneſt Deſire of his *Subjects*.

This Young *Prince* has been an Exile for Twelve Years in Foreign *Courts*, and has heard of as many ſeveral Alterations in the State of his *Dominions*, during his Abſence; every Change producing a New *Form* of *Government*. The *Rebels* had run over all *Ariſtotle's Politicks*, and the Various *Models* of *Plato* and other *Philoſophers*, who treated of *Common-*

Common-Wealths, to find out such *Patterns* as best suited with the Necessities and *Genius* of that *Nation*. There is not a *Species* of *Aristocracy*, *Democracy* and *Oligarchy*, which they did not put in Practice to support the *Frame* of that *Government*, whose *Basis* they had remov'd; for it was founded on a *Monarchy* of a long and Hereditary Descent. And therefore all their most Artificial Contrivances were Ineffectual, and they might as well have endeavoured to make Buttresses for a Castle in the Air. In a Word, the *English* found themselves so disjointed and weaken'd by *Civil Wars*, Taxes, and the other Usual Effects of Usurpation and Tyranny, that they had no other Way left to save their *Nation* from utter Ruine, but by bringing their Lawful *King* back again, who is the Angular Stone whereon all their Welfare and Interest is built.

There is one Thing Remarkable in this Turn of *English* Affairs, That their *Sovereign* landed and made his Triumphant Entry into that *Island*, on the *Anniversary Day* of his Birth. Which puts me in Mind of what is Generally discourſed here at *Paris*; That on the Day of his *Nativity*, there was seen a Bright *Star* in the *Heavens*, when the *Sun* was just above the *Meridian*. From hence the *Astrologers* of those Times predicted great Things concerning him. And those of the Present Age, who have seen his Fortunate Return to his *Kingdoms*, presage yet greater Events to come.

God

God only knows what *Embryo's* are in the Womb of Futurity; and we *Muſſulmans* have no Reaſon to rejoyce at the Grandeur of any of theſe *Infidel Princes*. Yet ſuch a Sign as that of a *Star* appearing at Noon-Day, juſt over the Place where a Mighty *Queen* was in Labour with a *Prince*, has Something in it Extraordinary, and full of Promiſing Circumſtances. It was an Appearance of this Nature which render'd the Birth of the *Meſſias* ſo Illuſtrious, tho' otherwiſe obſcure enough; when the *Eaſtern Magi*, directed by ſuch a *Star*, came and found *Mary* the Mother of *Jeſus* in a *Stable*, and the *Infant-Prophet* lying in a *Manger*, inſtead of a *Cradle*. So we are told, That *Eclipſes* of the *Sun* portend the Misfortune or Death of *Great Perſonages*; and that all other *Prodigies*, whether in *Heaven* or *Earth*, have their proper Signification.

But whether theſe Obſervations be true or no, 'tis certain this late baniſhed *Prince*, is return'd with Abundance of Splendor and Advantage to his Native Royal Poſſeſſions. And I thought it would be a Grand Neglect in me, to let one Poſt-Day paſs, before I gave thee an Account of a *Revolution* ſo aſtoniſhing to all *Europe*, and which is like to give a New Turn to the Affairs of moſt *Chriſtian Princes* and *States*,

Beſides, I know there is an *Ambaſſador* from *England*, reſiding at the *Auguſt Port*; which determines the Quarrels of all the *Nations* on Earth. There are alſo Abundance

of

of *Engliſh* Merchants in the *Imperial* City. They may have Feuds among one another. The Intereſt of ſome of them is joyn'd with that of the *Engliſh Rebels*; others are for their *King*. Therefore knowing of his *Reſtauration*, thou wilt be better able to adjuſt all Matters of this Nature, according to Reaſon, Equity, and the Honour of the Majeſtick *Port*. For this *King* makes already a greater Figure than any of his *Progenitors*, and therefore his Friendſhip is not to be contemn'd.

The Care of theſe Things reſts on thee, who art the *Vicars Vicar* of the *Vicegerent* of *God*.

Paris, 3d. *of the* 7th. *Moon, of the Year* 1660.

LET.

LETTER X.

To Mehemet, *an Exil'd* Eunuch, *at* Caire *in* Egypt.

OH that I were in one of the *Pyramids* near the City where thou reſideſt, ſhut up in Tremendous Darkneſs, in the moſt Obſcure and Horrible Vault of the *Royal* Pile! That I might converſe with the *Ghoſts* of *Egyptian* Kings, hugg *Dæmons* in my Arms, and run the *Gerit* with *Hobgoblins* and all the *Spirits* of the Night round the *Tomb* of *Cheops*, or up and down the diſmal Galleries, or in the Neſt of *Bats*, *Screech-Owls*, *Harpies*, and the reſt of the Winged *Monſters*, the Excrementitious Spawn of Humane Souls, or at leaſt the Superfetation of pickled Carcaſſes, repoſited there for Eternal *Mummies*, ſome of them before *Noah*'s *Flood*, and the Reſt after, if the Story be true. *God* knows whether it be or no: That's Nothing to me: But I have a ſtrong Inclination to try what I can find in thoſe Antique *Monuments*, after all the Search of ſo many *Travellers*. I have a Specifick Sort of Melancholy upon me, which cannot be vented any other Way, than by keeping Company with the *Dead*, or having Ten Hundred Thouſand ugly rampant *Spirits* dancing their *Infernal* Meaſures about me, and grinning like *Babboons* of *Hell*. Oh, *God!* How

'twould

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'twould ſet me a Laughing? An Entertainment of this Nature would eaſe my Spleen, and reſtore me to a Good Humour.

Are there no *Beings* extant, but thoſe which are every Day expos'd to our Senſes? Or, is *Nature* Poorer than the Imagination of a Mortal, which can form the *Idea's* of an Infinity of *Creatures* that he never ſaw? I am cloy'd with the *Crambe* of Objects and Joys which theſe Narrow *Elements* afford, and therefore would fain grope out ſome New and Untry'd World, to find Refreſhment in.

But oh, my *Mehemet*, when I look toward the *Heavens*, and behold the *Moon* and *Stars*; when my Eye is loſt in the Boundleſs Firmament, and my *Soul* can find no Limits to the *Univerſe*; then I ſink into my ſelf, full of Humility and Confuſion, becauſe I have injuriouſly reproach'd the *Omnipotent*, and caſt Obloquies on his *Works*. For all Things appear admirably Beautiful and Perfect, and the leaſt Atome is large enough to afford Apartments for a Thouſand *Souls*. Every Thing in *Nature* is pregnant and full of pleaſing Wonders: Yet I cannot be free from theſe Hypochondriack Fits at certain Seaſons. I am ſometimes the ſaddeſt and moſt Melancholy Man in the World. I take all things by the wrong Handle, look on them through falſe Opticks, and yet perſuade my ſelf I am in the Right, and ſee them in their true Complexion. Such is the Fatal Sophiſtry of this black and ſullen Paſſion: It takes away the Guſt and Reliſh

Reliſh of the ſweeteſt Enjoyments. And if the Contagion could poſſibly find Admittance among the *Bleſs'd* Above; ſurely 'twould enber their *Paradiſe* a *Hell*, and would afford ſome Ground for the Fiction of the Ancient *Poets*, who brought up the Uſe of *Nepenthe* among the *Gods*, to appeaſe their Choler, and put 'em in a good Humour.

I know not what that *Drink* was: But I tell thee, my *Nepenthe* is a Glaſs of good *Languedoc* Wine, which is as Rich, and far more Delicious than the Wines of *Tenedos* and *Mitylene*. I once could boaſt of another Method to ſubdue my Melancholy, by giving Battle to my Thoughts in open Field; but now I am fain to have Recourſe to Stratagems and Ambuſcades, trepanning the ugly, hideous *Monſters* out of their ſtrong Retrenchments and Faſtneſſes in the Spleen, by Generous Frolicks with Wine, Women and Muſick. I bury all Care in profound Sleep, the Effect of brisk and free Drinking. And then I awake as merry as a *Lark*; as young as if I'd been in *Medea*'s Cauldron.

What ſignifies it to pretend Sanctity in our Words and Exteriour Carriage, whilſt at the ſame Time we are ready to burſt with Malice, Pride, Ambition, Avarice, and a Thouſand more Vices? Whereas Wine ſeaſonably drank, cures all theſe Diſtempers of the *Soul*, makes a Miſer Liberal, a Cruel Man Tender, a Spightful Fellow Kind, melts Stiff and Haughty Spirits into a Wonderful Softneſs and Complaiſance. In fine, it makes a *Lamb* of a

Lion, and changes a *Vultur* to a *Dove*, purifying and transforming *Souls* into a Temper wholly *Divine*.

Why then ſhould we be ty'd to *Laws* of *Morality*, never practis'd by thoſe who made them? All the *Philoſophers* were boon Companions, and our *Holy Prophet* himſelf privately drank the Juice of the Grape. Our *Emperours* and *Grandees* do the ſame. The only Reaſon why they forbid it to their *Subjects*, is, leſt they ſhould grow too Wiſe, and ſtrive to ſhake off the Yoke: For Wine elevates the Spirits, emboldens the Heart, and transforms a *Slave* to a *Lord* in his own Conceit. For want of this Liquor, all *Nations* where the Vine grows not, have found out one Beverage or another, as efficacious to relieve Melancholy, and drive away Sorrow from the Heart. The *Chineſe* make Wine of Rice. In my Country they have another Intoxicating Drink, compounded with certain Roots. The ſame is uſed in ſome Parts of *Perſia*. In theſe *Weſtern Provinces*, they brew divers Sorts of Strong Liquors of Wheat, Barley, Honey, Moloſſa's and other Ingredients. And they make Wine of Apples, Pears, Cherries, Currans, and moſt Fruits that grow. I tell thee, my Friend, there's no living, unleſs we ſometimes give *Nature* a New Ferment to rouze her from her Lees.

Yet let us practiſe a due Mediocrity, remembring that *God* gave us theſe Things for our Health and Refreſhment, and not for our Bane-

Bane. In a Word, *Mehemet*, let us be Merry and Wiſe.

Paris, 26th. *of the* 8th. *Moon*, *of the Year* 1660.

LETTER XI.

To Hamet, Reis Effendi, *Principal Secretary of the* Ottoman Empire.

I Have taken ſome Pains; turn'd over a great many *Memoirs* of Old *Courtiers*, and convers'd with not a few now living, who can remember the Days of *Henry* IV. that ſo I may comply with thy order, and oblige thee with ſome Remarks on the Life of that *Prince*, who tho' he had but a little Body, yet like another *Alexander*, had ſo vaſt a Soul, and perform'd ſuch illuſtrious Actions, as deſervedly faſten'd on him the *Title* of *Great*, and made him be eſteem'd the *Arbiter* of all *Europe*.

It is obſerv'd of him, that he was always Unfortunate in his Wives; yet they relate a pretty Paſſage of his Firſt Wife, *Margaret* of *Valois*, which ſeems to contradict that Remark.

He was then a *Proteſtant*, and only *King* of *Navarre*, when the Famous *Maſſacre* of

Paris was committed, with Deſign to Murder him among the Reſt of his *Religion*. But being aware of this, when he heard the *Aſſaſſins* making toward his Chamber, where he ſate with the Queen, he hid himſelf under her Garments as ſhe ſate in a Chair. The *Villains* ruſhing in, ask'd for the *King*. She with a great Aſſurance of Spirit, told 'em, *He went out from her in a Paſſion*. They ſeeming ſatisfy'd, went away without doing any farther Hurt. Which occaſion'd a Common Jeſt, *That Queen* Margaret's *Smock*, *ſav'd King* Henry's *Life*.

This Woman was call'd the *Minerva* and *Venus* of *France*, on the Score of her Learning and Amours, never denying any Thing to her Lovers, and being ſeldom without Men of *Science* in her Company. In a Word, King *Henry* look'd on himſelf as a Noted *Cuckold*, and ſo gave her a Bill of *Divorce*. Her own Mother *Katharine de Medicis*, was call'd the *Fourth Fury of Hell*.

It is Recorded of this Lady, that ſhe practis'd much with *Wizards* and *Magicians*, who in an *Enchanted Glaſs*, ſhew'd her who ſhou'd Reign in *France* for the Time to come. Firſt appear'd this *Henry* IV. then *Lewis* XIII. next *Lewis* XIV. and after him a Pack of *Jeſuites*, who ſhould aboliſh the *Monarchy*, and govern the *Nation* themſelves. This *Glaſs* is to be ſeen in the *King's Palace* to this Day.

As for *Henry* IV's Second Wife, 'tis ſaid he never enjoy'd a Peaceable Hour with her, but when

when ſhe was aſleep. They often fought together, and ſhe ſpar'd not ſometimes to Beat and Scratch him even in his Bed, ſo that he has been forc'd to quit the Field, and take Sanctuary in another Chamber. This *Prince* was tax'd with Ingratitude towards his moſt Faithful Servants, and want of Liberality to all. It was a Common Saying of his *Predeceſſor Henry* III. *That he ſhar'd his Kingdom with his Loyal Servants and Friends.* But *Henry* IV. lov'd not to part with any Thing which he could handſomly keep.

Yet he was very obliging to his Miſtreſſes, and his Paſſion for them carried him into many Irregularities. He was ſo deeply enamour'd of one, that to enjoy her he ſign'd a Promiſe of *Marriage* to her with his own *Blood*; which, one of his *Favourites* ſeeing, tore the Paper in Pieces. The *King* being incens'd at that, ſwore by the *Belly* of St. *Gris*, an ordinary Oath with him, that this Perſon was mad. *Yes*, reply'd he, *but I wiſh I were the only Madman in the Kingdom.* Thereby reflecting on the *King's* Extravagancy. Another Time he gave Fifty Thouſand Crowns, for one Night's Enjoyment of a Lady.

I have many Years ago ſpoke of the *Death* of this *Prince*, in my Letters to the *Miniſters* of the *Port*. Now I will acquaint thee with one Circumſtance, to which I was then a Stranger.

It happen'd, that the *Vice-Roy* of *Navarre*, was walking with ſeveral *Nobles* in the *Meadows* of *Bearn*, a Town under his Juriſdiction,

waſh'd by the River *Pau*. When on a ſudden all the *Cows*, (of which there was a great Number in thoſe Fields) ran violently into the River, and were there drown'd. The *Vice-Roy* being aſtoniſh'd at this, as at a *Prodigy*, writ down the Day and Hour when it happen'd, which prov'd exactly the very ſame Time to a Minute, when *Henry* IV. was ſtabb'd in his Coach by *Ravaillac*; as the *Vice-Roy* was ſoon certify'd by *Diſpatches* which he receiv'd from the *Court*, containing Intelligence of that *Tragedy*.

All this may be pure *Chance*, for ought I know, but there are Abundance of *Symptoms* of ſomething elſe. As for *Man*, he is wholly a Stranger to himſelf, and the Secret Operations of his own *Soul* are hid from him. How then can he know the Natures of other Things, or be familiarly acquainted with the Occult Diſpoſitions of *Beaſts*? The leaſt *Worm* or *Inſect*, baffles our ſevereſt Scrutiny, and we are loſt in the Speculation of their *Embryo's*. The moſt Silent and Inanimate Beings, proclaim aloud the Folly of our boaſted Science: Every *Atom* in *Nature*, ridicules our beſt *Philoſophy*. Who then will pretend to unriddle the more Uncommon *Myſteries* of *Providence*, or trace the Footſteps of *Eternal Deſtiny*? *Hiſtorians* ſpeak variouſly of this *Parricide*. Some ſay, the *Villain* was approv'd of at the *Court* of *Rome*, and that he was there rank'd in the Number of *Martyrs*. 'Tis certain, he under went as horrible a Death, as the Wit of Man could invent,

invent, to puniſh his matchleſs *Treaſon*. And it ſeems, the *Judges* that examin'd him were either afraid, or aſham'd to divulge what they heard from his Mouth: Obliging themſelves by an Oath to Eternal Secrecy. *Ravaillac* himſelf own'd, that he had Twice before attempted to kill the *King*, but was thruſt back by one of his *Nobles*, who ſuſpected ſome ill Deſigns in his Looks.

Sage *Hamet*, may *God* preſerve our Glorious *Sultan* from the Rage of Mutineers, from a *Jewiſh* Phyſician, and from the Common Diſaſters of Humane Life. And the Care of his Attendants will prevent the ſudden Strokes of a deſperate *Aſſaſſin*.

Paris, 26th. *of the* 8th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1660.

LETTER XII.

To Muſtapha, Berber Aga.

THis City is now as full of Noiſe and Lights, as ſome Cities of *Aſia* are at an *Eclipſe* of the *Moon*, or as *Conſtantinople* is during the *Faſt* of *Ramezan*. 'Tis near Midnight, and yet here's ſuch a Medley of Noiſes compounded of the loud Acclamations of Mortals, the Ringing of Bells, Beat of Drums, Sound of Trumpets, and other Muſical Inſtruments,

ments, with the Thunder of Sky-Rockets, Guns, and other Fire-works, that a Body would think ones ſelf in a Battel or a Siege.

The Occaſion of all this, is the publick Entry of the New-Married *King* and *Queen*, it being the Firſt Time they have ſeen *Paris* ſince the *Nuptials*. Neither my Tongue or Pen are able to expreſs to the Life, the Inimitable Pomp and Magnificence that have appear'd to Day in the *Royal* Train, and in the Preparations which the City made to receive them. The Luſtre of Silver, Gold and Precious Stones, dazl'd ones Eyes from all Parts; and I could have wiſh'd for a *Muſſulman* Army, to have been at the Plunder of ſuch Immenſe Riches. Yet there were Forty Thouſand of the Citizens, and *King*'s Guards in Arms, to augment the Glory of the Day.

The *Monarch* with his *Royal Spouſe*, appeared ſeated on a Majeſtick *Throne*, all glittering with Gold and Diamonds. It was rais'd on High, and there were ſeveral Steps or Degrees to aſcend up to it. On theſe were placed the *Princes* of the *Blood*, the *Dukes* and *Peers* of the *Realm*, with other *Grandees* and *Nobles*, as alſo *Princeſſes*, *Dutcheſſes* and *Ladies* of the *Firſt Quality*.

'Twas at the Foot of this *Throne*, there were made Innumerable Speeches, and Congratulatory Addreſſes by the *Prieſts* and *Monks* of all *Orders*, by the *Students* in the *Academy*, and by the ſeveral *Companies* of *Tradeſmen*. But, that which was moſt ſurprizing, a certain ſtrange *Maid* utter'd ſeveral

Orations

Orations in *Latin*, *Greek*, *French* and *Spaniſh* wherein ſhe magnify'd the *King*'s Heroick Undertakings, his wonderful Succeſſes, great Wiſdom and Courage, with other Vertues, which ſhe made the Subject of her *Panegyrick*. She alſo no leſs extoll'd the *Queen*'s Matchleſs Beauty, the Greatneſs of her Birth, the Royal Endowments of her Mind; And concluded with reflecting on the Joy of all *Europe*, for this Illuſtrious *Match*, and Alliance of Two the moſt Potent *Crowns* in *Chriſtendom*.

She delivered herſelf with ſuch an Incomparable Grace and Modeſty, as drew the Eyes and Ears of all that were preſent. And 'tis ſaid, the *King* was extremely pleaſed with her; much more the *Queen*, who had never before encountred ſo Learned a Female.

The *French* Ladies have for many Years applyed themſelves to the Study of *Languages* and *Philoſophy*. But 'tis not ſo in *Spain*, where the Men are too Rigorous to the Fair to allow 'em that Liberty. They are as moroſe to Women, as the *Moors*, from whom a great Part of that *Nation* are ſaid to deſcend. Every *Country* in *Europe*, has ſuffer'd mighty Changes, by the Incurſions and Conqueſts of the *Moors*, *Goths*, *Huns* and *Vandals*. So that 'tis difficult to trace the *Original* of any *People* in ſuch a *Hotch-Potch* of *Foreign Blood*. Neither have they any Care of their *Genealogies*, as we *Arabians* have in the *Eaſt*.

Illuſtrious *Aga*, tho' it ſignifies Nothing to ſpring of a *Noble Stock*, unleſs we inherit the

Vertues of our *Anceſtors*, as well as their Splendid *Titles* and *Eſtates*: Yet 'tis both profitable and pleaſant to have by us a *Regiſter* of our *Families*, that reading their Characters and Heroick Actions, we may imitate their Examples, and add to the Glory of the *Tribe* from which we deſcend.

Paris, 26th. *of the* 8th. *Moon, of the Year* 1660.

LETTER XIII.

To Dgnet Oglou.

I Know not whether I ſhall finiſh the Letter I begin; or, if I do, whether it will be above Ground, or in the Bowels of the Earth. However, I cannot forbear writing to thee, my Dear Friend, though both the Paper and I, with the Houſe wherein I lodge, and all this Beautiful City, may, for ought I know, be tranſported to another *Region* before Morning. Nay, 'tis poſſible this very Hour may People *Elyzium* with a New *Colony* from *France*, and *Paris* may deſcend with all her Magnificent *Palaces* to the *Shades* below, changing the Banks of the River *Seyne*, for thoſe of *Acheron* or *Styx*, and the Refreſhing *Airs* of *Champagne*, for the Choaking *Sulphurs* of *Hell*. In a Word, we have felt the Menaces of a Terrible *Earthquake* this Evening, but as yet have ſuffered no Damage.

When

When I liv'd in *Aſia*, an *Earthquake* was almoſt as Common as the Yearly Revolutions of *Summer* and *Winter*: And we took as little Notice of it, as we did of Lightning, Hail or Rain. Beſides, one *Muſſulman* encouraged another, and the General *Faith* of *True Believers* confirm'd us all, That we ought to be reſign'd to *God*, and to the Appointments of *Eternal Deſtiny*, whether it were for Pleaſure or Pain, Good or Evil, Life or Death. But now I have been ſo long diſus'd to theſe Convulſions of the *Globe*, (for I have not felt one above theſe Two and Twenty Years) and am alſo ſeparated from the Society of the *Faithful*; that I am become like the reſt of the World, and even like theſe *Infidels*, Timorous, aſtoniſhed, void of Reaſon, and of little or no Faith.

My Mind at firſt, ſtagger'd as much as my Body, when I was walking croſs my Chamber, and felt the Floor rock under me, with that Singular Kind of Motion, which no Humane Art or Force can imitate. I ſoon concluded 'twas an *Earthquake*, but knew not how to bear that Thought with Indifference. Death is familiar to me in any other Figure, but that of being ſo ſurprizingly buried alive. It appeared horrible to ſink on a ſudden into an Unknown Grave, I knew not whither: Perhaps I might fall into ſome Dark Lake of Water; or it may be, I might be drench'd in a River of Fire, or be daſh'd on a Rock: For, who can tell the Diſpoſition of the Caverns below, or what Sort of Apartments he ſhall find

find under the Surface of the Earth? We walk on the Battlements of a Marvellous Structure, a *Globe* full of Tremendous Secrets. And whether *Nature* or *Deſtiny*, *Providence* or *Chance*, occaſion the Ruptures that we find are made in divers Parts of the Earth, it matters not much, ſo long as we are in Danger of tumbling in. Such a terrible Fall, would put the beſt *Philoſopher* in the World out of Humour, and Spoil all his Reaſoning. I'm ſure, 'twould vex me thus in a Trice to be plundered of my Thoughts. Which makes me either wonder at the Vanity of *Empedocles*, if he threw himſelf into the flaming Chaſm of Mount *Ætna*, only for the Sake of being eſteemed a *God*, (as the common Report is); or, gives me Reaſon to conclude, he had ſome other End in his Venturous Leap: Since 'tis not probable, that empty Fame could be eſteemed by that Great *Sage*, as his Final Happineſs. A much eaſier way had *Ariſtotle*, who, diſguſted at his Ignorance of the *Flux* and *Reflux* of the *Sea*, threw himſelf in, to put an End to his Diſquiſitions, if the Story be true. But, I can hardly believe the *Stagyrite* was ſuch a Fool. I gueſs of other Men, according to the Experience I have of my ſelf. I am as little ſollicitous about Death as any Man; yet I ſhould be unwilling to hurle my ſelf out of the World headlong, without a *Firm* or a *Teſta*, I love New Experiments, but am not very fond of ſuch as take from us irrecoverably the means of trying any more.

We

We had News here of an *Earthquake* which has overthrown Part of the *Pyrenæan* Mountains, ſome Days before this happened at *Paris*; but few regarded it. Calamities at a Diſtance frighten No-body. Yet, thoſe which we feel, put us all in Tears. For my Part, it has this Effect on me, that I am improved in my Careleſſneſs, and become fearful of Nothing. And, I think, there is Reaſon on my Side, ſince all my Care, Apprehenſion and Forecaſt, can never defend me from the Underminings of the *Omnipotent*.

Paris, 15th. *of the* 11th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1660.

LETTER XIV.

To Hamet Reis Effendi, Principal Secretary *of the* Ottoman Empire.

LET not the Diſtance of Time between my Letters, prompt thee to conclude, I forget my Duty; or that I am careleſs to oblige ſo Illuſtrious a Friend. I have many Obligations to diſcharge; and therefore endeavour to husband my Hours to the beſt Advantage, and ſo to divide my *Diſpatches*, That the *Grand Signior* may be ſerved, the *Divan* inform'd of all Material Emergencies, and the Expectations of each *Miniſter* gratified.

As

As to the *Reign* of *Lewis* XIII. It was ſhar'd ſucceſſively between the *Marſhal D' Ancre*, the *Duke* of *Luines*, and *Cardinal Richlieu*, The Firſt was the *Queen-Mother's* Favourite; the Second was the *King's*; As for the Third, he was abſolute Maſter both of *King*, *Queen* and *Kingdom*.

During the *King's Minority* indeed, *Queen Mary de Medicis*, the *Relict* of *Henry* IV. took the *Regency* into her own Hands, and managed Things in an Arbitrary Manner. But the *Princes* of the *Blood*, with other *Grandees*, not able to brook the Government of a Woman, conſpired againſt her. Among theſe were the *Prince* of *Conde*, Father to the preſent *Prince*, and the *Duke* of *Bovillon*. The Former was a Bold Man, and durſt do any Thing that was Brave: The Latter was a Cunning Stateſman.

They Caball'd not ſo privately, but the *Queen-Mother* was acquainted with their Meetings, and the *Duke* of *Bovillon* was the Firſt who knew his *Party* was betrayed. This Intelligence was brought him from aſſured Hands, whilſt he was ſitting with the *Prince* of *Conde*, and other *Nobles* at the *Place* of their Private Rendezvous. Whereupon, he acquainted them with it, exhorting all to abſcond immediately, leſt they ſhould be ſeized on the Spot. But they retorting, That the *Queen* would not venture on an Action of ſuch dubious Conſequence; He ſtarted up and took his Leave of 'em, with theſe Words: "My Lords, you may follow your own "Coun-

" Counſel. I'll immediately to Horſe, and " eſcape to *Sedan*, in my *Stockings*: Where, if " they make me wear out a Pair, as an *Exile*; " by *Heavens*, I'll make them wear a Thou- " ſand Pair of *Boots*.

His Words came to paſs, and the Effect was a diminutive *Civil War*; when the *Queen* was forced to raiſe an Army to reduce this *Prince* to Obedience, the Reſt of his Party being Impriſoned, as ſoon as ſhe heard of his Flight.

Whilſt theſe Diſturbances laſted, the *Moors* were expell'd out of *Spain*, to the Number of Six Hundred Thouſand. Part of thoſe who liv'd toward the *Maritime* Coaſts, went by *Sea* into *Africk*. The Reſt, whoſe Reſidence was farther within Land, ſought a Paſſage over the *Pyrenæan* Mountains, and ſo through the *Southern Provinces* of *France*; offering a *Ducat* a Head to the *Vice-Roy* of *Navarre*, for their ſafe Conduct. He, out of Curioſity coming to ſee theſe Travellers, and beholding 'em ragged and almoſt naked, with Viſages like *Ghoſts*; took Pity on them, and gave 'em Liberty of Paſſage *gratis*: Saying, " God for- " bid I ſhould extort ſo much Money from " theſe miſerable Wretches, who are abandon- " ed to the wide World.

But, it ſeems, his Commpaſſion was needleſs. For theſe *Muſſulmans* were too cunning for him, having their Squalid, torn Garments, quilted all over with Gold and Precious Stones. Which occaſioned all People to ridicule the *Vice-Roy*'s Eaſineſs, and to call him the Friend the *Gibeonites*.

I ſhould appear too Partial in reflecting Satyrically on this *Prince*, whoſe Generoſity deſerves Praiſe: Yet I cannot but ſmile at the Craft of the *Moors*, whereby they not only eſcaped paying the accuſtomed Tribute of Paſſengers, but alſo blinded theſe *Infidels*, and took from 'em the Suſpicion of greater Riches; which if they had once known, perhaps not a *Moor* ſhould have carried a Piece of Money along with him into *Africk*.

This Paſſage ſeem'd worthy of thy Knowledge, ſince it in Part reſembles the Famous Departure of the *Iſraelites* out of *Egypt*, tho' it comes ſhort of the Robbery and Plunder which they committed on the Inhabitants, the Day before they began their Journey. However, this Story may afford thee ſome Divertiſement.

As to the *Marſhal D' Ancre*, the *Queen*'s Favourite; in his Life and Death, he was compared to *Sejanus*, being qualified with the like Vertues and Vices, and having much the ſame Fortune; his Body after having been dragg'd about the Streets by the Rabble, was at laſt torn in Pieces.

If thou would'ſt know, how the *Duke* of *Luines* obtain'd the *King*'s Favour, it was by Ingratitude. For, when he and his Brother were firſt brought to *Court*, they were both ſo poor, that they had but one Cloak between 'em; and for that Reaſon could not go abroad together. Yet being recommended to the *King* by a certain *Nobleman* for excellent *Falkners*, they were received into Favour, But they abus'd

abus'd the Kindneſs of their Patron; and inſinuating malicious Things into the *King's* Ear, againſt the *Nobleman* and his *Family*, cauſed him to be baniſh'd from the *Court*. After which they managed all Things.

Then ſucceeded *Cardinal Richlieu* in the Chief *Miniſtry*; of whom I have ſaid a great Deal in my Former Letters to the *Grandees* of the *Port*, and thou wilt find them in the *Regiſter*. I will now add, what I never mentioned before; That he was very Ambitious to be thought a good Judg of *Verſe*. He gave to one *Poet*, for a Witty Conceit on his *Coat* of *Arms*, Two Thouſand *Sequins*, tho' 'twas but a *Verſe* of *Seven Words*. Another he promoted to an *Eccleſiaſtick Dignity*, worth a Thouſand a Year, for comparing him to the *Primum Mobile*. But he cauſed a Third to be kick'd out of Doors, for his Obſtinacy in denying to alter a Word of his *Poem*, which the *Cardinal* diſliked.

This *Miniſter* was very Revengeful, and amongſt other Effects of his Temper, none was more taken Notice of, or reflected on, than the Death of *Monſieur de Thou*, whom the *Cardinal* cut off for no other Reaſon, but becauſe his Father in a *General Hiſtory* which he wrote, had repreſented one of *Richlieu's Anceſtors*, under a very Ignominious and Abominable Figure. That *Hiſtorian* was the Renowned *Thuanus*, of whom, I ſuppoſe, thou haſt heard.

As to King *Lewis* XIII. himſelf, he was eſteemed a great Diſſembler; accuſtomed to careſs

careſs thoſe with more than ordinary Endearments, whom he deſigned ſuddenly to ruine: Whence it grew to a *Proverb* in his Time at the *French Court*, when they ſaw any *Nobleman* ſmil'd on, to ſay, *His Buſineſs is done.* It cannot be denied that this *Prince* had a Great Spirit, and ſome Wiſdom; yet he was obſerved to take Delight in many petty Actions unbecoming *Royal Majeſty.* He would ſpend much of his Time in *Painting*, and ſend for the moſt Famous *Maſters* in that *Art*, to view his *Works.* An equal Inclination he ſhewed to *Muſick.* And ſometimes he was ambitious to be thought a good *Cook.* Once he made a Great *Paſty* with his own Hands, filling it with *Veniſon* only fit for the Mouths of *Infidels, viz.* The Fleſh of *Dogs*, *Wolves* and *Foxes*, with other Abominable Animals, of which it is not lawful for a *True Believer* to taſte. This he cauſed to be ſerved up to Table at a *Feaſt* which he made to ſome of his *Courtiers*, who to Honour the *King*'s Handy-work, eat greedily of the Horrid Diſh, and highly praiſed his Skill; whilſt he diverted himſelf with laughing at them. He had many other ſuch Freaks as theſe, which render'd him Contemptible and Ridiculous to the *Grandees* of his *Kingdom.* In a Word, he was more reverenced Abroad, than at Home. And this was owing to the Conduct of *Cardinal Richlieu*; who was juſtly eſteemed the very *Genius* of *France.*

Illuſtrious *Miniſter*, all that I have ſaid of this *Monarch*, ſpeaks him but a Man: And

no

no body is Wiſe at all Times. But the Follies of *Princes* are more Conſpicuous, than thoſe of meaner Perſons.

Paris, 5th. *of the* 12th. *Moon,*
of the Year 1660.

LETTER XV.

To Mahummed *in the* Deſart.

MAY the *Angel* of *Peace* pitch his *Pavilion* at the Entrance of that Bleſſed Cave where thou reſideſt. May thy *Soul* feel Calm and Undiſturbed Joys, and for ever repoſe in Divine Tranquility; Whilſt the Reſt of the World are moleſted with Perpetual Cares and Fears, Broils and Enmities, Paſſions within, and *Furies* without: In a word, whilſt they are always in Danger of one another, of themſelves, and of the *Elements* which compound their Nature.

O Man highly beloved of *God*, Favourite of the *Angels*, Care of *Heaven*, and the ſingular Darling of *Providence*. The Palm of an Almighty Hand is extended under thee when thou ſitteſt down or walkeſt, always ready to ſnatch thee up from the Calamities which threaten this Lower World, and lift thee to *Paradiſe*, where the Aſſembly of the *Juſt* wait for thy Preſence.

There

There has been an *Earthquake* lately in theſe *Parts*, which has put all *France* into a great Conſternation, aſtoniſh'd every Body, and encreaſed the Thoughtfulneſs of the Wiſe. The Firſt Effects of it were felt by the Inhabitants of the *Pyrenees*, which are certain Mountains dividing *France* and *Spain*. There it did great Miſchief, overwhelming ſome *Medicinal* Baths, many Houſes, and deſtroying Hundreds of People. Only one *Moſque* or *Church*, which ſunk into the Caverns below, was thrown up again, and ſtands very Firm, but in another Place. This is look'd upon as a great Miracle, eſpecially by the *French*, who, for ought I know, may cenſure Partially, favouring their own Intereſt; in regard this *Church* has been diſputed between them and the *Spaniards*, each *Nation* claiming Right to it, as ſtanding before exactly on the Frontier Line. But now their Quarrel is unconteſtably decided; For 'tis removed by this Convulſion of the *Globe*, near half a League from its Former Situation, which is ſo far within the acknowledg'd Limits of *France*. This the *French Prieſts* magnify, as an apparent Proof of the Juſtice of their Pretenſions, and the People ſeem very willing to believe it.

As for me, I have another Opinion of *Earthquakes*, and am perſuaded, that they are as Natural as the Winds, which no Man knows how to draw into any Party or Faction, unleſs we believe the Stories of the *Lapland Witches*. I am perſuaded, that this *Globe*

is much more Ancient than the Generality of Mankind imagine it to be: That it has undergone various Changes by the Predominance of Fire and Water: And that it is now haſtening towards another Revolution. I believe the *Central* Fire has eaten its Way almoſt to the Surface, and kindled all the Mines of Sulphur, and other Inflammable Matter, which it meets with in its Circular Aſcent. Theſe corroding and daily conſuming their own Vaults, approaching alſo ſometimes too near the vaſt Receptacles of Subterranean Waters which lie nearer the Surface, over-heat thoſe Lakes; which being thus rarified into Vapours, and pent up in the Hollow of the *Globe*, ſtrive to break forth with Immenſe Violence, which cauſes that Heaving and Rocking of the *Superficies*, that ſo terrifies Mortals. But then the Cauſe is very deep and far from us. For where the Surface is ſhallow, in ſuch Paſſions of the *Globe*, the Earth commonly breaks and tumbles in, with whatſoever is upon it. Nay, whole Cities ſometimes have been thus ſwallowed up. And the Danger is eaſily fore-known by a ſhort Snatching and Trepidation of the Ground, Houſes, Trees, Men and every Thing within its Reach; for then the Convulſion is Generally Fatal. But where the Motion is Heavy, Grave and Regular, 'tis a Sign that both the Source and the Danger of it are far off. And this is ſo much the more Evident, by how much farther the *Earthquake* is felt above Ground, For the nearer any ſuch Paſſion

happens

happens to the Center, it muſt be granted, that its Force is extended the wider on the Circumference. This depends on a *Mathematical* Demonſtration, and there needs no more be ſaid to thee who art Conſummate in the *Sciences.*

What I eſteem a due Reflection on this is, That tho' there be no Peril in theſe Remote *Earthquakes*, yet we know not how ſoon they will come nearer to us, neither can we be aſſured, where or when they will happen, or how far they will reach. It follows therefore by a Natural Conſequence, That ſince theſe Things are Unavoidable, and all the Wit of Man cannot invent a Means to eſcape ſinking into the Bowels of the Earth where it breaks in; we ought to be careleſs and Indifferent what Death we die, and only be ſolicitous to live like Men, that is, according to Reaſon. For whether our Souls ſurvive or no, 'twill be comfortable to expire in Peace, and full of our own Innocence.

Paris, 5th. *of the* 12th. *Moon,*
of the Year 1660,

The End of the Firſt Book.

LET-

LETTERS

Writ by

A Spy at *PARIS.*

VOL. VI.

BOOK II.

LETTER II.

To the Venerable Mufti.

HERE is now like to be a great Change at this *Court*. *Cardinal Mazarini* is dead. He died at the *Caſtle* of the *Wood* of *Vincienes*, on the 9*th*. of this *Moon*, having been ſick a long Time. There happened a great Fire at the *Louvre* (ſo they call the *King*'s *Palace* in this City) about Five Weeks ago, which

which obliged the *Cardinal*, who log'd there at that Time, to remove to his own Houſe. From whence, for the Sake of Air, he was adviſed by his *Phyſicians* to go to the aforeſaid *Caſtle*. But all in vain: For *Death*, which finds Acceſs into the ſtrongeſt Fortreſſes, purſued him thither, and led him in Triumph to the *Region* of *Silence* and *Forgetfulneſs*, who had made ſo great a Noiſe and Buſtle in this our *World*.

It is reported, that a certain *Aſtrologer* foretold him, he ſhould die in this *Moon*. But the *Cardinal* gave no Credit to him: Tho' one would think he had ſome Reaſon to believe him in this, for the Sake of a Former Prediction of his, concerning the *Duke* of *Beaufort*. I have mentioned this *Prince*, and the Enmity that was between *Mazarini* and him, which occaſioned the *Duke*'s Impriſonment in the *Caſtle* of the *Wood* of *Vinciennes*. During his Reſtraint, the fore-mentioned *Aſtrologer* gave it out in *Paris*,. That the *Duke* ſhould eſcape out of Priſon preciſely on ſuch a Day. The *Cardinal* being informed of this, waited till the Day came, deſigning to puniſh the *Aſtrologer* as a Cheat, or at leaſt to expoſe him for an Ignorant Perſon. To which End he ſent for him, and upbraiding him with Preſumption and Folly, in that the Day was now come, and yet the *Duke* of *Beaufort* was ſtill a Priſoner, without any Hopes, or ſcarce a Poſſibility of eſcaping, order'd him to be ſent to the *Baſtile*. But the *Aſtrologer* addreſſing himſelf with much Submiſſion and Earneſtneſs,

neſs, ſpoke to this Effect: *May it pleaſe your Eminence only to reſpite my Sentence till to Morrow, and then hang me if you do not find that I have ſpoke Truth. The Day which I foretold, is come indeed, but it is not paſt. A Courtier will ſoon convince you, that I have not ſtudied this Science in vain.*

The *Cardinal* mov'd with theſe Words, only confin'd the *Aſtrologer* in a Chamber of his own *Palace*. And the next Day he receiv'd an *Expreſs*, which gave him an Account of the *Duke*'s Eſcape, and the Manner of it, *viz.* That on the Day before, he had let himſelf down by a Ladder of Ropes into the *Caſtle*-Ditch, and was no more to be ſeen or heard of. Thus the *Aſtrologer* eſcap'd the *Cardinal*'s Revenge, and got much Fame at the *Court*, which was encreas'd by the *Cardinal*'s Death, falling out exactly according to his Prediction.

This *Miniſter* was a very ſubtle Man; and *Cardinal Richlieu* us'd to ſay of him, *That if he were minded to put a Trick on the Devil, he would only ſet* Mazarini *to Work.* Therefore he made him his Confident, inſtructed him in all the Secrets of the *French Court*, the Art of Government, and on his Death-Bed recommended him to the *King*, as the fitteſt Man to ſucceed him in the Management of the *Publick*. He was after the Death of *Lewis* XIII. at firſt oppoſed by ſeveral *Grandees*; but the *Queen*'s Authority, and that of the *Prince* of *Conde* ſupported him: Whence aroſe a Common *Proverb* in thoſe Days, *The*

Queen permits All, the Cardinal Commands All, and the Prince puts All in Execution: For this laſt had then the *Office* of *General.*

This *Miniſter* was not eſteem'd ſo Covetous as his *Predeceſſor*, yet he heap'd up Vaſt Treaſures; Part of which he beſtow'd in Magnificent Buildings and Furniture, the Reſt he ſent into *Italy* to his Father; who aſtoniſh'd at the Prodigious Quantities of Gold he receiv'd, us'd to ſay, *Sure it rains Money in* France. However, he made himſelf Odious to the *Subjects* of this *Nation* by his Continual Oppreſſions; and they are glad he is gone.

'Tis a By-Word at *Rome*, when any *Pope* dies, to ſay, *Now the Dog is dead, all his Malice is buried with him.* But I doubt, it will not prove true in the *Court* of *France* at this Juncture. For the *King* will either find a *Miniſter* Equal in Subtlety to the Deceas'd *Cardinal*, who ſhall ſupply his Place; or he will take the Adminiſtration of Affairs into his own Hands. Be it which Way it will, we are like to ſee the ſame *Maxims* purſu'd, ſo long as *Cardinal Richlieu's Memoirs* are in Being, who firſt taught this *Crown* to underſtand its own Strength.

Paris, 14th. *of the* 3d. *Moon*,
of the Year 1661.

LETTER

LETTER II.

To the Vizir Azem *at the* Port.

I Have ſent a *Diſpatch* to the *Mufti* acquainting him with the Death of the *Cardinal Mazarini*, *Firſt Miniſter* of *State*, and the Greateſt *Favourite* that ever liv'd. Now I will inform thee of ſome Paſſages, which I omitted in my Letter to that Venerable *Prelate*. It is Neceſſary for me thus to diſtribute my Intelligence, with a due reſpect to the different *Quality* of my *Superiours*.

Thou, I ſuppoſe, wilt require ſome Account of his Diſpoſition and Morals, with ſuch a Character as may render this Great *Genius* familiar to thy Knowledge.

He ſeemed to place his chief Happineſs in aggrandizing his *Maſter* whom he ſerv'd with a Zeal ſo pure and diſintereſs'd; a Loyalty ſo Incorruptible, and by ſuch regular Methods of Prudence and Policy; as if in his Days, nothing were to be counted Vertue or Vice, but what either favour'd or oppos'd the *King* of *France*'s Intereſt. He was of a Happy Conſtitution for a *Courtier*, being by Nature Debonair, Complaiſant, Affable, and of a Sweet Deportment. Yet Experience and Art, taught him to improve theſe Advantages, to the Height of Diſſimulation. You ſhould ſee Courteſie and extraordinary Goodneſs flowing into every Feature of his Face; You

ſhould hear Words breathing from his Mouth, like the ſoft Benedictions of an *Angel:* Yet at the ſame Time, his Heart gave the Lye to Both. He meant nothing leſs, than that a Man ſhould find him as good as his Word. He was ever ready to promiſe any Thing that was demanded of him: But in Performance, ſlow and full of Excuſes. Frugal of his *Prince*'s Money, and Liberal of his own. Magnificent in his Buildings, and the Furniture belonging to them: Aiming in *all* Things to exceed other Men, his *Equals*; and in *ſome*, to ſurpaſs even Mighty *Princes*, his Superiours. In a Word, he was accompliſh'd with all Qualifications requiſite in a Fortunate *Courtier*, and a good *Stateſman*.

Yet after all, this Sublime *Genius* yeilded to *Death*: But not like *Common Mortals*. He died altogether like *himſelf*, without ſo much as changing that ſettled Gravity, and Serene Air of his Face, as had been Remarkable during his Life. He made the *King* Heir of his Eſtate, and bequeathed abundance of Legacies.

To ſay all in Brief: If he was Great in his *Life*, he was much more ſo in his *Death*; mingling his laſt Breath with the Sighs and Tears of the *King*, who lamented his Departure with the Mourning of a *Son* for a *Father*.

Paris, 26th. *of the* 3d. *Moon*,
of the Year 1661.

LETTER

LETTER III.

To Pesteli Hali, *his Brother*, Master *of the* Customs *at* Constantinople.

YEsterday a *Dispatch* came to my Hand from a very Remote Part of the Earth Our Cousin *Iſouf* ſent it from *Aſtracan*, a Famous City for Traffick, formerly belonging to the *Crim Tartars*, but now in the Poſſeſſion of the *Moſcovites*. He has been there a Conſiderable Time, finding Profit by Merchandiſe: For, there is a vaſt Reſort to that City from *China*, *Indoſtan*, *Perſia*, *Moſcovy*, and other *Provinces* of *Europe* and *Aſia*. The Roads to it, are daily covered with the *Caravans* of Trading People. And the River *Volga* can hardly ſuſtain the Innumerable Multitude of Veſſels that Tranſport Paſſengers with their Goods backwards and forwards, between *Aſtracan*, and the *Regions* round about the *Caſpian Sea*, into which that Mighty River diſcharges it ſelf.

Iſouf is Ingenious, and has pitch'd upon ſome Advantageous Way of enriching himſelf, which tempts him to take up his Abode in that City, and there end his Travels; or at leaſt, he will repoſe himſelf there, till Fortune preſents him with a fairer Opportunity of encreaſing his Wealth.

In the mean Time, I perceive by his Letter, that he gets Money apace, lives very happily, and has the Wit to keep himſelf free from the Yoke of Marriage, which embaraſs'd him ſo much formerly. He ſoon put that troubleſome Wife out of his Mind, after he had Divorc'd her; and he never fail'd to gratify himſelf with new Amours, where-ever he came in his Travels. He writes very Comically; and I can't forbear ſmiling, when he tells me, He has had as many *Concubines* as the *Grand Signior*. By which thou wilt perceive, That *Iſouf* is much addicted to Gallantry. He frankly confeſſes, That he firſt learned this Mode of loving at large in *Perſia*, eſpecially at *Iſpahan*; where he ſays, 'tis a Mark of Honour for a Man to be good at Intriguing with the Ladies: And he is call'd a *Turk* by way of Diſgrace, who frequents not every Evening the *Gardens* and *Houſes* of *Pleaſure* in the Suburbs. But he adds, that in *India* the Liberty of courting Women is much greater. And that the very Nature of that *Climate*, diſpoſes a Man to this ſoft Paſſion. In a word, our Amorous Kinſman retains the ſame Humour ſtill.

Yet this does not hinder him from proſecuting his neceſſary Affairs with Diligence, and Alacrity. He diſpatch'd a Buſineſs for me at *Archangel* in *Ruſſia*, and another at *Moſco*, very dexterouſly. Which convinces me, that he is not leſs Sedulous and Careful in Things which concern himſelf. He ſays, the *Moſcovites* are the greateſt *Drunkards* in the World.

World. Their Chief and moſt beloved Liquor, is what the *French* call, *The Water of Life*. 'Tis a Chymical Drink, extracted from the Lees of Wine, or other Strong Beverages: ſuch as thou know'ſt is common among the *Greeks*, *Armenians*, and *Franks* in the *Levant*. When the *Moſcovites* are once got into a Houſe where this *Nectar* is Sold, and are a little warm'd and elevated with it, they will not depart till all their Money's is gone: Nay, they will pawn their very Garments from their Backs in a Frolick, rather than want their Doſe of this Inebriating Stuff, and go out ſtark Naked in the Coldeſt Weather that is, fall aſleep in the open Streets, and yet are ne'er the worſe for it when they wake, but go to their daily Work with the greater Ardour. For, 'tis only the Common People are guilty of this Extravagance. As for the Gentry and Nobility, they are more cloſe and reſerv'd in their drunken Debauches.

The *Moſcovites*, according to the Character he gives me of them, are a very rude and unpoliſh'd People; Surly to one another, and extremely rugged to Strangers. They deſpiſe all other *Nations* in the World, and ſay, 'tis impoſſible for any Man to go to *Heaven*, who has not a *Moſcovite* Soul in him. They profeſs the *Chriſtian Religion*, and were formerly of the *Greek Church*; but now they have ſeparated themſelves, and ſet up a *Patriarch* of their own, to whom ſo great a Veneration is paid, that the *Emperour* himſelf

ſelf holds his Stirrop when he mounts on Horſe-back.

Brother, I deſire thee to ſpeak advantageouſly of *Iſouf*, to the Illuſtrious *Kerker Haſſan*, and to the other *Baſſa's* of the Bench. He will be a ſerviceable Man to the *Grand Signior*, if encourag'd by ſome Place of *Honour* and *Profit*. I wiſh I could ſay the ſame of our *Couſin Solyman*. But he is too Wiſe in his own Conceit.

Dear *Peſteli*, excuſe my Abruptneſs; For my Hours are divided between the Service I owe to the *Sultan*, and the Affection I bear my Friends.

Paris, 7th. *of the* 5th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1661.

LETTER IV.

To Orchan Cabet, *Student in the Sciences, and Penſioner to the* Sultan.

I Have heard of thy *Fame*, and the Manner of thy *Converſion* to the *Law* brought down from *Heaven*: How that from a *Chriſtian Prieſt*, thou art become a *Muſſulman Abdalla*, that is, a *Believer* and *Servant* of the *True God*. May thy Reward, both here and hereafter, be according to thy Integrity in this Change of *Faith* and *Religion*: For *Hypocrites* are

are neither Acceptable to *God* nor Man. Yet moſt Men are Proſelyted for Intereſt, Fear, or other Humane regards. And in the Senſe of the *Chriſtians*, thou knoweſt, a *Renegado* and a Villain are Reciprocal Terms.

The Inſupportable Miſeries of *Servitude*, tempt many to embrace *Circumciſion*, which at once ſets 'em free, and often puts 'em in a Condition to mend their Fortunes, and live more happily than they did, even before they were Captives: whilſt Ambition and Avarice, are prevailing Motives with others in more Proſperous Circumſtances to be of the *Grand Signior's Religion*, that ſo they may riſe in his Favour, and obtain ſome Conſiderable *Preferment* at the *Court*, or *Office* in the *Army*; like the Ancient *Melchites* among the *Chriſtians*, who were ſo call'd, becauſe they always profeſs'd the Faith of the *Grecian Emperours*, without examining whether it was *Orthodox* or no. A Sort of Religious *Paraſites*, who would be any Thing to ſerve their own Intereſt, and Adore the *Devil* himſelf, provided their *Sovereign* ſhew'd 'em an Example.

Yet after all, there are ſome who change their *Religion* in pure Sincerity, only compell'd thereto by the Dint of Exalted Reaſon, and Motives of Vertue. Such as theſe are Thinking Men, Perſons of Bold Spirits, who dare call in Queſtion the *Tradition* of their *Fathers*, examine the *Principles* in which they were Educated, diſpute every Thing, and bring all to the Standard of Natural Truth,

I rejoyce to hear that thou art one of this Character, and not in the Number of Counterfeits or Bigots: For ſuch bring no Credit to the *Religion* they embrace, but rather a Scandal. Yet the Arms of the Munificent *Port* are open to receive all who profeſs that *God* is *One*, and that *Mahomet* is his *Apoſtle*; leaving the Scrutiny of their Intention, to him who ſearches the Heart.

Thy *Learning* gives thee Fair Opportunities of doing Good. Put it to a Right Uſe. Convince the *Infidels* whom thou haſt forſaken, of their Errors; Confirm the *True Believers*, in the *Faith* without Blemiſh.

Do this by Diſcourſe, by Writing, and by thine own Exemplary Life, which laſt will prevail above Ten Thouſand Eloquent *Sermons*.

In a word, ſhew thy ſelf a True and Faithful *Follower* of the *Prophet* on Earth, and *God* will tranſlate thee to his Company in *Paradiſe*; where *Moſes* will introduce thee, *Jeſus* will Entertain thee with Joy, and all the 124000 *Prophets* will welcome thee to the Pleaſures which know no End.

Paris, 21ſt. *of the* 5th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1661.

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LETTER V.

To the Mufti.

WE are apt to admire ſome Strange Paſſages which we find Recorded in *Ancient Hiſtory*, and whoſe Truth is out of the Reach of any Mortal to prove: Yet we ſlight the Miracles which are before our Eyes, Evident Matters of Fact, which no body can contradict. Whence this ſhould proceed, I know not, unleſs it be from a Natural Kind of Drowſineſs in the *Soul*, Common to the greateſt Part of Men; like the Sleep of thoſe, who cannot ſo ſoon be awaken'd by the loudeſt Noiſes they are accuſtom'd to, as by the ſoft and ſtill *Idea's* of a ſtrange *Dream*; So we regard not the Things to which we are daily habituated, tho' in themſelves never ſo prodigious: Whilſt we ſtart and are amaz'd at the moſt Ordinary Relations of *Antiquity*, only becauſe they are Novel to us, and we were not Eye-Witneſſes of the Things themſelves.

I formerly ſent a Letter to *Cara Hali*, the *Sultan's Phyſician*, wherein I mentioned ſeveral *Phyſicians* of *Arabia*, who in paſt Ages, were Eminent for ſome Remarkable Cures. But, I tell thee, not one of them could match the *King* of *France's* Succeſs in Curing an *Epidemical* Diſtemper, which they call the KING's

KING's-EVIL. The General *Symptoms* of this *Malady*, are certain Swellings in the Face, Neck, or other Parts of the Body; ſometimes accompanied with Blindneſs, Deafneſs, Lameneſs, and other Imperfections. Thoſe who are troubled with this *Diſeaſe*, flock to the *King*'s *Court* at certain Seaſons of the Year, and being introduced into his Preſence, he only touches the Part affected with his Hand, and an Infallible Cure follows.

They ſay, this Gift has been Inherent in the *Kings* of *France* for many Generations: And the *Prieſts* magnify it as a Great *Miracle*. But, I tell thee, all the Prodigy in my Opinion, lies in the Strength of the People's Imagination, which thou knoweſt works half the Cure in many Diſtempers. The *Prieſts* ſtand by the *King*, whilſt he touches the Sick: They repeat their *Goſpel*, and uſe certain *Prayers* and *Exorciſms*, being veſted all in White like *Magicians*. Theſe *Ceremonies* are perform'd with abundance of Gravity, which ſtrikes an Awe into the Credulous Patients. And to render the Buſineſs yet more Myſterious; whereas other *Phyſicians* take Money of the Sick, this Royal *Æſculapius* beſtows a Piece of Gold on every one whom he touches, which they are obliged to wear about their Necks as long as they live. Now whether the *Charm* lies in the *Gold*, or the *King*'s Touch, or the *Prayers* and *Ceremonies* of the *Prieſts*, or finally in the Patients *Fancy*, it matters not much. This is certain, That Thouſands who come to the *King*'s Feet, very much diſorder'd by this

Evil

Evil, find a ſenſible Alteration in their Bodies, before they depart from his Preſence; and in a few Hours or Days at moſt, are perfectly recover'd.

Perhaps, the *Kings* of *France* have ſome *Magical* or *Phyſical* Tincture in their *Blood*. Or, it may be, they have found out the *Philoſopher's Stone*, ſo much talk'd of; and deliver'd it down to their *Poſterity*, as a Part of the *Royal Inheritance*. Which enables the preſent *King*, to do ſo many Prodigious Things both at *Home* and *Abroad*, in *Peace* and in *War*, beſides his Part in Curing this Sickneſs. I am no *Roſicrucian*, nor very fond or credulous of *Miracles*; yet I often wonder at the *Treaſures* of this *Monarch*, which appear Inexhauſtible. But the Ways of *Kings* are ſecret, and he of *France* is ſingular in his Myſterious Methods of growing Rich and Great. Neither do all his Magnificent Expences, ſeem to diminiſh his Wealth. The *King* of *Sueden* has been his *Penſioner* ever ſince he began to Reign: And Millions of *French* Gold, are diſperſed among the *German Princes*.

Theſe Things cauſe his *Subjects* to deſcant variouſly. But I referr 'em to thy *Oraculous* Judgment, whoſe Single *Teſta* is of Ten Thouſand Times more Worth, than the *Decrees* of a *French Parliament*.

Paris, 3d. *of the* 7th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1661.

LETTER

LETTER VI.

To Mirmadolin, Santone *of the* Vale *of* Sidon.

NOW I will vent *Holy* Things, and what the *Divinity* ſhall inſpire. The *World* was in Weeds when *Hoſain* the *Prophet* was ſlain, and the *Moon* put on her *Mourning* Dreſs. The *Tymbrels* of *Perſia*, *Arabia* and *Babylon* were heard in the Dead of the Night: Their Sound reach'd to the *Third Heaven:* The Shepherds ran to the Heights of the Earth, to diſcover the Occaſion of ſo much Noiſe. The *Sentinels* of Forts and Caſtles gave the Alarm, and the *Men* of *War* took hold of the Sword, the Bow and the Spear. The *Tygris* overflowed its Banks, and *Diarbekir* became a Lake. A Dark Body of Clouds overcaſt the Sky, and poured forth Thunder, Lightning and Hail. Fire ran along on the Sands of the *Deſart*, and the Air was all in a Flame. Horrour poſſeſs'd the Minds of Mortals, and the *Angels* themſelves were Uneaſy. The Beaſts of the Field ran into Dens and Caves, and the Dragons were touch'd with Remorſe. Only the more Venomous *Kiſilbaſchi* ſwell'd with Pride: The Poyſon of Murder and Hereſy had puffed up their *Souls:* They and their Poſterity are accurs'd to this Day, and to the Hour of the Irrevocable *Sentence.*

O *Santone,*

O *Santone*, Great is thy *Faith*, in that thou haſt abandoned the Shadow of this World, and ſeparated thy ſelf from the Contagion of Mortals. I revere the Majeſty of thy Sublime *Soul*, the Intellect ranging at Liberty. Thou daily gathereſt Flowers from the *Garden* of *Eden*, and being in the Body, enjoyeſt the Sweets of *Paradiſe*. Kings would lay down their Crowns to taſte of thy Pleaſures, did they but know them, and exchange all the Glory of *Empires*, for one Moment of thy Unſpeakable Bliſs. Thou Companion and Care of *Angels*, Darling of the *Monarch Omnipotent*!

Where-ever thou lieſt down, whether by Day or by Night, the *Watchers* Above ſtand ready with *Umbrella's* to skreen thee from the Scorching Beams of the *Sun*, the Chilling Darts of the *Moon* and *Stars*, and from all Injuries of Weather. The *Elements* go out of their Courſes to ſerve thee, and all *Nature* eſpouſes thy Intereſt.

The *Merchant* hires a Thouſand Camels, and loads them with the Choiceſt Riches of the *Levant*. He endures all the Fatigues of a long and dangerous Travel, through *Syria*, *Arabia* and *Perſia*; runs the Riſque of Robbers, Diſeaſes, and Ten Thouſand Methods of Death: and after all his Hazards and Pains, is not half ſo Happy nor ſo Rich as thou, who aboundeſt in Every Thing, becauſe thou deſireſt Nothing which thou haſt nor, or that is Unneceſſary. The *Plough-men* labour for thee in the *Field*, and ſo do the *Artificers* in the *City*. The Noble and the Vulgar

gar are thy Purveyors, and the Greateſt *Sovereigns* pay Tribute to thee. Every Houſe is thy Home, and they count themſelves Happy, under whoſe Roof thou vouchſafeſt to ſleep. They are really ſo; for Benediction accompanies the Perfect Man in all his Ways, and the Favours of *Heaven* over-take them that ſhew Kindneſs to him. Thou art *Lord* of other Men's Eſtates, and every Man's Field is thy Inheritance. Thou enjoyeſt the Riches of this World, without being tainted with the Vices that attend 'em, and receiveſt Immortal Aſſurances and Seals of the Future Glory, in the Life which is to come. Oh! Happy Eſtate of the Righteous! Oh! Life to be truly envied!

As for me, I'm like a *Galley-Slave*, chain'd down to his Oar, and forc'd to Row Inceſſantly whither the *Maſter* of the Veſſel Commands. So am I oblig'd to obey the Dictates of my *Superiours*, whether there be Sin in the Caſe or no. I am faſten'd in the Cares of this Vain World, and the more Particular Anxieties of *State*. From all which thou art Happily free.

Oh that it were Lawful for me to ſhake off the Fretting Yoke, and diſintangle my ſelf from the Snares of Humane Policy! That I might live like the Men of the *Firſt Ages*, who honour'd the *Earth* as their *Common Mother*, and made no Envious Encloſures! They ſported Innocently on her Fragrant Boſom, and never moleſted their Kind *Parent*, by Cruelty to any of her *Off-Spring*. They ſuck'd

the

the Milk of her Breaſt: Her Veins ſtream'd with Wine and Honey. They banquetted on Variety of excellent Fruits, and no Body thought of Killing and Eating his *Fellow-Animal.* The Birds could then range the Air without Fear of the *Fowler*; neither did any Yawling Huntſman rouze the Timorous Hare from her Seat. The Roes and the Hinds could ſcamper at Pleaſure o'er the Plain, without being hatter'd to the Mountains and Rocks for Sanctuary; neither did any ſly Angler trepan the Fiſh of the Rivers. As for the Sea, 'twas then Unknown; No Man as yet, had ventur'd on that Perfidious *Element*, or found out the Uſe of Ships. There was in thoſe Days no Foreign Commerce or Traffick, nor any Need of it. Every *Region* ſupply'd its Inhabitants with what was Uſeful and Neceſſary: And thoſe Temperate Mortals deſir'd no more. They liv'd without Irregular Appetites, free from Ambition, Fraud and Blood.

This is the Life ſo much deſir'd by me, and which thou actually enjoyeſt. *God* augment thy Felicities and Raptures, that thou mayeſt paſs from one Viſion and Extaſy to another, till *Gabriel* ſnatch thy *Soul* away in a *Divine* Tranſport, beyond the Poſſibility of a Relapſe.

Holy *Santone*, whilſt thou art on *Earth*, pray for me; and when thou art among the *Immortals*, do me ſome Favours which may laſt for ever.

Paris, 26th. *of the* 8th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1661.

LETTER

LETTER VII.

To Dgnet Oglou.

MY Buſineſs in this Place obliges me to keep Company with all Sorts of People. Hence I indifferently aſſociate my ſelf with Stateſmen, Souldiers, Courtiers, Prieſts, Fidlers, Mechanicks, Seamen, or Perſons of any Profeſſion, from whom I can hope for any Improvement: For, there is hardly ſo deſpicable a Fellow in the World, who may not teach an Inquiſitive Mind ſomething, to which it was a Stranger before.

Sometimes I converſe with *Painters*, whom I generally find to be Men of Wit and Senſe, but very lewd and diſſolute: However, they ſerve to divert my Melancholy, to which thou knoweſt I am much inclin'd. For they are the merrieſt Sparks in the World, abounding with ſmart Repartees, Jeſts and Comical Stories, beſides a Hundred Mimical Tricks of good Buffoonry to make one laugh; that it is almoſt Impoſſible to be ſad in their Company.

They are moſt of them bred in the *Academy*, or in *Colleges* and *Schools* where the *Sciences* are profeſs'd: It being in a Manner neceſſary, That Men of this *Trade* ſhould have a Smack of all Sorts of *Learning*, and eſpecially, that they ſhould be indifferent good *Hiſto-*

Hiſtorians; they being many Times deſir'd to repreſent Pieces of *Antique* and *Modern Hiſtory*, without a *Pattern*. They have a very Facetious Way alſo of telling a Story to the Life, as well as of drawing it ſo in Picture. They would diſſolve the moſt ſtiff and moroſe *Hadgi* into Laughter and Jollity, to hear how gracefully they will ridicule the moſt ſerious Matters, and turn every Thing into *Burleſque*: For they are Admirable *Satyriſts* by Nature.

Yet theſe are not all alike, but differ in their Tempers like other Men. Some of them are Proud and Stately, others Fawning and Abject: And all of them great *Humoriſts*.

It was an odd Whim of *Martin Heemskirk*, a Famous Painter, that was born at a Village of the ſame Name. He died in the Year of the *Chriſtians Hegira*, 1574. This Man had amaſs'd together in his Life Time a Vaſt Quantity of Money; and having no Wife or Children, nor other Relations of his own to leave it to, he was reſolv'd to do ſomething, for which he might be talk'd of after his Death. I have heard of many dying Men, that have had one Caprice or other in making their laſt *Will* and *Teſtament*: But thou wilt ſay this of *Martin*'s was Singular. For, on his Death-bed he bequeath'd all his Wealth to be diſtributed into Equal *Dowries* or *Portions*, wherewith to marry a certain Number of *Maids* of *Heemskirk*, his Birth-place, Yearly, on this Condition, That the New-married Couple, with all the Wedding-Gueſts, ſhou'd dance on his *Grave*.

It

It is neceſſary for thee to know, that ſince his Death, there has been a great Alteration of *Religion* in thoſe *Parts*: The Inhabitants, which in his Time were *Roman Catholicks*, are now all *Proteſtants*. And at the Time of this Change or Reformation, as they call it, it was the General Practice of the *Proteſtants*, to demoliſh all *Images* and *Croſſes* where-ever they found 'em. Now it was the Cuſtom of the *Roman Catholicks* to ſet up a *Croſs* at the End of every *Sepulchre* of the *Dead*. Yet, ſo great a Veneration have the *Heemskirkers* for the Memory of this *Painter*, that whereas there is not a *Croſs* to be ſeen ſtanding in all the Country beſides; yet his, being of Braſs, remains untouch'd, as the only *Title* their *Daughters* can ſhew to his *Legacy*.

'Twas a more Cruel and Inhumane Caprice of an *Italian Painter* (I think his Name was *Giotto*) who deſigning to draw a *Crucifix* to the Life, wheadl'd a poor Man to ſuffer himſelf to be bound to a *Croſs* for an Hour, at the End of which he ſhou'd be releas'd again, and receive a Conſiderable Gratuity for his Pains. But, inſtead of this, as ſoon as he had him faſt on the *Croſs*, he ſtabb'd him Dead, and then fell to drawing. He was eſteem'd the Greateſt *Maſter* in all *Italy* at that Time. And having this Advantage, of a Dead Man hanging on a *Croſs* before him, there's no Queſtion, but he made a Matchleſs Piece of Work on't.

As ſoon as he had finiſh'd his *Picture*, he carried it to the *Pope*, who was aſtoniſh'd, as at

at a Prodigy of Art, highly extolling the Exquiſiteneſs of the Features and Limbs, the Languiſhing, Pale Deadneſs of the Face, the Unaffected Sinking of the Head: In a Word, he had drawn to the Life, not only that Privation of Senſe, and Motion which we call Death; but alſo the very Want of the leaſt Vital Symptom.

This is better underſtood, than expreſs'd. Every Body knows that it is a Maſter-piece to repreſent a Paſſion, or a Thought well and naturally. Much greater is it to deſcribe the total Abſence of theſe Interiour Faculties, ſo as to diſtinguiſh the Figure of a Dead Man, from one that is only aſleep.

Yet all this and much more, cou'd the *Pope* diſcern in the Admirable *Draught* which *Giotto* preſented him. And he lik'd it ſo well, that he reſolved to place it over the *Altar* of his own *Chappel*: For, thou know'ſt, this is the Practice of the *Nazarenes*, to Adore *Pictures* and *Images*. *Giotto* told him, Since he lik'd the *Copy* ſo well, he wou'd ſhew him the *Original* if he pleas'd.

What doſt thou mean by the *Original*, ſaid the *Pope*? wilt thou ſhew me *Chriſt Jeſus* on the *Croſs* in his own Perſon? No, repli'd *Giotto*, but I'll ſhew your *Holineſs* the *Original* from whence I drew this, if you will abſolve me from all Puniſhment.

The good old *Father* ſuſpecting ſomething extraordinary by the *Painters* thus Capitulating with him, promis'd on his Word to pardon him. Which *Giotto* believing, immediately

ately told him where it was: And attending him to the Place, as ſoon as they were enter'd, he drew a Curtain back, which hung before the Dead Man on the *Croſs*, and told the *Pope* what he had done.

The *Holy Father* extremely troubl'd at ſo Inhumane and Barbarous an Action, repeal'd his Promiſe, and told the *Painter*, he ſhould ſurely be put to an Exemplary Death.

Giotto ſeeming reſigned to the *Sentence* pronounc'd upon him, only begg'd leave to finiſh the *Picture* before he dy'd; which was granted him. In the mean while, a Guard was ſet upon him to prevent his Eſcape. As ſoon as the *Pope* had caus'd the *Picture* to be deliver'd into his Hands, he takes a Bruſh; and dipping it in a Sort of Stuff he had ready for that Purpoſe, daubs the *Picture* all over with it, ſo that nothing cou'd now be ſeen of the *Crucifix*: But it was quite effac'd in all outward Appearance.

This made the *Pope* ſtark mad: He ſtamp'd, foam'd and rav'd like one in a Phren'ſy. He ſwore the *Painter* ſhould ſuffer the moſt Cruel Death that cou'd be invented, unleſs he drew another full as good as the former: For if but the leaſt Grace was miſſing, he wou'd not pardon him. But if he cou'd produce an exact Parallel, he wou'd not only give him his Life, but an Ample Reward in Money.

The *Painter*, as he had Reaſon, deſir'd this under the *Pope*'s *Signet*, that he might not be in Danger of a Second Repeal: Which

was

was granted him. And then he took a wet Sponge, and wip'd off all the *Varniſh* he had daub'd on the *Picture*. And the *Crucifix* appeared the ſame in all Reſpects, as it was before.

The *Pope*, who looked on this as a great Secret, being Ignorant of the Arts which *Painters* uſe, was raviſhed at the ſtrange *Metamorphoſis*. And to reward the *Painter*'s treble Ingenuity, he abſolv'd him from all his Sins, and the Puniſhments due to them; ordering moreover his *Steward*, to cover the *Picture* all over with Gold, as a farther Gratuity for the *Painter*. And, they ſay, this *Crucifix* is the Original by which the moſt famous *Crucifixes* in *Europe* are drawn.

I need make no other Reflection on this, Than that as the Suppos'd Murder of *Jeſus* the Son of *Mary*, is the Source of all the *Chriſtians Devotion*; ſo the real *Homicide* which this *Painter* committed, has made it more intenſe and fervent, by how much the *Crucifixes* drawn after this *Pattern*, excel all that were ſeen before them, in the *Tragical* Portraiture of the *Martyr'd Meſſias*.

And, from this Reaſon it is, that *Painters* are in ſo great eſteem among the *Italians*, becauſe they form the *Gods* which thoſe *Infidels* Adore. It is no wonder therefore, that the *Chief Head* of their *Church*, ſhould ſo eaſily Abſolve *Murder* in a *Painter*, as a *Venial* Sin, eſpecially when it is done *in Ordine ad Deum*, as the *Jeſuits* ſay, that is, to promote *God*'s Glory, as the *Pope* eaſily perſuaded

ſuaded himſelf this was: Since *Idolatry* is the main Engine which ſupports the State and Grandeur of the *Roman Court*. And all the World knows, that Holy City is a *Type* of *Heaven*; or at leaſt, the Crafty *Prieſts* would fain repreſent it ſo.

My Friend, thou and I have ſeen enough of their Tricks and Holy Frauds in *Sicily*. Praiſe be to *God*, they had not Power to pervert us. Our *Faith* remains inviolate: We ſtill poſſeſs the Integrity of *Muſſulmans*, the Native Attach we owe to the *Prophet*, who was ſent to Exterminate *Idols*. In a word, we Adore none but One *God*, *Creator* of the *Worlds*. May that *Incomprehenſible* for ever keep us in the ſame *Faith* and Practice, till the Releaſe of our *Souls*.

Paris, 13th. *of the* 9th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1661.

LET-

LETTER VIII.

To Lubano Abufei Saad, *an* Egyptian Knight.

THIS *Court* is now at *Fontainbleau*, and all ſeems to be diſſolv'd in Joy for the Birth of a *Dauphin*. The *Queen* was delivered of this Young *Prince*, on the Firſt Day of this *Moon*. There's Nothing but Feaſting, Dancing and Revelling on this Account, with Boneſires and Congratulatory Addreſſes. Only the *Duke* of *Orleans*, the *King*'s Brother has little Reaſon to be over-merry, ſince he was the next Preſumptive *Heir* of the *Crown*, in Caſe the *King* died without Iſſue Male: For the *Laws* of *France* exclude a *Female* from Reigning. Yet, this *Duke* diſſembles his Inward Grief, for being thus put by his Hopes, and appears as Joyful as the *Father* himſelf. He huggs and admires the *Royal* Babe, wiſhing him Health and Long Life in a Compliment, whom he really could rather wiſh out of the World; or at leaſt, that he had never come into it. So violent are the Temptations to a *Crown*, ſo ſtrong the Deſire of *Empire*, That the Nearneſs of *Relation*, which endears the Reſt of Mortals one to another, eſtranges the Hearts of *Princes* from thoſe of their own *Blood*, if they ſtand in the Way of their Ambition. And I can aſſure thee, the *French* do

not ſpare to ſay, the *Duke* of *Orleans* has enough of this Vice to attempt great Things, were not his *Genius* over-aw'd, by the Matchleſs Fortune and Spirit of his Brother.

Neither is the *King himſelf* Inſenſible of this; remembring with what Warmth the *Duke* received the Flattering Addreſſes of ſome *Courtiers*, during his Brother's dangerous Sickneſs, when the *Phyſicians* had well-nigh given him over for a Dead Man.

I was acquainted with this Paſſage but lately by *Oſmin* the *Dwarf*, who watches all the Motions of this *Court*. He tells me that the *King* being inform'd, a Rumour was whiſpered among the *Grandees* of his Death, cauſed them all to be ſent for, and to paſs through his Chamber, whilſt the Curtains of his Bed were drawn open, that they might ſee their *Sovereign* alive, tho' in a bad State of Health. He ſays moreover, That the true Reaſon, why ſeveral *Lords* of late have been removed from their *Offices* about the *King*, is becauſe he reſented ill the too early and paſſionate Court they made to the *Duke* of *Orleans*, on the Report of his Brother's Death. 'Tis natural to all Men to love themſelves, and to deſire the Diſpoſal of their own Affairs. No Man would be content to have his *Eſtate* given away by his Servants, at their own Diſcretion. And *Sovereign Monarchs* are the moſt Jealous of all Men in ſuch Caſes: Particularly, the *King* of *France* is known to be a *Prince* very ſenſible of his Honour, and ſoon touched in that Point, by the leaſt Appearance

pearance of Diſ-reſpect in his *Subjects*, and of Encroachment in his Neighbours.

As for the *Duke* of *Orleans*, he is a *Prince* of no great Character, either as a Souldier, or a Stateſman. Neither has he been much talked of in the World, till the Beginning of this Year, when he Married an *Engliſh Princeſs*, by Name *Henrietta*, Daughter to the late Murder'd *King* of that *Nation*.

We have had another *Match* here alſo, between the late *Duke* of *Orleance*'s Daughter, and the *Prince* of *Toſcany*. Theſe things occaſion various Diſcourſe among thoſe who pretend to weigh exactly the different Intereſts of *Chriſtian Courts*, eſpecially of ſuch as are concerned in the New *Alliances*. For, the Greateſt *Monarchs* here in the *Weſt*, marry only for Profit and Advantage, to Fortify themſelves by a cloſer Union with the *Houſe* to which they are Ally'd. Whereas our *Eaſtern Princes* only indulge their Paſſions in the Choice of their Wives; admitting none to their Embraces, but the moſt Exquiſite Beauties that can be found. And where they once pitch their Phancy, they neither regard Riches, Honour, or any other Recommendation, ſave what their Love ſuggeſts; being themſelves Inexhauſtible Fountains of Wealth, Nobility and good Fortune to all who have the Happineſs to be in their Favour.

They ſcorn to ſell themſelves, and proſtitute the Glory of their *Diadems* to a *Foreign Prince*, for the Sake of a little Gold, and

much Trouble, with a proud Female, whom perhaps they never ſaw. Yet this is the common Practice among the *Princes* of the *Nazarene Belief*; Who conſider not, that inſtead of a Wife, a Partner of their *Empire*, and a Friend, they often entertain a Snake, a Traytor, an Enemy: Eſpecially if ſhe be a Woman of Wit and Intrigue, as moſt of them are. This made the now *Queen-Mother*, the *Relict* of *Lewis* XIII, ſuſpected by her Huſband; and the preſent *Queen* of *France* is under the like Circumſtances: And it will always be ſo, where *Princes* Match themſelves after this manner, and cannot debar their Wives from holding a ſecret Correſpondence with the *Family* from which they Deſcend.

Aſſuredly, the *Ottoman Politicks* are the moſt refined and ſecure of any in the World; our *Religion* moſt *Holy*, and our *Morals* moſt *Sound*. Which Three are evident Signs, That *God* has raiſed up this *Sacred Empire*, to ſubdue all the Nations on Earth, and bring 'em to the *Faith* of his *Divine Unity*.

Paris, 9th. *of the* 11th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1661.

LET-

LETTER IX.

To Cara Hali, *Phyſician to the* Grand Signior.

I Am now in my Chamber by a Glowing Fire, wanting Nothing that can comfort a Reaſonable Man: Whilſt I hear the Winds whiſtling, the Snow driving upon my Windows, and the hollow Voices of the *Watch* proclaiming a Night little leſs Cold, than that *laſting one* they feel in the *Artick Circle* once a Year. Yet I wiſh my ſelf in a Plain, or on the Top of ſome High Mountain, where I might feel *Nature* in the moſt Rigid of all her Humours. I love Variety, and 'tis a Pain to be confined to Pleaſure it ſelf, when 'tis all of one Kind, or what I'm us'd to.

'Tis to thee, my Dear *Hali*, I owe this Thought, when you told me once, as we were walking together in the *Cemetery* of *Sultan Sclyman's Moſque*, *That Man is made for all Things.*

I remember the Elegance and Force of Reaſon with which you explained your Sentiments, upon a Loſs which I had then ſuſtained by *Shipwrack*; comforting me with this Reflection, that all the Gains on Earth are only Burdens; all the Riches, Honours, Pleaſures, and whatſoever is deſired by Mortals, are but ſo many Clogs to tie us faſter to this,

Little, Narrow *Globe*, where we are born to trample on as our *Foot-ſtool*.

All this is true; but I conſider farther, That the Occurrences of this Life ought to be received with Indifference, and we ſhould be as Chearful in a *Priſon*, as in a *Palace*; becauſe Nothing can happen to us, which was not decreed by *Fate*. Methinks I could go as freely to Torments in a Juſt Cauſe, as to a Sumptuous Banquet. I could ſmile at the Malice of my Perſecutors, and triumph o'er the Vain *Executioners*, when I ſee them ſweat at their Inhumane Toil, and yet can never have their Wills of a *Soul* caſt in ſuch a Mold as mine. Whatever they may do with my Body, tho' they excruciate me with a Thouſand Inventions of Cruelty, tho' they reduce me to Aſhes, yet they cannot rob me of my *Reaſon*. Neither Fire, nor Sword, nor Rack, nor any other Inſtrument of Barbarous Rage, can hurt my Thoughts. I ſhall ſtill have the Power of Meditating, in Spight of 'em all: And I eſteem that the Specifick Happineſs of a *Rational* Creature. There's no ſuch Thing as Pleaſure or Pain, but what our Opinion makes ſo. I have try'd to handle Fire; I've graſped hot burning Coals in the Palm of my Hand, with which I now write. The devouring *Element* ſoon faſtened on my Skin, and eat its way through into my Fleſh, whilſt I was buſy in Contemplating its Nature and Effects, without being concern'd in any Senſe of Pain. I kept a tite Rein, and curb'd my *Soul*. I held it within Compaſs, and would

not

not ſuffer it to winch, or laſh, or flounce out of it ſelf, or deſcend into my Body, to reſcue the Part affected, or be concern'd at its Grievance. But when I reflect on the Inconveniences that might follow, and that it would hinder me from ſerving the *Grand Signior* and my Friends, I threw the Coals away, well ſatisfied that I had made the Experiment without prejudicing my Reaſon, or falling into any Paſſion Unbecoming a Man.

I take as much Pleaſure in Faſting, as in Eating or Drinking; in Labour, as in Reſt; in Watching, as in Sleep. There's no Exceſs or Contrariety in *Nature*, which does not afford me as much Delight as Mediocrity, or the *Golden Mean* it ſelf. I find Guſt in every Thing that happens to me. And this I take to be the Proper Part of a *Muſſulman*, or of one *Reſigned* to *God*.

Yet this hinders me not from buſtling in the World, and proſecuting my Buſineſs with Alacrity and ſome Eagerneſs. We are born for Action, and not wholly for Thought. 'Tis a mix'd Life we are to lead on Earth. But when I fail of my End or deſired Succeſs in any Undertaking, I am not troubl'd; conſidering I was born to encounter Evil as well as Good in this Mortal State.

In all that I have ſaid, I do not pretend to the Celebrated *Apathy* of the *Stoicks*. I feel Pleaſure and Pain from the ſame Objects which thus affects other Men: But I feel 'em with Indifference, not ſuffering my Underſtanding and Judgment to participate with my Paſſion and Senſe.

I have perceived my ſelf ſometimes in *Agonies*, which I thought exactly anſwered the Character of thoſe which dying Perſons feel. And I believe they were in a Degree the very ſame: Yet I found no Panick Fears upon me, no Dread of that Amazing Change: But rather certain Blooming Hopes, Young, Tender Springing Joys, ariſing from the Thoughts of a New Life, the Unavoidable Effect of that which we call Death, wherein I promiſed my ſelf the Pleaſure of Freſh Enjoyments and Diverſions, to which I was wholly then a Stranger.

If thou thinkeſt this too Extravagant, and that Death is not a proper Object of our Wiſhes, yet thou wilt at leaſt acknowledge, That it may furniſh us with ſufficient Arguments of Content and Acquieſcence, ſince no Man can avoid it, and it is ſure to entertain us with Novelties which we never were acquainted with before, which recommends it under a very deſirable Figure, becauſe Humane Nature perpetually covets New Things.

I have ſeen Perſons Condemned to Death here in *Paris*, who have been offer'd Life on certain Conditions not agreeing with their Humour; yet have refuſed it, and rather choſe Death which they knew would free 'em at once from all their Preſent Troubles. And thou know'ſt with what Reſignation our Greateſt *Baſſa's* ſubmit their Necks to the *Executioners*, when the *Grand Signior* thinks fit to call for their Lives. All that they reply to the *Fatal Mandate*, is, *The Will of my Sovereign*

vereign Lord be done. They at once gather up all the Strength of their ſcattered Reaſon, and ſhrink their dilated *Souls* to a Point. Then with a Re-doubled Force, they ſhake off their Inclinations to Honours, Riches, and the Pleaſures of this Life, as a Man rowzes from a long Dream or Trance. With Smiles and a profound Submiſſion they kiſs the *Royal Firme*, being awaken'd to the Thoughts of more illuſtrious and Serene Joys than this groſs Earth affords, even to the Ineffable Pleaſures of *Eden*, the ſure Reward of thoſe that die in Obedience and Peace: Since they are to be eſteemed *Martyrs*, as well as thoſe who meet Death in the Field of the *Sacred Combat*, in the *War* for our *Holy Faith.*

Oh! That it were my Lot thus to expire in Honour, to have my laſt Breath mixed with the Devout Aſpirations and Suffrages of *True Believers*, that ſo my Example might edify others, and the Publick Character of an Untainted Loyalty might benefit my ſelf: Whilſt Fame proclaimed it before my Arrival at the Inviſible *Regions*, to prepare the *Ghoſts* of Juſt Men to bid me welcome, and give me a kind Reception, who am yet wholly a Stranger in thoſe Parts of the World: For Death it ſelf cannot baniſh me out of the Univerſe. And there's my laſt Comfort.

Thou my dear *Phyſician*, wilt conclude, I'm Melancholy by this Kind of Diſcourſe. But I tell thee, 'tis only another way of Expreſſing the Secret Pleaſure and Tranquility of my *Soul*, which is more to be valued by him

that enjoys it, than all the Laughter and Extravagant Mirth in the World. These only ruffle our Passions, and raise a Dust in our Eyes: whereas the other compose and purify our Reason, giving us a Constant Prospect of Things Past, Present, and to Come. So that we can never be at a Loss, but always ready equipp'd for the worst Contingencies. *Hali*, Adieu.

Paris, 15th. *of the* 12th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1661.

LETTER X.

To the Same.

THE *Court* of *France* in all things endeavours to imitate the Ancient Grandeur of the *Roman Emperours*, and their Policy. As they had their *Amphitheatres*, whereon were exhibited all Sorts of *Shows* and *Spectacles* to divert the People in Time of *Peace*; so have these their *Theatres* whereon according to the more Acceptable Mode of the present Age, are represented the Various Kinds of Vertue and Vice; Men's Follies, and Perfections; Modern Humours, and the Ancient Morality; Intrigues of Love, and of State; Surprizing Actions of *War*, and the Subtle Overtures of *Peace*; The *Tyranny* of

of *Sovereigns*, and *Rebellion* of *Subjects*. In fine, whatſoever is treated of in Books, is here Acted to the Life on the *Stage*, and with ſo much Advantage of Scenes, Interludes, Muſick, Dances, Language, Wit, Humour, and the like Charming Circumſtances, That a Man at ſome Hours cannot better paſs away his Time, than in being preſent at theſe Entertainments. Where all that he has read, either in Ancient or Modern *Hiſtory*, deſerving Remark, ſhall be ſucceſſively preſented to his View, as efficaciouſly as if the Perſons were now living, and in preſence, whoſe Actions each *Play* deſcribes.

There you ſhall be introduced as it were, into the *Court* and *Camp* of the *Grand Cyrus*: You ſhall accompany *Alexander* the *Great* in his *Expeditions* through *Aſia*: You ſhall ſee him die of *Poyſon* at *Babylon*, and the *Macedonian Empire* Cantoniz'd among his *Officers*: You ſhall behold all the *Roman Cæſars* in their *Riſe* and *Fall*: With whatſoever Particularities were obſervable in this or any other Renown'd *Monarchy* on Earth; not excluding the laſt and moſt Univerſal *Empire* of the *Ottomans*. For theſe *Infidels* preſume to act o'er again, the Part of *Tamerlain*, and lead about in *Dramatick* Triumph, the Encag'd, yet ſtill Invincible *Bajazet*. In Habits, which only become the deſtin'd *Conquerors* of the *World*, theſe Slaves dare perſonate the Glorious *Solyman*, *Mahomet* the *Great*, the Victorious *Selim*, and even *Amurat* himſelf, the Stouteſt *Emperour* that ever Reigned: I mean, the *Uncle* of our preſent *Sovereign*.

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Beſides *True Hiſtory* thus repreſented, the Spectators are ſometimes diverted with *Fabulous Entries* of *Gods*, *Nymphs*, *Fauns*, *Satyrs*, *Muſes*, *Graces*, *Monſters*, and whatſoever we find in the Ancient *Poets*.

There you ſhall ſee *Prometheus* fetching *Fire* from *Heaven*, to give *Life* to his *Men* of *Clay*; *Lycaon* transformed into a *Wolf*, for his Inhoſpitable Carriage to *Jupiter*; *Ganymede* ſnatched up into *Heaven* by an *Eagle*, and made *Jupiter*'s Cup-bearer, for his ſingular Beauty. It is pleaſant alſo to ſee *Phryxus* with his Siſter *Helle*, ſwiming o'er the *Helleſpont* on the Back of a *Ram*, with a *Golden Fleece*; whilſt ſhe for Fear, falls off, and is drowned: And from her Name [*Helle*] that *Sea* is ſuppos'd to be ſo called. In the mean while, *Phryxus* ſwims forward, and arrives at *Colchis*, where he ſacrifices the *Ram*, and hangs the *Golden Fleece* up in the *Temple*; which was afterwards ſtole away by *Jaſon* and his *Argonauts*. It is equally diverting, to ſee the Artifice of the *Scenes* and *Machines*, which repreſent *Jupiter* transforming himſelf into a *Show'r* of *Gold*, and ſo deſcending into *Danae*'s Lap, when he begets *Perſeus* on her, who ſubdued the *Gorgons*, and with *Meduſa*'s Head, turned the *Cephen Nobles* into *Statues*. In a word, all the Ingenious *Fictions* of *Orpheus*, *Homer*, *Heſiod*, *Ovid* and the reſt of the *Greek* and *Roman Poets*, are here tranſlated, not ſo much from one *Language* to another, as from Words to Actions, and from Dead, Inanimate Characters, to Living Figures of the Things

Things themſelves. For theſe ſort of *Plays* are acted by Men, Women and Children culled out, and Educated for that Purpoſe. And the Managers are at a vaſt Charge, for Variety of Proper *Scenes* and *Dreſſes* for every Occaſion; each *Actor* being exactly Apparell'd according to the different *Quality* of the Perſons repreſented, and the Mode of the Age and Country wherein they lived.

Theſe Sort of Divertiſements, are very agreeable both to the *Court* and the *City*. The *King* takes great Delight in them, eſpecially in *Ballets* and *Paſtorals*, which conſiſt chiefly of good Songs and Dances, mixed with bold and uncouth Entries of *Antiques*, repreſenting *Monſters* and *Devils*, as the *Chriſtians* uſually deſcribe 'em.

But there was lately a check given to their Sport, by an Accident which has ſurpriz'd all People that hear of it, and has puzzl'd the moſt Intelligent Heads to give an Account of ſo ſtrange an Occurrence.

On the 19*th*. of this *Moon*, the *King* and the whole *Court* were preſent at a *Ballet*, repreſenting the Grandeur of the *French Monarchy*. About the middle of the Entertainment, there was an *Antique* Dance performed by Twelve *Maſquerades*, in the ſuppos'd *Forms* of *Dæmons*. But before they had advanced far in their *Dance*, they found an *Interloper* amongſt 'em, who by encreaſing the Number to Thirteen, put 'em quite out of their Meaſures: For they practiſe every Step and Motion before-hand, till they are perfect. Being

ing abash'd therefore at the unavoidable Blunders the Thirteenth *Antique* made 'em commit, they stood still like Fools, gazing at one another: None daring to unmask, or speak a word; for that would have put all the Spectators into a Disorder and Confusion. *Cardinal Mazarini* (who was the chief Contriver of these Entertainments, to divert the *King* from more serious Thoughts) stood close by the Young *Monarch*, with a Scheme of the *Ballet* in his Hand. Knowing therefore, that this *Dance* was to consist but of Twelve *Antiques*, and taking Notice that there were actually Thirteen, at First imputed it to some Mistake. But afterwards when he perceived the Confusion of the *Dancers*, and that they could not procced, he made a more narrow Enquiry into the Cause of this Disorder. To be brief, they convinc'd the *Cardinal*, that it could be no Error of theirs, by a kind of demonstration, in that they had but Twelve *Antique* Dresses of that Sort, which were made on purpose for this particular *Ballet*; whereas the Thirteenth *Dancer* was disguiz'd after the same manner. Therefore they concluded, that either the *Devil* or some body else, had put a Trick upon 'em. That which made it seem the greater Mystery was, that when they came behind the *Scenes* to uncase, and examine the Matter, they found but Twelve *Antiques*, whereas on the *Stage* there were Thirteen.

The preciser Sort of Bigots gave it out for certain, That the *Devil* was amongst 'em:

Whilst

Whilſt others more probably ſay, 'Twas only ſome Envious or Ambitious *Dancing-Maſter*, who was either reſolv'd to be reveng'd for not being one of the Twelve, or deſign'd to ſhew his Parts *Incognito*, againſt another Opportunity, and in the *Interim*, ſet the *Court* a wondring at his Singular Skill and Dexterity: For it was obſerv'd, That one of the Thirteen far ſurpaſs'd all the Reſt, and did Things to a Miracle.

Be it how it will, it has brought to Memory a Paſſage that happen'd on the like Occaſion at a Town not far from *Paris*, about Eighteen Years ago, yet was not half ſo much talk'd of then, as 'tis now: Which was the Reaſon, I took no Notice of it in any of my Letters. But now they are big with it: 'Tis the general Diſcourſe of all Companies, who make Compariſons of that Event with this. Perhaps 'twill not be unpleaſant to thee to know it.

In the Year 1644. toward the latter End, a Company of *Stage-Players* were at a Place call'd *Vitry*, entertaining the People with *Comedies*; But there happen'd ſomething really Tragical to one of the *Actors*. This Man was to perform the Part of one *Dead*, and then he was to revive again by *Magick*. He acted his Part too truly, and baffl'd the *Necromancers* Art. For when he touch'd him with his *Taliſman*, as the Rules of the *Play* requir'd, in Order to his *Reſurrection*, the *Inanimate Trunk* could not obey. The Man was *Dead* indeed.

Whether

Whether he overſtrained himſelf in imitating the Silent, Still, and Irrecoverable Privations of that Paſſive State, and gave his ſlippery *Soul* a ſtrong Temptation, with a fair Opportunity to eſcape its Bonds; Or, whether *Heaven* had a Particular Hand in ſo Remarkable a *Cataſtrophe*, I will not preſume to divine. But this and the other Occurrence, has put the People quite out of Conceit with *Plays*.

Sage *Hali*, remember the *Arabian Proverb*, which ſays, *'Tis not good to Jeſt with God, Death or the Devil. For the Firſt neither can, nor will be mocked; the Second mocks all Men, one Time or other; and the Third puts an Eternal Sarcaſm on thoſe that are too familiar with him.* Adieu.

Paris, 30th. *of the* 1ſt, *Moon, of the Year* 1662.

LET-

LETTER XI.

To Dgnet Oglou.

GOD unravel my *Soul*, reverſe my *Faculties*, turn my *Nature* inſide out, make me a *Monſter* of a New *Predicament*, or annihilate me, which he pleaſes, if I am not true to my Truſt: Yet the *Miniſters* of the *Port* ſuſpect me.

By the Thoughts of *Mahomet* our *Holy Law-giver*, whilſt he was climbing the boundleſs Heights of the Firmament, I've a Heart like the *Roman Curtius*, who bravely leap'd into the Fathomleſs *Abyſs* to ſave his *Country* from Ruin. They miſtake *Mahmut*, who think he'll be pimp'd out of his Loyalty by Frowns or Smiles, Flatteries or Threats, Gold or Tortures. I'd run the Riſque of *Damnation* it ſelf to ſerve my *Sovereign*, or to do any Thing becoming a Man of Honour. Yet my *Superiours* uſe me like a Villain or a Traytor. Their Letters are full of Reproaches and Threatnings, as if I were not worthy to live. 'Tis ſtrange to me, whence all this Malice ſhould proceed; and that after I have done and ſuffered all that could be expected from a *Muſſulman* in my Poſt, to demonſtrate my Incorruptible Fidelity to the *Grand Signior*, I ſhould ſtill be perſecuted as a *Tiaſer*, and Enemy to the *Ottoman* Intereſt. I know not what to think of it.

If

If I have done any Thing which deſerves Death or Impriſonment, why do they not ſend for me to *Conſtantinople*, and execute Juſtice on me? Or if I am not thought fit to continue any longer in this *Poſt*, why do they not call for my *Commiſſion*, and give it to ſome Body better qualify'd? Either of theſe wou'd be a merciful Proceeding, compar'd with the more Cruel and Ignominious Way they have invented to murder me; For, now they put me to a lingring Death, by continually corroding and waſting the Piece of my *Soul*, which is my Life, with Contempts and Reproaches.

I am not at all troubl'd when they tax me with *Atheiſm*, or ſay, I'm a *Kyſilbaſchi*, a *Libertine*, a *Chriſtian*, a *Heathen Philoſopher*; or when they are pleas'd to make a *Monſter* of me, a Mungrel *Gallimaufry*, a walking Hotchpotch, compounded of *Jew*, *Turk*, *Nazarene* and *Epicure*. In loading me with theſe opprobrious Titles, they rank me with ſome of the Greateſt Mortals, and engage even our *Holy Prophet* himſelf to eſpouſe my Cauſe, and vindicate my Reputation; ſince he is in theſe very Terms blaſphem'd by the *Followers* of *Jeſus*: Thoſe *Infidels* forgetting that their own *Meſſias* was after the like Manner traduc'd by the *Jews*, who call'd him *Impoſtor*, *Magician*, *Heretick*, *Devil*, and I know not what. This has been the Lot of all *Holy* Men and *Prophets*, to be envied and aſpers'd by the *Grandees* of the *Nation* and *Age* wherein they liv'd: Becauſe they boldly reprov'd

reprov'd their Vices, and taught them the ſincere Maxims of Vertue both by Word and Example. And though I have not Vanity enough to liſt my ſelf in the Number of *Prophets*, or Perfect Men; yet I have Rea- to conclude, That all this Perſecution is rais'd againſt me, on the Account of the Liberty I take to reprehend the Errors and Failings of thoſe, who are Slaves to the *Grand Signior* as well as I: Tho' I have been commanded to do this by the moſt *Auguſt Miniſters* of the *Empire*. But great Men in Power, love not to be told of their Faults. They wou'd live Arbitrary as *Sovereigns*, without the leaſt Check or Controul. They will rather cheriſh a Thouſand Flatterers and Sycophants, than ſuffer one *Diogenes* to live.

But that which vexes me moſt, is, That they glance upon me in ſome Expreſſions, as if I were falſe to the Truſt which is repos'd in me. A Crime for which I ever had an Invincible Abhorrence, and which wou'd ſooner tempt me a Thouſand Times to die, than to be once guilty of it. Thou know'ſt my Temper, and I need ſay no more.

I ſhou'd have burſt with Grief and Indignation, had I not given my Reſentments this Vent, and that to a Friend, who by knowing my Affliction, takes one Half of it for his own Share, and ſo I'm eas'd.

Paris, 2d. *of the* 4th. *Moon, of the Year* 1662.

LETTER

LETTER XII.

To Abrahim Eli Zeid, Hadgi, Preacher *to the* Seraglio.

THEY have a *Proverb* here in the *Weſt*, which ſays, *All is not Gold that gliſters.* And 'tis frequently verify'd in their own *Prieſts*, who are generally the greateſt *Hypocrites* in the World.

I had not been long in this City, before I ſent a Letter to *Bedredin*, *Superiour* of the *Derviſes* of *Cogni* in *Natolia*, whoſe *Soul* is now with *God*; wherein I gave him an Account of the Converſe I once had with a *Jeſuite*. For, pretending to be a *Student* and *Retainer* to the *Clergy*, I cou'd not avoid the Company of *Eccleſiaſticks*: Beſides, It was my Intereſt to inſinuate into their Acquaintance; and to tell the Truth, I have made it a great Part of my Buſineſs to gain a Familiarity with *Prieſts*, and *Derviſes* ever ſince I came hither.

There was Abundance of Reaſon for this, on ſeveral Accounts. For I improv'd my ſelf much by the Society of thoſe amongſt them that are Learned; and I edify'd not a little by the very Ignorance and Follies of others. From ſome I ſqueez'd out Secrets of *State*, and the Deſigns of *Cabals*: By others I penetrated into the Myſterious Vices of their own *Order*. In a Word, all of them taught me ſomething

or

or other which I knew not before; and I never had Occaſion to repent of keeping them Company.

I contracted a particular Friendſhip with an Honeſt *Friar* or Two in this City, who were Perſons of Candour and Learning: But, now they are Dead. Beſides, I have had no ſmall Intimacy with *Cardinal Richlieu*, and his Succeſſor *Mazarini*. I tell thee, if I had not coveted the Friendſhip of theſe *Princely Prieſts*, yet it had been impoſſible to eſcape their Knowledge, as obſcure a Figure as I make. For, it was their conſtant Practice, thus to ſeek out all the Strangers and Travellers in this City, under Pretence of that Great Regard they had for Men of Merit; but in Reality, to pump out of them Foreign Secrets.

Cardinal Richlieu profeſs'd a great Kindneſs to me, becauſe I had been at *Conſtantinople* and in other Parts of the *Grand Signior*'s Dominions. He ſeem'd alſo to value me not a little for my Skill in Interpreting *Greek*, *Sclavonick*, and other *Languages* of the *Eaſt*. What he thought of me in's Heart, I cannot divine; but I have Reaſon to think, he ſuſpected me for a *Muſſulman*. And yet I wonder he never ſearch'd for the main Proof, the Mark of *Circumciſion*. Perhaps, 'twas an Effect of his Good Nature, as being loath to ruin me Irrecoverably. But, I rather aſcribe it to *Providence*, which wou'd not ſuffer him, it may be, to make ſo Fatal a Reflection: Yet, by his Order ſome Years ago

ago, I was Impriſon'd for Six *Moons*. What the Meaning on't was, I could never dive into. But, I had a ſhrewd Jealouſy of a certain *Tranſylvanian* Reſident at this *Court*, who perhaps might do me ſome ill Offices. The World's like a Lottery, wherein we muſt expect to meet with many Unlucky Chances.

By what I have ſaid, thou wilt eaſily perceive, That though the *Prieſts* make a fair Semblance of Piety, Mortification, and other *Religious* Vertues, yet they are great Buſy-Bodies, and wholly taken up in *Secular* Affairs.

If this were the Worſt Character they deſerve, they might paſs for very Good Men, and neceſſary Inſtruments of the *Publick* Welfare: Becauſe, they have the Tutelage and Guardianſhip of all Men's Conſciences; they form 'em in their Youth, and govern 'em in their Ripeſt Years. Beſides, they have many Advantages of ſtudying the *Politicks*, more than other Men, as being all Educated in the *Academies*, where if they be not very dull, they cannot fail of becoming good *Hiſtorians*, and Indifferent *Stateſmen*. For, their *Libraries* abound with all Manner of *Ancient* and *Modern Writers*; and their Converſation is generally refin'd and pregnant in Intrigues.

But they corrupt their Learning, with falſe *Maxims* which they borrow from an Intolerable Pride and Senſuality; perſwading themſelves, that they are as far above other Men, that is, the *Laity*, as thoſe are above the *Beaſts*; That *God* has beſtow'd on them a

Dignity

Dignity Superiour to that of the Greateſt Temporal *Monarchs*; and, in fine, That this *Earth* is a *Paradiſe*, and themſelves the *Gods* and *Lords* of it.

When I ſpeak at this Rate of the *Nazarene Prieſts*, underſtand me not without Reſtriction. There are ſome Good and Holy Men amongſt them Perſons of Unblemiſh'd Manners, and Incorrupt Sincerity. But, theſe are very rare; and the *French Prieſts* are eſteem'd the moſt ſincere of any within the *Pale* of the *Roman Church*.

As for the *Italian Clergy*, they are mere *Libertines*; the moſt debauch'd and profligate Fellows in the World.

Adonai the *Jew*, a late Private *Agent* of the *Grand Signior*, who had travell'd up and down through all *Italy*, and reſided a conſiderable Time in the Chief Cities and Towns of Note, made many curious Obſervations and Remarks on the *Lives* of the *Prieſts*, which he ſet down in his *Journal*. This I have by me now, it being ſent me, according to my Deſire, after his Death by *Zeidi Alamanzi*, his *Succeſſor* in that *Station*, who is at preſent at *Venice*.

I have perus'd this Relation my ſelf, with no ſmall Pleaſure; and believe 'twill not be unwelcome to thee, to give thee an Abſtract of what he ſays.

It is poſſible, he may exaggerate ſome Things, and deliver himſelf too partially in others, out of the Natural and Inherent Averſion the *Jews* have for the *Chriſtians*: But thou

thou wilt find, that in the Main, he inſiſts only on ſuch Reflections as it becomes any Man to make, who has the leaſt Spark of Common *Morality* and *Reaſon*.

In the Firſt Place, he finds Fault with the *Eccleſiaſticks*, in that they abſtain from *Marriage* themſelves, yet recommend that State to the *Laity* as a very *Holy Sacrament* and *Myſtery* of *Religion*: Whilſt they indulge themſelves at the ſame Time in all Manner of Laſciviouſneſs, wallowing in Fornication, Adultery, Inceſt, and Sodomy it ſelf. He ſays, there is hardly one *Prieſt* in Ten, who does not keep Two or Three Harlots; and the moſt Recluſe *Derviſes*, are either Pimps to other Men's Luſts, or they indulge their own with the moſt infamous *Courtezans* and *Catamites*. Theſe Pretenders to Perfection and Sanctity, are often found Maſquerading and Revelling about the Streets, in the Time of *Carnaval*, with a Company of Whores for their Attendance. Nay, all the Year round their *Monaſteries* are no other than *Stews* or *Brothel-Houſes*. They introduce Women into their *Cells* in a *Monaſtick* Habit, and ſo they paſs for Men who come to viſit them as Friends, Relations or Travellers. Theſe *Ladies* of *Pleaſure* lie thus conceal'd for many Days and Nights together. And the *Superior* of the *Convent* winks at this for a little Money, being moſt commonly as bad as any of them.

Theſe *Holy Fathers*, go marching and ſlouching along the Streets, in the moſt Mortify'd

tify'd Manner Imaginable. You wou'd take 'em for perfect *Santones* and *Ideots*. Yet this is all but *Mummery*, whilſt they are the moſt glozing *Hypocrites* in the World, mere *Devils* in a City, and abounding in wicked Thoughts and Practices.

Adonai tells a pleaſant Story of a young *Monaſtick* of St. *Dominick*'s Order at *Rome*. This *Monk* was of *Noble* Extraction, and his Parents were very rich, and powerful in the City. On which Account he was indulg'd many Liberties, deny'd to the reſt of his *Religeous* Brethren. He was permitted to carry good Quantities of Gold and Silver about him, for his Perſonal Expences; and to wear a *Secular* Habit, ſuitable to his Birth and Quality. But this Liberty had like to have prov'd fatal to him, one Night during the *Carnaval*.

It was late, and very dark, when this Religious Bully was beating the Streets, upon the Hunt for Whores; and walking under certain *Piazza's* near the River *Tyber*, he was accoſted by a Woman mask'd, and in a very good Dreſs; who ſpoke to him frankly, asking him the Way to *Il Rotundo*. This is the Name of a *Church* in *Rome*, dedicated to *All* the *Saints*: In the Time of the *Gentiles*, 'twas call'd *Pantheon*, or the *Temple* of all the *Gods*. The *Monk* being in one of his Rambling Equipages, and his Inclinations equally bent on Pleaſure; having alſo a Hundred Florins about him; preſently made Anſwer, He wou'd conduct her to the Place

ſhe enquired for. She, after ſome counte
feit Eſſays of a modeſt Repulſe, at leng
accepted his Offer: And by the Way,
perſwaded her into a Tavern. The cunni
Nymph manag'd her Buſineſs ſo well, th
the *Monk* over-heated with Wine, a
other coſtly Entertainments, grew ſo in Lo
with her, that he forgot ſhe was to go
the *Pantheon*, and offer'd to wait on h
home. She accepted the Motion; and t
ling him, her Houſe was ſeated on the Ba
of the *Tyber*, they return'd the ſame Way
they came.

When they arriv'd at the *Piazza's*, wh
they firſt met, Three Perſons appear'd, m
fled up in Cloaks: Two of which ſudde
ſeiz'd the *Monk*, holding their Ponyards
his Breaſt; whilſt the Third, diſcloſing
hidden Light of a Dark Lanthorn, which
held in his Hand, faſten'd on the Lady, a
made her unmask. As ſoon as he ſaw
Face, he ſtamp'd and rav'd, menac'd a
ſwore, he wou'd be the Death of that V
lain who had debauch'd his Wife. All t
was but a fore-laid Deſign. In a Word,
ter all the Parts of an abus'd, incens'd,
vengeful Husband, acted to the Life; at h
through the Interceſſion of the Two o
Ruffians, and the *Monk*'s penitent and
miſſive Addreſs, it was concluded to ſp
his Life and only ſtrip him naked; lea
him in that Condition to ſeek his Fort
among the *Watch*.

T

This was ſoon put in Execution, and the Free-booters, with all their Prey, ſecurely march'd off. The poor *Monk*, thus miſerably abandon'd, without Garments, Money, or any Thing to comfort him in his Calamity, or to bribe the *Watch*, gave himſelf over to Melancholy and Deſpair, in regard this Accident would bring an Eternal Infamy on him, and he ſhou'd be no longer able to ſhew his Face in *Rome*, the Seat of his Nativity; nor among any of his Kindred and Friends. Sometimes he thought to drown himſelf in the *Tyber*; or elſe to counterfeit a Phrenſy, and ſo run bawling, driveling, and talking Nonſenſe through the Streets; hoping the reſt wou'd never be divulg'd.

Whilſt he was in theſe penſive Thoughts, irreſolute what to do, the *Watch* walking their Rounds, bolted upon him on a ſudden; and ſeeing a naked Man, at that Time of Night, in ſuch a ſolitary Place, at firſt were ſtartl'd, as tho' they had met a *Ghoſt*; but recollecting themſelves better, they boldly ſeiz'd his Perſon, and examin'd how he came in that Condition.

It was in vain for him to beg, entreat, and promiſe any Thing, if they wou'd not expoſe him to open Shame. This did but increaſe their Curioſity and Suſpicion. In a Word, the Place of their Rendezvous being very near the ſame Tavern where this unfortunate *Monk* had regal'd his Strumpet, they led him thither, and kept him Priſoner till the Morning. He that kept the Houſe re-

member'd his Face again; and knowing that the *Governour* of *Rome* had a ſecret Enmity againſt the *Monk*, and all his Race, ſent him private Intelligence of this Adventure, encouraging him to take this Opportunity of Revenge; hinting withal, That he need not take notice, that he knew the *Monk*, but only puniſh him as an ordinary Fellow breaking the Laws of the City.

The *Governour*, glad of this Occaſion when the *Monk* was brought before him, order'd him to be whip'd through the very Street, where his *Monaſtery* ſtood. This was done accordingly; and as he paſs'd by the Gate, his Brethren, ſeeing him in that Condition, ruſh'd out, and reſcu'd him from the Executioner's Hands; breathing Revenge againſt the *Governour*, and all that were concern'd in putting this Diſhonour on their *Houſe*, and the whole *Order*.

I muſt be forc'd to break off, before I have inform'd thee of half their Tricks; leſt I ſhou'd tire thee with the Length of my *Letters*. Beſides, it is neceſſary for me to conclude, unleſs I wou'd miſs my Opportunity; For the *Poſt* tarries for no Man.

Venerable *Hadgi*, live thou to enjoy the Serene Pleaſures of Vertue and Innocence, and pray for *Mahmut*, that he may never be ſtain'd with the Corruptions and Vices of the *Infidels*, among whom he reſides.

Paris, 18th. *of the* 5th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1662.

LETTE

LETTER XIII.

To the Chiaus Baſſa.

THE *French King*'s *Genius* ſeems altogether bent on *Martial* and *Politick Affairs*; and tho' he allows ſome Moments to his *Love*, yet the greateſt Part of his Time is conſecrated to the Neceſſary Affairs of *State*, and to the Improvement of *Military* Diſcipline. This has been his Courſe ever ſince the Death of *Cardinal Mazarini*. That *Miniſter*, whilſt he was living, endeavoured Nothing ſo earneſtly as to divert the Young *Monarch* from minding Buſineſs, by *Plays*, *Ballets* and other ſoft Entertainments. But as ſoon as he was dead, the *King* began by Degrees to forſake his Youthful Recreations, and look into the Affairs of his *Government*.

The firſt Bold Stroke of *Regal* Authority which he gave, was the Suppreſſing the *Superintendant* of the *Finances*, a very Ancient *Office* in *France*, but much abus'd of late by thoſe who have enjoy'd it. For, having the Management of the *Royal Revenues*, it has been found out, That they embezzel'd them to their own private Uſes, purchaſing Houſes, Caſtles, Towns and the faireſt Eſtates in the *Kingdom* for them and their Poſterity.

The laſt in this *Office*, was the *Sieur Fouquet*; who, beſides the waſte he made of the

King's Money in this Kind, was laying up an Extrordinary Proviſion of Arms and Powder in *Belle Iſle*, a *Sea-Port* of *France*: which gave the *King* ſo great a Suſpicion of his ill Deſigns, That he went in Perſon after him as far as *Nantes*; and being there farther informed of a private Correſpondence held between the *Sieur Fouquet*, and ſome Malecontents of *Cardinal de Retz*'s Party, he cauſed him to be arreſted, and ſent Priſoner to the *Wood* of *Vinciennes*: From whence he has been ſince brought to the *Baſtile*. This was done in the 9*th Moon* of the laſt Year; and was the Occaſion of erecting a New *Chamber* of Juſtice, to enquire into the Conduct of thoſe who were employed by *Fouquet* in the Management of the *Finances*.

The great Diſcoveries this *Chamber* has already made, of the Cheats and Tricks practiſed by thoſe through whoſe Hands the *King*'s *Revenues* have paſs'd, will, its thought, move the *King* to eſtabliſh it as a perpetual and *Sovereign Court* of *Inquiſition*: So that not the Value of an *Aſper* ſhall henceforth be paid out of the *Royal Treaſury*, without the Approbation of this *Chamber*. He has alſo retrenched many ſuperfluous *Offices* in his Houſhold, that he may the more eaſily ſupport the Charges of thoſe that are Neceſſary.

Thou wilt better comprehend the Wiſdom of this *Prince*, when thou ſhalt know, that he truſts Nothing abſolutely to his *Miniſters*, but pries into every Thing himſelf. He examins Matters of the ſmalleſt Moment, as narrowly

as

as the moſt Important Concerns. He makes daily Reformations among his *Domeſtick* Servants, and New-Models both the *Army* and the *State*. Which is alſo no ſmall Argument of his Courage, and the Greatneſs of his Spirit, in that he dares contradict the Methods of all his *Progenitors*; take the *Frame* of this Mighty *Government*, as it were to Pieces; and having mended every Thing that was amiſs, join it together again; but after a Pattern wholly depending on his own Judgment. This has aſtoniſhed the Greateſt *Stateſmen* of the Age, who conſider the Boldneſs of the Undertaking, and yet cannot find one falſe Step in his Meaſures. For whereas formerly, the *Princes* of the *Blood*, the *Officers* of the *State*, the *Governours* of *Provinces*, with other *Grandees*, have given frequent Trouble to the *Kings* of *France*, and not ſeldom rais'd *Civil War*, when any Thing diſgusted them (ſo great was their Power, and ſo ſmall their Dependance on the *King*:) This *Monarch* has, by a Happy Effect of his Judgment and Reſolution, given ſo dextrous a Turn to the whole *Syſtem* of the Publick, that the *Princes* find themſelves more aggrandiz'd than Ever; the *Officers* of the *Crown* perceive their Dignity encreas'd with New Luſtres, and the *Governours* of *Provinces* exerciſe a Stronger Hand over their *Subjects*; yet all of them are reduc'd to an entire Dependance on the *King* himſelf, not being in a Capacity ever to Rebel again. Which is eſteemed a Miracle of Policy.

As he has thus gained the Point of his *Subjects* at Home, and eſtabliſhed his Realm in the moſt perfect *Oeconomy* that can be imagined; ſo he has recovered a particular Honour Abroad, that till this Time has been always diſputed between the *Crowns* of *France* and *Spain*.

It ſeems an *Embaſſador* from *Sueden* arriv'd at the *Engliſh Court* in the *10th. Moon* of the laſt Year: The *French Embaſſador* ſent his Coaches to honour his Publick Entry, as is Uſual between Friends. But the *Spaniſh Embaſſador*, deſigning to affront the *French*, ſent his Coaches alſo to attend the Ceremony, accompanied by his own Servants and a Rabble of Idle Perſons whom he had hir'd on Purpoſe. Theſe fell on the *French* as they were paſſing along the Street, kill'd ſeveral of them, and by Force ſtopp'd their Coaches, till thoſe of the *Spaniſh Embaſſador* were got before them; the Preheminence of Place being the Chief Thing aim'd at.

This was highly reſented at the *French Court*, and every body thought that a freſh War would break out again between the Two *Nations* on this Account. The angry Young *Monarch* commanded the *Spaniſh Embaſſador* reſident here to depart the *Kingdom*; and when another was ſent to ſupply his Place, the *King* forbad him to enter his *Dominions*. Complaints were made at *Madrid*, and all Things tended to a Rupture. Till at Length the *King* of *Spain*, having promiſed to make Satisfaction, his *Embaſſador* was received at this

this *Court*, who aſſured the *King*, That his *Maſter* diſavow'd the Action of his *Miniſter* in *England*, and had given expreſs Command to all his *Embaſſadors* in *Foreign Courts*, not to diſpute the Place with thoſe of *France*, but to yield it to the latter, where they ſhould both be preſent at the ſame *Entry*. This was declar'd in the Preſence of Thirty *Foreign Miniſters* reſiding at this *Court*. Which has rais'd a vaſt Reputation to the *King* of *France* among all his Neighbours, and ſtruck the greater Reverence into his *Subjects* at Home.

In a word, he is look'd upon as the moſt Fortunate *Prince* in *Chriſtendom*, and every *State* courts his Friendſhip. He gives the Law to the reſt of *Europe*, yet remains himſelf Arbitrary and above Controul.

How long his Affairs will continue at this Height, is known only to *God*, who exalts and abaſes whom he pleaſes; who is the ſole *Monarch* of all Things, Reigning for ever without the leaſt Shadow of Revolution or Change.

Paris, 12th. *of the* 7th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1662.

LETTER XIV.

To the Same.

IT was late when I finiſh'd my other Letter, being the Hour of the *Devil's* Range, when the *Infernal Spirits* are permitted to air themſelves in this *Upper World.* Methought I heard the Clattering *Eccho* of the Gates of *Paradiſe*, which are ſhut at that Seaſon to keep out the *Dæmons* from entring and diſturbing the Repoſe of the *Bleſs'd.* This made me conclude ſo abruptly, leſt ſome buſie *Scribe* of the *Dark Regions*, ſhou'd have inſerted Evil in my Letter whilſt I were aſleep. I recommended my ſelf to *God*, and went to Bed. After Two Hours Reſt awaking, I perceiv'd by the Crowing of the *Cocks*, That the *Troops* of *Hell* were retir'd to their *Den*, chas'd down by *Arcturus*, and the *Guardian Conſtellations* of the *South*, and by the *Angels* of the *Second Watch.* Then I aroſe, and chearfully addreſs'd my ſelf to *God*, praiſing him for the Succeſſive Benefits of Day and Night, and extolling his Magnificent Works, with the exquiſite Order that he has eſtabliſh'd in the World. Remembring alſo that I was a Man, and not born to ſleep, but to ſerve the *Grand Signior* and my Friends, I readily ſet Pen to Paper again, to give thee a farther Account of the *French King* and his *Court*, with ſuch Occurrences as have happen'd of late.

This

This *Monarch* is very Singular in his Conduct, and Manner of Life; not brooking to be confin'd to the *Maxims* of others, but ſquaring all his Actions by Rules of his own: Yet 'tis difficult to find a Fault in his Proceedings. He hears the Advice of his *Counſellors* and Friends; and when they have done, he convinces them in many Things, That they are under a Miſtake; which makes 'em admire the Force of his Reaſon, and the Readineſs of his Wit, eſpecially when they ſee the Events anſwering Expectation.

Neither is he altogether ſo Intent on *State*-Matters, but that he ſometimes gives himſelf the Diverſion of a Familiar Diſcourſe with the moſt Ingenious *Artiſts* of all Sorts, who find themſelves much improv'd by the Quickneſs of his Invention, and the Solidity of his Judgment in the *Mechanicks*: For he is an Excellent *Gun-Smith*, *Sword-Cutler*, *Armour-Maker*, and every Thing that becomes a *King* to profeſs.

He is a good *Architect* alſo, and takes vaſt Delight in *Buildings*, having laid the Foundations of ſeveral Magnificent *Structures*, *Palaces* of a Noble Deſign, and intended to outvy the moſt Polite and Glorious *Fabricks* of Ancient *Greece* and *Rome*. For, I tell thee, this *Monarch* wou'd not willingly come ſhort of any of the *Cæſars*.

At the Beginning of this Year, he aggrandiz'd his *Court*, by a Promotion of Sixty Two *Knights* of the *Holy Spirit*. I have often mention'd this *Order* in my Letters to the

Miniſter

Miniſters of the *Port*; and thou that haſt been in *France* know'ſt, That 'tis the next Step to being made *Peer* of the *Realm*. I ſhall only inform thee, that during the *Ceremonies* of this laſt *Promotion*, the *Dukes* of *Vendoſme* and *Longueville* had a Feud about the *Precedency*, which at laſt was adjuſted in Favour of the Former. In a Word, the *King* declar'd the *Houſe* of *Vendoſme* to have a Right of *Priority* before all other *Princes*, and to ſucceed in the *Throne* it ſelf, next after the *Houſe* of *Bourbon*.

This is look'd upon as a Bold Effort of *Royal* Power, and has ſtartled all the *Court*. No leſs ſurprized were they to ſee the *Duke* of *Lorrain* reſign all his *Eſtates* to the *King* of *France*, reſerving only the Poſſeſſion of 'em during his Life,

And, now the *King* having weather'd the Point with all his Enemies, both *Foreign* and *Domeſtick*, ſtudies Nothing more earneſtly, than to divert his *Queen*, and to let his *Subjects* taſte the Sweets of *Peace*, the Effect of his Matchleſs Fortune, to which even *Crowned Heads* find themſelves compell'd to ſtoop and ſubmit.

On the 5*th*. of the foregoing *Moon*, by his Appointment was held a *Tournament* or *Carouſel*, as the *French* call it. This is a Sort of Exerciſe on Horſe-Back, in Imitation of the Ancient Manner of fighting with Spear and Shield.

The Place where they run, was raild about, and Magnificent *Choiſes* erected for the

Queen

Queen and *Ladies* of the *Court* to ſit in, as *Spectators*. The Divertiſement was very Pompous; And the *King* was one of the *Combatants*. The Reſt were the *Duke* of *Orleans*, the *King*'s Brother, the *Prince* of *Conde*, the *Duke* of *Enguien* Son to the *Prince*, and the *Duke* of *Guize*. Each of theſe led a Troop of Horſe into the Field. That of the *King*'s was habited after the Manner of the Old *Roman Knights*. The *Duke* of *Orleans*'s made a Figure like the *Perſians*; the *Prince* of *Conde*'s repreſented the *Ottomans*. The *Duke* of *Enguien*'s Troop were in *Indian* Habits; and the *Duke* of *Guiſe*'s appear'd like the *Salvages* of *America*. It wou'd be too tedious to deſcribe the Particular Magnificences of each. Suffice it to ſay, That they were all prodigiouſly Majeſtick and Rich in their *Equipage*. The *Courſes* alſo they made, were Brave and full of Gallantry. But the *Prize*, which was a *Diamond* of Great Value, was adjudged to the *Prince* of *Conde* by the *Queen-Mother*.

One of the Former *Kings* of *France*, loſt his Life at this *Royal* Exerciſe, being run through the Eye into the Brain by the Spear of an *Engliſh Knight* then at the *French Court*, and one of the *Combatants*: For which Reaſon, the Following *Kings* of *France*, forbore to expoſe themſelves to the like Danger. But this Young *Mars* fears nothing, being as Venturous and Bold as was *Sultan Amurat*, the *Trophies* of whoſe Victorious Combat with the *Perſian Challenger* at the Siege of *Babylon* hang up in the *Treaſury* to this Day, as *Monuments*

numents of his invincible Courage and Strength. *Sultan Achmet* alſo took great Delight in throwing the Lance with his *Courtiers* in the *Atmeidan*. Theſe are *Sports* fit for *Kings* and Great *Generals*. And ſome of the *Roman Cæſars* themſelves wou'd play the *Gladiators*.

It is not lawful for me to cenſure or reflect on the Actions of my *Sovereign*. But I will tell thee what the *French* ſay of him by Way of Contempt; *That he never Combated in his own Perſon, with any Thing but Timorous Hares and Hinds*. It makes me bluſh to hear the *Great Emperour* of the *Eaſt* thus blaſphem'd by the Prophane Mouths of *Infidels*. And it were to be wiſh'd, he wou'd do ſome ſurprizing Action, to raiſe himſelf another Character. I ſay no more, but recommend thee to *God* and the *White Angel*.

Paris, 12th. *of the* 7th. *Moon,*
of the Year 1662.

LET-

LETTER XV.

To Zedi Alamanzi, *a* Merchant *at* Venice.

THOU haſt oblig'd me beyond my Expectation, in that Ample *Hiſtory* of thy *Life*, which thy Letter contains. I eſteem thee not the worſe, becauſe thou wert born of *Chriſtian Parents*; but rather put the higher Value on thy Merit, in that being bred in Superſtition and Error, Thou haſt voluntarily embrac'd the Truth, without any Proſpect of advancing thy Intereſt.

When a Man of a *Noble Stock*, born to Riches and Honours, bred in Softneſſes and Delights, and actually poſſeſs'd of a fair Eſtate, ſhall thus abandon his Country, his Relations, Friends and Acquaintance, with all his Native Rights and Enjoyments, purely for the Love of *God*, reſigning himſelf wholly to the *Will* of *Deſtiny*, and the Conduct of *Providence*, without conſulting his own Eaſe and Delight in this World; 'tis an Evident Sign of a Faithful Heart, and that his Integrity is without Stain.

All this and much more, it ſeems, thou haſt done, and therefore thou can'ſt not fail of being Happy in this World, and in *Paradiſe*.

I am

I am extremely pleas'd in reading the various Adventures of thy Youth, thy early Inclinations to viſit *Foreign Countries*, and thy Actual Travels through *Europe*, *Aſia*, and *Africa*. This is the only Way to learn true and complete Wiſdom. For, a Man edifies a Thouſand Times more by his own Perſonal Experience of Things, than by all the moſt Elegant *Deſcriptions*, that can be made by others. Beſides the Advantage of becoming expert in the ſeveral *Languages* and *Dialects* of the Earth; which he can never learn ſo perfectly in *Books*, as by converſing with the Natives of each Country through which he paſſes.

Beyond all this, there is an infinite Pleaſure in ſeeing the Variety of Objects, which every where expoſe themſelves to a Travellers Eye. There is nothing more delightful to Humane Nature, than to try all Things. Man is cloy'd with what is too Familiar to him. The moſt Magnificent *Palace*, wou'd appear as a *Priſon* to him that were always Confin'd to it. The Greateſt Fields, and moſt ſhady Groves, wou'd afford us no Refreſhment, if we had not Liberty to ſtraggle out of them when we pleas'd. Man is *Naturally* wild as other *Animals*, and 'tis as bad as Death to be reſtrain'd of his Freedom. I had rather at certain Seaſons, range in a Wilderneſs, all over-run with Weeds and Briars, than in the moſt Regular and Fragrant Garden in the World. I would willingly chuſe the Fatigue of Climbing up a High, Steep, Craggy Mountain, for the ſake of a new and larger Proſpect;

Proſpect; before the Eaſe of walking always in a Low Valley, or Even Plain, tho' grac'd with never ſo many Inviting Objects, which muſt always be the ſame: So fulſom are the very Pleaſures we are daily accuſtomed to.

I doubt not, but that it was very agreeable to thee in thy Journeys, when every Remove thou made'ſt from *Stage* to *Stage*, promis'd thee Something Novel and freſh. A Man in ſuch Caſes, is apt to think the Sun himſelf New, who has ſhined upon him from his Nativity: The Air, the Earth, and Waters, appear not the ſame Elements, in different Places; or if our Reaſon convinces us their Nature is not changed, yet we look upon 'em as Maſquerades, every Day in a New Dreſs: Eſpecially when we go from one *Region* and *Climate* to another, the Strangeneſs of the Diſguiſe is heighten'd. So Infinite a Variety preſents its ſelf to thoſe who travel.

But nothing affords a Man greater Delight, than to be familiarly acquainted with the different Habits, Laws, Cuſtoms, Manners, and Religions of Mortals like himſelf. To ſee 'em in one Part of the World Adoring the *Sun*, becauſe he ſhines on 'em but once a-Year, whilſt all the Reſt of the Time they are ſhut up in Continual Darkneſs, very near being ſtarv'd with Cold, and making hard ſhifts to live; in another to behold 'em grimacing, and hear 'em curſing that Glorious *Planet*, becauſe he is always to near 'em, rendring their *Countries* Barren, drying up their Water, and

ſcorching

ſcorching their Perſons almoſt to Death; muſt needs be delightful to a Contemplative Man. And for ought we know, the Laughter of *Democritus* might be the Reſult of as good Thoughts as *Heraclitus*'s Tears. Who would not ſmile to ſee ſome paying *Divine* Honours to the *Scar-Crow* of their Garden, to a Tree, a Hog, a Dog or any Thing they firſt caſt their Eyes on in the Morning as they do in *Lapland*? And yet who can forbear to weep, when he ſees Men profeſſing to believe the *Laws* of *Moſes*, and the *Meſſias*, (who both preach'd up the *Divine Unity*) pretending to the Pureſt *Religion* in the World, and bred in the Study of the Sciences; worſhip Stocks and Stones, Pictures and Images, Nails, Rags, Bones, Hairs, Bits of old Wood, or any Thing, that their cunning Prieſt impoſe upon 'em as Adorable?

Happy art thou, *Zeidi*, who art freed from theſe *Superſtitions* of the *Nazarenes*; and Thrice Happy, in that thou haſt chang'd 'em for the *Faith* unblemiſh'd, the *Doctrines* of *Truth* and *Reaſon*, the *Practices* of Sincere *Morality* and *Vertue*. Thou haſt not ſhun'd a Rock, to fall into a Quickſand, nor abandoned *Idolatry*, to ſink into *Atheiſm*: But thou haſt eſcaped from Narrow Gulphs and Streights, into a Free and Open Sea; from the Dark Fogs and Miſts of Frozen *Chriſtianity*, to the bright *Empire* of the *Oſmans*, the Serene Company of *True Believers*, where Charity and Zeal are in their Genuine and Primitive Warmth.

Since

Since the Time that thou firſt lifted'ſt up thy Finger to *Heaven*, and madeſt a Confeſſion of *One God*, and *Mahomet* his *Apoſtle*, none of the *Imaum's* or *Mollah's* have ever attempted to circumvent thy Reaſon with Feigned *Miracles*, Fooliſh *Pilgrimages*, *Tales* of *Old Women*, *Fictions* of *Poets*, or any *Holy Frauds*. Thou perceiveſt nothing but Right-down Integrity, in the Converſation of the Faithful. Whereas the *Chriſtians* whom thou haſt juſtly deſerted, have a Thouſand Windings and Turnings, Foldings and Intricacies, in their *Doctrines* and *Lives*. So that it is almoſt as eaſy for a Blind-Man to walk from *Paris* to *Conſtantinople*, as for theſe *Infidels* to grope out the way to *Paradiſe*, through ſo many *Meanders* and *Mazes*: They are involved in a perfect Circle of Error and Vice.

Praiſe be to *God*, who planted the *Moon* in the *Heavens*, and cauſes the *Stars* to dart their Refreſhing Rays by Night, Thou art happily delivered out of their Snares. Let not thy Reſidence now among them, ever tempt thee to return to the *Religious* Vanities of *Holy* Trifles, which have once made thee Sick at the Heart. Remember, that thou beareſt in thy Body the Mark of a *True Believer*, the *Seal* of a Great *Sacrament*, the *Character* of a Profound *Myſtery*, *Circumciſion*, the *Emblem* of *Purity*, by which thou art more enobl'd than by the *Blood* of the *Poloniian Lord*, thy *Father*, which ſtreams in thy Veins. For now thou art incorporated into the

the *Society* and *Lineage* of *Ibrahim*, the Illuſtrious *Patriarch*, and Friend of *God*. Conſider that thou art as it were engrafted into the Glorious *Stock* of the *Iſmaelites*, born to ſubdue all Things, and in the determined Time, to poſſeſs the *Empire* of the Univerſe. Thou haſt the Honour alſo to ſerve the *Grand Signior*, *Lord of the Climates* and *Seas*, *Majeſtick Heir* of the *Ottomans Houſe*, *Shadow* of *God* on *Earth*.

Hold faſt therefore the Profeſſion of an Unblameable *Faith*: And whatever Temptations thou mayeſt meet with, keep thy Mind always fixed on the unſeen Joys of *Paradiſe*, the Crown of Juſt and Faithful Men, the Reward of ſuch as adhere to *God* and his *Prophet*, without Flinching.

Mahmut ſalutes thee in Imagination, with a parting Kiſs, and an Affectionate Squeeze of the Hand. Which thou knoweſt, was in all Ages a Token of Hearty Good Will, and Friendſhip.

Paris, 15th. *of the* 9th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1662.

LET-

LETTER XVI.

To the Kaimacham.

THere is like to be a Breach between this *Court* and that of *Rome*, if the *Pope* does not condeſcend to the Demands of the *French* King, who Styles himſelf the *Eldeſt Son* of the *Church*, and therefore highly reſents an Indignity that has been done him of late, in the Perſon of the *Duke* of *Crequi*, his *Embaſſador* at the *Roman Court*.

It ſeems, the *Pope*'s Guards on the 20*th*. of the 8*th*. *Moon*, made an Attempt on the Life of this *Miniſter*, and of his Wife: They alſo put Barbarous Abuſes on all the *French* that were in that City: Inſomuch as the *Duke* and *Dutcheſs* of *Crequi*, were oblig'd to quit *Rome* privately, and retire into *Toſcany*; being adviſ'd to take this Courſe, by all the *Cardinals* and other *Grandees*, that are Friends to *France*.

The *King* received News of this, by an *Expreſs* which came from the *Duke* of *Crequi* on the 11*th*. of the 9*th*. *Moon*. And he was paſſionately touch'd at ſo Sacrilegious an Injury, whereby he is not only wrong'd himſelf, but the *Law* of *Nations* is violated in a moſt Notorious Manner.

Wherefore to ſhew his Reſentments, on the ſame Day that the *Courtier* came from *Rome*,

Rome, the *King* order'd the *Lieutenant* of his *Guards*, to tell the *Pope's Nuncio* at this *Court*, That he muſt forthwith depart the *Kingdom*, under the Conduct of Thirty Horſe. This was performed accordingly, and the *Nuncio* was hurried away immediately, without ſuffering him to ſpeak with any Perſon living, ſave thoſe who were to accompany him to the Frontiers: And this *Order* was publickly proclaimed in *Paris*. The *King* alſo wrote to the *Pope*, demanding Satisfaction for ſo horrible an Outrage, and caus'd *Diſpatches* to be ſent to all the *Cardinals* in *Rome*, adviſing them to contribute what lay in their Powers, towards a good Underſtanding between the *Pope* and him, proteſting that otherwiſe the Calamities which might follow, were not to be laid to his Charge. This is a modeſt way of Threatning, us'd by *Chriſtian Princes*, who do not always ſpeak in Thunder, like our *Eaſtern Monarchs* when they menace War.

I relate this as a Thing, which tho' it appear of ſmall Moment at the Beginning, yet its Conſequences may be great and extenſive, if the *French King* and the *Pope* ſhould come to an open Rupture. All the *Princes* in *Europe* would find themſelves engag'd on one Side or other. And we *Muſſulmans* might live to ſee the whole State of *Chriſtendom* disjoynted, alienated, and embroil'd in Wars among themſelves; whereby they would lay their Countries naked and open, to the invincible Arms of the *Ottomans*, a *Lineage* of high

high Renoun, and deſtin'd to ſubdue All Things.

But 'tis thought the *Holy Father* at *Rome*, will not farther provoke ſo daring and powerful a *Monarch* as him of *France*, by juſtifying the Inſolences of his *Janizaries*, who proceeded to that Height of Fury, as to diſcharge Guns into the Windows of the *French Embaſſador*, kill'd ſeveral of his Retinue, and aſſaſſinated the *Dutcheſs* of *Crequi* in her Coach, as ſhe paſſed along the Streets,

Illuſtrious *Miniſter*, theſe are Violations not practiſed by the moſt Barbarous Savages. And 'tis an evident Sign of a decaying *Empire*, where the *Publick Faith* is thus perfidiouſly broke. *God* infatuates the *Infidels*, that he may ſpeedily bring 'em to Ruin: Whereas he daily enlightens the Juſt *Followers* of the *Prophet*, and directs them in the ways of Proſperity and Peace.

Paris, 3d. *of the* 11th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1662.

LET-

LETTER XVII.

To Mohammed, *the Illuſtrious* Eremit *of Mount* Uriel *in* Arabia.

IN the Name of *God*, Benigne and Merful, I approach the Reſidence of great Sanctimony, the Tremendous Solitude, the Cave bleſs'd by frequent Viſitations of *Angels*, and by the former Preſence of the moſt Sublime among Mortals, *Mahomet* the *Legat* of the *Eternal*, the *Plenipotentiary* of *Alla*, *King* of *Heaven* and *Earth*. *Alla!* There is but One! Whoſe Name reſounds through all the *Orbs* Above, when pronounc'd by the Faithful Adorers of the *Divine Unity* on *Earth*: And the *Eccho* thereof from the Adamantine Gates of *Paradiſe*, reaches the Abyſs of *Hell*, ſtriking the Infernal Spirits with Horrour and Aſtoniſhment. They tremble at the Sound of the Dreadful Word, which chains them up in their *Priſons* of *Darkneſs*. Whereas had they Faith, they would rather rejoyce, believing, that the ſame Word will one Day releaſe 'em from their Torments. For ſuch is the Clemency of the *Omnipotent*, as our *Holy Doctors* teach.

O *Mohammed*, Friend of the *Moſt High*, and *Tenant* to his *Prophet*; I have experienc'd, that it is good and wholeſome to begin every Thing we do or ſay, in the *Name* of *God*. Whoſoever does otherwiſe, either fails in the Progreſs

Progreſs, or the End of his Deſign, and ſo remains in Confuſion. *Tagot* creeps into his Enterprize, and through Malice ſpoils it, robbing a Man of his Crown: Or *Negidher*, the *Spirit* of *Envy*, winds himſelf in, and entangles it: Or *Ablis*, the *Dæmon* of *Melancholy*, caſts a Damp on it, and bereaves the Undertaker of his Joy. Such is the Fate of thoſe who through Prophaneneſs, Sloth, or Contempt, forget to pay the due Veneration we owe to the Author and Source of *Providence*, and *Good Succeſs*.

Let us not therefore think the Time miſpent, which is taken up in the Praiſes of *Him* who has neither *Beginning* nor *End*, *Father* of all the *Ganerations* in this *Viſible World*, and that *Other* which is conceal'd from Mortals. He is the *Governour* of our Lives, and our ſole *Patron* in all Neceſſities. Let us extoll and magnify his *Attributes* without End.

I am by Nature Contemplative, and Thoughtful; but I muſt needs acknowledge, That I owe to my Education among the *Muſſelmans* the Force of my *Faith* and *Religion*. The various turns of Fortune and Experience, which I have had in the World, cou'd never yet blot out the impreſſions of my Early Years, or diminiſh the Reverence I have for our *Holy Prophet*. I often revolve in my Mind, the *Series* of paſt Ages, and the *Hiſtories* of former Times; the *Origin* of *Nations*, and the Various *Laws*, *Religions*, *Wars* and *Changes*. I traverſe the

different *Epocha's* of the Poſterity of *Ibrahim*, and the *Gentiles*, comparing the *Date* of *Iſrael's* Tranſmigration out of *Egypt*, with the Years of *Nabonaſſar* and the *Olympiads*, In all of them I find great Obſcurity, Contradiction and Doubtfulneſs, which puts me upon examining the *Records* of *Egypt* and the *Aſſyrians*. The Antiquity of both is very great, and yet it comes far ſhort of the *Chineſe* Chronology, and that of the *Indian Bramins*.

When I have tir'd my Soul with a vain Search of that which can never be diſcover'd; When I conſider the Probability of an *Univerſal Deluge* in the Time of *Noah*, and the Arguments which almoſt demonſtrate the contrary, comparing this with the *Flood* of *Deucalion*, and that other of *Ogyges*: In a Word, when I reflect on the numberleſs Incongruities that are found in the *Regiſters* of *Paſt Ages*, I cannot but conclude, there is as much Reaſon for me to believe, That *God* has determinately thus dark'ned the Knowledge of Mortals, as that he confounded their *Language* at *Babel*, according to the Celebrated Relation of *Moſes*. Whence it will be but loſt Labour for us who live in theſe later Times, to ſeek for any Aſſurance or Certainty of the Truth in Matters of ſo Remote and Early a *Date*.

Wherefore leaving every *Nation* to their own *Traditions*, the *Jews* to the *Manuſcripts* of *Moſes*, and their *Rabbi's*, the *Gentiles* to the *Fragments* of *Hermes Triſmegiſtus*,

giſtus, *Orpheus*, *Homer*, *Heſiod*, *Theophraſtus* and other *Sages* of *Egypt*, *Phœnicia* and *Greece*; I, for my Part, acquieſce to the *Volume* of Majeſty, the Great *Alcoran*; and to the *Writings* of our *Holy Doctors*, *Arabians*, the *Sons* of *Iſmael*; not puzzling my ſelf with endleſs Diſputes and Queſtions; nor cenſuring others who Worſhip *God* after their own Way, and the Documents of their *Fathers*; but firmly believing, That he who ſerves *God* according to the *Dictates* of his *Reaſon*; who is Juſt to Men and Beaſts, and in all Things conſerves an Innocent Purity of Life; is as Acceptable to the *Great Creator*, and *Impartial Judge* of the *Univerſe*, as he that has had the Happineſs to be inſtructed in the *Poſitive Injunctions* of *Heaven*, the *Reveal'd Will* of the *Omnipotent*. And this I take to be the Senſe of our *Holy Lawgiver*, of the *Meſſias*, and of all the *Prophets* in General.

Doubtleſs, that ſuperlatively *Merciful* and *Indulgent*, connives at the Frailties of Mortals; He pities the Invincible Ignorances of ſome, and the Fatal Neceſſities of others. He knows the infinite Variety of our Bodily Conſtitutions, and the equally different Bent of our Souls. He conſiders the Force of the Elements and Climates wherein we live, and the unconquerable Influence of the Stars under which we were Born. The whole Syſtem of Human Nature with its moſt hidden Circumſtances, is expos'd to the Eyes of him who ſees All Things.

He is no Stranger to the *Anatomy* of his own Works. Therefore he requires no more of Men, than can be expected from the Faculties with which he has endu'd 'em. Neither will he damn any Man for an Involuntary Evil.

O *Mohammed*, this is my Faith, my Hope, and my Confidence. Otherwiſe I ſhould deſpair every Moment. If I am guilty of Error and Preſumption, Correct me in thy Wiſdom. For, before thee, I am but as an *Idiot*.

Paris, 22d. *of the* 12th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1662.

LETTER XVIII.

To Haſnadar-Baſſi, *Chief* Treaſurer *to his* Highneſs.

THE *French* have newly felt the Motions of a Joy, whoſe Birth and Growth was like that of a Muſhroom, ſudden and ſwift, the Product of a very little Time, and which ended in Mourning and Tears. The Moon of *November* beheld a Daughter born to the Queen of *France*: But that *Planet* had hardly carried the News through all the Signs of the *Zodiack*, and commanded the *Stars* of *France* to celebrate a *Dunal-*

ma;

ma; before she was oblig'd to be the Messenger of more sad Tidings, and to proclaim the Death of this Young Princess, to the *Constellations* that assisted at her Birth.

In a Word: She was born on the 18*th.* of the 11*th.* Moon, and died on the 30*th.* of the 12*th.* It looks as if she only came into the World to be a Witness of the *Conclusion* of the *Peace* between her Father, *Lewis* XIV. and her Grandfather, *Philip*, the King of *Spain*; and so return to the Region of *Separate Souls*.

This *Peace* was in General Terms sign'd and seal'd long ago, but there remain'd some Difficulties in adjusting the Limits of the *French* Conquests, which were referr'd to the Management of Commissioners on both Sides: And these, after they had debated the Matter for the Space of Two Years, at St. *Omers*, *Arras*, and *Metz*, at length finish'd their *Negotiation* on the 25*th.* of the 11*th. Moon*, of the last Year. Which was just Seven Days after the Nativity of the *French* Princess.

This Royal Infant also liv'd to see *Dunkirk*, one of the strongest Sea-Ports in the World, re-deliver'd to her Father by the *English*, in whose Hands it had been, ever since 'twas first taken from the *Spaniards*. The King took Possession of this Important Place in his own Person, entring the Town on the 2*d.* of the last Moon.

'Tis look'd upon as a grand Oversight in the *English*, thus tamely to part with a For-

treſs which is inexpugnable be Land, and commands the *Northern* Seas. But Money over-rules all other Conſiderations. And, it ſeems, the *Engliſh* Court had Occaſion for Gold.

There is lately a good Underſtanding eſtabliſh'd between this King and the Emperour of *Germany*. They often write Friendly Letters one to another, and ſeem to be perfectly reconcil'd. To ſpeak the Truth, this may be call'd the *Pacifick* Year among the Inhabitants of *Europe*. For, excepting ſome Skirmiſhes and Bravado's of War between the *Spaniards* and the *Portugueze*, all the Reſt of *Chriſtendom* is in Peace. And the *Portugueze* have ſo ſtrengthen'd themſelves by marrying their *Infanta* to the *Engliſh* King, that what through his Aſſiſtance and the Aid of *France*, ſhe has almoſt reduc'd *Spain* to a Neceſſity of making Peace.

Thou wilt ſay the *Portugueze* have overreach'd the *Engliſh* in the Dowry they give with their *Infanta*. This is only the Town of *Tangier* in *Barbary*. A Place which will coſt them far more to defend againſt the *Moors*, than it is really worth. For, thoſe bold *Africans* will perpetually aſſault the Town, and oblige the King of *England* to maintain a vaſt Gariſon in it, beſides a Multitude of other Expences. This makes the *Portugueze* ſecretly ſmile, to find themſelves handſomly rid of Two great and burdenſome Charges, a Daughter of the Royal Blood, and an Old Fortreſs of no Uſe or Service.

Service, ſave only to diminiſh the Publick Treaſure, and make away with ſome Thouſands of Men every Year.

Illuſtrious Grandee, 'tis no ſmall Encouragement to the poor Exil'd *Mahmut*, that though he be malign'd, ſlander'd, and perſecuted by his Enemies, yet he ſtill finds Protection and Friendſhip from the Principal Miniſters. And that inſtead of Checks and Reproaches, to which I was formerly accuſtomed, my Salary is now augmented to the Proportion of my Neceſſary Expences; Money is ſent me with a Liberal Hand, and my Slanderers are put to Silence and Shame.

Thou may'ſt accquaint the *Divan*, that there is now at this Cour, the Eldeſt Son to the King of *Denmark*. What his Buſineſs is, People conjecture variouſly. Some ſay 'tis Love, others affirm 'twas only the Deſire of ſeeing Foreign Courts drew this Prince from his Native Country.

Thou mayſt alſo inform them, that the Duke of *Savoy* has married a Princeſs of the Blood Royal, they call her *Madamoiſelle de Valois*. *Eliachim* the Jew lies dangerouſly ſick of a Fever.

As for me, who never had my perfect Health ſince I came to *Paris*, yet I retain a ſound Mind, and a Heart inviolably devoted to the Intereſt of the *Grand Signior*: Whom *God* long preſerve on the Throne of the *Ottomans*.

Paris, 10th. *of the* 1ſt. *Moon*,
of the Year 1663.

LETTER XIX.

To the Kaimacham.

HERE is a Man come to this City, a *Calabrian* by *Birth*, and of all *Countries* by *Education*; For he has been a *Traveller* from his Infancy, if what he relates of himſelf be true. He ſpeaks all or moſt of the *Languages* of *Europe* very fluently, and is reſorted to by People of divers *Countries*, under the Character of a *Fortune-Teller* and *Phyſician*. He performs both Parts to the Admiration of all that have been with him.

The *Princes* and *Nobles* of *France* viſit him daily, and ſo do Perſons of Meaner Birth. They diſcover to him their Secret Maladies, and this *Apollo* ſeldom fails of Succeſs in curing them. He beſtows Ten Hours a-Day in freely converſing with People of all Ranks and Qualities; healing the Diſeaſes of ſome, and telling to others their Future Deſtinies.

I went to his Chamber one Day, not to learn my Fate (for I have little Faith in Modern *Prophets* or *Aſtrologers*; Nor to be cur'd of any Diſtemper, having no Eſteem for *Quacks* and *Empericks*; beſides, I was in good Health at that Time) but Curioſity was the only Motive which led me thither, that I might improve my ſelf in other Reſpects by this Stranger's Company, and learn

ſomething

ſomething which I knew not before of Foreign *Courts*, whereby I might become more Serviceable to the *Grand Signior* in this Station, and farther unravel the Secrets of *Chriſtian Princes*. For ſo it often falls out, that a Man reaps ſome Conſiderable Advantage from the Society of Travellers and Men of Experience: And I had good Reaſon to hope for ſome Profit by this Man's Acquaintance, who is thought worthy to be Courted by the *Grandees* of *France*.

Wherefore I addreſs'd my ſelf to him with Abundance of Ceremony and Regard; uſing alſo as much Diſſimulation as I thought neceſſary to conceal my ſelf and the Deſign I had in coveting his Friendſhip. I ſeem'd a great Admirer of *Judicial Aſtrology*, and told him I was very ambitious to learn the *Rudiments* of that *Science* from him, having heard his Skill highly commended not only by Vulgar Fame, but by the Mouths of Men of Senſe and Quality, who gave him a fair Character. I ſaid a great deal more to inſinuate my ſelf into his good Opinion. But there being Company with him, he return'd my Compliments with much Civility, and deſir'd me to come to him at a more convenient Seaſon, and to leave my Name, that he might order his Servants to give me a kind Reception at any Time, if he himſelf ſhou'd be out of the Way, becauſe it was Common to ſend many from the Door without introducing 'em. I told him my Name was *Titus* of *Moldavia*, and that my Buſineſs at

Paris was to ſtudy in the *Academy*, in Order to my Preferment in the *Church*. When he had taken this down in Writing, with the *Hour* and *Minute* of the *Day*, after the Manner of *Aſtrologers*, he begg'd me to excuſe the Neceſſity he was under of returning to his Company; and ſo I took my Leave.

Not many Days after, I went to him again, full of Hopes that I ſhould benefit much by his Company. But as ſoon as he ſaw me, he ſurpriz'd me with this Language:

"Sir, you have ventur'd much in coming "to me: For now 'tis in my Power, to diſ- "cover you and your Buſineſs in this City. "But if I ſhou'd betray any Man, my Gift "wou'd be taken from me. I am neither a "*Follower* of *Moſes*, *Jeſus* or *Mahomet*, nor "of any *Sect* that is now extant on Earth: "But I adore the *Spirit* and *Soul* of the *Uni-* "*verſe*, which is Eternal and Infinite. There- "fore I hate no Man for his *Religion*, let it be "what it will. And you that are not what you "ſeem to be, ſhall receive no more Hurt "from me in this Place, than the *Coadjutor* "of *Paris*: For I am of no Party or Faction. "All Men are equally my Friends, who do "me no Wrong, and every Place is my "Home.

Thou may'ſt imagine that I was in no ſmall Aſtoniſhment at this Diſcourſe. But recollecting

recollecting my Spirits, and conſidering it had always been my Opinion. That theſe *Fortune-Tellers* deal by Confederacy; and ſuſpecting that my Name being known to him ſo long before, it was not difficult for him to inform himſelf ſomething of me; or that ſomebody of his Acquaintance who knew me, had ſeen me go in and out from him, and ſo told him ſome of my Circumſtances; I made a Shew of going away diſſatisfy'd, ſaying, *It will be but loſt Time to hearken any longer to you: For I perceive you know nothing of me, in telling me I'm not the Man I ſeem to be.* *No*, reply'd he, with an obliging Kind of Earneſtneſs, *you are an* Arabian, *and ſerve ſome Eaſtern Prince Incognito.* Then he went on, and told me in a few Words ſome Former Paſſages of my Life. He hinted at the Dangers I had been in, during my Reſidence at *Paris*; mention'd my Captivity at *Palermo*, and the Rencounter I had with my old *Sicilian* Maſter. To be brief, he told me ſo many other Things which I knew to be true of my ſelf, that I grew very uneaſie in his Company, and yet durſt not depart from him of a ſuddain, or ſhew any Diſcontent. But muſtering together all the Diſſimulation and Artifice I cou'd, I turn'd the Diſcourſe to other Subjects; ſeeming very Importunate to learn *Aſtrology* of him, and promiſing him a large Gratuity, if he would teach me, I fairly took Leave, reſolving, if poſſible, never to ſee him more.

Never

Never was Man in greater Anxiety, than I was when I came home to my Chamber, and ponder'd on what had paſs'd between this Stranger and me. I am not Credulous of *Miracles*, *Prophecies* or pretended *Revelations*. Yet I proteſt ſolemnly, I cou'd not forbear thinking, he was endu'd with an extraordinary Faculty of *Divining*, or at leaſt, that he was an excellent *Aſtrologer*. Nay, to this Day I know not well what to conclude of him. He may, for ought I know, be a *Dæmon* Incarnate, or perhaps he is a *Magician*. Sometimes I think one Thing, and ſometimes another. If he performs theſe *Prophetick* Parts by Confederacy, ſtill I'm at a Loſs how he ſhou'd come to know ſo much of me, who always thought my ſelf the privateſt Man in *Paris*, and have neglected no Methods that were proper to render me ſuch in Truth. Then I ſuſpect my Old *Sicilian* Maſter is one of this Man's Correſpondents, and has told him ſome of my Circumſtances: For I have no Reaſon to be jealous of *Eliachim* the *Jew*. It muſt be ſome ſuch Way, or elſe he is more than a Man, that can thus readily penetrate into the Secrets of a Stranger.

Sage *Kaimacham*, I pray *God* defend thee from the Snares of Counterfeits and Falſe Pretenders.

Paris, 13th. *of the* 1ſt. *Moon*,
of the Year 1663.

LETTER

LETTER XX.

To the Captain Baſſa.

WHAT I am going to relate wou'd ſeem Incredible to my ſelf, and for that Reaſon I wou'd not give it any Room in a Letter to all the diſcerning *Miniſters* of the *Port*, were it not confirm'd by Letters from ſeveral *Merchants* in the *North* Parts of *Holland* to their Correſpondents in this City. And they all agree, That on the 9*th.* Day of the *Moon* of *November*, a Strange Man was ſeen to float on the Sea near the Shore, being ſupported by a Piece of Timber, on which he ſate with a Bottle of *Strong Waters* in his Hand. Thoſe who firſt beheld this Spectacle, were Fiſhing in a ſmall Boat; and judging him to be the Relique of ſome Shipwreck (for there had been Violent Tempeſts in thoſe Seas about that Time) made up to him, and took him into their Skiff. He expreſs'd his Gratitude for this Kindneſs, in the beſt Manner he cou'd (for no Body underſtood his Language.) And when he was come aſhore, he fell on his Knees; and having lift up his Eyes and Hands to *Heaven*, he proſtrated himſelf, and kiſs'd the Earth. His Garments were made of the Skins of Fiſhes, the Hair of his Head of a Flaxen Colour, and he ſeem'd not to be Faint for Want of Suſte-

nance:

nance: Which made every one conclude, That he had kept up his Spirits with that *Chymical* Liquor in the Bottle, which was near half emptied.

As ſoon as he ſaw the Riſing *Moon*, he fell on his Face, and mutter'd certain Barbarous Words, knocking his Fore-head againſt the Ground. Then he roſe and danc'd after a Wild Manner, ſinging pretty Natural Airs: And at every Stop, with his Right Hand extended, pointed to that *Planet*, expreſſing both in Tone and Actions much Devotion and Love.

Many Learned Men were ſent for, to conſider this Stranger, and if poſſible, by Signs or other Means to diſcover from whence he came, and what Fate or Accident had thus abandon'd him to the Fury of the Winds and Waves, to the Extremity of Hunger, Cold, and Watching; and to the devouring Jaws of Sea-Monſters. But all their Efforts were unſucceſsful; They ſpoke to him in ſeveral Languages, and he anſwer'd them, but ſtill in a Dialect different from any of theirs, and altogether unknown. He ſeem'd to utter his Words in a Tone between whiſtling and ſinging; which made ſome conclude, he was a *Chineſe*, becauſe that People pronounce many of their Letters after the ſame Manner. So do the Inhabitants of *Tunquin*, and *Malabar*, with other Kingdoms in the *Eaſt* of *Aſia*, and Letters with them are as ſignificant as Words with the *Europeans*. They ſhew'd him *Globes*, and *Maps* of the World, done

done by ſeveral Hands, and in various Languages, with particular *Charts* of all the *Maritime* Regions on Earth. But, to no other Purpoſe, than to excite his Devotion afreſh to the *Moon*, whoſe Reſemblance he ſaw on ſome of thoſe Papers. He wou'd ſmile at that Sight, kiſs his Fore-finger, and with a Religious Complaiſance touch the Figure of that Planet: Then ſeeming to be in a wonderful good Humour, he wou'd turn round and fall a dancing with his Arms ſtretch'd, and turn'd in the ſame Poſture as thoſe who uſe Caſtanets, or Cymbals. Singing all the while a Sort of inarticulate Sounds, but ſurprizingly Muſical and Sweet. So that No-body knew what to make of him.

He appear'd very temperate, modeſt, and reſign'd; refuſing no Meats or Drinks that were offer'd him; yet neither eat nor drank to Exceſs. Neither was he diſcontented at his Lodging, or any other Uſage; though they tried to vex him ſeveral Ways, that they might ſee how he would vent his Paſſion. But he ſmiled at all, and ſubmitted patiently to every Thing they impos'd on him.

One thing was obſervable, That wherever he ſaw any Water, he wou'd run to it immediately, and waſh himſelf, as well as he cou'd in thoſe Circumſtances, never forgetting to ſprinkle ſome toward that Part of the Heaven, where the *Moon* was viſible. And when they led him into the Fields or Gardens, he wou'd crop the Graſs, and Flowers,

Flowers, and with a compos'd Look wou'd throw them up in the Air, adding ſuch Relious Geſtures, as convinc'd every one, That he did it in Honour of ſome *Power* above. Various were the Conjectures of Men about him; ſome were of one Opinion, and others of a quite different. No-Body cou'd poſitively conclude any Thing. Neither is it poſſible, as I'm inform'd, for the Wiſeſt Men in thoſe Parts to find out this Myſtery.

Perhaps he's ſuch another, as *Imaum Rapibabet*, a *Perſian* Writer, mentions, who in the Year of the *Hegira* 502. was taken up by a Merchant-Ship of *India*, in the *Streights* of *Babel-Mandel*, pretending to be dumb, but capable of Hearing, Writing, and expreſſing himſelf ſeveral other Ways, if any Body con'd have underſtood his Language. At laſt he was found to be an *Ethiopian* Slave, run away from his Maſter; an Ingenious Fellow, and one that ſpoke all the Languages of thoſe Parts; and therefore, that he might be admir'd, wou'd be ſure to write in a Character of his own Invention, which the greateſt Sages cou'd not read.

Mighty *Baſſa*, thou encountereſt on that Element, with ſtrange Monſters, and Creatures under no Name or Predicament that is known, yet none ſo terrible and dangerous as Cheats and Impoſtors. From which I pray Heaven defend thee and me: For they infeſt both the Sea and Land.

Paris, 17th. *of the* 2d. *Moon*,
of the Year 1663.

LET-

LETTER XXI.

To Nathan Ben Saddi, *a* Jew *at* Vienna.

THE Term of our long mutual Silence, enjoyn'd us by our Superiours, is now happily expir'd; and we have with good Succeſs, manag'd our ſeparate Parts without holding any Correſpondence together. This was only a Tryal of our Fidelity, Conduct, and Obedience: Or perhaps 'twas no more than a Caprice of Policy, or a vain Whim of State. For, 'tis uſual with great Men, thus to practiſe Experiments on thoſe whom they deſign to employ in the moſt important Affairs. Whatever it be, we have acquitted our ſelves like Truſty Slaves; and that's enough for us.

This comes to thy Hand by an *Armenian* Merchant: One in whom I confide. Here are Abundance of that Nation in *Paris* and other Parts of *France*. They travel up and down from one Country and City to another, under the Pretext of *Trading*; but are really *Spies*, ſent from the Princes of the *Eaſt*, to obſerve the Counſels of theſe *Weſtern* Courts, the Deſigns of *Nazarene* Monarchs, and to take an exact Eſtimate of the Strength and Riches of theſe *Infidels*. For, though they outwardly profeſs themſelves to be Fol-

lowers

lowers of *Jeſus*, yet in their Hearts they believe the *Alcoran*, and Honour *Mahmut* our *Holy-Lawgiver*.

There is a Kind of *Magick* in Truth, which forcibly carries the Mind along with it. Men readily embrace the Dictates of ſincere Reaſon. Yet thoſe of thy Nation are obſtinate, and ſhut their Eyes wilfully againſt the very Light of Nature. You over-value your ſelves and your *Lineage*; becauſe you are the Poſterity of *Iſaac*, the Son of *Sarah* the Free-Woman and Wife of *Ibrahim*: reproaching us, that we are the Off-ſpring of *Iſmael* the Son of *Hagar*, a Concubine and Slave. You conſider not that *Iſmael* was the Eldeſt Son of that Glorious *Patriarch*; and that by the Law of *Moſes* it is enacted, That the *Firſt-born* Son ſhall inherit his Fathers Patrimony, though he were the Son of a baſe abject Slave, or hated Concubine. Did *Moſes* make a Law contrary to that of his Fathers; Or, cou'd *Ibrahim* the Beloved of *God*, do any thing contrary to the Divine Will? How then cou'd he be guilty of diſinheriting *Iſmael* his Eldeſt Son, the Flower of his Strength, and Firſt-Fruit of his Vigor? Doubtleſs the *Majeſty* and *Light* of *God* which paſs'd from *Adam* to *Seth Enoch*, *Noah* and *Ibrahim*, reſted alſo on *Iſmael*, Heir Apparent of the *Divine Promiſes*, Father of many Princes and Noble Nations.

Let thoſe therefore of thy Nation, ceaſe to boaſt of their Pedigree, and exalt themſelves

ſelves above the Victorious and Triumphant *Iſmaelites*, Children of a high *Stock*, a *Race* wherein ſhines forth the Luſtre of the *Ancient Renown*, and the *Right* of *Primogeniture*: A *Lineage* of Illuſtrious Honour, multiply'd as the Leaves of the Trees, numerous as the Stars of Heaven, proſperous in all Things, by the Special Benediction of *God*. Whereas, thou knoweſt, the *Iſraelites* never made any great Figure on Earth, and are now reputed no better than *Vagabonds* throughout the World.

Your *Rabbi's* reply to this, by owning that our Father *Iſmael* was indeed a Great Prince; but that he was withal a *Wild* and *Salvage* Man, who ſupported his Nobility and Grandeur by Rapine and Blood, dwelling altogether in *Deſarts* and unfrequented Places; robbing the *Caravans* of *Merchants* and *Travellers*, oppreſſing the Poor, and murdering the Innocent. In Fine, they give this Character of him, *That his Hand was againſt every Man, and every Man's Hand againſt him.*

To this Accuſation they alſo add another, That the Princes of the *Eaſt* who deſcend from *Iſmael*, have all along, even to this Day, eſtabliſhed their Thrones in Cruelty, Maſſacres, and Patricides. Fathers bereaving their Children of the Lives they gave 'em; and Children putting their Parents to Death: Brothers murdering Brothers, and ſacrificing their neareſt Relations to the Maxims of a Barbarous Policy, the Reſtleſs

leſs Suſpicions of State. And that all this is more eſpecially manifeſt in the Sublime Houſe of the invincible *Ottomans*.

Theſe are the Charges of *Hebrew* Spight, the Slanders which your *Doctors* caſt on the *Progeny* of *Ibrahim*, even on *Iſmael* and his Children, to this Day. But I would have thee, *Nathan*, reflect impartially on Things, and ſuffer not thy Judgment to be impoſed on by the *Sophiſtry* of your *Scribes*. Look back to the *Primitive* Times of *Iſrael*, examine the Written Law, the Records of *Moſes* and the *Seniors*. There thou wilt meet with frequent Examples of thoſe very Crimes which you lay to our Charge; true Parallels of the ſuppoſed Tyranny and Inhumane Actions, with which you tax the unblemiſhed *Iſmaelites*.

Did not your Father *Jacob* ſupplant his own eldeſt Brother *Eſau*? Did he not cheat his Uncle *Laban* of his Sheep? What was wanting to him of *Iſmael's* Valour and Fierceneſs, he ſupplied with a *Fox*-like Craft and Subtilty. Yet, how often did he plunder the Children of *Hamor*? And boaſted afterwards of the Preys he had taken from them with his *Bow* and *Spear*.

When your Fathers came out of *Egypt*, what a Carnage did *Moſes* their Leader commit, when he commanded the Sons of *Levi*, to ariſe with their Swords in their Hands, and every Man to kill his Brother, his Friend and his Neighbour; ſo that there fell that Day, at the Foot of Mount *Sinai*, Three and

and Twenty Thouſand Men? Yet for the Sake of this deteſtable Tragedy he bleſs'd 'em, ſaying, *You have conſecrated your Hands this day in Blood, every Man in the Blood of his Neighbour.* Behold! the Original of your Prieſthood, which is the Higheſt Rank of Nobility among the *Jews.*

Remember how your Fathers almoſt cut off the whole Race of *Benjamin*, ſo that there were not above *Six Hundred* Men of that Tribe left alive. Forget not alſo, how *Abimelech* of the Tribe of *Menaſſe*, got the Sovereignty by Maſſacring Seventy of his own Brothers on one Stone. Your own Records ſay, That *God* gave you Kings in his Wrath, among whom there was not one who was not a Man of Blood. And in the whole Catalogue, you can ſcarce find Four who were not tainted with Sacrilege, Idolatry, and other enormous Vices.

In a Word, *Nathan*, both the Sons of *Iſmael* and *Iſaac*, were but Men; and if thou haſt nothing elſe to object againſt the Former, but what thou muſt confeſs the latter were equally guilty of; I adviſe thee henceforth to lay thy Hand upon thy Mouth, and ceaſe to *ſpeak Evil* of thoſe, againſt whom No-Man can ſharpen his Tongue or Pen and proſper.

Paris, 22d. *of the* 2d, *Moon,*
of the Year 1663.

LETTER

LETTER XXII.

To the ſame.

I Concluded my other Letter ſomething imperfectly, and ſhort of my Deſign, being interrupted by a ſudden Deluge of Humours overflowing my Eyes, accompanied with a Tempeſt in my Head, which at once took from me the Power of thinking regularly, and of ſeeing how to Write. I am often ſubject to theſe Weakneſſes of late, and to many other Maladies. My Body ſenſibly decays; Age and Care, Watching and Sickneſs, with a Thouſand Caſualties beſide, have almoſt diſſolv'd this congeal'd Medly of the Elements. Methinks, I aw now no more than a poor *Skeleton*, to which Nature and Fortune, have left a dry wither'd Skin, for Modeſty's Sake, to cover its Nakedneſs; with a few evacuated Veins and Arteries; ſhrunk Sinews, Tendons, Muſcles, and Cartilages, to tack this Machine of Bones together, and keep it in Motion. In a Word, I ſeem to my ſelf to be only a *Hobgoblin* or *Ghoſt* in Diſguize; I cannot ſay, Incarnate, (for I've loſt all my Fleſh) but only bagg'd or clouted up in the moſt contemptible Shreds, Rags, and antiquated Reliques of Mortality, like a *Maudlin* or *Scare-crow*. I hang together by Geometry.

Yet,

Yet, ſuch as I am at theſe Years, I ſtill poſſeſs at certain Seaſons more ſerene and vigorous Thoughts, than in the Days of my Youth, when I was full of Marrow and good Blood. I can feel my Soul ſometimes fluttering her Wings, and briskly ſhaking off the heavy, ſlimy Cloggs of Earth, of Sleep, and of enchanted Life, or living Death. She ſtruts and plumes herſelf, ſhe mounts aloft and glides in Happy, though but Momentary Foretaſtes of Eternal Bliſs. And then lur'd down again by Charms of her accuſtom'd Eaſe and Pleaſure in the Fleſh, ſhe comes to Hand at Call, and being hoodwink'd from the Radiant Light of Heaven, ſhe tamely perches on the meaneſt ſenſual Appetite, which eaſily conveys her to her wonted Darkneſs. This is the changeable State of Mortals, and we muſt not expect a fixed Condition on this ſide the *Sepulcher*. The Noble and the Vulgar are equally liable to theſe Inconſtancies of Spirit; neither can the moſt exalted State of Sovereign Monarchs, Privilege them from the common Frailties of Mankind. They are no otherwiſe diſtinguiſhed from the Meaneſt of their Slaves, than only by the Vaſtneſs of their Poſſeſſions, their numerous Retinue, their unlimited Power, and the vain Pageantry of external Honour.

If we examine the *Origin* of Nobility, and Royal Grandeur; if we trace the *Genealogies* of Princes and Potentates up to their Fountain, we ſhall find the Firſt Fathers of theſe

theſe noiſy Pedigrees to be cruel Butchers of Men, Oppreſſors, Tyrants, Perfidious Truce-breakers, Robbers, and Parricides. In a Word, the moſt Primitive Nobility was no other than Potent Wickedneſs, or dignified Impiety. And all the ſucceſſive Continuations of it by Inheritance, Election, or otherwiſe, even to thoſe Modern Times; are but ſo many Traducts of exorbitant Power and Honour, acquir'd and propagated by the moſt enormous Vices, by Practices unworthy of Men, and of which the Authors themſelves are always aſham'd. Therefore they cover their unjuſt Encroachments and Invaſions, with the ſpecious Pretexts of Juſtice and Vertue, calling that Conqueſt, which is no other than down-right Robbery, and profeſſing themſelves Patrons of Mens Liberties and Rights, Religion and Laws, whilſt in Effect they are the greateſt Oppreſſors, Hypocrites, Atheiſts, and Out-laws in the World.

This is not only true in the Race of *Iſmael* and *Iſaac*, of whom I made mention in my other Letter, but in all the Families which have ever made any eminent Figure and Noiſe in the World.

What were the *Four* renowned *Monarchies*, but ſo many Empires of *Banditi*, Governments of *Free-booters*, *Pyrates* and *Licens'd Thieves?* As *Diomedes* told *Alexander* the Great. "I, *ſays he*, becauſe I play the pri-"vate *Corſair*, and cruiſe up and down the "Seas with one ſingle Ship, am accus'd as a "*Pyrate*.

" *Pyrate*, Thou that doſt the ſame Thing " with a mighty Fleet, art call'd an *Empe-* " *rour*. If thou wert alone and a *Captive*, " as I am, they wou'd eſteem thee no better " than a *Thief*: And were I at the Head of a " numerous Army, as thou art, I ſhou'd be " reverenc'd as an *Emperour*. For as to the " Juſtice of our Cauſe, there is no other " Difference but this, That thou doſt more " Miſchief than I. Misfortune has compell'd " me to be a *Thief*, whereas nothing but an " intolerable Pride, and inſatiable Avarice " puts thee upon the ſame Courſe of Life. " If Fortune wou'd prove more favourable " to me, perhaps I might become better: " Whereas, thy continual Succeſſes make " thee but the worſe. *Alexander* admiring the Boldneſs of the Man, and the Reſoluteneſs of his Spirit, gave him a Command in his Army, that ſo he might *rob* and *Plunder* from thenceforth by *Authority*.

But, I ſhou'd have begun higher in Antiquity with the Empire of the *Aſſyrians*, founded by *Ninus*, in the Blood and Slaughter, Ruine and Deſtruction of all his Neighbours, and increas'd after the ſame Methods by his Wife *Semiramis*, who begging of her Husband, that ſhe might reign for Five Days, and he granting her Requeſt, ſhe put on the Royal Ornaments, and ſitting on the Throne of uncontroulable Majeſty, commanded the Guards to degrade and kill her Husband. Which being done, ſhe ſucceeded in the Empire, adding *Æthiopia* to her

other Dominions, carrying a War into *India*, and encompaſſing *Babylon* with a Magnificent Wall; at laſt was kill'd by her Son *Ninyas*. Thus was the *Aſſyrian* Monarchy eſtabliſhed in Regicides, Maſſacres, and Carnage. And by the ſame Methods 'twas tranſlated by *Arbactus* to the *Medes*. He having caus'd *Sardanapalus*, the laſt, and moſt effeminate of all the *Aſſyrian* Kings, to die in the midſt of his Concubines. Thus was Treachery and Murder handed down with the Sovereign Power; till at length *Cyrus* the *Perſian* tranſferr'd them to his Country. Whoſe Son *Cambyſes* rais'd the *Second Univerſal* Monarchy, on the additional Ruines of many other Kingdoms, cementing it with the Blood of his Brother and his Son. Yet, after all, it was tranſlated to the *Macedonians*, by *Alexander the Great*, not without an equal Guilt of Parricide, and other Exorbitant Vices. From whom at laſt it devolv'd to the *Romans*.

What need I mention the ſcandalous Birth of *Romulus* and *Remus*, the Twin-Sons of an Inceſtuous *Veſtal*? Or, their debauch'd Education under a *common Proſtitute*, fabulouſly veil'd by the *Roman* Hiſtorians, under the Title of a *Wolf*, to render the Origin of their Empire Miraculous? Why ſhou'd I recount the Horrid Fratricide committed by *Romulus* on *Remus* his Brother; or the celebrated Rape of *Sabine* Wives, Virgins, and Widows? It will ſeem invidious, to call to Mind the deteſtable Murder of *Titus Tacius*,

the

the Good old Captain of the *Sabines*, with many other Barbarous Maſſacres. Yet theſe enormous Crimes were the Foundations of the *Roman* Grandeur and Nobility, ſo formidable afterwards to the whole Earth. And the Superſtructure was anſwerable, through all the various Changes and Revolutions of Government, even to the Reign of *Auguſtus Cæſar*, under whom *Rome* gain'd the Title of the *Fourth Univerſal* Monarchy.

This Emperour, though he was eſteem'd the moſt Merciful and Juſt Prince on Earth, yet he eſtabliſh'd his Throne in the Blood of his Kindred, ſacrificing the Children of his Uncle to the ends of State: And that he might not deviate from the Royal Ingratitude of other Princes, he barbarouſly extinguiſh'd the Off-ſpring of his Fathers Brother, who had adopted him to the Inheritance of the Imperial Dignity. Scorning by an unkingly Tenderneſs, to ſpare the glorious Names of *Antony* and *Cleopatra*, to whom he was ſo nearly related, and who had inveſted him with the Power of being ſo inhumane.

I will not make thee ſick, by rehearſing the abominable Lives and wicked-Actions of the *Nero's*, *Domitian's*, *Caligula's*, *Heliogabulus's*, *Galienus's*, and the reſt of thoſe Royal Monſters. Hiſtory it ſelf bluſhes to recite ſuch Prodigies of Impiety, and their very Names are odious to all Generations.

If we paſs from theſe mighty Empires to Kingdoms of leſs Note, we ſhall ſtill trace the Foot-ſteps of the ſame Vices. Both Ancient and Modern Records are full of theſe Tragedies. The Original Kingdom of the *Greeks* took its Riſe from the Parricide of *Dardanus*; and the Female Empire of the *Amazons*, began in the barbarous Maſſacre of their Husbands. All Ages and Nations afford us Examples of this Nature; and the higheſt Honours, Dignities and Commands were ever acquir'd and maintain'd by the Higheſt Injuſtice.

Therefore, Honeſt *Nathan*, let thou and I never envy the Nobles and Grandees of the Earth; but contented in our Humble Poſts, ſitting under the *Umbrella's* of a happy Obſcurity, let us ſerve the *Grand Signior* with Integrity and a Zeal void of Injuſtice.

Paris, 22d. *of the* 2d. *Moon*,
of the Year 1663.

LETTER

LETTER XXIII.

To Codarafrad, Cheik, *a Man of the* Law.

THou wilt approve the *Sentence* that was Yeſterday executed on a *Frenchman* in this City, who ſaid he was the *Son* of *God*, and had perſwaded a great many poor Ignorant People to believe him. He was burnt alive for his *Blaſphemy*, and his Aſhes kick'd into a Ditch. Had he been convicted of this horrid Impiety in any of the *Grand Signior*'s Dominions, he had undergone the like or a more terrible Puniſhment: For the *Alcoran* expreſly ſays, *That* God *has neither Wife, Son, Daughter, or Companion: And that thoſe ſhall ſuffer Eternal Pains, who teach any ſuch Doctrine.* Doubtleſs, there is but *One God*, and the *Eternal Unity* cannot be divided, or multiply'd, to make more *Gods* in Faction, or procreate an *Off-ſpring* of diminutive *Dieties*. He, the *Father* of all Things, dwells in *Eternal Solitude*, and from an Infinite Retirement beholds the Various *Generations* of the *Univerſe*; they are all equally his *Off-ſpring*, and 'tis *Blaſphemy* to affirm he has a *Son*, or a *Daughter*, or a *Companion* like unto himſelf. For he is increated, unbegotten, and entire: Sole Poſſeſſor of his Own Glory, without Rival

or Competitor. There was none *before* him, neither ſhall there be any *after* him. He is without *Beginning* or *End.*

But theſe *Infidels* harbour ſtrange Opinions about a *Trinity* of *Gods*, and follow the *Doctrines* of *Hermes*, *Triſmegiſtus*, *Plato*, *Plotinus*, and other *Pagan Philoſophers*, who aſſerted a *Triad* in the *Deity*; and on that *Baſis*, founded all the *Polytheiſm* of the *Gentiles.* Hence *Pythagoras* drew his *Tetragrammaton*, by playing the Chymical *Arithmetician*, and extracting a *Quaternity* out of *Three.* But the *Poets* not puzzling their Heads with the Myſteries of theſe *Divine* and *Unintelligible Numbers*, deliver'd their *Theology* in plain, groſs *Fictions*, ſuitable to the Capacities of the *Vulgar*: One midwifing a *Goddeſs* out of *Jupiter*'s Brains: Another ſtarting a *God* from his Thigh. But this ſilly Fellow, could not derive his *Pedigree* ſo near as from a Little Toe of the *Divinity.* Therefore, he was deſervedly reduc'd to his *Firſt Atomes*, and ſpurn'd out of the *World.*

The *French* have various Kinds of Puniſhments for Maleſactors; but none more terrible than Breaking on the Wheel. This is inflicted only on Notorious Criminals, and the Manner is thus: The Party condemn'd is faſten'd to a Wheel, with his Arms and Legs extended to their full Length and Wideneſs. Then comes the Executioner, and with an Iron Bar breaks one Bone after another, till the miſerable Wretch is in the Agonies of Death;

Death; and ſo he is left, to expire in unutterable Torments: For, ſome Men of ſtrong Conſtitutions, will retain Life in this Condition for Twelve or more Hours together.

Honourable *Codarafrad*, Though the *Executions* of the *Eaſt* are more ſwift and ſurprizing, than thoſe in the *Weſt*; yet they are not Comparable to them for Cruelty: The worſt Death being but a Minutes Pain.

Sage *Cheick*, I reverence thy accompliſh'd Knowledge in the *Laws* of *Equity* and *Juſtice*.

Paris, 15th. *of the* 3d. *Moon*,
of the Year 1663.

The End of the Second Book.

LETTERS

Writ by

A Spy at *PARIS.*

VOL. VI.

BOOK III.

LETTER I.

To Solyman *his* Couſin, *at* Chalcedon.

I Commend thee for removing thus from Place to Place, and cou'd wiſh that thou would'ſt not only exchange thy Reſidence through all the Cities ſeated on the *Boſphorus*, *Propontis*, *Euxine Sea*, and the *Helleſpont*, but viſit by turns all the Famous *Marts* in the World.

Praiſe be to *God*, we are not born in *Moſcovy*, *Ruſſia*, *China*, or under the narrow-

ſoul'd Governments of *Lycurgus*, *Plato*, and ſuch kind of Jealous Lawgivers; where it would be no leſs Puniſhment, than the Loſs of one's Eyes, Ears and Feet, if not of Life it ſelf, to travel out of his Native Country, or for a Stranger to come in, excepting Foreign Embaſſadors and Agents, who in *China* are forc'd to travel with their Faces veil'd or muffl'd, from the Confines to the Court, leſt they ſhould ſpie the Diſadvantages of the Country.

Doubtleſs this is repugnant to the Law of Nature and Nations, an Oppreſſion of Humanity, and directly oppoſite to the Purpoſe of *God*, when he deſign'd and made us for Sociable Creatures: For, the whole Earth is but as one Country or Province, common to Men and Beaſts. 'Tis our Element, and therefore we ought to be free in it, to range where we pleaſe, as the *Fowls* do in the *Air*, and the *Fiſh* in the *Sea*, without any Law, Reſtraint, or Injury. Such a Thought as this, made *Socrates*, when he was ask'd, *What Country-man he was*, anſwer, *I am a Native of the Univerſe, and therefore free to live where I will.*

Thou know'ſt, our Couſin *Iſouf* has travell'd over all *Aſia* and *Africk*, with ſome Parts of *Europe*. My Brother *Peſteli Hali*, has alſo viſited many Regions in the *Eaſt*. Both of them have improv'd their Eſtates and Fortunes in the World, the one at *Aſtracan*, the other at *Conſtantinople*. Follow their Steps and thou may'ſt have thy Hearts

Content.

Content. Go, and obſerve the different Manners of Men, their various Cuſtoms, Laws and Religions. Survey the Mountains, Vallies, Deſarts, Rivers, Lakes, Seas, Cities, Caſtles, Palaces, and all the other deſirable Objects, which embelliſh this *Globe*.

But beware of the Infirmity of moſt *Travellers*, who, *Camelion*-like, change their Humour and Manners as the Regions vary through which they paſs. Mere Mimicks, Buffoons, and Apes, who place their Excellency in imitating every Thing they ſee, or meet with. Thus degenerating from themſelves, inſtead of Improving their Minds in true Science and Wiſdom, and hardening their Bodies to endure patiently the Injuries of the Elements, with all the Fatigues and Contingencies of Humane Life, which are the chief Ends of *Travelling*, next to that of Learning how to ſerve our Sovereign, and our Country in a more refined Manner.

Solyman, never think that thou wilt deſerve the Character of a *Prudent Traveller*, if at thy return thou canſt only boaſt of Strange and Incredible Things thou haſt ſeen, tell monſtrous Romances, and Fictions more Fabulous than thoſe of the *Gentile* Poets. Aim at Solid Knowledge, and the Improvements of a Rational Creature. As thou goeſt out a *Muſſulman*, ſo return; but with all the Advantages that may recommend thee for a Perſon accompliſh'd in *Hiſtory*, *Morals*, *Politicks*, and *Divine Philoſophy*.

If thou dar'ſt not undertake a Ramble at large, go to thy Couſin *Iſouf* at *Aſtracan*, where he is ſettl'd in a Way of *Traffick* and *Merchandiſe*. Take thy Voyage by the *Black Sea*, and the *Palus Mæotis*. Caſt thy Eyes on the ancient Kingdom of *Colchis*, as thou ſaileſt by her Shores; conſider the Temper of the *Mingrelians*, *Circaſſians* and *Tartars*, with the Reſt of the People through whoſe Territories thou wilt paſs. And when thou arriveſt at *Aſtracan*, tell my Couſin *Iſouf*, that I wiſh'd thee to take this Courſe: He will reſpect thee for thy Uncle's Recommendation. Shew him this Letter, and let his own Eyes ſee the Hand-Writing of *Mahmut*, the Aged, Weather-beaten Slave of the *Earth's Great Sovereign*; the old Grey, Griſled *Watchman* of the *Sublime Port*, which is the Refuge of Mortals. He will find many Opportunities to advance thee. But I adviſe thee to wean thy ſelf from all Fondneſs, Inconſtancy, and Diſcontent. Be true to thy Truſt, Sedulous and Active, Patient and Reſign'd. Take all Things as they come from Deſtiny, without being peeviſh, or fretful.

So may *God* bleſs thee, and give thee the Riches of the Earth, and the Sweet Influences of Heaven; make thee happy here, and hereafter. Finally, may thy Reſt be on high, in *Paradiſe*.

Paris, *the* 1ſt. *of the* 5th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1663.

LET-

LETTER II.

To Peſteli Hali, *his Brother*, Maſter *of the* Cuſtoms *at* Conſtantinople.

THere is no Doubt, but when thou waſt in the *Indies* the Names of *Sultan Dara*, *Suja*, *Aurengzebe*, and *Morad Batche* were not leſs known to thee, than that of their Father *Cha Iehan*, the *Grand Mogul*. Thy Buſineſs as well as Curioſity call'd thee often to the Court, where thou haſt heard the Characters of theſe young Princes, whoſe early Years furniſh'd the World with Matter of Noiſe, and great Expectations, and gave the old Monarch that begat 'em, Trouble and Care enough to keep 'em in Order, and prevent their Machinations againſt one another, as well as againſt himſelf. For, in thoſe Days he ſaw his Family divided into Factions, and a Royal Envy mix'd with Ambition, whetting Brothers and Siſters againſt each other, who by Nature were made for the Offices of Reciprocal Love.

Surely, 'tis but a glorious Infelicity for Children to be thus born Candidates of a Crown, when each is oblig'd by a Principle of Self-Preſervation, to purſue his Claim, in a Method wholly repugnant to Humanity, and the Affection that is due to thoſe of the

ſame

ſame Blood: When ſhaking off all Tenderneſs and Compaſſion, the Sons of one Mother muſt ſheath their Swords in each others Bowels, to prevent their own Eſtate, and raviſh a Crown by Force, to ſave their Lives.

Yet this is the Misfortune of all the *Eaſtern* Courts, that they cannot ſee a Prince aſcend the Throne, without the Slaughter of his Brethren, and all that can be ſuſpected to pretend or ſtand in Competition with him for the Sovereignty.

However, it muſt be confeſs'd that the *Indian* Policy in this Point is far more generous, than that of the *Ottomans* or *Perſians*. Who either immediately after their Poſſeſſion of the Throne, murder in cold Blood all the reſt of their *Lineage*; or at leaſt impriſon them in ſome dark Dungeon during their Lives, and not ſeldom put out their Eyes. And this is owing to the Diſadvantage the unhappy Children of our Monarchs lie under, in that from their Infancy they are confin'd to the *Seraglio*, and educated under the Tutelage of *Women* and *Eunuchs*, even during the whole life of their Father; ſo that he who is advanc'd to the Throne, has all the reſt in his Cuſtody the firſt Hour of his Reign.

Whereas, in *Indoſtan*, the Princes of the Blood, are committed to able and learned Tutors, and as they grow in Years, encreaſing alſo in Knowledge, Wiſdom and Courage, they are diſpos'd of, every one ſuitable to his Capacity. Some being made Miniſters of State,

State, others Generals of Armies, or Governours of Provinces: Whereby each is put in a Condition to make Parties for himſelf, among the Grandees, and thoſe of Inferiour Degree, and to fortify his Intereſt in Court and City, Country and Camp. Thus an open Field is left for all to try their Wit and Courage in, for the Sake of Inheritance; and 'tis more equal to let them Nobly Skirmiſh for a Crown, and make a Warlike Lottery for Life or Death, then ſet up one with the Advantage and Character of a Butcher, and turn the *Seraill* to a *Shambles*, always polluted with *Royal, Innocent Blood*.

But every State purſues its own *Maxims*; and there are not wanting *Men* of the *Law*, who juſtify this Inhumane Conduct of our *Sultans*, as the only means to prevent Publick Diſtractions and Civil Wars: which always happen, where there are many Pretenders to the Imperial Dignity. As it lately fell out in the *Indies*.

I need not acquaint thee with what particular Dignities and Commands, the Great *Mogul* inveſted his Four Sons. Thou could'ſt ſufficiently inform thy ſelf of theſe Things when thou waſt at *Dehli*, the Capital City of *Indoſtan*. Neither need I ſay any Thing of *Rauchenara Begum*, or her Siſter *Sahieb*, the Two Daughters of *Cha Iehan*. Thou that haſt been there in Perſon, know'ſt more of theſe Things, than I who am oblig'd to the Merchants and Travellers for all my Intelligence of the *Indian* Affairs.

But

But I can certify thee of ſomething, which has been tranſacted there ſince thy Return to *Conſtantinople*, the Fame whereof perhaps is not yet arriv'd to the *Imperial* City.

Know then, that in the Year 1655, a Rumour being ſpread abroad through the Provinces of *India*, that *Cha Iehan* was dead; each of his Four Sons, began to lay about him for the Crown. They did all that is uſual in ſuch Caſes for Ambitious Perſons to do, by courting the *Omrahs* and *Rajas* with large Preſents and larger Promiſes, by obliging the *Souldiery* with immenſe Largeſſes; in a Word, by rouzing up the Friendſhip and Integrity of their *Adherents*, and by winning over *Strangers* to their different *Parties*, with whatſoever elſe was thought neceſſary to carry on a proſperous War againſt one another: For the Innate Deſire of Reigning, had equally poſſeſs'd them all. But *Deſtiny*, which appoints and conſummates Humane *Events*, had reſerv'd the Crown for *Aurengzebe*, who ſurpaſs'd all the reſt in Policy and Diſſimulation.

With profound Craft this Prince overreach'd his younger Brother, *Morad-Batche*, and put him in Chains, in the midſt of *Morad*'s own Army; pacifying the *Officers* with Bribes, and the *Common Souldiers* with Encreaſe of their Pay, whilſt he ſent their *General* away Priſoner to one of his ſtrongeſt Caſtles. This was the Firſt conſiderable Stroke he gave toward the gaining a Crown.

For,

For, now he was not only rid of one Competitor, and the moſt dangerous of all the reſt, but alſo became Maſter of his Army and all his Treaſure, which being joined to his own, put him in a Condition, to purſue his good Fortune with Succeſs. Yet the War laſted almoſt Six Years, his Brother *Sultan Sujah* keeping him in Play on the Side of *Bengale*, and *Sultan Dara* near the Capital Cities *Agra*, and *Dehli*.

But at laſt they were both forc'd to yield to the Fortune of *Aurengzebe*. In fine, he was eſtabliſh'd and now ſits on the Throne of his Fathers, whilſt they fell Sacrifices to the Jealouſy and Revenge of their Victorious Brother, being, as I'm inform'd taken Priſoners, and afterwards poyſon'd or hurry'd out of the World ſome other Way.

Thus paſſes away Humane Glory, like a Cloud driven before the Wind; or like the Smoak of a Fire, which looks bright and gay for a while, crackles and gives Heat to all that are near it, but is either ſuddenly quench'd with Water, or evaporates into Air, and is no more remember'd. Dear *Peſtheli*, conſider that this Earth is not our Native Country: we are *Foreigners* here below; let us improve our ſelves, by every Thing we encounter, in Knowledge and Vertue, without Learning the Vanity and Vices of Mortals.

Paris, 4th. *of the* 6th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1663.

LET-

LETTER III.

To Uſeph, Baſſa.

HEre is great Rejoycing for the Converſion of a certain Proteſtant Prince to the Faith of the *Roman* Church. They call him the Duke of *Mekklebourgh*. He is ſaid to ſpring from an Ancient Race of Kings among the *Vandals*. This Court careſſes him in an extraordinary Manner, as they uſually do all *Proſelytes* of his High Quality; as for poor and vulgar Converts, they ſerve only to become the Prieſts *Slaves* and *Aſſes*.

The King, who is Styl'd *the Eldeſt Son of the Church*, and therefore ought to appear a living Demonſtration of her boaſted Vertues, has been very Liberal of his Favours to the New *Devotee*, creating him *Knight of the Holy Spirit*, which is the moſt Sublime Degree of Honour in this Kingdom, next to that of being made Peer of the Realm.

Couriers arrive one at the Heels of another from the Duke of *Beaufort*, who is Cruiſing about on the *Mediterranean*. But, I cannot get a Sight of any of them, nor learn what their Expreſſes contain. The Courtiers and Stateſmen here are the very Whirl-Pools of Intelligence. Whatever News is communicated to them, is ſwallow'd up and loſt

loſt for ever in profound Silence. They receive all, but return none again. However, People take the Liberty to gueſs, every Man according to his Reaſon or Fancy. Some ſay, the Duke of *Beaufort* has engaged with a Fleet of *Algerines*, and driven 'em into their Harbour with great Loſs on their Side, and Triumph on his. Others laugh at this as only a Court-Romance, who ſtrive to prepoſſeſs the Nation with proſperous Stories of the King's Arms, both by Sea and Land. Whilſt a Third Sort affirm, That thoſe Diſpatches come not from the Duke of *Beaufort*, who, they ſay, is dead, being kill'd by a Cannon-Bullet, in an Encounter with the *Corſairs* of *Barbary*: But, that they are ſent from the next Chief Officers in the *Thoulon* Fleet, to give the King an Account of his Death, and receive New Orders.

In the mean while, we are wholly taken up here at preſent with the Reception of the *Swiſs*-Embaſſadours. They made their Publick Entry into *Paris* yeſterday, after they had been magnificently entertain'd at the *Caſtle of the Wood*. A Thouſand Chariots accompanied them through the Streets of *Paris*. They are brave Jolly Perſons, Sons of *Bacchus*, and Hirelings to *Mars*, Stout in a Wine-Cellar, and no Cowards in the Field.

Courteous *Baſſa*, Thou ſeeſt, I do not forget my Friends, but ſend to all by Turns, the Advices that come to my Hands. I wiſh thou would'ſt favour me with a ſhort

Sketch

Sketch of thy Pleaſure with the *Grand Signior*, in the Neighbouring Plains of *Adrianople*.

Paris, 10th. *of the* 11th. *Moon*, *of the Year* 1663.

LETTER IV.

To Hamet, Reis Effendi, Principal Secretary *of the* Ottoman Empire.

'TIS hard to determine, whether the *French* King excel in *Martial* Affairs, or in thoſe of *State*. He is good at Both. His Counſels are Wiſe, and his Actions great. A Man both in Body and Mind, form'd for *Empire*: And out-ſtripping his Years in all Things ſave the Affairs of Love. Theſe indeed he purſues with youthful Vigour and Paſſion, being by Nature very Amorous, and eſteem'd the Handſom'ſt *Prince* of this Age, by thoſe who conſider a Regular Shape, Graceful Features, and a Majeſtick Awfulneſs in the Face, as the Principal Ingredients in a Maſculine Beauty.

'Tis certain, he's very Acceptable to the Ladies, who are the moſt Competent Judges in this Caſe. And they value him ſo much the

the more, becauſe his Love never abates the due Sentiments a *Monarch* ought to have of his Glory. For he gratifies both Paſſions, without ſuffering them to interfere, manageing his ſofteſt Intrigues with ſuch exquiſite Prudence, as he ſtill comes off a *Hero*.

He has had many Miſtreſſes, and 'tis a manifeſt Diſcovery of his Wit, that he never faſten'd his Affections on any that deſerv'd not the ſame Character. She that has the greateſt Share in his Heart at preſent, is call'd the *Dutcheſs* of *Vaujour*; a Woman rais'd to that *Title* by the *King*'s Bounty, for the Sake of his Love. She has a Refin'd Wit, and that's all can be ſaid in her Praiſe. For, as to her Body, 'twould hardly tempt an indifferent *Painter* to employ his Skill, unleſs it were, in deſcribing what the *Taylor* endeavours to hide, and that's a Deformity much like mine, a Remarkable Bunch in the Back. Yet this great *Monarch*, loves her paſſionately, and will not be eaſily croſs'd in his Amours.

The *Queen* and his Mother have endeavour'd by divers Methods to reclaim him; but all prove ineffectual. A while ago they ſet his *Confeſſor* to work, who with Abundance of unſeaſonable Gravity, repreſented to the Young Invincible *Monarch*, the Ill Conſequences of Unlawful Love (for, theſe *Infidels* eſteem none *Lawful*, but what is beſtow'd only on One *Wife*.) He ſaid all that was proper for a *Jeſuite* to urge on ſuch an Occaſion, and a great deal more; threatning

ning the Royal Lover with Severe Penance, and I know not what. Impatient of this Diſcourſe from a Subject, yet reſpecting the Character he bore as a *Prieſt*, the *King* with a Reſerv'd Countenance, thank'd him for his Pious Counſel, telling him withal, that for the Future he diſcharg'd him from his Service, being reſolv'd to obey the Old *Canons* of the *Church*, and confeſs to none but the *Prieſt* of the *Pariſh*. Thus the poor *Jeſuite* was diſcarded, and beſides the *King*'s Diſpleaſure, he has drawn upon himſelf the Cenſures and Curſes of his whole *Order*, for diſobliging ſo potent a *Monarch*, only to pleaſe Two peeviſh Women.

Illuſtrious Miniſter, *Kings* are as *Gods* on *Earth*; and they eſteem it a Prophanation of their *Divinity*, when their Actions are too narrowly ſcann'd by their *Subjects*.

Paris, 7th. *of the* 1ſt. *Moon*,
of the Year 1664.

LETTER

LETTER V.

To Peſteli Hali, *his Brother*, Maſter *of the* Grand Signior's Cuſtoms *at* Conſtantinople.

THE News which thy Letter imparts, wou'd affect me with Incredible Delight, were ſuch a Thing poſſible to come to paſs. It is a long Time ſince I have been weary of dwelling in *Paris*, and of converſing only with *Infidels*. There is a perfect Antipathy between their Humour and mine. And 'tis no ſmall Violence a Man does to his Nature in ſuch a Caſe, when all his Actions and Words are counterfeited. This goes mightily againſt the Grain. But I have thought nothing too much to do or ſuffer, for our *Great Maſter*'s Intereſt. And I'm ſtill of the ſame Reſolution. Yet Nature it ſelf abhors Force and Reſtraint. Therefore 'twoud be a vaſt Comfort to be recall'd from this diſagreeable *Station*, and plac'd in ſome other *Poſt*, where I might ſerve *God* and the *Grand Signior* with more Eaſe.

Beſides, I have met with nothing but Perſecutions and Reproaches from ſome at the *Seraglio*, ever ſince I came to this City; as I have often hinted in my *Diſpatches* to the *Grandees*, and particularly once to the Noble *Kerker Haſſan*, *Baſſa*, our Country-man

man and Friend. Wherein I alſo implor'd his Favour and Interceſſion, that I might have leave to retire into *Arabia*, and ſpend the Reſt of my Days in the Place where I firſt drew my Breath; or at leaſt, that I might be permitted to return to *Conſtantinople*, and give an Account of my *Agency* in theſe *Parts*, though it were to the Loſs of my Head, if I deſerv'd it.

I perceive that generous *Baſſa* took Compaſſion on my Sufferings, and has done his utmoſt to relieve me. 'Tis to him I owe the Propoſal that was made in the *Divan*, of ſending me to the *Court* of the *Grand Mogul*, there to Negotiate ſome Private Affairs of Importance for the *Sultan*.

There is nothing that I have had a greater Paſſion for theſe many Years, than the Happineſs of viſiting thoſe remote Parts of the Earth, ſo venerable for the Antiquity of their Inhabitants, and the Excellency of their Laws, Cuſtoms, Religion and Government; I mean, the *Gentile Indians*, and not the *Race* of the *Moguls*, who came out of *Tartary*, and are but of Yeſterday, in Compariſon with the *Aboriginal* People, whoſe Genealogies and Poſſeſſion of that *Country*, ſtretch beyond all the *Records* in the *World* beſide.

Ever ſince I read the *Journal* of thy Travels in the *Eaſt*, I was inflam'd with an ardent Deſire to ſee that Renowned *Nation* to converſe with the *Bramins*, and pry into the Myſteries of their Unknown Wiſdom, which

which occaſions ſo much Diſcourſe in the *World*.

I know not what ails me, but I promiſe my ſelf more Satisfaction from their *Books*, were I capable of underſtanding the *Language* in which they are writ, or from the Lips of thoſe *Prieſts* who have 'em in their Cuſtody; than from all the *Prophets* and *Sages* in the *World*. I fancy I ſhou'd find ſomething prodigiouſly ſtrange and amazing in their *Hiſtory*, yet ſquaring with Human Reaſon, and Probability of Truth. If ſhou'd meet with Arguments which I cannot yet ſtart, to prove the *Eternity* of the *World*; Arguments clear and demonſtrative: ſuch as wou'd eſtabliſh this *Doctrin*, againſt all Objections that have or can be made to the contrary.

The *Idea* which I already entertain of ſo unmeaſurable a Duration, is only founded on my own Natural Thoughts, and ſupported by the Concurrent Opinion of ſeveral Ancient *Philoſophers*. But I ſhou'd hope to ſee it diſcover'd by theſe *Indian Records*, to be a Truth as bright as the Sun, and fixed as the Center of the Earth.

There is another Thing, for which I mightily admire the *Indians*; and wherein I endeavour to imitate them to the utmoſt of my Power: That is, the Juſtice and Tenderneſs they ſhew towards the Beaſts. 'Tis a Thing which needs a conſiderable Expiation, if by chance they kill any living Creature.

But, if they do it wilfully, out of Cruel Wantonneſs or Malice, and not in their own Defence; 'tis puniſh'd with Death, no leſs than if they had murder'd a Man. No care of Health, or Fear of Diſſolution by Sickneſs, can tempt one of the *Brachman Race*, to taſte a Bit of Fleſh: Much leſs cou'd they be induc'd by the meer pleaſure of their Appetites, to commit that which they eſteem ſo enormous a Sin, and the very Fountain of all other Vices. They count it the greateſt Injuſtice that can be, to ſuſtain their own Lives, by the Death of any of their Fellow-Animals; and they eſteem it a Puſillanimity unbecoming a Man, when he dares not venture his Life on the Fruits of the Earth, and the Milk of Cattel, which he may enjoy in Innocence, and Nature affords him more than enough, of all Sorts of lawful Nouriſhment.

This *Religious* Abſtinence, is the Mother of Heroick Vertues; and thoſe who practice it inviolably, are always in a State to contemn the World, Death, and all Momentary Things. Hence it is, that the *Indians* go to the *Inviſible World* as cheerfully, as they wou'd take a Journey to *China*, and *Perſia*. *Turky*, or any other Part of the Earth. For they eſteem *Death* no other than a ſetting out, or Voyage of the *Soul* to a more agreeable Religion.

But, I need not inſiſt ſo much on theſe Things to thee, who haſt been among them, and

and art familiarly acquainted with their *Genius* and inclination. I ſlide into this Diſcourſe inſenſibly, by the Pleaſure I take in thinking of theſe People and their admirable Vertues, as a Man falls in Love with a Beautiful Woman, by attentively gazing on her, and many Times forgets himſelf, and the Buſineſs he was about, commits Errors and Indecencies, and through the Confuſion of his Spirits, is quite loſt, like one in a Wood.

To return therefore to my Purpoſe; a Journey to the *Indies* would be very pleaſant to me on ſeveral other Accounts. The very *Stars* of my Nativity inclin'd me to travel, and from my Cradle in my Father's Houſe, I was transported to *Conſtantinople*, many Hundreds of Leagues from the Place of my Birth. Thou know'ſt, what a Romet I've been ſince that Time: And I can aſſure thee, I retain the ſame Diſpoſition ſtill. But, there's no *Country* under the *Moon* which I wiſh to ſee with greater Earneſtneſs, than *Indoſtan*; the very Name whereof ſounds almoſt as ſweet as that of *Paradiſe*. Doubtleſs 'tis the *Eden* of the *Earth*, in many Reſpects. And the Inhabitants believe there was no better for the *Original Parents* of *Mankind* to dwell in, ranking the *Hiſtory* of *Moſes* on that Subject in the Number of Celebrated *Fables*. I approve not this Cenſure of the *Indians*, yet I tell thee as a *Muſſulman*, I dare ſay, the *Myſterious Writings* of *Moſes*

are quite miſunderſtood by the greateſt Part of Mankind. Neither can any Two of his *Interpreters*, agree exactly which was the Particular Situation of *Paradiſe*. Some plant that *Garden* in *Meſopotamia*, others in *Paleſtine*; and a third Sort affirm, twas in *Egypt*: This Man will have it in *Aſia*, That in *Africk*. They are divided in their Opinions. And I might as well ſay, 'twas under the *Red Sea* between them both; and bring as many *Cabbaliſtick* Proofs to defend it. But, it ſignifies nothing to us, let it be where 'twill. Every Place is a *Paradiſe*, which a Man phanſies to be ſo; and Nothing can beat me off from the Conceit I have of the *Indies*

Beſides, I ſhou'd take a vaſt Delight in my Journey thither; whether I went by the Way of the *Black Sea*, and ſo through the Ancient *Kingdoms* of *Colchis*, *Georgia* and *Cathay*, coaſting along the Foot of Mount *Taurus*: Or, by the more Common Road, through *Syria*, *Arabia*, and *Perſia*. Either way wou'd afford Matter of Thought to a Contemplative Man, whilſt in ſome Places he beholds the Ruines of Famous Cities, and his Eye revels on the Spoils of Time, of Fire, of War, or of Earthquakes. In others, he beholds whole *Provinces* laid Waſte, and diſpeopl'd; only meeting here and there a few Cots, Herds, or Tents of *Arabs*, *Tartars* or *Circaſſian* Herdſmen; who ſtraggle up and down the pleaſant Fields of

Aſia,

Aſia, to pick and chuſe convenient Paſtures for their Cattle.

How pleaſant would it be to travel thro' my own *Country*, and behold the Tents of the *Sons* of *Iſmael*, ſpread o'er the Plains of the Vaſt and Horrible *Deſart*? To meet with *Emirs* and *Sheghs* of *Arabia*, with their Flocks and Herds, Summering it up and down, and Frolicking from Mountain to Valley at their Pleaſure.

From this to paſs to another Variety in *Perſia*, would be equally diverting. What kind of Thoughts ſhould I have whilſt on my Bed, within the Walls of *Bagdat*, the *Stage* of ſo many Great and Renown'd Actions, mention'd in *Ancient Hiſtory!* I ſhould call to Mind *Semiramis*, the Foundreſs of that Noble City, and all her *Wars* with the *Indians* and other *Nations* of the *Eaſt*. I ſhould reflect on her Policy, and the Weakneſs of her Son *Ninyas*. I ſhould conſider the various Tranſlations of the *Eaſtern Empire*; the Alternate Fate of the *Medes*, *Aſſyrians*, *Babylonians* and *Perſians*. And from thence I ſhould Naturally fall upon the *Conqueſts* of *Alexander the Great*; the *Riſe* of the *Macedonian Empire*, the Death of that Mighty *Hero* in *Babylon*, and the Cantonizing the *Empire* among his Chief Officers. Such *Memoirs* as theſe, would waken my Thoughts of the Vanity of all Human Affairs, as it does at this time: And particularly I reflect on my Fol-

ly, in ſetting my Heart ſo much on Travelling to a Country, which I am never like to ſee.

For, alas, my Dear Brother, I am not able to endure at this Age, the Hardſhips of ſo long a Journey, as I could in my Youth. Much Sickneſs has impair'd the Strength of my Conſtitution. I am grown as tender as an Infant. The leaſt Puff of Wind is ready to blow out the Flame of Life. And whereas formerly, neither Heat nor Cold, Hunger or Thirſt, Labour or Watching could hurt me; now my Health receives Damage from every one of theſe. I could not poſſibly out-live the Fatigue and Pain of travelling Two or Three Days together without a Drop of Water to refreſh my panting Soul. An Habitual Fever has made me the Thirſtieſt Man in the World. Then I am not able to bear the ſcorching Heats of the Sun, to which a Traveller in thoſe Parts is Neceſſarily expos'd. I ſhould daily diſſolve like Wax, or rather exhale in Smoke, in the midſt of ſo many Fervors. In a Word, my Body is ſo Infirm, that I am very ſure to die, before I can get Half Way to *Indoſtan*, let me take the neareſt Road I can.

Yet if the *Miniſters* of the *Port* ſhall think fit to ſend me, I am reſign'd. For, I take no farther Care of my Life, than as I may be ſerviceable to the *Grand Signior*.

I in-

I intend to write to our Illuſtrious Friend about it. In the mean time, do thou for me, what the Prudence of Man, and the Affection of a Brother ſhall ſuggeſt, as moſt conducing to the Intereſt of our *Sovereign*, and our own Honour, which we ought to prefer to our Lives.

Our Mother is in Health, and Salutes thee with a tender Embrace.

Paris, 9th. *of the* 3d. *Moon*,
of the Year 1664.

LETTER VI.

To Hamet, Reis Effendi, Principal Secretary *of the* Ottoman Empire.

THis Court of late makes a double Figure; the one of *Real Sorrow* for the Dutchess of *Savoy*'s Death, who was of the Blood-Royal of *France*; the other of *Counterfeit Mourning* for the Death of *Carolus Josephus*, Brother to the *German* Emperour. For, they inwardly rejoyce at this *Latter*, and wish the whole House of *Austria* were laid in their Graves: That Family being the only Obstacle to the *Grandeur*, at which the *French* Monarchy aspires. The only Rub which Cardinal *Richlieu*, and his Successor *Mazarini* found in their Way, when they sought to exalt the *Bourbons* to the Empire of the *West*.

The Rise and Fall of Kingdoms, the various Changes of Government, the Alternate Fate of Nations, are Themes worthy of a *Mussulman*'s Thoughts; considering that the Victorious and Happy *Osmans* at this Day possess the Territories of ancient Renown, the Provinces and Dominions which formerly made the greatest Figures and Noise in the World.

What

What is now become of the most Famous Monarchies of *Babilon*, *Persia*, *Assyria*, *Macedon*, *Greece* and *Rome*? Look for the Mysterious and Learned Kingdom of *Egypt*; the Religious State of the *Jews*; The most Ancient Kingdoms of the *Sicyonians* and *Argives*; The Commonwealths of *Lacedæmon* and *Athens*, with many other Countries mention'd in the Records of Time, and we shall find them all Swallow'd up in the Universal Empire of the *Ottomans*.

The Histories of *Belus*, and how he got the Sovereignty by *Hunting*; of *Ninus* his Son who first taught the World the Methods of *Idolatry*; of *Serimamis*, *Ninyas*, *Sardinapalus*, *Arbaces*, *Belochus*, and the rest of those *Assyrian* Monarchs; sound now like an antiquated Tale, or Dream. Neither is there any more Life at this time in the *Babylonian* and *Persian* Registers. The mighty Acts of the *Nebuchadnezzar*'s, *Cyrus*'s and the rest of those renown'd Conquerours, now serve but as Foils to set off the more Glorious Enterprizes, and Successes of our Immortal *Sultans*.

'Tis true, the *Persians* at this Day retain some Fragments of that once Vast and Formidable *Eastern Empire*. And the *Germans* have a Shadow of the Ancient Imperial Majesty of the *Romans*. But both the one and the other, are grown Effeminate and Weak; they have lost the Vertue, the Power and Fortune of their Predecessors.

Thou haſt travell'd over all the Dominions of the *Sophi*, and been an Eye-Witneſs of the *Perſian* Luxury, Libertiniſm, and Nakedneſs. Thou haſt ſeen the Off-ſpring of *Heroick* Sages, transform'd to Swine, Dogs, Aſſes, and other contemptible Brutes, as if they'd drank of *Circe*'s Cup. So fatal is it to decline from the Way of Vertue; nay, ſo impoſſible even to ſtand ſtill in that ſacred Path, without being violently pull'd backward. In a Word, thou art ſo thorowly acquainted with the Preſent State of *Perſia*, and all its Circumſtances, that I ſhou'd appear too officious in pretending to deſcribe either the Country, or the People that inhabit there.

But, as to *Europe*, thou profeſſeſt thy ſelf a Stranger, and haſt commanded me to characteriſe this Quarter of the *World*; Wherein *Germany* makes the moſt Majeſtick Figure by Land, *England* and *Holland* by Sea: *Spain* boaſts of her Gold; whilſt *France* treaſures it up to pay her Armies, to keep foreign Kings in Penſion, to Build mighty Fleets, and Magnificent Palaces; to corrupt the *German* Princes, and make 'em *Pimps* to her Ambition, Inſtruments of her deſign'd *Grandeur*, which is no leſs than the *Weſtern Empire*.

As for the Duke of *Savoy*, he is a mere *Tennis-Ball*, or a *Shuttle-Cock*, bandied to and fro between the Kings of *France* and *Spain*.

The

The *Swiſſes* are Poor and Mercenary. They cannot ſtay at Home unleſs they cou'd banquet on the Turfs and Stones: For all the Fleſh, Fruit, and Corn in the Land, is not half enough to keep 'em alive, and they have little or no Money, but what they get abroad. This makes 'em all *Travellers*, and moſt of them take up the Trade of War. They ſerve the *Pope*, the *French* King, and many other Princes for Pay: And where they once engage, they are very true to their Truſt. But, I can tell thee, they wou'd be unwilling to fight for the *Grand Signior*, unleſs he wou'd allow 'em plenty of *Wine*, which thou know'ſt is contrary to the Diſcipline of the *Muſſulman* Armies: And theſe *Swiſſes* are the profeſs'd Adorers of *Bacchus*.

The *Hollanders* are Induſtrious and Rich: They mind nothing but Merchandizing and Mechanicks. They wou'd fain engroſs the Trade of the *Indies* and the *Levant*, to themſelves. They traffick, that they may be in a Condition to fight, and they fight to eſtabliſh their Commerce; having no ſenſe of *Honour*, but only of *Profit*. If they attempt any Conqueſt, or make an Invaſion, it muſt be in *America*, or ſome other remote Country: For they're only upon the Defenſive among their Neighbours, not daring to be the Firſt Aggreſſors in a War; in a Word, they're like a Neſt of Piſmires, that trudge up and down continually to get Proviſion, but ſting and bite thoſe under whoſe Protection

they

they live, if they have an Opportunity.

'Tis thought, the Prince of *Orange*, who deſcends from an Illuſtrious Stock, wil e'er long reduce thoſe *Republicans* to another Form of Government. The *French* Style him the *Head* and *Heart* of the *United States*, and theſe thou know'ſt command the *Hands* and the *Feet*.

Germany is counted the Bulwark of *Chriſtendom* againſt the mighty Power of the *Ottomans* and *Tartars*. But, in my Opinion, one of our Embaſſadors at the Emperor's Court, gave a truer Deſcription of it, when he compar'd *Germany* to a Great Monſter; with many Heads and Tails, which having a deſire to break through a certain quick-ſet Fence or Hedge, and each particular Head making Way where it cou'd beſt among the leſs entangl'd Branches, were all caught in ſo many different Noozes, by the Interpoſition of ſtrong Trees, and ſo the Monſter was forc'd to retire with Shame and Loſs: Whereas, he ſaid, the *Oſman* Empire, was like an Animal with One Head, and many Tails, and that One Head not encountring the like Difficulties, eaſily paſs'd through, being follow'd by the Tails with one Conſent, as the untwiſted Ends of a Ten-ſtring'd Cord paſs through a Ring or Hole, when the united Part has lead them the Way.

I ſhou'd have mention'd *Italy*, *Poland*, *Denmark*, *Moſcovy*, and other Regions of *Europe*, but it wou'd be too tedious for one Letter,

Letter, which I ſhou'd neither have Time to write, nor thou Patience to read, at once.

Therefore, I deſire thee to accept of this only as a rough Draught, an Imperfect Sketch of ſome Parts of the *Weſt*. But in my future Diſpatches, I will imitate the Painters, and endeavour to draw each Member and Lineament of this great Body to the Life, as near as I can diſcern 'em by the Lights I have in *Paris*.

Paris, 10th. *of the* 4th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1664.

LETTER

LETTER VII.

To Kerker Haſſan, Baſſa.

MAY *God* multiply his Bleſſings on thee, and cauſe thy Heart to ſparkle with freſh Lights and new Joys, like the Sky-*Rockets* on a *Dunalma* [or *Royal Holiday.*] Accept alſo a ſmall Preſent, not worth an Inventory, (conſiſting only of a few Pictures, Looking-Glaſſes, Watches, and other Manufactures of *France,*) from the Hands of *Mahmut*, thy Countryman, Son of thy Fathers Neighbour, and a Voluntary Slave of thoſe who ſerve thee, if I had the Honour of an Opportunity.

Neither the Gift, nor he that offers it, is worthy of Eſteem. But, thou haſt Condeſcenſion enough to look on Both with the Eye of a Noble *Arab*, who knows not how to value the Sincerity of any Man's Devoir and Affection, which way ſoever he expreſſes it.

I can never forget the former Diſcoveries of thy Friendſhip to my Brother *Peſteli* and me; and in General, to all thoſe of our Houſe: Which ſtill encourages me to expect greater Kindneſſes; nay, in a manner, aſſures me of them: becauſe, I know the Nature of true Generoſity is ſuch, that where it once begins to faſten on an Object, it never ceaſes to communicate its Favours, till Damn'd Perfidy

fidy gives a Check to the Current. And may he be Damn'd that then has the Impudence to ask for any more.

But Praiſe be to *God*, my Caſe is otherwiſe; I am not in the Number of the Ungrateful and Treacherous: And therefore, with Boldneſs I preſume once more to addreſs to the Duſt of thy Feet, illuſtrious *Baſſa*, begging thy Patronage and Shelter from the Perſecution of my Enemies; whoſe whole Endeavour is to ruine me.

Thou know'ſt I came to *Paris* in the Year 1637. of the *Chriſtians Hegira*. The *Sun* had then reviſited the *Sign* he was in at my *Nativity*, juſt the Eight and Twentieth Time. I was a mere Youngſter in the *World*. However, my *Superiours* thought me fit for this *Employment*. How I have acquitted my ſelf in it ever ſince, I leave to themſelves to judge: Yet, for Faſhion's Sake, they will be always a finding Faults. One Sycophant or other is perpetually Railing againſt me, when they find any of the *Vizirs* and other *Grandees* in a Humour to hearken to them. I Fancy 'tis for Want of Diſcourſe. When they have nothing elſe to talk of, then they fall a cenſuring of poor *Mahmut*, who undergoes more Fatigues than a Hundred Thouſand ſuch * *Thlguch*, as they. I can't imagine, what they aim at; unleſs it be, that they wou'd have me turn *Chriſtian*, and enter my ſelf into ſome *Monaſtery*.

* *This Word* Thlguch *was left ſo in the* Italian, *and the* Eng. Tranſlator *knows not what to make of it.*

Suffer

Suffer me, my Noble Friend, to tell thee, that a Man cannot want for Temptations to ſuch a Change of his *Faith*, without being confin'd to a *Recluſe* Life. He may be a *Friar* or a *Libertine*, a *Prieſt* or a *Layman*, A *Zealot* or an *Hypocrite*, a *Chimney Sweeper* or an *Abbot*, which he pleaſes, according as he is qualify'd. And I can aſſure thee, he that wou'd be a good Man, which is beyond all the Reſt, has incentives enough among the *Profeſſors* of the *Nazarene* Worſhip, though the greateſt Part are wicked.

As for me, I never thought that *True Religion* conſiſted in Empty Names and Titles, in Forms and Ceremonies, in Parties and Factions, or in any Thing but in a Life conform to Reaſon, and to the Will of *God*.

They take me here at *Paris* for a *Moldavian Rambler*, that has read ſomething more than the *Pariſh-Clerks*. And becauſe they know, I underſtand *Greek*, *Sclavonian*, and Two or Three *Languages* more, they wou'd fain make me a *Prieſt*, *Doctor*, *Orator*, or any Thing that I wou'd accept of, to ſerve an Intereſt. And I am compell'd to uſe, either a down-right Humility, or a forc'd Pride, that I may handſomly evade their Courtſhip: convincing 'em ſometimes, that I am not fit for ſuch *Dignities*, at other Seaſons telling 'em, I am above *Inferiour Orders*, and that nothing leſs than an *Archbiſhops Pall*, or a *Cardinal's Hat* will ſatisfy my Ambition,

Thus

Thus I really diſſemble, and jeſt my ſelf in earneſt out of Ample Eſtates, to ſerve *God*, his *Prophet*, and the *Grand Signior*: Yet am traduc'd at the *Seraglio* for a *Hypocrite*, an *Infidel*, and God knows what.

Here's honeſt *Eliachim* the *Jew* undergoes the ſame Fate; Whilſt thoſe of his own Party, eſpecially the *Rabbi*'s, proclaim him every where for a *Chriſtian*; and the *Nazarenes* point at him, as a *Turk*. Only my *Landlord* where I before lodg'd, who is an honeſt old drunken *Fleming*, takes *Eliachim* for a *Saint*, and ſwears he will have him Canoniz'd after his Death: And all this, for no other Reaſon, but becauſe *Eliachim* treats him now and then with a Bottle of Wine: So partial are all Men to their own Humours and Intereſts. But the Truth on't is, *Eliachim*'s an excellent Counterfeit, and my *Landlord* is not the only Man who has this Veneration for him. He paſſes for a very *Good Catholick*, and a *Holy Man* among a great many others. His Looks are ſo demure, his Mien ſo compos'd, and he has ſuch Godly Diſcourſe with him, about the *Sacraments*, *Indulgences*, *Miracles* and *Graces* of the *Church*, when he is in Company with *Chriſtians*, That he wou'd deceive the *Spaniſh Inquiſition*, and cheat the *Devil* himſelf.

Such is the Violence we are forc'd to uſe to our ſelves, who live in theſe hazardous Stations. And yet No-body conſiders us, or regards our Zeal for the *Grand Signior*.

Signior. Our Reputation, Liberty, and Lives are precarious. We are not only in perpetual Danger of the Revenge of the *Nazarenes* who are our real Enemies; but alſo expos'd to the Envy, Malice and Perſecution of thoſe who ought to be our Friends.

I have often complain'd of the malicious Calumnies thrown on me by *Icingi Cap-Oglani*, and his Aſſociates: And the *Miniſters* were pleas'd to receive my Apologies. But now I ſuſpect greater Treachery. I ſent an Account to the *Reis Effendi* ſome Years ago, how I was dogg'd up and down the Streets of *Paris*, by a Fellow whom I knew not, and what Apprehenſions that put me upon. I will acquaint thee farther, that being afraid of an *Aſſaſſine* in the Dark, I arm'd my Breaſt with a Quire of Paper, which is known to be Dagger-Proof. I was not at all miſtaken in my Gueſs. For the laſt Night, as I was returning home to my *Lodging*, between the Hours of Nine and Ten; I receiv'd a Stab in my aforeſaid Breaſt-Plate, right againſt my Heart. It was not ſo dark but I could perceive the Perſon who gave me this Blow; and Self-Preſervation taught me immediately to ſeize on him, and grapple as cloſe as I could, extending his Arms with mine at a good Diſtance from our Bodies. I am but little and ſhort, yet I have a ſtrong Spring with my Body, when I am once rouz'd, as thou wilt imagine I was now. Beſides, I have generally a certain Preſence of Mind in Time of

of Danger, which fails not to prompt me with the readieſt and moſt proper Courſe to eſcape. In a Word, I wreſted the Ponyard out of the *Ruffian*'s Hand, and ſtabb'd him dead with it, not thinking it ſafe to make a Noiſe, but chuſing rather to die if my Strength fail'd me, than by crying out for Help, run the Riſque of worſe Conſequences: For I had long expected ſome ſuch Attempt as this upon my Life, from my Enemies at the *Port*. And concluding this Fellow to be one employ'd by them for that Purpoſe, I thought it no Prudence to have him ſeiz'd by the *Watch*, and puniſh'd by the *Law*, leſt he ſhould in Revenge diſcover me and my Buſineſs to theſe *Infidels*. Therefore I play'd the *Executioner* my ſelf, and ſent him out of Hand to another World, to prevent his telling Tales in this. Thou wilt ſay there was no Injuſtice in this, ſince 'twas in my own Defence, and to ſave the Honour of my *Sovereign*. As he fell, he uttered theſe Words in a faint broken Tone, *Mahmut, my Death will be reveng'd before long, and you cannot eſcape the Trap that is laid for you.* Then he expir'd.

This made me preſently conclude, that he was employ'd by ſome-body at the *Port*: For, how elſe ſhould he know my True Name? But upon Second Thoughts, I cannot be certain, but that he was ſet at Work by my Old *Sicilian Maſter*, ſince he knew my Name alſo. However, I have greater Reaſon to ſuſpect the Former; becauſe, it is not

not probable, that the *Infidel* would take ſo Chargeable and Troubleſome a Method to Murder me. Neither had he Provocation enough. Beſides, for ought I know, he may be dead. *God* only is acquainted with the Truth. However, to prevent future Aſſaults of this Nature, and a great many other Inconveniencies, I have remov'd my ſelf to a New *Lodging*, in the moſt obſcure Corner of the City, and very remote from the Place where I liv'd before, being reſolv'd alſo not to frequent the *Court*, nor any Publick Places as I have done formerly, but to take other Meaſures for Intelligence.

What I deſire of thee is, to repreſent my Caſe favourably to the *Divan*, That they may approve of my Conduct. Do alſo whatever elſe thou judgeſt the Part of a Country-man and a Friend.

As for the Event, I patiently wait the Appointments of Deſtiny. For 'tis in vain to be too Sollicitous.

Adieu, High-born *Kerker*, and forget not *Mahmut* in his Diſtreſs. For, that is the Time, wherein true Friendſhip is tried.

Paris, 17th. *of the* 5th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1664.

LETTER

LETTER VIII.

To Nathan Ben Saddi, *a* Jew *at* Vienna.

BE not diſhearten'd at the Troubles which thou encountereſt in this World of Lotteries. But, remember the *Adage* of thy *Rabbi's, That* EVIL *which is Old as Night, is yet the Off-ſpring of every Morning.* The Ages are meaſur'd exactly, and our Hours are cheker'd with Equal Mixtures of Happineſs and Misfortune. We are not born to our own Deſires. And as not a Man of us can remember how he was form'd in the Womb, ſo have we no Reaſon to repine at what happens to us ſince we came out of it. Whatever Power, Wiſdom and Goodneſs took Care of us then, and afterwards inſpir'd our Mothers and Nurſes with Tenderneſs, and a Thouſand Degrees of Patience beyond what is Recorded of *Job*, the ſame will provide for us to Eternity.

The Deſire of Knowledge kill'd *Adam*, and the ſame Luſt, propagated with his *Seed*, deſtroys all his *Poſterity*. We can never be ſatisfi'd in our Confinement to this *World*, and therefore we flounce and flutter on all Sides, like Fiſh or Birds in a Net, to find a Way out: Whilſt we do but entangle our ſelves the

the faſter, render our Reſtraint more uneaſy, and delay the Poſſibility of our Releaſe. Whereas Patience would ſoon ſet us free, and rank us among the *Immortals*. One thinks to eſcape by high-drinking; another by Fevers of Love or Glory; and a Third conceits he ſhall by his Gold, be able to bribe the *Watch*, who Guard the laſt *Paſſes* of this *Life*, and perſwade 'em to let him Scamper ſafe to *Paradiſe*. Alas! Alas! All this is but the Sophiſtry of our Paſſions. 'Tis in vain to think of haſt'ning or retarding our Fate. Our Time is ſet, though we know not the Period. Reſignation is our beſt Leſſon, and Prudence the next.

Perhaps thou wilt call this a *Sermon*, rather than a Letter. But, I adviſe thee to read it with the Eyes of a *Stoick*; That is, whether it pleaſes thee or not, regard it not farther than it agrees with Reaſon. I would fain ask of the Man who expects to have his *Will* accompliſh'd in this *Life*, whether he can prevail upon the *Sun* to riſe any Morning within the *Artick Circle*, or the *Moon* to deſcend, ſome Night, and ſweep the ſnow off from the top of Mount *Athos*. So Inexorable is our *Deſtiny*, ſo unalterable the *Decrees* of *Fate*.

Be not troubled therefore at any Thing; but remember that thou art a *Part* of the *Univerſe*, and that nothing can betide thee, which is not for the Good of the *Whole*.

What I have ſaid is, to arm thee againſt all the Contingencies which may aſſault thee unawares,

awares ruſhing upon thee on a ſudden from behind the Veil, which covers all the Deſigns of *Providence* and *Nature*, *Deſtiny* and *Chance*.

I my ſelf have lately experienc'd, that it is good to be thus prepar'd for future Events, having narrowly eſcap'd Death by a little Timely fore-caſt.

It is not Neceſſary for thee at this Time, to know all the Circumſtances of my Danger. Suffice it to ſay, That I was aſſaſſinated in the Dark, kill'd him that deſign'd to be my Murderer, and am now forc'd to remove my *Habitation*.

Eliachim thy Brother in *Iſrael* will be at *Vienna* within Fourteen Days. He will give thee a farther Account of all Things which it behoves thee to know: with freſh Inſtructions concerning my *New Lodgings*, and the Method we muſt obſerve for the Future in conveying Letters. We cannot be too cautious in the *Grand Signior*'s Buſineſs.

As for our own Lives, let us imagine, they were only ſent to ſerve him, on whoſe Life ſo many Millions of Lives depend.

Paris, 18th. *of the* 5th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1664.

LETTER IX.

To Zeidi Alamanzi, *a* Merchant *at* Venice.

I Am oblig'd to ſend Circular Letters at this Time, to all the Slaves of the *Grand Signior*, who have Buſineſs with me at *Paris*; to inform them, that upon a very Important Emergency, I am forc'd to change my *Lodgings*. I have already ſent away *Diſpatches* to *Conſtantinople* and *Vienna* on this Account to prevent the Errors they might commit in addreſſing their Letters. For the ſame Reaſon, I now write to thee. Thou needeſt not enquire after the Occaſion of this Conduct; nor wonder at any Thing that happens to us extraordinary in thoſe hazardous *Poſts*. We muſt expect to encounter with Rubs and Obſtacles in ſerving our *Great Maſter*. If theſe difficulties have but their proper effect, which is to whet our Inventions, encreaſe our Diligence, and confirm us in our Zeal, all ſhall go well.

The Soul of Man never diſplays her Faculties and Perfections with greater Luſtre, than when ſhe is environ'd with Perils. Theſe are the Tryals of Fortitude, Prudence, Juſtice and all the Vertues. He that ſinks under Misfortunes, and Croſs Events, has either no Soul, or 'tis aſleep.

Courage

Courage then, Fellow-Slave, and let thy Heart beat a continual Alarm. Be not diſmay'd at any Thing, nor let Self-Love bereave thee of thy Honour: But go on in thy Duty, and truſt thy *Soul* to *God*.

Thou liveſt in a City where Vertue and Vice are in Emulation, ſtill ſtriving to ſurpaſs each other: There are not more wicked People in the World than *Venice* affords, nor yet more Pious and Good. Follow thou the beſt *Patterns*, and be happy. But do nothing by bare Imitation: For that's the right Way to become a Hypocrite. Let all thy Actions proceed from Vital Principles of Reaſon and Generoſity in thy ſelf. And when thou ſeeſt rare Examples, let 'em ſerve only to awaken and rowze thy Innate Vertue.

Send me no Letters till thou haſt receiv'd freſh Orders from the *Port*. They will furniſh thee with all Neceſſary Inſtructions. After that, let me hear from thee as often as thou wilt. Thy Diſpatches will be always welcome. Let them contain Matter of Intelligence chiefly, and that of the freſheſt Date. Penetrate into the Counſels of the *Republick* where thou reſideſt. Inſinuate thy ſelf with the *Senators* and *Grandees*. Dive into their Hearts, and unlock their Secrets. Communicate Nothing but the Truth to the *Miniſters* of the *Port* or to me. If thou canſt Diſcover their Inclinations to a *Peace*, or their

Absolute Need of it, thou wilt do an Accepta-
ble Service to the *Grand Signior*, and to the
whole *Empire* of the *Faithful*: For then w
can bring 'em to our own Terms.

Zeidi, to *God* I recommend thee, desiri
him to preserve thee from *Wine*, *Women* an
Cards, which are the Three Capital Tempta-
tions of *Venice*.

Paris, 1st. *of the* 6th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1664.

LETTE

LETTER X.

To Murat Beſſa.

I Cannot eaſily divine the Reaſons why I am ſo much neglected by the *Miniſters* of the *Port*. Above Four Years have paſs'd away, wherein many Notable Events have happened; yet no-body thought it worth his Labour to inform *Mahmut* of any Thing. So that all the Notices I could gain of Remote Tranſactions, are owing either to the Publick News of *Europe*, or at beſt to ſome particular Letters of Merchants reſiding in this City, with whom I conſerve an Intimacy, for the ſake of Intelligence, and for other Cauſes.

Thus I ſhould have been in Ignorance to this Day, what Iſſue the *Baſſa* of *Aleppo*'s Rebellion had, were it not for an Accidental Interview I lately had of ſome *French* Travellers, who came from *Conſtantinople*. Theſe inform'd me of the ſudden Fate of that *Baſſa*, when he was at the Height of all his Grandeur, within a few Days March of the *Imperial* City, at the Head of a Potent Army, and juſt upon the Point of Accommodation with the *Grand Signior*. They much extol his Bravery and Reſolution: For the *French* are Naturally Lovers of ſuch as dare boldly oppoſe their Sovereign. They

equally condemn the ſly Perfidiouſneſs
Mortaza Baſſa, to whoſe ſafe Conduct
Generous *Rebel* truſted his Life, and by
Eaſineſs loſt it. Yet they applaud *Mort*
za's Loyalty, Courage and Wiſdom, w
the Eminent Services he afterwards did
Empire, in leading the Army againſt
gotski, Prince of *Tranſylvania*, which at len
lifted him to the *Government* of *Babylon*.

All theſe Things had been hid from
were not the *Nazarenes* my Intelligence
Nor ſhould I have known how the Rebell
was carried on after his Death by his
vengeful Nephew, by the Son of *Cheuſ*
Baſſa, by a *Bey* of *Egypt*, and other Ma
contents. Yet ſuch Paſſages are fit for a M
in my Poſt to be acquainted with, that
may have a clear *Idea* of his *Maſter*'s C
cumſtances, and ſo apply himſelf more
fectually to ſerve him.

It had not been amiſs, if I had recei
timely Intelligence of the Death of Pr
Ragotski, in Regard there was always a
vate Correſpondence between him and
Court. Which ceaſing by his Death, it
been worth my Pains to obſerve, whe
it would be continued by his *Succeſſor*,
what other Meaſures they would take.

'Tis true I was acquainted with this,
not by the *Miniſters* of the *Port*. I h
alſo of all the following Commotions
Tranſylvania, occaſion'd by the different
ctions of *Michael Apaſi* and *Kemini Ja*
the Two Rival Princes. I was not ſorry

this News, knowing that the Diviſions of the *Nazarenes* ſtrengthen the Unity and Force of the *Muſſulman Empire*. I was likewiſe inform'd of the Fate of *Mortaza*, *Baſſa* of *Babylon*, who fell a Victim to the *Grand Vizier*'s Jealouſy; with many other Paſſages. But neither from the *Port*, nor from any other Hands could I learn the leaſt Intelligence of the *Venetian* War, and what Progreſs our Arms have made in *Candia*, *Dalmatia*, and the other Dominions of the *Republick*. Which makes me conclude, that either the *Grand Signor*'s Reſidence at *Adrianople*, abated his Inclinations to Martial Affairs, which is alſo the Common Opinion of the *Chriſtians* here in the *Weſt*; or, that the War in *Hungary* for a while ſuperſeded all other Deſigns.

However it be, 'tis certain the Succeſſes of the *Ottoman* Arms in taking *Newhauſel*, *Leventz*, *Novigrod*, and other Places of Strength, with the terrible Incurſions of the *Tartars* through *Moravia* and *Auſtria*, put the whole *German Empire* into a great Conſternation. *Embaſſadors* are ſent from the *Imperial Court* to all the *Chriſtian* Princes, imploring their Aſſiſtance in this General Danger of *Europe*.

Here is one arriv'd at this *Court*, whom they call Count *Strozzi*, a Perſon of good Addreſs, and Maſter of much Eloquence. He has prevail'd on the *French* King to maintain at his own Charges Six Thouſand Horſe and Foot, to ſerve againſt the Victorious *Oſmans*. A great many Perſons of *Quality*,

have liſted themſelves as Voluntiers; and the meaner Sort talk of nothing but marching to *Conſtantinople*, and driving the *Turks* back to *Scythia*, from whence they firſt came.

Courteous *Baſſa*, thou wilt laugh at the Vanity of theſe *Infidels*, who conſider not that by the *Grace* of *God*, and *Miracles* of his *Prophet*, our *Emperour* is the King of all the Kings on the Earth, the Mightieſt of the Mighty ones; the *Phœnix* of Honour, Power, and Unparallell'd Majeſty; Brother and Companion of the Sun, Moon and Stars; a Prince of a Myſterious and Sublime Lineage, in whom are center'd all Glory and Excellency; the Shadow of *God* on Earth!

The Breath of Fame goes before the Van-Couriers of his Armies, purifying all Places, and filling them with Veneration and Terror. The Duſt that is rais'd by his Heroick Cavalry, paſſing through the Air, cauſes Trembling and Aſtoniſhment in the Hearts of the *Chriſtians*. The *Infidels* fall before the Fatal Cymetars of *True Believers*.

May the *Angel* of the *Houſe* of *Iſmael* continue to proſper the *Holy Off-ſpring*, to extend their Conqueſts, and propagate the *Faith* unblemiſh'd; that the Names of *Alla* and *Mahomet* may be heard in all *Climates*, and from the utmoſt Borders of the Earth.

Paris, 5th. *of the* 6th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1664.

LET-

LETTER XI.

To Iſouf, *his Kinſman, a Merchant at* Aſtracan.

I Have often wonder'd, why among the Reſt of the Nations in *Chriſtendom*, thou would'ſt not beſtow the leaſt Tranſient Viſit on *Spain!* But upon more mature Conſideration, I find thou art a Man of Judgment in Travelling. That Country lies under a very ill Character, for the Penury of all Things neceſſary to ſuſtain the Lives of the Natives; and by Conſequence, 'tis not to be thought, they can ſpare much for Strangers. A very Inhoſpitable Region, abounding in Beggars, Thieves and Drones: Full of Wine and Gold, yet barren of Corn, and Rich People.

Thou wilt not think this a Paradox, when thou ſhalt conſider, That the *Spaniards* have all their Corn from *France*, *Germany*, or *Sicily*: And that for this and other Reaſons, *Spain* is but like a Sieve through which the Immenſe Treaſures of *Peru* and *Mexico*, are drain'd into other Countries.

You may Travel ſome Days together in *Spain*, without ſeeing any Thing ſave the

dry Face of a Deſart. And if you chance to meet with a Houſe, wherein you may ſhelter your ſelf, and your Horſe, expect no better than a *Ramezan*-Entertainment. For you muſt faſt all Day, and think your ſelf much reſpected, if you can get a few Onions, or other Roots and Herbs, with a Morſel of Bread and Fleſh at Night. to keep you from being ſenſible, That you are actually ſtarving.

Then the Inhabitants are the Proudeſt People on Earth. You ſhall meet with none but Kings, Princes, Viceroys, or at leaſt Men that conceit themſelves ſuch. They are alſo Mercileſs in their Revenge; Cruel, Obdurate, Covetous, Moroſe and Inexorable. In a Word, *Spain* is the *Jeſuites* Paradiſe; the *Jews* Purgatory; and the Hell of *Women*.

I therefore commend thy Fortune, or thy Prudence rather which would not ſuffer thee to fall into the Hands of thoſe *Barbarians*; nor think it worth thy Pains to breath an Air infected with ſo many Vices. Thou haſt paſs'd through many more inviting Provinces, and art at laſt happily ſeated to thy Mind. Improve thy Opportunities in doing good.

I ſent a Letter to our Couſin *Solyman*, adviſing him to give thee a Viſit. If he comes, receive him kindly, and perform the Part of a Kinſman; put all Expences to my Account, and remember

member that no Man is born for himſelf.

Paris, the 6th. *of the* 7th *Moon, of the Year* 1664.

LETTER XII.

To Aſis Baſſa.

ALL *Europe* is alarm'd with the Mighty Preparations which our Invincible *Sovereign* is making to invade the *German Empire*. Great is their Conſternation and Fear, and *Couriers* are every where running up and down from one *Kingdom* and *Court* to another, to remonſtrate the Common Danger, and beg Aſſiſtance. Every Body appears Zealous in a Cauſe which concerns all *Chriſtendom*, and the *French King* has lent the *Emperour* Eight Thouſand Men.

The *Duke* of *Beaufort* is alſo gone with a Squadron of Ships to encounter the *Corſairs* of *Argiers*, and other *Dominions* of *Barbary*.

The *Pope* has ſent to the *Emperour*'s Aſſiſtance Six Thouſand Foot, and Two Thouſand Horſe. And the Reſt of the *Emperour*'s *Allies* are raiſing Levies for him as faſt as they can: It being current News, that the *Grand*

Signior in Perſon, is at the Head of Two Hundred Thouſand Men, entring *Hungary* as a *Conqueror*: That he has taken above Forty Towns, ruin'd all the Country where he paſs'd through, and that in a little time he will be at the Walls of *Vienna*.

In the mean time, this *Court* appears Inſenſible of the General Danger which threatens *Chriſtendom*. They are altogether taken up in *Ballets*, *Plays*, and *Feaſting*, minding their own Intereſt more than that of their Neighbours, and revelling as if the *King* of *France* were *ſole Monarch* of the *World*.

Here is arrived a *Legate* from *Rome*, to compoſe the Differences between the *Pope* and this *Crown*. His Name is *Cardinal Chiſi*. He is receiv'd with unparallell'd Magnificence, as if he were an *Angel* from *Heaven*: For the *French King* loves to ſhew his Grandeur on ſuch Occaſions. Beſides, all the *Nations* which are in the *Communion* of the *Latin Church*, have an unreſerv'd Veneration for the *Roman Mufti*, whom they eſteem the *Succeſſor* of *Peter* the *Prince* of the *Apoſtles*.

This young *Monarch* has a large *Soul*. The whole World ſeems too little to ſatisfy his Ambition. He lays the Foundation of Deſigns, greater than thoſe of *Alexander*, the *Conqueror* of *Aſia*. He heaps up Money at a prodigious Rate, raiſes vaſt Armies, builds Magnificent Palaces, keeps *Kings* in *Penſion*, ſupports many *Princes* of *Germany*; and in a Word, commands more of them, than does the

the *Emperour* himſelf, who is their *Lawful Sovereign.*

Yet after all I cannot perceive that he loſes any Degree of that Reſpect which he owes, and which his *Predeceſſors* have always paid to the *Grand Signior*, who is the undeniable *Arbiter* of the *whole World.*

God grant our *Sovereign* long Life, perpetual Victories, and a good Stomach to his Meat, which the *King* of *France* wants, to the Accompliſhment of his happineſs: For at preſent he feeds like a Sparrow.

Paris, the 19th. *of the* 8th. *Moon, of the Year* 1664.

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LETTER XIII.

To Hamet, Reis Effendi, Principal Secretary *of the* Ottoman *Empire.*

THou wilt perceive the vaſt Reſpect I have for thee, by my frequent Diſpatches. Thy Commands are to me as the *Laws* and *Sanctions* of the *Ottoman* Empire, which I will never violate. I am no Flatterer; witneſs my Letters to ſome of the *Grandees*; wherein I have not ſpar'd to reprove their Vices, Errors, and Male-Adminiſtration. If a *Baſſa* has been unjuſt, ſeditious, or engag'd in Rebellious Practices: If he has prov'd an Extortioner, a Drunkard, or a Tyrant; he has not eſcap'd without a due Reprimand. I have been bold in correcting, adviſing, and giving Counſel to the Greateſt Miniſters in the Empire. And this was a Province appointed me by the *Flower* of *Sublime Glory*, the *Phœnix* of *Honour*, *Sole Favourite* and *Truſtee* of the *Grand Signior*, the *Vizir Azem*, in whoſe Cuſtody were the Seals of *Imperial* Secrets, *Majeſtick* Decrees, and *Royal* Edicts: Who being the *Primum Mobile* of the Refulgent *Muſſulman* State, gave Life, Activity, and Order, to all the *Inferior Orbs*, *Springs*, and *Inſtruments* of Government,

I re-

I receiv'd this Command many Years ago; and he that gave it me, is gone to the *World of Spirits*. Yet the Injunction remains in Force, being ſtamp'd with the *Myſterious Signet*, the *Character* of *Supreme* and *Immutable Authority*. In Obedience to which, I have never warp'd or flinch'd from the duty enjoyn'd me. And to demonſtrate, that I did not do this in a vain Oſtentation of the Power which was given me; I have not fail'd all along to pay to a Man of Merit, the Attach and Veneration which was his due.

'Tis with inexpreſſible Pleaſure, I throw my ſelf at the Feet of a Wiſe and Vertuous Man; with extream complacency I kiſs the Duſt whereon he treads, and unfold all my Faculties, in expreſſing my Eſteem. I am full of *Platonick Love*, and build Altars in my Breaſt, to a Soul deſerving the Innocent Sacrifices of amorous Paſſions; the Incenſe of Gratitude, and a pure Affection, an *Holocauſt* of Integrity and Loyal Friendſhip.

I proteſt, by the hopes I have of ſitting on the Banks of the Rivers in *Eden*, and of being regal'd in the delectable *Chioſcs* of *Paradiſe*, that I honour thy Learning and other Sage Perfections; that unblemiſh'd Life, thoſe excellent Morals, and the unparallell'd Sweetneſs of Modeſty, which Crowns all thy Actions. But I will ſay no more to a Man who cannot hear his own Praiſes. The beſt Method of expreſſing my Regard, will

will be to answer thy Expectations, in presenting thee with the true Pourtraicture of these *Western* Nations and People, which thou so passionately coveteſt.

I must desire thee to excuse the Confusion and want of Order in my Letters; since I send thee a Medly of Remarks, as they come to my Knowledge and Memory.

It is not long ago since I wrote to *Iouf Eb'n Achmed*, a Kinsman of mine, a Merchant at *Astracan*; and among other Things, I took Notice of his neglecting to see *Spain* in his Travels; for he has been in most of the Kingdoms of *Europe*, and over all *Asia* and *Africk*. In that Letter I describ'd *Spain* in its worst Colours, Now I will shew it to thee in another Figure, without swerving from the Truth: For every Country has its Perfections and Excellencies, as well as its Defects and Blemishes.

If *Spain* have a barren Soil for Corn, Nature has made Amends for that Fault, in the Purity of the Air, and the Plenty of Fruits: The Sands of her Rivers are the most perfect Gold. Her Villages, tho' few, are greater, and more Populous than some Cities, witness *Madrid*. Her Mountains are of *Iron*, *Marble*, and *Jasper*. Her Vallies underlaid with *Lead*, *Brass*, and *Silver*. *Spain* of old was the *Tharsis* of *Solomon*, the *Ophir* of the *Phœnicians*, and the *Peru* of *Rome*.

In those Days the Inhabitants of *Spain* were Famous for their Fortitude, and Invincible

cible Conſtancy. 'Tis recorded, that the Inhabitants of *Sagunto* in the Province of *Valentia*, when they were beſieg'd by *Hannibal*, and ſore preſs'd by the *Carthaginians*, choſe to burn themſelves, with their Wives, Children and all their Wealth, rather than yield to their Enemies.

Their *Fidelity* alſo was ſo remarkable, that ſome of the *Roman* Emperours had always a Guard of *Spaniards* near their Perſons; as the *French* King, the Pope, and other Princes do now confide in the truſty *Swiſſes*.

But tho' there remain ſtill ſome ſcatter'd Remnants of the Ancient Vertue among them, eſpecially in *Biſcay* and *Caſtile*, yet the greateſt Part of the *Spaniards* are degenerated. They make no Figure now in the World, but only for their Gold, and the Vaſtneſs of their Dominions. For they poſſeſs the beſt half of *America*, are Lords of Two Mighty Empires, and not without large Territories in the other *Three* Quarters of the World. Yet the too great Extent of their Power has weaken'd its Vigor; the Affluence of their Wealth, has really impoveriſh'd them; and by ſtraining their Honour too high, they have crack'd it, being now of little or no Eeem in *Europe*. Their Glory fades, at the riſing Grandeur of *France*, which makes radiant and ſwift Advances towards its *Zenith*. This young Monarch is already become the *Arbiter* of all *Chriſtendom*.

Accom-

Accompliſh'd *Miniſter*, there is nothing in Nature ſtedfaſt: The World is but an Eternal Circulation of Events, Viciſſitudes, and Changes without Beginning or End. Only *God* remains Immutable, in his own Eſſence, which is the Center of every thing. May thou and I meet there, and then we ſhall be eternally happy. Adieu.

Paris, 12th. *of the* 9th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1664.

LETTER

LETTER XIV.

To Muſu Abu'l Yahyan, Profeſſor *of* Philoſophy *at* Fez.

BY the Faith and Obedience I owe to *Mohammed* our Holy *Lawgiver*; by the *Alcoran*, and all that is eſteem'd Sacred among the *Muſſulmans*, I ſwear, thy long Silence made me conclude my Firſt Letter was unwelcome to thee. But now I'm convinc'd to the contrary. Thy generous Anſwer has remov'd my Apprehenſions, and fill'd me with Complacency. Henceforth I ſhall reſt aſſur'd and confident of thy Friendſhip, promiſing my ſelf vaſt Improvements from ſo learned a Converſation, tho' only by Letters at many hundred Leagues Diſtance.

As to what thou requireſt of me, concerning the various Languages of *Europe*, I will inform thee the beſt I can, according to the Obſervations I have made, and the Intelligence I have receiv'd from Men of Letters, and from Books, which are the Pictures of learned Souls, Mirrors wherein they may behold their own Perfections, whilſt they are on Earth, and after their Departure to the *Inviſibles*, other Men may ſee the Interiour Beauties of their Mind repreſented to the Life. For *Words* are the perfect *Sculpture* of the *Intellect*, or at leaſt its *Mezzo-Tinto*.

Tinto. They are the expreſs Portraicture of Divine and Humane Reaſon. Thus the *Alcoran* is call'd by ſome of our Holy Doctors, *The True Image of Original and Increated Wiſdom.*

Now of all the Words and Languages on Earth, thou know'ſt the Preheminence has been for ever given to thoſe of the *Eaſt*, and among them to the *Arabian*, both in Regard of its Purity, and of its Antiquity, from whence it is Styl'd the *Virgin-Mother* of Languages, the *Dialect* of the Bleſſed above.

Thou know'ſt, that for this Reaſon it is, the *True Faithful* covet no *Species* of Learning more ardently than to be perfectly skill'd in ſo Divine a Speech, wherein the *Volume of Celeſtial Majeſty* was penn'd in Heaven before the Throne of *God*, and ſent down on Earth by the Hand of *Gabriel*, *Prince* of the *Meſſengers* who fly on the Errands of the *Omnipotent*. It was ſent I ſay, to the *Prophet*, who could neither write nor read, that the World might be convinc'd of its Divine Original. Yet the Incredulous will not believe: Tho' it is manifeſt to any Man of Impartial Senſe, That a Perſon altogether ignorant of Letters, could not poſſibly compoſe a Book, the moſt Elegant that ever was penn'd in the World, and wherein not the leaſt Blemiſh or Contradiction can be found from the *Chapter* of the *Preface*, to the *laſt Verſicle*, which winds up the whole *Volume*. Oh! obdurate Hearts of *Infidels*; Oh! wilfully

fully Blind, that ſhut their Eyes againſt the Splendors of *Eternal Light*: Oh! reſolvedly Deaf, that ſtop their Ears againſt the Voice of *God* and his *Prophet*, neither will they liſten to the ſoft Whiſpers which are wafted from *Paradiſe*.

Such are the *Nazarenes*, who for the Sake of the *Greek* and *Roman* Tongues, of which they are paſſionately enamour'd, educate their Children in a fair Way to believe all the Monſtrous Fictions of the Ancient Poets, or at leaſt all the Lying Tales and *Legends* of their own Prieſts, which are Ten Times more Fabulous than the Former, and more Inconſiſtent with Reaſon. And this they do rather than be at the Pains of learning *Arabick*, which would inſtruct them in Truths as Clear and Serene as the *Orient* Sun.

I ſhall ſay little of theſe Two ancient Languages of *Greece* and *Rome*, in Regard they being now grown Obſolete, and only to be learn'd in Schools, thou, no doubt, art vers'd in them *ad Unguem*, as the *Latins* phraſe it.

That which ſeems propereſt for me to inform thee of, is, That the *Roman* or *Latin* Tongue appears like an old Antiquated Mother thruſt out of Doors by her Four ungrateful Daughters, *Italian*, *French*, *Spaniſh*, and *Portugueze*. Theſe are her Natural Offſpring, begot during the *Roman* Conqueſts in the *Weſt*, and degenerating after that Empire was in its Decline. So that now they

are

are taken for no better than *Mongrels* or *Baſtards*. In *Spaniſh* there is a great Mixture of *Gothiſh* and *Moreſco* Words; the *French* retain many of their old *Gauliſh* Idioms. The *Italian* is corrupted with a Hotch-poth of Words, left by the *Vandals*, *Huns* and *Longobards*. Yet that Fault is recompenc'd by Abundance of *Greek* Etymologies. As for the *Portugueze*, 'tis but a Dialect of *Spaniſh*, and lies under the ſame Imperfections.

The only pure *Maternal* Languages now current among the common People in any Part of *Europe*, are the *Teutonick*, *Sclavonick*, and *Britiſh*: The Firſt is ſpoken in *Germany* to Perfection, but corruptly in *Suedeland*, *Denmark* and the *United Provinces*. The Second is common to the *Hungarians*, *Moldavians*, *Poles*, *Raſhians*, and many other Nations. The laſt is confin'd to the *Welſh*, a People inhabiting a Corner of *Great Britain*, driven thither by the Victorious *Saxons* their Conquerors, above a Thouſand Years ago. As for the Reſt, they are only mix'd Dialects, and ſo not worth taking Notice of; excepting one Mountainous Part of *Spain*, where the Inhabitants are ſaid to ſpeak Pure *Arabick* at this Day. They are ſuppos'd to be a Remnant of the *Moors*.

The Criticks here in the *Weſt*, uſe to give theſe following Rules in Reference to Languages. If you would addreſs to *God*, ſpeak in *Greek* or *Latin*, becauſe of their Antiquity, Purity, and Majeſtick Loftineſs. If to *Kings*, ſpeak in *Spaniſh*, in Regard of its

ſlow

ſlow Pronunciation and Gravity: If to *Men*, uſe *Italian*, to *Women*, *French*; to *Dogs*, *Welſh*: But if you would affright an *Enemy*, or the *Devil* himſelf, ſpeak *High-Dutch*.

They relate a Story of a *German* Embaſſador at the *French* Court, who deliver'd his Meſſage in *Teutonick*; which when a certain *Grandee* heard, and took Notice of its harſh and ſtrong *Emphaſis*, he ſwore 'twas his Opinion, That this was the Language wherein *God* curs'd *Adam*, *Eve*, and the *Serpent*. The *German* turning to him, anſwer'd briskly, *'Tis poſſible*, Monſieur, *it may be ſo; but then I hope you'll grant, that* French *was the Occaſion of this Curſe, when the* Devil *choſe to tempt* Eve *in that Language for its Effeminacy, wheedling her* à la mode de Paris, *to eat the forbidden Fruit*.

Renowned *Muſu*, do me the *Honour* of frequent Letters: Inſtruct me in Things whereof I'm ignorant: Make me familiar with the Remarkables of the Country where thou reſideſt: Tranſport *Fez*, with the other Parts of *Africk* which are known to thee; tranſport them I ſay ſucceſſively to *Paris* every *Moon*, on a Piece of Paper, and I will ſend thee all *Chriſtendom* by way of Exchange: For thus it becomes the Lovers of Wiſdom, to barter for Knowledge.

Paris, 10th. *of the* 11th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1664.

LET-

LETTER XV.

To Oſman Adrooneth, *Aſtrologer to the* Sultan *at* Adrianople.

THoſe of thy *Profeſſion* here in the *Weſt*, are wholly taken up in contemplating a certain *Comet* which appears in the *Firmament*. 'Tis of that Sort which they call [*Bearded.*] And ſome will have it to reſemble a *Lyon*, others ſay 'tis like a *Dragon*, a *Crocodile*, a *Bear*, and I know not what. There is hardly a *Species* of Four-footed Beaſts, to which the Giddy Rabble do not reſemble it. And ſome aſſert it to be the perfect Figure of a *Sword*.

The *Mathematicians* are ſtraining all their Skill, to take the true Dimenſions of this *Celeſtial Apparition*. The *Painters* are drawing it to the Life; the *Poets* are making Songs and Ballads of it. And the more Learned *Sages* are framing *Aſtronomical Schemes*, like ſo many Gins or Traps to catch this *Meteor* in. They watch all its Motions, and dog it from one *Heavenly Houſe* to another; they track it through the moſt intricate Paths of the *Sky*.

If it ſtands ſtill, or makes a Tranſient Addreſs to any *Planet*, Eminent *Star*, or *Conſtellation*, we are preſently alarm'd with the News of it, and bid to be upon our Guard,

as

as if there were ſome Miſchief a-plotting againſt us *Above*. The World is harangu'd with Fatal Predictions of Wars, Famine, Earthquakes, and other Calamities, the ſure Conſequences of this ſuppos'd *Prodigy*.

Tell me, thou who art Converſant in the *Science* of the *Stars*, and the Myſterious *Philoſophy* of *Nature*, what theſe *Comets* are? Whether they be only *Exhalations* drawn up into the *Higher Region* of the *Air*, by the Force of the *Sun*; Or, whether they be more ſolid and durable Subſtances? Whether they be of a Poſthumous Origin like the Clouds, Hail, Rain, Snow, and other *Meteors*, the daily Products of *Nature*, the Upſtart Off-ſpring of the *Elements*? Or, whether they are in the Rank of thoſe *Beings*, whoſe Antiquity is untraceable, which are as Old as the World; ſuch as the *Sun*, *Moon*, *Stars*, and this *Earth* whereon we tread?

For my part, I believe 'tis no Hereſy in *Science*, whatever 'tis in *Religion*, to ſtart New *Maxims*. For ought we know, both in the one and the other, what we call Innovation, is but a Reviving thoſe *Principles*, which through Deſuetude, or the Corruption of Times are grown Obſolete, out of Date and forgotten, tho' really the moſt Primitive and Ancient Truths in the World.

Thus I cannot forbear thinking there are ſome other *Globes* ſcatter'd up and down the Infinite *Expanſe*, beſide thoſe whoſe Continual Brightneſs expoſes them to our Eyes.

The *Moon*, 'tis known, with *Venus* and other

ther *Planets*, receive their Light Gradually from the *Sun*, by *Hemiſpheres*: So that 'tis certain each of theſe Orbicular Bodies is always Dark by Half. And where is the *Soleciſm*, if we ſuppoſe there are other Opake Bodies in the *Firmament* which receive no Light at all, and by their Nature and Qualities, are Incapable of receiving any but from within themſelves? So we may ſuppoſe theſe *Comets* to be ſuch ſolid *Globes*, made Reſplendent by an Eruption of their Central Fires.

God only knows the Truth in ſuch Caſes. And thou art better able to decide theſe Queſtions than I. Therefore referring it to thy Sage Judgment, I pray him who made the *Stars*, and orders their Dominion on Earth, to bleſs thee with Favourable *Influences*, That thy *Soul* may be always like a Land flouriſhing under the Sweet *Aſpects* of *Orion* and the *Pleiades*.

Paris, 22d. *of the* 12th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1664.

LETTER

LETTER XVI.

To Hamet, Reis Effendi, Principal Secretary *of the* Ottoman *Empire.*

THE *French* have had ſo many Occaſions of Joy of late, that it is hard to determine, which affects them moſt nearly.

The Satisfaction which the *Pope* gave this *Monarch*, for the Injuries formerly done to his Embaſſador at *Rome*, began the Triumph of the *French* Court. I have already ſent Intelligence of that Quarrel, and how high the Reſentments of the King flew, on the ſame Day that he receiv'd the Firſt News of ſo Barbarous an Affront. Now I ſhall acquaint thee, That there enſu'd a *Treaty* between them at *Piſa*, a City of *Italy* in the Dukedom of *Tuſcany*, after the *French* Troops had terrified them into a *State-Penitence*, by the menacing Approaches they made toward the *Eccleſiaſtical Territories*, through the *Principalities* of *Modena* and *Parma*. Theſe Two are Friends to *France*, and their Intereſt makes them ſo, in Regard that Crown protects 'em from the *Pope*'s Oppreſſion, who is always eſteem'd an Ill Neighbour, by the *Italian* Princes, whoſe Dominions lie next to his. For this *Roman* Pre-

late is very Potent and Rich; he would in a ſhort time be *Lord* of all *Europe* in *Temporals* as well as *Spirituals*, were he not curb'd by the King of *France* and his *Allies*.

This makes all the *little Sovereigns* round about *Rome*, ſtand in Awe of the *Monarch*, who was born to command *Crowned Heads*. Wonder not at the Expreſſion: For I tell thee, ſome of the greateſt Princes in *Europe* are his Penſioners. This very Quarrel with the *Pope*, has gain'd the *French* King Three *Cardinals* more than were his Friends formerly.

The Concluſion of the *Treaty* was, That the *Pope* ſhould ſend a Legate *de Latere* into *France*, to pacify the King's Wrath; and that the *Militia* or *Roman Guards* whom they call *Sbirri* and *Corſes*, ſhould be for ever aboliſh'd, and a *Pyramid* to be erected over againſt their Guard-Houſe, with an Inſcription in *Latin* and *French*, declaring their Crime and Puniſhment.

This put the Court of *France* into a very Jolly Humour. They fell preſently to Feaſting and Revelling; and the King's next Project was the Conqueſt of *Barbary*. To this End he ſent the Duke of *Beaufort* with a Fleet of Great Ships, to clear the Seas of *African Corſairs*, that ſo an Army might be ſafely tranſported from *Toulon*, and landed on the oppoſite Shore. His Deſign in this was to reduce the Inhabitants of thoſe Happy Countries to the old *Idolatry* of their *Forefathers*, to plant there the *Nazarene Superſtition*,

ſtition, and make himſelf the Sole Lord and Proprietor of *Africk*.

I cannot divine what Succeſs he will have in this great Enterprize; but it appears as if *God* were angry with the *Muſſulmans*: Such continual Loſſes they ſuſtain by Land and Sea.

It is with no ſmall Grief I ſaw not long ago, the *French* who ſerv'd in *Hungary* this Campagne, return to *Paris* laden with the Spoils of *True Believers*. I cannot behold the very Cymetars and Enſigns which theſe *Infidels* took from the vanquiſh'd *Oſmans*, hang up in their *Temples* as *Trophies* of their *Victory*, without inexpreſſible Paſſion and Regret. 'Tis ſaid here, the *Grand Signior* has loſt in *Hungary* above Thirty Thouſand Men this Campagne; whereof Ten Thouſand were kill'd in one Battle, and a Hundred and Fifty Colours taken, with Sixteen Cannons.

Beſides, theſe *Giafers* grate my Ears with another *Bravado*, boaſting that one *French* Ship of War fought Seven Hours with Three and Thirty of the *Grand Signior*'s Gallies, ſunk Five, ſcatter'd the reſt, and came off with a compleat Victory.

'Tis a vaſt Advantage the *French* have in the Situation of their Country, in that it is waſh'd on the *South* by the *Mediterranean*, on the *North* by the *Main Sea*: So that 'tis eaſy for them to curb the greateſt Part of *Europe* on one Side, and ſufficiently moleſt the *Levantines* on the other. As for the *Weſtern* Parts, this Kingdom is their very Center:

where all the Lines of War, Peace, Commerce and Traffick meet and terminate. She is to *Chriſtendom*, what *Egypt* and *Sicily* were in former Ages to the Empire of *Old Rome*, an inexhauſtible Granary. Whatſoever deſirable Things, Nature has frugally drop'd here and there in other Regions, are found in this Kingdom as in their *Original Seminary*. *Corn* is plentiful as Graſs, *Wine* is almoſt as cheap here, as Water with you in ſome Parts of *Turky*. The Fens and Lakes are cover'd with *Wild Fowl*. The Meadows with *Sheep*, *Deers*, *Goats* and *Oxen*. There's nothing ſcarce but *Hens*, *Eggs*, and *True Believers*. I had almoſt forgot their Remarkable Plenty of Sault, the bare Cuſtom of which, augments the King's Coffers with Four Millions of Zequins every Year.

France alſo abounds in *Hemp*, a moſt neceſſary Vegetable, whereof ſhe not only makes all her own Cordage and Sails, but alſo furniſhes her Neighbours; which brings in a conſiderable Revenue. There is an Infinite Plenty of *Fruits*, and *Trees* for *Timber*, of *Iron*, *Marble*, *Free-ſtone*, and all Things neceſſary for *Building Ships* or *Houſes*, for Defence or Offence by Land or Sea. Neither are there wanting *Mines* of *Gold*, *Silver*, *Tin*, *Lead*, *Copper* and other Metals whereof Men make the Inſtruments of War, and the Entertainments of Peace. In a word, this Country is ſo enrich'd with every thing, that ſome Hiſtorians and Philoſophers have call'd it the Parent of Plenty, others the Foun-

tain

tain of Earthly Bliſs, the moſt Incomparable Region of this Globe, the Epitome of the World, or rather a little World it ſelf.

Serene Scribe, thou wilt not wonder at the Univerſal Succeſſes of the *French* Arms, when thou conſidereſt theſe things, and that here the Provinces are Peopl'd like Kingdoms, the Cities appear like whole Provinces, for Multitude of Inhabitants. To ſay all in a Word, The common Character of *France*, is the ſame which Philoſophers give to Nature. That there can be no *Vacuum* found in it.

Paris, 25th. *of the* 12th. *Moon,*
of the Year 1664.

LETTER XVII.

To Abdel Melec, Muli Omar, Preſident *of the* College *of* Sciences *at* Fez.

PErmit me to ruſh into thy Preſence, Venerable Patron of Philoſophy, without the uſual *Formalities* of Addreſs, or *Punctilio*'s of *Introduction*. Let me be admitted like a Man with Coals of Fire on his Head, as the Cuſtom is at the *Imperial Port*, in urgent Caſes: For I am newly inflam'd afreſh with *Pythagoriſm*, *Platoniſm*, and *Indianiſm*.

Floods, Fires, and other Devaſtations by War, Famine, Peſtilence, Earthquakes, and ſuch like Contingencies, have either quite aboliſh'd the *True* and *Primitive Science* of the Firſt Ages, in moſt Parts of the Earth; or at leaſt very much diminiſh'd and obſcur'd their *Original* Splendor.

The beſt Manuſcripts are loſt, unleſs the *Indians* have preſerv'd 'em. Our Fathers grew Torpid, Stupified, and Deſperate, under the Publick Calamities which overwhelm'd whole Cities, Provinces, Kingdoms, and Empires: There was no Encouragement for a Scribe or a Man of Letters, to put himſelf to a needleſs Toil in labouring to preſerve the Records which came from Heaven: Hiſtories

ſtories of the World Inviſible, Celeſtial, Perfect, and Eternal; Traditions of undiſcoverable *Antiquity*; *Pandects* repleniſh'd with Bright *Oriental* Wiſdom, and ſeal'd with the *Tetragrammaton*, which thou know'ſt is the *Signet* of the *Firſt and the Laſt*; even of the *Divinity* which comprehends all Things, and is it ſelf comprehended of none.

Had they gone about ſuch a Task, they knew that ſome ill Fate or other would ſwallow their Writings, and bury them in Eternal Oblivion. Hence it is, that at this Day we can hardly boaſt of the Footſteps of ancient Knowledge, a few Fragments and Reliques of *Primitive* Learning, ſcatter'd up and down in divers *Authors*, and much *adulterated* with the vain *Opinions* and *Errors* of After-Times. For every Writer was either inclin'd, or forc'd, to flatter the Age wherein he liv'd, and not oppoſe their Tenets. So that now there is ſcarce any True *Philoſophy* extant on this ſide the *Ganges*.

How thoſe *Brachmans* only had the Happineſs to conſerve ſo Sacred a Treaſure, can be no other way made out, than by their own conſtant Tradition, that the Deluge of *Noah* never reach'd thoſe utmoſt Borders of the Land toward the *Eaſt*. And perhaps the ſame Reaſon may be given for the untraceable *Chronologies* of the *Chineſe*, their Neighbours. For tho' they differ in the Sentiments and Rites of their Religion, in their Laws, Cuſtoms, and manner of Government, yet they both agree in affirming the World

to be indeterminately Old, puting a certain Number of Millions of Years, for an uncertain, far beyond it; which is but a modeſt Retrenchment of their own Thoughts, as if they were unwilling, it ſhould be falſly cenſur'd that they aim'd at an *Hyperbole*.

They ſay, That the *Firſt Matter* is *Co-eternal* with *God*, as *Light* is *Co-eval* with the *Sun*, produc'd alſo, and depending after the ſame Manner. For as the *Light* diffus'd through the Air, is not properly the *Sun*, but an Inſeparable Effect of it; ſo the *Univerſe* is not *God*, but his Production, ever ſubſiſting on him, and never to be divided from his *Eternal Eſſence*. And for ought I ſee, the moſt ſignificant Language in the World has no other way to expreſs things of this abſtruſe Nature. They are too ſublime for humane Thought; much more do they tranſcend the Power of Speech. All the *Dialects* on Earth are too barren of Words, and Words too defective in Senſe, to deſcribe the Ineffable Secrets of *Eternity*.

As for the various Ranks of Beings, the Infinite Diverſity of Forms, reſulting from the *Firſt Matter*, they think it reaſonable to believe, That they were ſucceſſively produc'd in time; every one in its Order, and according to its Perfection.

I tell thee, it appears much more Rational for me to believe this, than that the *Firſt Matter* it ſelf was produc'd out of nothing about Five or Six Thouſand Years ago, as the *Jews* and *Chriſtians* ſeem to teach.

Rather

Rather than ſtarve my Reaſon with ſo ſhort an *Idea* of the World's Age, I would embrace the Sentiments of *Democritus* and *Epicurus*, ſuppoſe an *Infinity* of *Spaces* and *Worlds*, an *Eternity* of *Generations* and *Corruptions*, a *Continual Change* not only of *Individuals*, but of the very *Species* of things, through the *Fatal Concourſe* and *Blending* of *Atomes*: Yet not denying the *Unity* of the *Divine Eſſence*, nor undervaluing his *Providence* all the while. For theſe things are, in my Opinion, very compatible one with another.

I do not pretend to be ſingular, or ſet up for a *Dogmatiſt*: Neither am I ambitious of being eſteem'd a Wit, by venting Notions above the reach of Vulgar Capacities. 'Tis only the pure Love of Truth, which encourages me to take this Liberty with thee, who in Matters of *Philoſophy* art the only Maſter of the Age.

To thee therefore I ſubmit all my Sentiments, as to an Oracle; deſiring thy Impartial Anſwer, and couching the Faculties of my Soul, in the moſt humble Attach to thy Venerable Wiſdom, I become mute as a Mommie.

Paris, 30th. *of the* 12th. *Moon, of the Year* 1664.

LETTER XVIII.

To Mirmadolin, Santone *of the Vale of* Sidon.

WHat is this World, that on all ſides Invades our Senſes? This Earth under our Feet; thoſe Clouds whirling over our Heads; theſe Winds ſhaking the Trees; that Azure Sky, with all its glittering Ornaments? What's all this but an Eternal Dream; a mere Shadow of *God Almighty*'s Thoughts? 'Tis pleaſant living in it; 'tis alſo painful. In his Senſe this Univerſe is perfectly good; in ours 'tis mixed with evil. He made it for his own Diverſion, and our Scrutiny. 'Tis to us a Field of Riddles, and Contradictions. In *Summer* we curſe the Heat, and in *Winter* blaſpheme the Cold. Yet we bleſs both the one and the other, when we feel 'em in due Meaſure and Seaſon. One Hour, this Colour pleaſes the Eye, another that; and perhaps in the next, 'tis diſguſted at them both. We never find Reſt or Content in any thing. The ſofteſt Muſick at ſome times grates our Ears, like the croaking of Toads. The moſt agreeable Odours, are as the Smell of a Sepulchre, loathſome and abominable. The moſt delectable Wines and Savoury Meats, at ſuch Seaſons, are unpalatable as the Beverage and Diet of Hell,

Hell. Neither can the more inſinuating Charms of Women, put us in a better Humour. All the whole Syſtem of Nature joined together, is not ſufficient to afford us Eaſe. Nothing but a Ray from the Omnipotent can alleviate our Melancholy, or give us a taſte of our ſelves. For we are the very *Deity* in ſcatter'd Fragments; or we are ſeparated Drops of the *Divine Eſſence*: *Volatile Spirits* of *Eternity*; by *Fate* or *Chance*, fix'd in proper Vehicles of *Time*, and *Matter*. O *Santone!* This whole *Corporeal Univerſe*, is but a *Web* ſpun from the Bowels of an *Infinite God*, and wrought with inimitable Artifice, to catch *Immaterial Forms*, *Idea's* and *Souls* in, which are the Genuine Off-ſpring of the *Eternal Mind*. We Mortals of Humane Race, are but ſo many Parcels of the *Divinity* in Diſguiſe, trapan'd into Bodies, by certain hidden *Baits*, *Magnets* and *Charms* lurking in *Embryo's*, with which we have ſome Sympathy. We are all *Gods* in Maſquerade. So are the Beaſts of the Field, the Birds of the Air, and the Fiſh of the Sea.

Let us not therefore condemn the Antique Ceremonies of *Gentile* Religion, which taught Men to adore the *Sun*, *Moon* and *Stars*; the *Elements* and all that is within their Circumference, eſpecially the *Souls* of departed *Heroes*, *Demi-Gods*, *Nymphs*, and the reſt of thoſe *Beings* which are the *Eldeſt Progeny* of *Eternal Nature*. For in ſo doing, they did but build Altars to the Original Fountain

Fountain of the Univerſe. Since *God* is in the Winds, in the Rain, in the Thunder, Lightning, Hail and other *Meteors*; in the Heavens, and Air, Sun, Moon and Stars; in the Fire, Earth and Water; in Plants and Animals; finally, ſince he is in the Elements, and every thing compounded of them; he is not only in them, but is theſe very Things by an *Ineffable Production* of himſelf. And when the *Final Conſummation* ſhall come, it will be but a withdrawing all the extended Lines of his Infinity, into their Center, where thou and I, and every divided *Atome* in Nature ſhall meet, be united and ſwallowed up in Eternal Beatitude. *Amen! Amen!* Oh thou Lord and Father of all things, Inexhauſtible Abyſs of Miracles which know no End.

Paris, 6th. *of the* 1ſt. *Moon*,
of the Year 1665.

LETTER

LETTER XIX.

To the ſame.

SUppoſing it were otherwiſe than I have ſaid: Grant the Doctrine of *Epicurus* true, Believe that we and all things were produc'd by the *Fortuitous Concourſe of Atomes*. Yet ſtill we have the ſame, or greater Reaſon to value our ſelves as diminutive *Gods*, ſince in this Senſe we muſt of neceſſity be *Eternal*, every *Atome* being ſo, of which we are compounded. In the Opinion of theſe *Philoſophers*, there's no ſuch thing as an *Origin* or *Beginning* of the *Univerſe*: Each *Particle* of *Matter* with them, is as old as the *Divinity*. We have all rang'd *Eternally* from one *Form* and *World* to another; danc'd to the meaſures of *Fate*, been Parts of the Orbs above, and of the Caverns below; ſtray'd through the Heavens and all the Elements; taken an Univerſal Carier, through *Infinite* and *Endleſs Spaces*; and are now (as fix'd as we ſeem in theſe ſolid Hulks of Fleſh) in the ſame Hurly-Burly as ever.

Theſe Bodies which we carry about us, are not compounded of the ſame *Atomes* as they were Seven Years ago. There is a perpetual Flux and Reflux of *Particles*. We die as faſt as we live. Every Moment ſubſtracts from our

our Duration on Earth, as much as it adds to it. We move, breathe, and do all things by *Paradox*. Our very *Eſſence* is a *Riddle*.

With an open Heart therefore, I applaud thy Religious Negligence of Humane Affairs, in that thou art Divinely careleſs of thy ſelf, and every thing elſe, ſave only to conſerve thy Innocence.

What ſignifies it, whether we believe the *Written Law* or the *Alcoran*; whether we are Diſciples of *Moſes*, *Jeſus*, or *Mahomet*; Followers of *Ariſtotle*, *Plato*, *Pythagoras*, *Epicurus*, or *Ilch Rend Hu* the *Indian Bramin*? Of what Import is it, whether we pray or not? Whether we kneel before Images, or in a naked *Moſque*? 'Twill be all one in the winding up. We are but the Machines of Chance. As we live, ſo ſhall we die; and *God* knows what will become of us afterwards; neither is it worth our while to be ſollicitous, ſince we can be certain of nothing. Perhaps, every *Atome* of which we are made, may be ſcatter'd from the reſt; we may be tranſported Piece-meal into Ten Hundred Thouſand Millions of Worlds; and ſeven-fold as many Years may expire, before Two the minuteſt *Particles* of our Frame, meet together again. We need not be troubled at all this; nothing can hinder us from being *Immortal* and *Eternal*, tho' it be but in Fragments.

Go on then, Sacred Vagabond, Pious Rambler, Holy Fugitive; go on, to aſſert in the courſe of thy Life, this great Truth, *That all things depend*

depend on Everlasting Chance or *Destiny*. Thy Actions shall reprove the Hypocrites of the Age, who abound in Specious Words. And thy Divine Indifference shall condemn the Hellish Zeal of furious Bigots, who think to please *God*, and atone for their Sins, by sacrificing Humane Blood; and massacring all that are not of their Faith.

God, or *Chance*, or *Fate*, shall transport thee after Death, to Happy Regions, Immarcessible Joys, and an Endless Succession of Bliss. Every *Atome* shall find its *Paradise*. Thou shalt mount by Degrees to Full, Infinite and Eternal Felicity. Adieu for a time.

Paris, 20th. *of the* 1st. *Moon, of the Year* 1665.

LETTER

LETTER XX.

To Houf, *his* Couſin, *a Merchant at* Aſtracan.

WHen I reflect on thy Happineſs, in having been all thy Life at Liberty to change thy Reſidence, and ramble whither ſoever thy Fancy invited thee, and that even now at *Aſtracan*, thou art no longer confin'd than by thy own Pleaſure or Intereſt, I cannot forbear envying thee.

There is an inexpreſſible Delight in ranging the various *Tracts* of the *Earth*. Whereas, to be perpetually ſhut up and impriſon'd as I am, in a City ſo cloſe and high-built, that the very Winds can ſcarce find a Way into her Interiour Parts, is a perfect Hell upon Earth.

To ſpeak the Truth, *Paris* may be call'd a Heap or Aggregate of Cities, built one upon another, like *Pelion* upon *Oſſa*, ſince the Houſes here are as high as the *Minarets* at *Conſtantinople*, and divided like the Air into the *lower*, *middle*, and *upper Regions* or Apartments: Or rather like the *Heavens*, whoſe Number *Aſtronomers* aſſert to be *Nine*. For with ſo many Stories, do ſome Houſes, nay whole Streets in *Paris*, lift up their Heads; and every Story or Apartment's peopl'd like a *Bee-hive*.

So

So that in this Infinite Throng of Inhabitants, and ſuch as come hither about Buſineſs, we are ready to be ſtifled with one anothers Breath. Whereas, thou know'ſt, in the Cities all over the *Eaſt*, the Houſes are intermix'd with Gardens: They are low-built, with *Terraſſes* on the Top to take the cool Air on by Night, with *Parterres*, *Kaſ-kaneys*, *Divans*, *Conſervatories*, and all the other Conveniences for refreſhing the Senſes, *by Water*, *Wind*, and *Odoriferous Smells*.

This makes me long to be at *Conſtantinople*, *Damaſcus*, *Moſul*, or even at *Aſtracan*, where thou reſideſt, though that City want many Delights, which others enjoy. However, I ſhou'd there encounter with *Tiara's* and *Turbants*, the very Sight of which wou'd half cure my Diſcontent. May my Portion be with *Tagot*, if I am not tyr'd with ſeeing Nothing but theſe Hats, and Short-Coats, theſe ridiculous *Franks*, theſe *Apes* without Tails. And then to hear 'em rant againſt the *Grand Signior*, and all *True Believers*; to hear 'em blaſpheme the *Meſſenger of God*, curſe the *Alcoran*, revile the *Muſti*, and all the *Mollahs*, with a Thouſand other Impertinences, which none but ſuch *Reprobates*, *Giaurs*, and *Infidels* wou'd be guilty of; makes me either wiſh my ſelf Deaf, or that my Tongue were at Liberty to anſwer them. But, much rather wou'd I deſire to be in a Place, where I might enjoy my Ears, to receive the *Salem* from my Friends.

Friends that are *Muſſulmans*, and to hear the Name of *God* devoutly bleſs'd on any Occaſion that awakens the Senſe to Piety.

Oh that I were among my Countrymen, the *Arabians*, who dwell in Tents, and frolick about from Hills to Valleys, taſting by Turns the various Sweets of the Foreſt and the Plain! The Groves and Meadows, Paſtures and Arable Grounds, Cities and Villages, all contribute to their Delight. They want no Innocent Joy that the Earth can afford. Their Wealth conſiſts in the Multitude of their Sheep, Camels, Goats and Oxen. And for them is all their Care, that they may not want Graſs and Water in due Seaſon. As for themſelves, they are reſign'd to *Providence*.

So are the *Tartars*, who ſleep in Hords or Waggons; the only *Cavaliers* of *Aſia*: Whoſe Life is a perpetual *Campagne*, from the Cradle to the Grave. Their Labour and Eaſe are derived from the ſame Fountain; exerciſing themſelves on Horſe-back at Seven Years old; and feeding on the Milk of Mares as ſoon as they are wean'd from their Mother's Breaſts. Toil and Recreation with them are one and the ſame thing, ſince they know no other Pleaſure but what conſiſts in Riding, Fighting and Conquering; or elſe in Death, which they believe tranſlates them to new Joys, and thoſe more poignant than they knew before. Therefore they bravely court it at the Point of a Sword, or the Mouth

Mouth of a Cannon: Nothing being more ſcandalous or hateful than a Coward among them.

I proteſt, the very *Idea* of *Palus Mæotis*, and *Taurica Cherſoneſus*, with the Reſt of thoſe Horrible Fens and Marſhes, on the *North* of the *Black Sea*, which encompaſs the Dominions of the *Tartars*, affects me with a Paſſion, or rather ſuch a Medly of Paſſions, as I know not how to name. Thoſe ample Deſarts, thoſe untrack'd Solitudes, appear to my Imagination, like the Limits of this old Habitable World; and the Frontiers of ſome new, ſtrange and unknown Region; ſome *Terra Incognita*, where an Univerſal Deſolation and Silence keep their Seat for ever: Where no Voices are heard but thoſe of uncouth *Satyrs*, *Fauns*, and other *Exotick Tenants* of the *Woods* and *Moors*. No other Sound but the whiſtling and roaring of the Winds. No Proſpect but that of Trees which have appear'd from the Infancy of Time, and where thoſe are wanting, the Eye is wearied in a long, endleſs Waſte, which nothing ſeems to bound, but the declining Arch of diſtant Skies, or low, black, melancholy Clouds, skirted with Miſts and Fogs, Eternal Mantles of the *Northern* Climes.

This is the Figure of thoſe ſolitary Tracts where I wou'd chuſe to live, rather than in a City which ſtifles me, with too much Plenty of every Thing, but freſh Air, and honeſt People.

Iſouf, the Contrarieties which we find in Earthly Things, give a Guſt to each other. And, the moſt Magnificent Palace wou'd ſeem a Priſon, were a Man always confin'd to live in it.

Couſin, I wiſh thee perpetual Liberty, and Happineſs.

Paris, 7th. *of the* 2d. *Moon*,
of the Year 1665.

LETTER XXI.

To Hamet, Reis Effendi, Principal Secretary *of the* Ottoman Empire.

AMidſt the Variety of Obligations which I have to diſcharge, I forget not to obey thy Commands. I have already in my former *Diſpatches* acquainted thee with the Characters, and ſome Remarkable Paſſages of *Henry* IV. *Lewis* XIII. *Lewis* XIV. *Cardinal Richlieu*, *Cardinal Mazarini*, and the *Prince* of *Conde*. Now I will ſay ſomething of the Famous *Mareſchal de Turenne*, whoſe Fame reaches whereſoever the *French* Wars have been talk'd of for theſe Forty Years. The Name of this great *General*, is *Henry de la Tour d' Auvergne*, Son to the *Duke* of *Bouillon*.

When

When his Father was near his Death, he call'd for both his Sons, whereof this was the youngeſt. And among other Exhortations, he recommended in a ſpecial Manner Three Things to their Practice: Never to renounce or change their *Religion*: Never to take up *Arms* againſt their *Sovereign*: Nor to provoke the *Firſt Miniſter*.

As to the Firſt, the *Mareſchal de Turenne* has hitherto kept it inviolably, but he has faulter'd in both the other; having revolt from his *Maſter*'s Service during his *Minority*, and oppos'd the Intereſt of *Cardinal Mazarini*, when the *Parliament* perſecuted that *Miniſter*.

However, this hinders not but that he is a Great Souldier, and beſides he is ſince reconcil'd to the *King*. He ſeems to be born for *Martial* Affairs. And they relate of him, That when he was but Ten Years Old, and his *Governour* miſſing him, had ſought up and down every where for him, he at length found him faſt aſleep on a *Cannon*, which he ſeem'd to embrace with his little Arms as far as they wou'd reach. And when he ask'd why he choſe ſuch a *Couch* to lie on, he made Anſwer, *That he deſign'd to have ſlept there all Night, to convince his Father that he was hardy enough to undergo the Fatigues of War, though the Old Duke had often perſwaded himſelf to the Contrary.* And to ſpeak the Truth, no Man was more Careleſs of his Body than this *Prince*.

As

At Fourteen Years of Age he was ſent into *Holland* to ſerve in the Army under the *Prince* of *Orange*, who was his Uncle. There he apply'd himſelf to all the Diſcipline of War, doing the Duty of a Private Soldier: Which is the common Way that *Cadets* or Younger Brothers take to riſe to the moſt Eminent *Offices*. He was equally forward in Labours and Perils, never ſhunning any Fatigue or Hazard, which might bring him Glory, yet he was not raſh, the Common Vice of Youth, but temper'd all his Actions with an extraordinary Prudence and Solidity of Judgment, beyond what was expected from him at thoſe Years. Yet, on the other Side, his Counſels were not ſlow and Flegmatick, being of a very ready Forecaſt; and he ſeldom fail'd in his Contrivances. He was ſoon promoted to a Place of *Command*. And the Exactneſs of his Conduct rais'd him a vaſt Reputation, ſo that by Degrees he at laſt arriv'd to that Height of Power and Honour he now poſſeſs. He appears Indefatigable in his Body, and of an Invincible Reſolution. He hates Flatterers, that think to gain his Friendſhip by praiſing him. And is equally averſe from making Uſe of ſuch fawning Inſinuations to others, though the Greateſt *Princes* of the *Blood*, or the *Firſt Miniſter* himſelf.

He has alſo a certain Stedfaſtneſe of Spirit which cannot be warp'd by any Artificial Addreſſes, though made to his own apparent Advantage; if they propoſe to him any

Thing that has the leaſt Semblance of what is baſe and diſhonourable. Thus he wou'd never conſent that the Honour of taking *Dunkirk* ſome Years ago, ſhould be aſcrib'd to *Cardinal Mazarini*, tho' that *Miniſter* privately courted him to it, offering him the Greateſt Commands in the *Kingdom*, if he would do him that Service; and the *Mareſchal* knew it might prove his Ruin, if he did not. Yet ſuch was his Integrity and Love to the Truth, that by no means would he be brought to condeſcend to this Meaneſs of Spirit: Yet, perhaps it might only proceed from the Averſion which in thoſe Days he had for the *Cardinal*. Many times it is evident, That a *Natural* Paſſion is made to paſs for a Moral Vertue. Beſides, perhaps he was unwilling to be depriv'd of the Glory due to him for that Important Service.

He is a Man of few words, and ſo ſecret in all his Counſels, that no-body knows any thing of his Deſigns, till he puts them in Execution. Every Man eſteems him the moſt Liberal *Prince* of this Age, having no other Regard for Money, than, as it ſerves the Neceſſities of his *Family*, and enables him to oblige his Friends.

In a Word, whatever Vices he may have, he is yet endu'd with ſo many Good Qualities and Vertues, that he is belov'd by all the Nation, and in Particular Favour with his *Sovereign*, who treats him not as a *Subject*, but as one of his moſt intimate Friends.

May

May *God*, who has rais'd up this Great *Genius*, to aggrandize the *French Monarchy*, continually supply the *Grand Signior* with Valiant and Expert *Generals*, that the *Empire* of the *Faithful Osmans*, may encrease like the *Moon*, but never be in its *Wane*, till that *Planet* shall no more appear in the *Heavens*, and the Fastning of the *Elements* shall be dissolv'd.

Paris, 12th. *of the* 2d. *Moon*,
of the Year 1665.

LETTER

LETTER XXII.

To Orchan Cabet, Student *of the* Sciences, *and* Penſioner *to the* Grand Signior.

This Letter was written Originally in Sclavonick.

THE *French King* has lately receiv'd a groſs Affront from the *Poets*. They have often been Satyrical upon his Loves, and now they begin to burleſque upon his Money. A Day or Two ago, as he was newly riſen out of his Bed, he found on a Table in his Chamber, a Paper containing theſe Verſes.

Tu és Iſſue de Race Auguſte,
Ton Ayeul eſt Henry *le Grand*;
Et ton Peré Lowis *le Juſte*,
Pour Toy, tu n'és qu'un Louis
d'Argent.

Thou know'ſt where the Force of the *Poet*'s Wit lies, having travelled in *France* and learned their *Language*. The *King* ſmil'd at the Reading of it, and ſeem'd to be pleas'd with the Frankneſs of the *Author*, ſaying, *He was worth a Thouſand Flatterers*. He promiſed likewiſe to give him Five Hundred *Louis's* for his Wit, if he would diſcover himſelf,

ſelf, as alſo to pardon him on his Royal Word. But the *Satyriſt* would not venture himſelf, knowing that *Kings* have more ways than one to revenge themſelves of Private Perſons, their *Subjects*. However, ſince the *King* appear'd ſo well pleaſed with this, he was reſolv'd to give him another Touch of his Skill. And the very next Morning in the ſame Place, the *King* found theſe words:

Tu ne le Sçaura pas Louis,
Car j'etois ſeul quand je le fis.

There have been many Conjectures made about the *Author* of theſe *Lampoons*. Some ſay one thing, and ſome another. And there are not wanting ſuch as faſten it on a *Virgin* of *Collen*, now reſiding at this *Court*: Her Name is *Anne Marie de Skurman*. She is very Learned, and ſpeaks *Arabick*, *Latin*, *Turkiſh*, *Greek*, *Italian*, *French* and *Spaniſh*, as fluently as her Native Dialect. She is of a Fine Wit, and piercing Judgment in the Controverſies of *Philoſophy* and *Religion*.

There are ſeveral *Epiſtles* of hers in Print, ſome penn'd in *Latin*, others in *French*, addreſs'd to the *Queen-Mother*, *Cardinal Richlieu*, *Cardinal Mazarini*, and others; beſides a *Book* of *Poems*, moſt of them *Satyrs*. And 'tis this laſt gives the World ſuch a Jealouſy of her writing the Lines which were found on the *King*'s Table. For the *Criticks* have compar'd 'em with her Style;

and

and find a very near Reſemblance between them.

But let who will be the *Author*, I think the *French King* is wrong'd in the Character they give him. For tho' he has heap'd up great Quantities of Gold and Silver to carry on his vaſt Deſigns, yet he is no *Miſer*, being very Liberal to Perſons of Merit.

I ſend thee this for thy Diverſion, and in order to our Future Correſpondence. Take it for an Example, and be as Familiar with me, remembring the Old *Latin Proverb*, *Manus manum fricat.*

Paris, the 11th. *of the* 6th. *Moon, of the Year* 1665.

LETTER XXIII.

To the Captain Baſſa.

MAY thy Heart be Chearful, and thy Voyage crown'd with Succeſs, whereever thou ſaileſt, Noble Old *Tarpaulin*, and *Favourite* of the *God* of the *Sea*. The *Empire* of the *Ottomans* has not had ſo brave a *Commander* of the *Navy* theſe Thirty Years. *God* grant thee good Fortune againſt the *Infidels*, whether on the *White* or *Black Seas*. Thou art already Famous for thy Exploits on the Latter, in above Twenty Engagements with the *Coſſaks*, *Circaſſians*, and the reſt of thoſe Thieviſh Countries. But nothing has rais'd thy Character ſo high, as the laſt Combate thou hadſt with *Pachicour*, the Renowned *Pyrate* of thoſe *Parts*, who threatned not only his *Chriſtian* Neighbours, but alſo the *Ottoman Empire* with Infinite Ravages.

But thou haſt ſtemm'd the Tide of his Glory, humbled the Maritine People his *Confederates*, and by that means made thy ſelf a way into the *Archipelago* and *Mediterranean*, where thou rideſt as another *Neptune*, *King* of the *Waters*.

Take not this for Flattery; for I tell thee, I have not ſaid ſo much to a *Baſſa* of the *Sea* theſe Seven and Twenty Years: Neither indeed

deed had I any Reaſon. He that merited the moſt Applauſe in all that Time, was the Brave *Zorneſan Muſtapha*. And I addreſs'd no more to him than his due. Fortune did not favour him, or elſe he had done great things. As for the Reſt, they were generally Men never bred to Sea-Affairs, but Miniors of the Court, or Bullies of the City, who were better at making a Noiſe, than at any Action of Hazard or Importance. And there were ſome Bold *Renegadoes*, but they play'd faſt and looſe, and no body knew where to have 'em.

Treachery infects the whole World; but in theſe *Weſtern* Parts it reigns as in its Center. Here's nothing but Undermining and Ambuſhes: One *State* trepanning another out of their Guards, and then they play their own Game.

It would be endleſs to acquaint thee with the Original of the Quarrel between the *Engliſh* and the *Dutch*. Let it be enough for thee to know, that theſe People are at odds now: And in Regard the Strength of both *Nations* lies in their Shipping, they are preparing to cover the *Northern* Seas with Navies: But the *Iſlanders* ſtill get the beſt on't. They claim the *Sovereignty* of thoſe Seas, and in my Opinion they deſerve it. I ſpeak according to my Intelligence; being aſſur'd. that no Nation ever prevail'd againſt 'em on that Element.

They have had a terrible Fight this *Summer*, wherein the *Dutch* loſt Seventeen *Ships*

of *War*, beſides Veſſels of ſmaller Note. The *Commander* of the *Engliſh Fleet* is call'd the *Duke* of *York*, a Great General, and Brother to the *Engliſh King*. His Name was famous in *France* and *Flanders*, during the *Spaniſh* War. And tho the *Land* afforded him no farther Occaſions of Glory, yet he has found ſome in the *Sea*. *Opdam*, the Greateſt *Admiral* that ever the *Dutch* could boaſt of, fell a *Sacrifice* to his *Genius*.

I am the more Particular in this Relation, becauſe it is fit thou ſhould'ſt know the Characters of all the Brave *Heroes* living.

Since this Fight, the *King* of *France* has ſent an *Embaſſador* to the *Engliſh Court* to mediate a *Peace*. What Iſſue his Negotiation will have, is of no great Import to us, who ſerve the *Grand Signior*, Sole *Lord* of the *Four Seas*: But I will tell thee ſomething which it concerns thee to know.

The King of *France* is a going to cut a *Canal* through Part of his *Kingdom*, by which the *Mediterranean* may be joyn'd to the *Main Sea*. This is a vaſt Deſign, and much diſcours'd of in *Europe*, being a Parallel to what has been formerly attempted by ſome *Kings* of *Egypt*, and *Emperours* of *Rome*, to joyn the *Mediterranean* and *Red Sea* together, for the ſake of an eaſier Traffick to the *Eaſt-Indies*.

Thou oughteſt alſo to be inform'd of the *Duke* of *Beaufort*'s Exploits on the Coaſts of *Barbary*. He is *Commander* of the *French* Navy in thoſe *Seas*, and has done great Injuries

juries to the People of *Algier*, *Sarcelle*, *Bougie*, and other *Ports*.

Tho' these *Rebels* are deservedly punish'd for deserting the Protection of the *High Port*, yet let us remember, that the *Algerines* are *Mussulmans*, and therefore ought not to be abandon'd to the Malice of *Infidels*.

Mighty *Bassa*, sail thou in the Strength of *God* against the Enemies of the *Ottoman Empire*. And when thou hast finish'd thy Voyage here below, may a Wind of Mercy waft thee o'er the Waters which are above the *Firmament*, and land thee safe in one of the *Ports* of *Paradise*.

Paris, 3d. *of the* 9th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1665.

The End of the Third Book.

LETTERS

Writ by

A Spy at *PARIS.*

VOL. VI.

BOOK IV.

LETTER I.

To Achmet Beig.

THIS *Court* has put on the Exteriour Semblance of *Mourning*, whilst they inwardly rejoyce, at the Death of *Philip* IV. *King* of *Spain*. He deceas'd on the *17th*. of the *9th*. *Moon*. 'Tis possible their Grief is more real for the Death of the *Duke* of *Vendosme*, a *Prince* of *Royal Extraction*, and whilst living not far remov'd from a possibility of inheriting the *Crown*

of *France*. But now he is gone to the *Grave*, the General Receptacle of all Mortals, and which makes no Diſtinction between the *Noble* and the *Vulgar*.

There have been Abundance of Ceremonies perform'd on the Part of the *King*, the *Dauphin*, the *Duke* of *Orleans*, the *Duke* of *Valois*, and other *Princes* of the *Blood*, for the Health of the Departed *Soul*: For the *Nazarenes*, to give them their due, fall not ſhort of the *True Faithful* in believing the *Reſurrection* and *Immortality* to come. They conſign the *Bodies* of the *Dead* to their *Sepulchres*, with ſolemn Rites of *Religion*, perfuming them with *Incenſe*, and ſprinkling them with *Holy Water*: Rehearſing alſo certain Sacred *Hymns* and *Prayers* appointed for that Purpoſe. Neither do they neglect to Faſt, and give Alms, to perform any *Pious Office* which is practis'd by the *Muſſulmans*, for their Friends who are gone to the *Inviſible State*. They agree with us in Abundance of good things, and if they mix ſome Superſtitions and Errors, let us pity their Weakneſs, and praiſe *God* who guides us into the Right Way, and ſuffers us not to be ſeduced into the Way of *Infidels*. He is the *Merciful* of the *Merciful*, the *Joy* of the *Elect*, and the *Hope* of all *Nations*. Should he puniſh Men according to their Hourly Demerits, the Earth would ſoon be depopulated, and void of any other Inhabitants ſave the *Beaſts*. But he knows our Mold, and remembers that we are no more than a mere *Froth* or *Spume* of the *Elements*,

Elements, and that in a very little time, by the Courſe of *Nature*, we ſhall vaniſh like *Bubbles* which yield to every *Blaſt* of *Wind*. Therefore he ſpares us, and connives at our Infirmities, becauſe he is the Lover of *Souls*.

I ſpeak this as an Incentive to Charity among our ſelves, and to our Fellow-Mortals. It ſeems to me unreaſonable, that we ſhould purſue with Inexorable Hatred all the *Followers* of *Jeſus*. He was a *Holy Prophet*, humble, mild, chaſte, and harmleſs. He did many Good Works himſelf, and commanded his *Diſciples* to imitate his Example. He rebuk'd thoſe amongſt them, that would have call'd down *Fire* from *Heaven* to conſume his Enemies: Enjoyning them to return Bleſſings for Curſes, Prayers for Blaſphemies, and Good for Evil. There are thoſe amongſt them, who obey his Precepts: As for the Wicked, I am not their Advocate. If the Greateſt Part of the *Chriſtians* live contrary to the *Law* of the *Meſſias*, let us conſider alſo how many Hypocrites, Libertines, Hereticks and Atheiſts there are among thoſe who profeſs the *Muſſulman Faith*. Doubtleſs, there are Good and Bad of all *Religions*. And 'tis impoſſible to find an Aſſembly of Juſt Men, without a Mixture of Sinners.

As for our Difference with the People of *Jeſus*, in Matters of *Worſhip*, it ought not to make us forget that we are Men, compounded of the ſame Fleſh and Blood as they. And for ought we know, *God* who made all the

the *Nations* of the *Earth*, may accept of their various *Rites* and *Ceremonies* in paying him *Divine Adoration*.

We that are the *Posterity* of *Ismael*, and worship the *Eternal* after the manner of our *Fathers*, who followed the *Pattern* of *Ibrahim* the *Beloved* of *God*, cannot deny but that the *Law* of *Moses* was of *Divine Original*: And yet it contains Precepts and Injunctions, to which we are wholly Strangers in our Practice; tho' the *Jews*, who are the *Descendents* of *Jacob*, obey them to this Day.

So we believe what the *Alcoran* says of the *Messias*, That he is the *Breath* and *Word* of *God*; That he heal'd *Diseases*, rais'd the *Dead*, wrought many other *Miracles*, and preach'd the true Heavenly *Doctrin*. Yet there's abundance of Difference between the *Ceremonies* which the very *Apostles* us'd in the Service of *God*, and the *Worship* establish'd by *Mahomet* our *Holy Lawgiver*. But he tells us, That they who live up to the *Law* of *Jesus*, shall go to *Paradise* as well as the *Mussulmans*.

The greatest Scandal which the *Christians* give us, is their Setting up *Pictures* and *Images* in their *Temples*, and the Reverence they pay to those Insensible Pieces of Humane Art. And yet for ought we know, they may be excusable before *God*; since they profess openly in the *Publick Decrees* of their *Councils*, That the Veneration and Honour they pay to the *Figures* of *Saints* and *Angels*,

is

is only Relative, their *Devotion* at the ſame Time reſting not on this ſide the *Prototypes*.

If this be true, I ſee no more Hurt in their Worſhip of *Images*, than in Bowing and Proſtrating before the *Alcoran*, which is but another Sort of *Imagery* repreſenting the *Divine Will*.

In a word, if the *Hieroglyphicks* of the Ancient *Egyptians* are allow'd to be Lawful Letters, and Inſtruments to expreſs the Inward Conceptions of the Mind; in my Opinion, the Painting and Sculpture which we ſee in the *Churches* of the *Chriſtians*, ought not to be condemn'd as an Idolotrous Practice, when 'tis only us'd as an eaſier way to convey the *Hiſtory* of *Jeſus*, and the reſt of the *Prophets* and *Saints*, to the Vulgar, who are generally Ignorant of *Letters*. Unleſs we ſhall ſay, That the *Son* of *Mary* was an *Idol*, and the *Prophets* and *Saints* were *Devils*; which *God* avert from the Mouth of a *True Believer*.

Paris, 13th. *of the* 11th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1665.

LET-

LETTER II.

To William Voſpel, *a* Recluſe *of* Auſtria.

THY *Diſpatch* came to my Hands, in a good Hour. I perus'd with Reverence the Paternal Inſtructions it contained; the Grave and Judicious Apothegms; the Sacred Rules and Inſtitutions of a Regular and Spiritual Life; the Morals more refin'd than thoſe of *Pindar*, *Epictetus*, *Seneca* or *Cato*. But pardon me, if I reliſh not ſo well thy *Panegyrick* on ſome of the newly Canoniz'd *Saints*; from which you take Occaſion to extol the the *Pope*'s Infallibility, and to exclude from *Salvation*, all that are not within the *Pale* of the *Roman Church*.

I am a *Chriſtian* and a *Chatholick* as well as you. I honour the *Apoſtles* and *Martyrs*, with all the Primitive *Saints*, *Confeſſors* and Holy *Doctors* of the *Church*. But I can never be perſwaded, that a Man for being a Murderer, Traytor, an Inventor of Cruel Devices, or a learned Sycophant, can merit *Heaven*, tho' he may be rank'd in the *Red Lines* of the *Calendar*. Much leſs can I believe, that all Men ſhall be Damn'd, who are not in *Communion* with the *Biſhop* of *Rome*. Certainly the

the *Catholick* or *Universal Church*, is not shut up within the Narrow Confines of the shatter'd *Roman Empire*. Consider *Greece*, *Armenia*, *Egypt*, *Moscovy*, *Æthiopia*, and all the Spacious Territories of *Europe*, and the *East*. How many Millions daily say the *Pater-Noster*, and pray in *Jesus*'s Name, yet never paid Obedience to any but their own *Patriarchs* and *Bishops*? Were not all the *Apostles* equally in *Commission*; were not the *Churches* they founded and establish'd, equally Holy, and Orthodox? Where then commenc'd the Mighty *Schism*, but in the morose Pride of *Victor*, who, (for the Sake of *Paschal* Niceties) affronted all the *Churches* in the World, and was for that Reason severely reprov'd by a *French Bishop* of his own Obedience; besides the *Reprimands* of *Polycarp*, and other *Prelates* of the *East*? Was not St. *John* the *Beloved*, that rested his Head with *Divine* Honour on the Breast of *Christ*, as privy to the *Laws* of his *Master*, as *Peter*, *Paul*, or any other Abortive *Apostle*? Remember the First *General Council* at *Jerusalem*, where *James* the Brother of our *Lord* sate President, decreeing *Abstinences* exactly opposite to the present *Roman Faith* and *Practice*. And believe at the same time, that 'twas *Imperial* Vanity and Pride, which first begot the Fatal Separation. *Heresy* was but the *Bastard* of the *Apostolick Canons*, cherish'd, and too much countenanc'd, by *Constantine* and his *Successors*, till the Fatal Time of *Phocas*,

cas, whoſe untimely Death made all things ripe for the intended Uſurpation. Oh! *Guicciardine!* How truly haſt thou writ the State of Modern *Rome!* Worthy as *Horace* of Eternal Honour. Thy Faithful Proſe equals his Courtly Verſe, and merits New *Auguſtus's* to Patronize it.

Believe me, Father *William*, I have no Spight or Enmity againſt the *Roman High-Prieſt*. I reverence him equally with his Brethren, the *Patriarchs* of *Conſtantinople*, *Jeruſalem*, *Alexandria*, and *Antioch*. I would go beyond this, for the ſake of Conformity to Ancient Cuſtom, and in Obedience to the Celebrated *Council* of *Nice*: I would willingly acknowledge him the *Primate* of the *World*. Let him have the firſt Place, in *God's* Name, among the *Patriarchs* of the *Univerſal Church*. But let him not ride on the Necks of his Equals. Let him not pretend a Power to cancel the *Apoſtolick Canons*; reverſe the *Traditions* of the *Fathers*; repeal the *Decrees* of *General Councils*; diſpenſe with the *Laws* of Nature, Grace, Reaſon, Morality, and the very Inſtitutions of his Predeceſſors, Men, without Queſtion, as Infallible as he. This is not the way to make *Proſelytes* to the *Roman Faith*, unleſs it be of Fools and Knaves. The World has receiv'd New Lights, Father *William*; and Men begin to hiſs *Religious* Bantering off the Stage. Nay even they who are moſt guilty of it, I mean the *Roman* Courtiers, Cardinals,

nals and Prieſts, cannot forbear laughing at the Folly, and Credulous Eaſineſs of thoſe, on whom they impoſe their *Pious* Frauds. The bigotted *Laity* are by them eſteemed no better than ſilly Aſſes, tamely couching under the Burdens of their *Eccleſiaſtick Lords* and *Drivers*.

Therefore 'tis time for thee to open thy Eyes, lift up thy Head, and lay aſide *Monaſtick* Simplicity. I do not Counſel thee to turn *Libertine*, or imitate the *Italian* Gallantry, which has taught the *Prieſts*, inſtead of Sacred Continence, to ſquint a Benediction on ſome Charming *Lady* from the *Altar*, in the Name of *Dominus Vobiſcum*, or *Surſum Corda*; even whilſt they are preparing for *Divine* Revels, to banquet on the *Fleſh* and *Blood* of *God*. Oh! Monſtrous Perfidy and Execrable Profaneneſs! Nor if thou art affronted and revengeful, would I adviſe thee to time the Execution of thy Wrath like the *Sicilian Veſpers*, and make the Bells become the Signals of thy Cruelty; which ought and were deſign'd and conſecrated on purpoſe, to drill on Harmleſs *Souls* to *Church*, with their dull, ſleepy, jangling Chimes; and with their more Triumphant, Lofty Muſick, on the *Feſtivals* of *Saints*, to make devouter *Chriſtians* dream they're going to *Heaven*, inſtead of to a *Maſſacre*. I would not have thee hope to merit *Paradiſe*, by ſending thither in Obedience to the *Pope*, or *General* of thy *Order*, the Majeſtick *Souls* of *Kings* or *Emperors*,

Emperors, in Vehicles of Sacred Poyſon, or Envenom'd *Euchariſts*. Believe that thoſe Prelates, Prieſts, or Monks, who are thus Divinely Profane, and Mercifully Cruel, ſhall become Mitered, Veſted, Cowled *Monſters*, in the fierceſt and moſt violently glowing Dens of *Hell*; there with the moſt exalted Arſenicks, Mercuries, and whatſoever gives the higheſt Pains, to languiſh, pine, and rack away Ten Thouſand, Thouſand, Thouſand Ages, in Penances of ſlow Effect; which expiate but very late, the crying Sins of guilty Murderers, and Bloody Hypocrites.

Yet ſuch as theſe, ſince Modern Times, are the only Men thought worthy to be *Canonized* for *Saints*, which made a certain Honeſt Cardinal cry out in Preſence of the Pope, *Theſe New Saints, force me to doubt the Old ones.*

Father *William*, the ſame Thought begins and ends my Letter. Yours was upon the ſtretch, extolling far too high the Largeneſs of the *Roman Church*, the *Infallible Power* of *Popes*, the *Miracles* of theſe *New Saints*, &c. And I for my Part, am a Man abhorring Bigotry. I cannot believe things contrary to my Reaſon. I wiſh the Differences of Mankind in Point of *Religion*, were rationally compos'd; and that the Good of all Sects, Factions, Parties, Churches and Communions, were united in this Life, as they ſurely will be in the next.

In

In the mean time, to the *Father* without *Beginning*; to the *Son* without a *Younger Brother*; to the *Holy Ghoſt*, the *Firſt* and the *Laſt*; to the *Virgin Mary*, the *Mother* of the *Entire Deity*, I recommend thee and all good *Chriſtians*, hoping to ſee you in Heaven, tho' we cannot it ſeems think alike on Earth.

Paris, 1ſt. *of the* 12th. *Moon,*
of the Year 1665.

LETTER

LETTER III.

To Nathan Ben Saddi, *a* Jew *at* Vienna.

ACcording to thy Desire, I have procur'd and sent thee the *Alcoran*, with other *Writings* of our *Holy Doctors*; *Books* which will conduct thee into the Right Way. Thou wilt find in these *Volumes*, a Spirit of Life and Power. There breathes in them a certain Vital Principle of Reason; so that whosoever reads them attentively, may feel (if I may so speak) the very Pulse of intellectual Wisdom, beating in every Sentence.

There is a vast Difference between these *Writings*, full of Arguments Clear and Intelligible; and the Whimsies of thy *Rabbi's*, who abound in *Sacred Fables* and *Divine Romances*.

Who can peruse your Celebrated *Misna* without Disdain? Or look into your more applauded *Talmud*, and not feel himself touch'd with Horrour, at the Monstrous Blasphemies and Ridiculous Forgeries therein contain'd? Dost thou not laugh at the Story of *God*'s pickling up the *Leviathan* till the Days of the *Messiah*; and that other of the *Bull* which daily devours the Fodder of a Thou-

a Thouſand Mountains? Or wilt thou ſhew me the Neſt of that *Bird* from whence the *Talmud* ſays, an Egg falling on the Earth, threw down Three Hundred tall Cedars with its Weight and at Length breaking, overflow'd Sixty Villages with the Liquid Subſtance included in the Shell?

Such as theſe, muſt needs be fit Themes for the Contemplations of the *Omnipotent*: And yet your *Rabbi's* teach, that *God* ſtudies Nine Hours of the Day in the *Talmud*. Can any Man of common Piety, hear theſe Blaſphemies and not tremble? What Affronts are theſe to Humane Senſe? What Impoſitions on the Reaſon of the Credulous *Jews*? Does the moſt perfect of all *Beings* acquire Knowledge by Degrees, or is the *Eternal Intellect* improv'd by reading of *Books*? Or if it were ſo, would he not make a better Choice than of a *Volume*, which in the Incredible Stories it relates, exceeds all the *Figments* of the *Poets*?

Tell me, *Nathan*, canſt thou ſwallow that loud Lye of the *Talmud*, which tells thee, That there was a *Lyon*, who when he roar'd at the Diſtance of Four Hundred Miles from *Rome*, all the Women that were with Child in that City, being affrighted at the Noiſe, miſcarry'd, and the Walls of *Rome* fell down? And when he drew nearer by a Hundred Miles, he ſet up his Throat again, which made ſo terrible a Sound, that all the *Roman's* Teeth fell out of their Heads, and the *Emperour* himſelf felt ſuch Convulſions,

ſions, as had well-nigh coſt him his Life.

Surely the *Crow* which the *Talmud* ſpeaks of in another Place, was but a Puny to this Monſtrous *Lyon*; and yet it ſeems, that *Crow* ſwallow'd a *Serpent* that had eaten a *Frog* as big as a Village of Threeſcore Houſes, and when he had done flew into the next Tree. I ſuppoſe, that was the Tree which grew in *Paradiſe*, and was Five Hundred Miles high, according to the *Talmud*. Have I not Reaſon for this Raillery, when one of your *Rabbi's* ſolemnly ſwears, he was an Eye-Witneſs of theſe Things? Who can forbear to ridicule the Bigotry of thoſe, who give up their Faith to ſuch Deluſions?

Thou wilt meet with more Rational Entertainment in the *Books* of the *Muſſulman Doctors*; more eſpecially, in that Tranſcript thou haſt of the *Volume* firſt dictated in *Heaven*. That confirms the true *Law* of *Moſes*, but damns the *Impoſtures* of the *Talmud*, attributing the Invention of ſuch Errors to the *Devil*.

But thou wilt ask me, perhaps, what I mean by the *True Law* of *Moſes*. Shall I tell thee the Opinion of one of thy own *Nation*, a *Hebrew* of the *Hebrews*, as he pretends; and for ought I know, of the ſame *Tribe* with thy ſelf: For I am a Stranger to the *Genealogies* of you both.

Some Years ago here was in this City, a Man who if we may believe him, has been in all the Cities of the World, The *French* call

call him the *Wandring Jew*; and he confirmed that Title, by the Profeſſion he made of his Birth, Deſcent, and Univerſal Travels. No doubt but thou haſt heard of this Man, or at leaſt of ſuch a Character, and therefore I need not repeat what he ſaid of himſelf, and what the Generality of Mankind believe of him. Suffice it to tell thee, that I was once in his Company half a Day together; when among other Diſcourſes, he told me, That the *true Law* of *Moſes* has been loſt for above theſe Two Thouſand Years, except in the *North* Parts of *Aſia*, where there are an Infinite Number of *Hebrews*, but far different in their *Religion* from all the *Jews* in the reſt of the World. He ſays, the Country where they Inhabit, is environ'd round with High and Inacceſſible Mountains. I aſk'd him the exact *Geographical* Situation of this Country; but receiv'd no other Anſwer, than that it lay beyond the River *Sabbation*. Then I remembred what I had read in *Eſdras*, a *Scribe* of thy *Nation*, concerning the Tranſmigration of the Ten *Tribes*, who were carried away Captives by the *Aſſyrians*: How they paſs'd through a certain River on dry Ground, the Waters being divided to the Right Hand and to the Left, and that after the ſame manner they ſhould return again in the Latter Days; But that in the mean time the *Region* where they live, was hidden from all other Mortals.

Comparing this Paſſage with what I had heard from the *Wandring Jew*, I became almoſt

moſt perſwaded, That the *People* and *Country* of which he ſpoke, were the very ſame mention'd by *Eſdras*. *God* only can diſcern the Truth from Error in *Hiſtories* of ſo remote and Ancient a Subject.

As to their Religion, I was juſt going to give thee an Account of what he ſaid concerning it, but am interrupted by Company. Wherefore I am forc'd to break off abruptly. Expect a full Relation in my next. I am in haſte.

Paris, 4th. *of the* 1ſt. *Moon,*
of the Year 1666.

LETTER

LETTER IV.

To the ſame.

THE Interruption which made me ſo ſuddenly conclude my other Letter, laſted not long; ſo that I have time enough to perform my Promiſe by the ſame *Poſt*.

I was about to relate what the *Wandring Jew* told me of the *Religion* of thoſe Remote *Hebrews* in *Aſia*, which take as follows.

He ſays, they are a *Nation* of *Philoſophers*, bound by their *Laws* to Study the *Liberal Arts* and *Sciences*. They have none but Iron Mony current among them; the Uſe of Gold and Silver Coins being expreſly forbidden by their *Laws* to prevent the Temptations of Avarice and Theft: For who would ſteal or covet a Metal, which for its Bulk was not eaſy to be hid, nor for its Beauty very deſirable, being every where common in the Veins of the Earth and ſerv'd only as a Method of Barter and Commerce among themſelves, where the Inequality of Merchandiſes entangled their Traffick, and would not admit of a ready Exchange?

This took from them the Occaſion of many unneceſſary Arts at Home, and they had no Temptation to travel abroad; The Chief Deſign of their *Lawgiver* being to

oblige them to ſpend moſt of their time in *Religious* and *Philoſophical* Exerciſes, and the reſt in preparing Neceſſaries for humane Suſtenance. They had no Need to buy any thing of Foreign *Countries*, or to build Ships for that End, who were bound to live content with the Natural Product of their own Fertile *Country*: For Luxury has not as yet ſet Footing in that happy *Region*, if we may believe this Traveller. He ſays, they feed altogether on the Fruits of the Earth; not admitting any Art or Employment which tends to ſuperfluity; but only ſuch as ſerve the neceſſary Uſes of Life, wherein they ſhew an admirable Dexterity and Skill.

When they travel from one Town to another, which is very frequent, they never carry any thing to defray their Charges by the Way, or when they arrive at their Journeys End: All Entertainments of this Nature being free and reciprocal. Such is the Cuſtom of the *Country*.

They have no *Lawyers* among them, but if any Contention ariſe, 'tis preſently determin'd by the Arbitration of the next Neighbours, to whoſe Sentence all ſubmit: Every Man being willing to loſe ſomething of his Right, rather than diſturb the Publick Amity and Peace.

As to the manner of their *Worſhip*, they are ſtrict Obſervers of Purity in waſhing, anointing, and ſhaving their Bodies.

They have *Temples* alſo where they aſſemble every *Seventh Day*, and having offer'd up

up the *First-Fruits* of the Earth, they sit down in the Courts, and Banquet together with Joy, whilst the *Priests* entertain them with excellent Musick, and Songs, in Praise of *God* and his *Works*. To this End the Courts of their *Temples* are made very large, that they may contain so many distinct Families; and stately Pavillions are set up, adorn'd with the Boughs of Green Trees, with all manner of Flowers carelessly intermix'd. But amidst all their Feasting they are not permitted to taste of Flesh. They eat only the Fruits of the Earth with Milk, Honey and Oyl. And their common Drink is Water and Wine.

At the Age of Sixteen Years, every Man is bound to take the following Oath:

"I swear that I will adore but *One God*, "who brought our Fathers out of *Egypt*, "and has conducted us by a Mysterious Path "to this *Land* of *Promise*. I will Religiously serve him all my Life, for that he has "vouchsafed to plant me in the *Family* of his "*Elect*, and not either of the *Two Tribes* "who were left behind in the *Land* of *Delusions*. I will do Justly to all Men, neither will I voluntarily hurt or kill any "Living Creature, unless it be in my own "Defence. I will not taste of the *Flesh* of "any *Animal*, but in all things observe the "Abstinence commanded by *Allah* to *Moses* "on the Mount. I will Religiously obey "my *Prince*, to my last Breath, and rather "be torn in Pieces by wild Beasts than be-

"tray him, or consent to betray him to another: For he is the *Vice-Roy* of *God*. I "will never conceal my Knowledge of any "Conspiracy against *him*, or my *Country*, "neither will I discover his Secrets to any, "if it should ever be my Honour to know "them. I will observe the *Traditions* of my "*Fathers*, and teach the same and no other "to my *Posterity*. In fine, I will in all "things obey the *Laws* of this Sacred *King-*"*dom*, this Region of Peace, this Garden of "Bliss. All this I solemnly swear by the "*First Father* of *Light*, and by *Nothing* the "Profound *Womb* of *Darkness*, and by *Si-*"*lence* the Companion of that *Depth* which "no Created *Being* can fathom, which is the "same as if I should wish my self annihilated, if I violate this *Oath* in the least "Point.

These are all the Terms of the *Oath*, that I can distinctly remember, which I here insert to shew thee what Opinion these *People* have of the *Law* which was given to *Moses* on the *Mount*, and how they reject the *Two Tribes* that were left in *Palestine*, and esteem of that *Country* but as the *Land* of *Delusions*; accounting their own *Country* the *Region* of *Promise*, and themselves the *Elect* of *God*.

One would think, that these were the *Posterity* of the *Ten Tribes* that were carried away Captives by *Salmanasar* King of *Assyria*. And this was also the Opinion of that *Wanderer*, who told me, that both their *Pentateuch* was different from yours, and the

Language

Language wherein it is written. For he ſaid, it was rather a Dialect of *Arabick*, in which *Language* thou know'ſt *God* wrote the *Ten Commandments* on the *Two Tables*: Among which one is, *Thou ſhalt not Kill.* This Prohibition they ſay, extends to all *Living Creatures*, tho' your *Doctors* interpret it as only reaching to *Men*, and ſo do the *Chriſtians*. But the *Muſſulmans* interpret it thus, *Thou ſhalt neither kill Man nor Beaſt without Reaſon.* By which Clauſe, the *Beaſts* are priviledg'd from the wanton Cruelty of Men, who otherwiſe would murder them only to make Sport; yet wicked *Men* are not exempted from a violent Death, as a Puniſhment of their Crimes.

This *Traveller* ſays alſo, that the *People* of that *Country* are ſo healthy that they generally live till they are a Hundred and Twenty Years old, which is almoſt twice the Age of other Mortals. This he aſcribes to their exquiſite Temperance and Moderation in all things, as alſo to the Dryneſs of the Soil, and to the Force of certain Winds, which continually ſweep the Air of this delectable Region, and purge it of all hurtful Qualities.

If ever it be thy Fortune to ſee this Perſon, he will acquaint thee with a great many more delightful Paſſages, which it would be too tedious for me to inſert in a Letter. Beſides, my Memory is treacherous, and I often forget thoſe things at one time, which I remember at another: But if thou art ſollicitous to hear more, I will oblige thee with

all that I can call to mind of this *Traveller* in another Letter.

In the mean time, make a right Uſe of theſe Hints, and weigh one thing with another; examine all things without Prejudice or Partiality. Truſt no Man's Reaſon but thy own in Matters of a diſputable Nature, ſince thou haſt as much right to decide the Controverſy, as any Man. And thus thou wilt never become a *Bankrupt* in *Religion*.

Paris, the 4th, *of the* 1ſt. *Moon, of the Year* 1666

LET-

LETTER V.

To Mohammed Hadgi, Dervich, Eremit *of Mount* Uriel *in* Arabia, *the* Happy.

AS I think, this is the laſt of my Hours in this World, and the Firſt of a New Life, which I ſhall commence in Immortality. I perceive, That the *Fatal Period*, the *Moment* of *Tranſmigration*, ſet by *Deſtiny*, is approaching. The *Craſis* of my *Blood* is diſſolving apace, my *Spirit* haſtens to get looſe from theſe *Mortal* Chains: I feel my Soul trying and ſtretching her Wings, preparing to take her Eternal Flight to the *Region* aſſign'd her by *God* and *Nature*.

I have not Preſumption enough to hope for *Paradiſe*, nor am I ſo abandon'd to Deſpair as to conclude I ſhall go to *Hell*. I rather believe, *Aaraf*, or the *Place* of *Priſons*, will be my Portion; in Regard I fear the Evils which I have been guilty of, are not over-balanc'd by my Good Actions. 'Tis well if Vertue has counterpois'd Vice in the Courſe of this Mortal Life. However, I am reſign'd, and commit my ſelf to the *Indulgent Creator* of *All Things*, who will not fail to diſpoſe of me according to the Order which he has eſtabliſh'd in the *Univerſe*.

Methinks were I even in *Hell*, I cou'd not forbear praising that *Fountain of all Things*. I wou'd teach the *Devils* and *Damn'd* a new Lesson of Patience and Contentedness, of Humility and Devotion, of Generosity and Love, amidst their Tremendous Torments. I wou'd survey with an Indifference becoming a *True Believer*, the Horrid *Abyss*, with all its dreadful Vaults and Apartments. I wou'd consider the Wonderful Architecture of those Infernal Prisons, the inexpugnable Strength of the Walls; their Prodigious Thickness and unmoveable Fastness; I wou'd contemplate every Thing with the Reason of a *Philosopher*, and the Piety of a *Mussulman*, not giving my self up to the Passions of a Fool, and an *Infidel*.

All this I imagine were easy to perform in those Fatal Caverns and much more, but *God* knows how the Experience of such an Intolerable Anguish and Restraint, might alter a Man's Mind.

However, I find it *Medicinal* to think of the last and worst Things, to be always prepar'd for Death, and whatsoever shall follow it; For, Surprizes are apt to unman us, and plunder us of our Reason. I was in the Heighth of a violent Fever, when I began this Letter; yet now 'tis abated, and I palpably feel the gentle Returns of Health and Life. This is owing, in my Judgment, to the real Belief I had, that my last Hour was come, which I have so long expected. And I cou'd almost perswade my self,

ſelf, That I ſhall diſperſe a Thouſand *Maladies*, recover out of the moſt dangerous *Paroxyſms*, and prolong my Days to Old Age, by the mere Force of theſe Contemplations.

My Faith in this Point is grounded on Experience: For, I have often found, That to be arm'd againſt Calamities with an even Mind, is either a ſure Way to avoid them, or at leaſt to protract the Seaſon of their Arrival. And, if there were nothing elſe in't, but the rendring 'em more eaſy when they come, 'twere worth any Man's Pains to try the Experiment.

Doubtleſs, there is no Terrour in Death, but what the vain Opinion of Men creates. Tis as pleaſant for a Thinking Man to die as to live, if it be only for this Reaſon, that in his Paſſage from the Life he has lead before, he ſhall not have bare naked *Idea's* for his Contemplation; but Matter of Fact, and the moſt Important, that ever employ'd the Souls of Men.

O Admirable *Sylvan*, conſider with thy ſelf, whether it will not be highly grateful to thy languiſhing Soul, when thou ſhalt perceive demonſtratively, by the Infallible *Enthymema's* of thy trembling Pulſe, that thou art juſt ready to be releas'd from the deceitful Sophiſtry of Humane Life! That thou art near eſcaping from a narrow Cage to be upon the Wing at large, to fly into the Ample Fields of Beauty, Light and Endleſs Happineſs: Reflect alſo at the ſame

Time, O Holy *Eremite*, that I ſhou'd think it no Pain to be freed from my Confinement to a ſtinking Neſt of *Infidels*.

But why ſhou'd I give them that Reproachful Epithet, when for ought I know, I am a greater *Infidel* my ſelf? 'Tis true indeed, I am of the Lineage of *Ibrahim*, *Iſmael*, and the Holy Race; I bear in my Body the *Seas* of a *Divine League* or *Covenant* between *God* and Man; I was *circumcis'd* in due Time, and gave Supreme Glory to *One God*, and Honour to *Mahomet* his *Meſſenger*. I pronounc'd the *Seven Myſterious Words*, whoſe Sound excites the *Harmony* of the *Spheres*, ſets the *Angels* a dancing, puts all *Nature* into Motion, and makes the *Devil* as deaf as a Beetle. Nay, as our *Holy Doctors* teach, the very Breath with which that Sacred Confeſſion is utter'd, blows the Aſhes of *Hell* into the Eyes of the *Damn'd*, and ſtrikes 'em blind. In a Word, I have faſted, pray'd, given Alms, and perform'd all the External Duties of a *True Believer*, yet I have Reaſon to fear, that the beſt of my pious Actions are not ſufficient to cancel my Sins. My Practice runs counter to my Faith, there ſeems to be a double Spirit in me, one inclining me to Good, and the other forcing me to Evil. For, whilſt I really in my Heart believe the *Alcoran* and obey *Mahomet*, our *Holy Lawgiver*, I am compell'd to deny both, to profeſs the Life and Manners of a *Nazarene*, to counterfeit an *Infidel*, and do a Thouſand

other

other ill things, to pleaſe the *Grand Signior* and his Slaves Thus I play faſt and looſe with *God Almighty*; and turn *Religion* into *Croſs Purpoſes*. Yet *Heaven* knows, and I obteſt all the Elements to Witneſs, that I wou'd fain be Innocent, and live in unblemiſh'd Vertue: But the Fatal Neceſſities I lie under, conſtrain me to a perpetual Courſe of Vice. Which makes me ſometimes cry out in the Agonies of my Soul, O *God! I pray thee, either to alter my Circumſtances, and reform my Nature, or make new Laws more eaſy to be kept.*

Venerable and Patient *Solitary*, bear with my importunate Complaints; and remember that though thou art as an *Angel* for thy Perfections, yet *Mahmut* is but a *Man*, ſubject to a Thouſand Frailties. Pity him and continue to afford him thy Sage Counſel; reſt alſo aſſur'd, that amongſt all his Infirmities, he ſtill retains an Inviolable Affection, and Dutiful Regard for the Tenant of *God*'s Prophet.

Paris, 22d. *of the* 2d. *Moon, of the Year* 1666.

LET TER

LETTER VI.

To the Kaimacham.

THou mayſt report it to the *Divan* for a Certainty, That *Mirammud* the Son of the *Xariph* of *Salle*, is taken Priſoner by the *French*. That bold Youth has long rov'd the Seas uncontroul'd; has done many Injuries to the *Chriſtians*, fill'd *Salle* with *Slaves*: Now he himſelf is become a *Captive*. Such is the Fortune of War by Sea and Land; to Day Triumphant and Victorious, to Morrow Vanquiſh'd and in Chains.

Yet he loſt not his *Honour* with his *Liberty*, having bravely defended his Veſſel, and ſtrew'd the Decks with ſlaughter'd *French*; till overpower'd with Numbers, he was compell'd to yield: His Enemies extol his Courage, and the Greatneſs of his Mind, which would not ſink under the Preſſure of this Misfortune. He ſeem'd to have the Command of himſelf, (which is the moſt Glorious Victory) and ſuffer'd not his Free-born Soul, to be led Captive by his Paſſions; but behav'd himſelf with ſuch an even Temper, as plac'd him above the Pity of his Enemies, and rather made him the Subject of their Emulation. He is brought to the *Court*, where he is entertain'd as a *Gueſt*, rather

rather than as a *Priſoner*: Being invited to their Banquets, Masks, Plays, and other Divertiſements. Neither is he debarr'd the Privilege of Hunting, which might give him the faireſt Opportunity to eſcape. But he is ignorant of the *Language* of this Country; and few of the *French* underſtand *Moreſco*: So that it is almoſt impoſſible for him to make any Party, or conſult his Flight, unleſs the King's Interpreter ſhould aſſiſt him. Beſides, the *French* have a higher Opinion of his Generoſity, than to apprehend ſuch an Ingrateful Return of the *Royal* Uſage he finds in this *Court*.

As for *Mahmut*, he has not as yet made himſelf known to this Brave *Captive*. But if the Miniſters of the *Divan* ſhall think it the Intereſt or Honour of the *Sublime Port* to engage in this Affair, I want but a *Commiſſion* to ſet *Mirammud* ſafe aſhore in *Africk*.

I will not hazard any thing in an Affair of this Importance, without an Order from my *Superiours*. When their Pleaſure is once known, the Execution ſhall be ſwift. I wait for thy Commands, as for a Decree of Deſtiny, which cannot be repeal'd.

The *God* of our *Fathers*, who multiply'd the *Seed* of *Iſmael* as the Graſs of the Field, and gave them the Sovereignty over many *Nations*; grant that the *Sublime Port*, which is the *Nurſery* of the *Faithful*, may always

always take ſuch Meaſures as ſhall advance the Intereſt of the *Muſſulman Empire*.

Paris, 14th. *of the* 3d. *Moon, of the Year* 1666.

LETTER VII.

To Hamel Muladdin, Xariph *of* Salle.

THY Son is no longer a *Captive*, but a *Conquerour*: His firſt Appearance before the Ladies of this *Court* was an Equivalent to his Ranſom. He is like to do thee greater Service by his Chains, than when he rang'd the Seas. His Beauty may do more Miſchief in *France*, than all thy *Ships of War*; ſince it has already created ſuch Rivalſhips and Factions among the *Fair Sex*, as engages the *French* Gallants on many unhappy Rencounters; and in a little time it will be difficult for the Intereſſed Sparks, to meet and part with unſheath'd Swords. Libels and Panegyricks, divide the Studies of the Wits; while one flatters, another Lampoons the Amorous Females; and *Mirammud* the *Illuſtrious Slave*, is all the Talk. In a word, he finds Royal Uſage, having the Liberty of the

Court;

Court; and all are pleas'd with his graceful Deportment, and undiſguiz'd Converſation. Every one affects his Company, and he has the *Fate* of *Princes*, *Never to be alone*. His Skill in riding, and throwing the Lance, has enflam'd the Noble Youth with Martial Emulations: They eſteem *Mirammud* the moſt accompliſh'd Perſon of this Age.

Canſt thou now repine at thy Son's Glorious Thraldom? A Captivity, that loads him with ſo many Honours? That lays his Conquerours at his Feet? And ſubdues all Hearts to his Matchleſs Perfections? His Followers find Friendſhip among the *Infidels* for his ſake: 'Twere to be wiſh'd, that equal Humanity were ſhew'd to the *Chriſtian Slaves* in *Barbary*. I tell thee, thy Son is ſo admir'd and lov'd, that all thy Treaſure will not redeem him. The *French* are generous, and ſcorn to ſell the Brave for Gold. They will ſooner give thee thy Son again, expecting from his Gratitude, a Recompence ſurpaſſing the Value of Mony; that is, an Inviolable obſerving the *Conditions* of *Peace*, which they ſay, thou haſt ſo often broke. Thy *Embaſſadors* are expected here, to conſummate a laſting Friendſhip. When that is done, thou wilt quickly ſee thy Son return, attended by a numerous train of *French*, who have vow'd to follow his Fortune through the World, ſo long as he draws not his Cymetar againſt their *King*.

I have diſpatch'd an Account of this Adventure to the *Kaimacham*, that ſo the *Sublime*

lime Port, which gives the Law to all the *Kings* on the *Earth*, may intereſs it ſelf on thy Behalf. The *French* ſeem to have a profound Attach to the *Ottoman Empire*: Whether it proceeds not more from Fear, and the Principles of Policy, than from any real Love to the *Muſſulmans*, I will not determine. They ſpeak reverently of the *Grand Signior*, covet his Friendſhip, and applaud the Victorious Enterprizes of the *True Believers*. Indeed they are Naturally a Martial People, and honour all Men of brave Spirits and daring Reſolutions. They have this particular Reaſon alſo to bear Friendſhip to the *Invincible Oſmans*, becauſe we are almoſt continually in Wars with the *Houſe* of *Auſtria*, the Old Enemy of *France*: The *Germans* are wont to ſay, That the *Dragons Head* and *Tail* are in *Conjunction*, when the *Turks* and the *French* invade the *Empire* at the ſame time. Theſe are numbred among the *Conſtellations* by *Aſtrologers*, to which the *Germans* allude in this *Proverb*; being ever Jealous of ſome private *Treaty* between the *Sultan* and the *French Court*.

God, who is the *Wiſeſt* of the *Wiſeſt*, inſtruct thee to adjuſt thy Differences Happily with this Noble *Nation*, that ſo thou mayſt ſee thy Son again in Peace at *Salle*.

Paris, *the* 14th. *of the* 3d. *Moon*,
of the Year 1666.

LET-

LETTER VIII.

To Pesteli Hali, *his Brother*, Master *of the* Customs *at* Constantinople.

UPon my Word, thy Letter came in a Critical Hour, to prevent, for ought I know, more Mischief than could have been repair'd again all the Days of my Life. I have but just taken my Eyes off from it, and set Pen to Paper, to express my Thanks to thee for the Care thou tak'st of thy Exil'd Brother; for the *Post* goes this Night, and I have appointed to meet *Eliachim* the *Jew* with some *Armenians* within these few Minutes. It had been an Unfortunate Meeting for me, had not thy *Dispatch* come so opportunely to give me Warning of our Cousin *Solyman*'s Perfidy: For these *Furr'd-Caps* are his Spies and Confidents. The Back-Blows of *Tagot*, *Negidher*, and the *Great Devil*, be upon him and them. What have I done to that Ungrateful Villain, to merit such ill Offices from him? But upon thee be the Mercies of *God*, the Favours of his *Prophet*, and the Benedictions of all good Men and Angels: For thou art to me as one of the Watchers above, more than a Brother: Thou art the *Tutelar Genius* of my Life, my good *Dæmon* in time of Danger.

We

We had design'd this Evening for a private Banquet of Wine, which, thou knoweſt, dilates the Hearts of Mortals, unlocks Secrets, and makes the moſt reſerv'd Man in the World too Talkative and Open.

I keep as great a Guard upon my Tongue, perhaps, as another; but *God* knows how far I might have been tempted by ſuch good Company, to let it looſe for the ſake of Diſcourſe: For theſe Fellows are ſoft as the Air in their Addreſs and Converſation; they appear as Innocent as *Santones*; ſincere as *Hadgi's*; Loyal and Courtly as the *Pages* of the *Seraill*. They would wheedle Ninety Nine of *Argus*'s Eyes out of his Head ſucceſſively, before he miſs'd One.

They came firſt to *Paris*, as *Merchants*; and no doubt, but *Solyman* had given 'em Inſtructions how to inſinuate into *Eliachim*'s Acquaintance, and ſo by Degrees into mine. For that honeſt *Jew* trades with People of all Nations and Characters.

However it be, I remember, the very Words which thou inſerteſt in thy Letter, were ſpoken by me in Company with theſe *Infidels*. But I ſhall find a way to be even with them, and *Solyman* too, before they'll dream of it.

In the mean time, I pray heartily, that if ever it ſhall be thy Misfortune to be in the like Peril; *Deſtiny* or *Chance*, *Providence* or *Fate*

Fate may raiſe ſome Friend to give thee a Caution; and that thou may'ſt not with the Unhappy *Cæſar*, neglect to read it in time.

I'm now going to encounter theſe *Giafers*; perhaps I ſhall catch 'em in their own Snares. If not, I'll ſecure they ſhall not catch me.

Dear *Peſteli*, may thy *Soul* repoſe under the Protection of *God*.

Paris, 1ſt. *of the* 5th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1666.

LET-

LETTER IX.

To Dgnet Oglou.

TO whom ſhould I complain in my Adverſity, but to my Friend? I have been more embaraſs'd within theſe Two *Moons*, than through all the former Courſe of my Life. Troubles of divers kinds throng in upon me. I ſeem like a Butt or Mark whereat every *Species* of Misfortune, like a skilful Archer, directs the Fatal Arrows of its Malice. I am near overwhelm'd with Calamities. Heaven and Earth are ſet againſt me, and all the Elements conſpire my Ruin. Yet no Perſecution appears ſo terrible as that of Men, nor any Affliction ſo poignant as that which proceeds from the Ingratitude and Perfidy of my own *Country-Men*, Perſons related to me by *Blood*.

Age and much Sickneſs have confin'd me to my Bed for a conſiderable time, which is no ſmall Alloy to Human Happineſs. But to render mè perfectly miſerable, the *Miniſters* of the *Port* are angry with me for being Old and Infirm, and for not continuing to ſerve the *Grand Signior*, with the ſame Vigour and Strength as formerly: Elſe what mean the frequent Reproaches they ſend me, whilſt I am not in a Condition to anſwer them, or make an Apology for my ſelf? Would

Would they have me Immortal, and Proof againſt the ſtrokes of Deſtiny and Death, which thou know'ſt are Unavoidable? Whilſt I were in my Prime, Healthy and ſtrong as an Eagle, they encourag'd me with the faireſt Promiſes in the World, telling me I ſhould never want for Mony, or the Protection of the *Grand Signior*. Yet even then I receiv'd not my *Penſion* without Murmurs and obſcure Menaces. So hard a thing is it for *Courtiers* to be touch'd with any Man's Neceſſities. But now they threaten plainly to ſtop all farther Supplies, unleſs I will grow Young again, and do Buſineſs as briskly as when I'd number'd but Thirty *Summers*. Thus they ſerve poor *Mahmut*, as we uſe Oranges and Limons, whoſe vital Spirit when we have ſuck'd out, we throw the reſt away as unprofitable. Yet not one of them will contribute in the leaſt to my Recovery. Only the generous *Cara Hali*, our beloved Friend, hearing of my Malady, ſent me a ſtrange *Chymical* Liquor, with the Celebrated *Confection El Razi*, ſome *Bezoar*, and the moſt precious *Balm* of *Gilead*: All prepar'd to my Hand, with Directions, and ſeal'd with an Authentick *Signet*.

Theſe indeed had a marvellous Operation on me. I tried them but Yeſterday, and find my ſelf ſuddenly reſtor'd to ſome Degrees of Health, as by a Miracle. Whether it be the vaſt Eſteem I have for that Excellent *Phyſician*, with the Confidence I repoſe in his Skill and Judgment, has had

ſome

ſome Influence on me, or what elſe I know not; (yet, we uſe to obſerve, that the *Patient*'s good Opinion of his *Phyſicians* is half a Cure:) However, theſe Sovereign Medicines have inſpir'd me with a new Energy. And had I not other Afflictions to break my Heart, I cou'd almoſt promiſe my ſelf to reach the Age of *Neſtor*. But my *Unfortunate Stars* will have it otherwiſe, and I am reſign'd to *Deſtiny*.

Thou know'ſt my Couſin *Solyman*, the *Turbant*-Maker, and art no Stranger to his Humours and Fortune: What an unſetled Man he has been in the whole Courſe of his Life: That no Employment cou'd ever pleaſe him, nor he be long fix'd in any Place. How he has rambl'd from *Conſtantinople* to *Scutari*, from thence to *Chalcedon*, *&c.* Always murmuring againſt *Heaven*, and complaining of his hard Fate, in that he was not bred a Courtier, a Student, a Soldier or any Thing but what he really is. Thou art acquainted alſo with ſome of his Religious Caprices, how he is addicted to *doing the Book*, making the *Triple Knot*, and to a Thouſand other fooliſh Superſtitions; by which whilſt he aſpires at the Character of a Sage, or a Cunning Man, he renders himſelf more Contemptible than an Ideot; forfeiting the Eſteem of all wiſe and good Men, for the Sake of a little Fame and noiſy Character among the Empty, Giddy Multitude

But,

But after all, I believe thou art wholly a Stranger to his Secret Malice, and the Rancour with which he perſecuted me, his poor Exil'd Uncle. I my ſelf was deceiv'd by the Subtle Apology he made ſome Years ago for the Slanders his Tongue had utter'd; when he transferr'd all the Guilt of that Injury on *Shaſhim Iſtham*, the *Black Eunuch*, and *Ichingi Cap Oglani*, *Maſter* of the *Pages*: But now I'm convinc'd he's a Traytor, a Villain, and a Fellow void of Faith or Honeſty.

I receiv'd a Letter from him within theſe ſeven Days, full of Tender and Inſinuating Expreſſions, thanking me for all the good Offices I had done him, and for my ſeaſonable Counſel in ſeveral Caſes. Profeſſing alſo at the ſame time an Inviolable Friendſhip, and that he would make it his Study to do me ſome Effectual Service. Yet the next *Poſt* brought me a *Diſpatch* from my Brother *Peſteli Hali*, wherein he bids me beware of *Solyman*; aſſuring me that he had good Reaſon to ſuſpect, that *Couſin* of mine had ſome ill Deſign upon me. This is certain ſays my Brother, *Solyman* boaſts to his Familiars not without ſome Inſult, that there is not a Word or Action eſcapes his Uncle *Mahmut* at *Paris*, but he is ſoon inform'd of it at *Conſtantinople*. And that which confirms me in the ſame Jealouſy with *Peſteli* is, That he inſerts in his Letter to me, ſome Paſſages and Diſcourſes *Verbatim*, which I muſt needs own to have been between

tween me and *Eliachim* the *Jew*, with two or three *Armenian* Merchants, in our moſt private Meetings at *Eliachim*'s Houſe or my Chamber. Theſe he learnt from ſome of *Solyman*'s moſt Intimate Companions.

What can I make of all this, but that theſe *Armenians* are of *Solyman*'s Council, his *Privado's*, his *Chronee's*, &c. whom having Buſineſs of their own at *Paris*, that perfidious Wretch has engag'd to pry into my Secrets, to give him a conſtant Account of what Diſcoveries they make, and if poſſible to trepan me into ſome Irrecoverable Error in my Conduct, that ſo he may finally ruin me.

O *Mahomet!* What is become of the Reverence due to thy *Sacred Name*, to thy *Law*, and to the *Book* penn'd in *Heaven*? Where is the *Muſſulman Faith* and *Integrity*? The Religious Faſtneſs of Friendſhip, with which our Fathers prop'd up one another in the Service of *God* and the *Empire* of *True Believers*? But there is no need of exclaiming againſt *Faith* and *Piety* on this Account: Humane Nature it ſelf is Reſponſible for the Baſeneſs and Ingratitude of my Kinſman. He no longer deſerves the Character of a Man. I adviſe thee to ſhun his Company as a Peſt, a walking Contagion among Mortals.

In a word, dear *Dgnet*, let not thou and I ſuffer our ſelves to be carried away by a vain Pity or Tenderneſs for any Man, tho' he be the Son of a Mother's Siſter; ſince there is

no

no Truſt in Fleſh and Blood: But let us learn the Maxims of *French Wiſdom*, which teach Men to lay the Foundation of their own Happineſs, in ſmiling at the Misfortunes of others.

Paris, 14th. *of the* 6th. *Moon, of the Year* 1666.

LETTER X.

To Hamet, Reis Effendi, Principal Secretary *of the* Ottoman Empire.

BEſides the General Characters of *Countries* and the *People* Inhabiting there, it is neceſſary for thee to be inform'd of Particular Emergencies, and ſuch Events, as deſerve a Place in the Eternal *Records* of the *Ottoman Monarchy*, the Fifth and Laſt in the World. That ſo the *Miniſters* of the *Auguſt Divan*, the deſtin'd *Arbitrators* of the *Univerſe*, *Judges* of all *Humane Affairs*, and *Counſellors* of the *Great Sultan*, may in the *Sacred Code*, as in a Mirrour, behold whatever happens in the diſtant *Climates*, worthy of Remark,

After the Salutations, therefore, proceeding from profound Humility, entire Reſpect, and perfect Friendſhip, know that a devouring *Peſtilence* has lately made a Fatal Decimation in the *Engliſh* Territories, eſpecially in *London*, the *Capital City* of that *Iſland*, where above a Hundred Thouſand *Souls*, ſtruck with *Inviſible Darts* from *God*, went off the *Stage* of *Humane Life*, in leſs than Six *Moons* Revolution.

The dire Contagion by Degrees ſpread farther through the Adjacent *Provinces*, and reach'd the moſt remote and ſolitary Corners of the Land: *Death* ſet his *Standard* up, proclaiming Open War againſt the Inhabitants; with flying Troops of Mortal *Plagues*, he ravag'd o'er the *Iſle*, filling all Parts with doleful Cries and Lamentations: The *Cemeteries* were not large enough to hold the Carcaſſes of ſuch as fell before the dreadful *Conquerour*: But open Fields were turn'd to Sepulchres, and cramm'd with Spoils of Humane Race: An Univerſal Deſolation reign'd: *Death* celebrated Cruel Triumphs every where.

Such as pretend to *Aſtrology* and hidden *Sciences*, will have this to be an Effect of the late *Comet* which appear'd at the End of the Year 1664. whilſt others attribute it to nearer Natural Cauſes; and ſome conclude it is a Judgment ſent from *Heaven*, on that *Rebellious People*, who a few Years before had involv'd the *Nation* in a *Civil War*, and barbarouſly Maſſacr'd their *King*.

God

God only knows the Truth that is conceal'd from Man.

Thou mayſt Regiſter alſo, That the *Queen-Mother* of *France* is newly dead, and the Crook-back'd *Prince* of *Conti*. On which Account, this *Court* is now in *Mourning*, and the *Churches* hung with Black, whilſt Melancholy *Bells*, perpetually invite the *Living* to pray for the deceaſed *Royal Souls*; and deep-baſs'd Organ Pipes breath out Inceſſant doleful Aſpirations, ſounding like Inarticulate *Prayers*, and *Funeral Sighs*, for the departed. In this the *Nazarenes* approach near to the *Faith* of *True Believers*. They give *Alms* alſo, as we do, and ſettle *Stipends* on certain *Prieſts* and *Derviches*, to mumble over daily *Maſſes* for the *Dead*; which is an evident Sign, That they have Hopes of *Immortality*, and look for the *Reſurrection*. Doubtleſs, there's ſomething Good at the Bottom of all *Religions*, tho' it be overlaid with Errors and Corruptions.

God direct us through the Meanders, which Humane Frailty involves us in; and grant every *Muſſulman* a *Particular Chart* and *Compaſs*, whereby to ſteer his Courſe through the uncertain *Tracts* of *Mortal Life*; that he may at laſt arrive in *Paradiſe*. For we ſhall never find the Way thither by *General* Rules.

Illuſtrious *Hamet*, I pray that thou and I may at a deſtin'd Hour, encounter one another in the *Walks* of *Eden*, there to converſe under Immortal Shades near to ſome warbling Stream of matchleſs Wine or Water; to revolve our paſt Fatigues on Earth, and to careſs our ſelves in the Security of *Endleſs Bliſs*.

Paris, 15th. *of the* 7th. *Moon, of the Year* 1666.

LETTER

LETTER XI.

To Nathan Ben Saddi, *a* Jew *at* Vienna.

THou and thy feigned *Meſſias* be damn'd together for Company! Muſt I be baulkt of my Money, for the Sake of your New *Superſtition*? How many *Meſſias's* have ye had, Twenty Five at leaſt, beſides the *Son* of *Mary*, who is acknowledg'd and bleſs'd for ever? Muſt all the World be bubbl'd to Eternity by the *Fables* of your *Nation*? Curſe upon your *Rabbi's* and *Cochams*, thoſe Pimps to the more Religious Debaucheries of Mortals. *Nathan*, I took thee for another Manner of Man. However, if thou art a Sworn Servant to *Sabbati Sevi*, the new *Sham-King* of the *Jews*, I have nothing to ſay to it: Do as thou wilt. But, I dare be a *Prophet* ſo far as to tell thee, thou wilt be curſedly left in the Lurch, with the Reſt of the Fools, thy Bigotted Brethren. Let what will be, it behoves thee as an honeſt Man to tranſmit the Bills that are entruſted to thee. Whether *Sabbati Sevi*, *Ben Joſeph* or *Ben David* be the Name of your expected *Meſſias*, I wou'd not have *Ben Saddi* degenerate. Continue thou Faith-

ful: and the few others that are entruſted with the *Sublime Affairs*; and let all the Reſt of the Common *Jews* go to *Gehenna*, or to the *Vale* of *Tophet*, which you pleaſe. But I wou'd fain have thee in the Number of the *Righteous*, who ſhall poſſeſs *Paradiſe*. Some of thy Letters have encourag'd me to hope for this, but thy laſt makes me almoſt deſpair of ſeeing thee happy either in *This* World or the *Next*: For, thou writeſt like one in a Phrenſy, raving on *Chimera's* of ſtrange Honour, Glory and Power which thou ſhalt ſhortly enjoy in the *Kingdom* of thy *Phantaſtick Meſſias*; thou art already a Prince in thy own Conceit.

For *God*'s Sake, *Nathan*, wean thy ſelf from theſe Religious Fondneſſes: Awaken thy Reaſon, which is the diſtinguiſhnig Character of a Man. Examine the Grounds of this New Deluſion; ſearch into the Birth and Origin of *Sabbati Sevi*, and thou wilt find him to deſcend of an Obſcure and Baſe Parentage; his Father being but a Kind of Mungrel *Jew*, and by Profeſſion an *Uſurer*, which is forbid by the *Written Law* of *Moſes*, and in the Great *Alcoran* it is accounted Execrable: His Mother a Woman of the *Curds*, ſuſpected for a *Witch*, in Regard, moſt of that Infidel Nation practiſe Magick Arts, and Diabolical Charms. And 'tis not altogether improbable, that your Counterfeit *Meſſias* was educated privately by her in the ſame Studies, whence he learn'd the Methods

Methods of Enchantments and Illuſions, to deceive the Senſes and impoſe on the Reaſon of Mankind.

I can tell thee of a Truth, that there are more Eyes on him and his Actions, than he is aware of; and I my ſelf at this Diſtance have receiv'd a particular Relation of his Life, from ſuch as knew him a Youth at *Smyrna*, the Place of his Nativity. He is accus'd of many Vices and Extravagances during his early Years. His Converſation was wild and diſſolute, being a noted *Inamorato* or *Stallion* over all that City. For which and ſome other Crimes, he was expell'd the *Synagogue*, and baniſh'd from *Smyrna*, by the Mutual Conſent of the *Muſſulman Cadi*, and your own *Rulers*. He was alſo excommunicated by the *Rabbi's* as a *Heretick*, for broaching certain *Doctrins* repugnant to your *Law*, and the General *Faith* of the *Jews*. All which cannot but be a prevailing Recommendation of him to the Office of *Meſſias* or *King* of *Iſrael*.

From hence he rambled up and down the *Morea* and other *Provinces* of *Greece*, leaving a Memorial of Infamy, where-ever he ſet his Foot; continually marrying and divorcing of Wives, debauching of Virgins, and frequenting the Company of Harlots, till thoſe Countries grew weary of him, and threatn'd to chaſtiſe his Wickedneſs. Then he paſs'd over into *Syria* and *Paleſtine*, beginning to ſet up for a Reformer of your

Law, and at *Jeruſalem* openly profeſſing himſelf to be the *Meſſias*; whereby he drew a Rabble of Lunaticks and Frantick People after him. But as for the *Seniors* and *Governours*, they have rejected him as an *Impoſtor*.

Conſider, *Nathan*, the Fate that befel *Ben Cochab*, as he call'd himſelf, that is, the *Son* of a *Star*, who pretended to be the *Meſſias* in the Days of *Adrian*, *Emperour* of the *Romans*; Reflect on the Calamities which overwhelm'd him and his Followers, to the Number of Four Hundred Thouſand *Jews*; who all fell with their *Falſe Prophet*, Sacrifices to the juſt Revenge and Fury of that Incens'd *Monarch*: For they had impudently boaſted that by ſuch a prefix'd time, he ſhould be taken Captive and depos'd from his Throne by the *Meſſias*, who ſhould aſſume the *Imperial* Dignity, and all the World ſhould obey him. But when thoſe who ſurviv'd the Slaughter of their Brethren, reflected on the Author of ſo Tragical a *Cataſtrophe*, they chang'd his Name in Contempt and Hatred, calling him no longer *Ben Cochab*, the *Son* of a *Star*, but *Bar Cuziba*, the *Son* of a *Lye*, a *Falſe Prophet*, and Seducer of the Brethren.

Thou haſt all the Reaſon in the World, to have no better Opinion of *Sabbati Sevi*, ſince he is rejected by the Wiſer Sort of *Jews*, and has not perform'd one Miracle in Confirmation of his pretended *Meſſias-ſhip*.

ſhip. Neither has any uncommon or preternatural Appearance happen'd before or ſince he aſſum'd this Dignity. Whereas all your *Rabbi's* teach, that no leſs than Ten Eminent and Remarkable Prodigies ſhall precede the Coming of your *Meſſias*. And I remember, thou thy ſelf about Ten Years ago ſenteſt me a Letter much to the ſame Effect, telling me that certain Monſtrous Sorts of Men ſhould come from the Ends of the Earth, whoſe Eyes ſhall be as Venomous as *Baſilisks*, with a great many other Stories of like Nature.

Haſt thou forgot this, *Nathan*, or art thou ſo far infatuated with the bold Impoſtures of this Impudent *Deceiver*, as for his ſake, to deny thy former *Faith*, reverſe thy own Sentiments, and diſannul the *Traditions* of thy *Doctors*? For ſhame rowze up thy Intellectual Faculties, and ſuffer not thy Reaſon to be lull'd aſleep by the Preſtigious Umbrages and Charms of a lewd Vagrant, a Wizard, a Cheat.

Have but Patience at leaſt, till thou ſee thoſe Signs accompliſh'd which are to uſher in your *Meſſias*, before thou give up thy ſelf to ſo dangerous a Credulity. Let the Sun firſt emit thoſe Peſtilential Vapours, which ſhall kill a Million of the *Koprim* or *Infidels* every Day, as your *Traditions* threaten. Let that Luminary be alſo totally eclips'd for the ſpace of Thirty

Days. In a word, let all the other Prodigies come to pass, which thou thy self didst once so passionately believe: And then I promise thee on the Word of a *Mussulman*, that I will be thy *Proselyte*, and embrace thy *Law*, and adore thy *Messias*; on condition, that otherwise thou wilt be my *Convert*, believe the *Alcoran*, and obey the *Messenger* of *God*, the Last and Seal of the *Prophets*.

Paris, 11th. *of the* 9th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1666.

LETTER

LETTER XII.

To the Kaimacham.

I Am afraid the *Divan* will be oblig'd to ſend another *Agent* to *Vienna*, to ſupply the Place of *Nathan Ben Saddi*, who is running mad after the New *Meſſias* of the *Jews*. There is no doubt but thou and the other Happy *Miniſters*, reſiding at the *Auguſt Port*, have heard of a certain *Impoſtor* at *Smyrna*, by Name *Sabbati Sevi*, of *Hebrew Race*, who calls himſelf the *Only begotten Son of God*, *Meſſias* and *Redeemer* of *Iſrael*; and what Multitudes of doting Credulous *Jews* he draws after him. So that there is a *Schiſm* broke out between them, and they are divided into Two contrary Factions both in *Smyrna*, and all over the *Levant*. It is impoſſible that theſe things ſhould be conceal-ed from the *Reſplendent Seat* of *Fame*, ſince they have reach'd even our Ears who dwell at this Diſtance: Nay there is hardly a *Province* or *City* in all the *Weſt*, which has not receiv'd Intelligence of ſo Remarkable a Novelty.

I have receiv'd a Diſpatch from *Zeidi Alamanzi* at *Venice*, wherein he informs me, that all the *Jews* of *Italy* are preparing to viſit the *Holy Land*, and to ſee the Face of their long expected *Meſſias*, who they now

believe

believe is really come on Earth, and is that *Sabbati Sevi*, at *Smyrna*. They are ſettling their Affairs, as faſt as they can, acquitting themſelves from all Worldly Engagements, and thoſe who are devout, give themſelves up to Prayer and Mortifications; whilſt others ſpend their time in Feaſting, Dancing, and all manner of Mirth. He ſays, ſome of them will ſit or ſtand up to the Noſe in Water, for Four and Twenty Hours together. And this they do in Imitation of *Adam*'s Penance, according to their *Tradition*: For they are taught, that the *Firſt Father* of Mortals, after he was baniſh'd from *Paradiſe*, as a Puniſhment for his Sin, ſtood a Hundred and Thirty Years together in Water thus reaching to his Noſtrils.

Others of theſe Superſtitious People, will ſit naked many Hours together on a Heap of *Piſmires*, till they're almoſt ſtung to Death. A third Sort dig their own Graves, and going down into them, cauſe themſelves to be covered all over with Earth, except only their Faces; and in this Condition they will lie till they are almoſt famiſh'd.

In the mean while, they ſend Circular Letters from all Parts, congratulating each others approaching Happineſs and Deliverance from the Oppreſſion of the *Gentiles*: For ſo they term all that are not of their own *Nation*. And in theſe mutual Addreſſes, they fail not to Propheſy, That their *Meſſias* ſhall in ſuch a *Moon*, go to the *Great Tyrant*, *King* of the *Iſmaelites*, and *Lord* of all the *Children* of

Moab

Moab and *Edom*; (So they blaſpheme our Glorious *Sultan.*) That he ſhall depoſe him from his *Throne*, and lead him away Captive; after which he ſhall have the Dominions of the whole Earth laid at his Feet.

With ſuch kind of wild Stuff, do theſe deluded People flatter one another and themſelves, as if in a little time they were to be *Lords* of *all Things*. So that no Trading or Commerce goes forward among them: An Univerſal Stop is put to all Buſineſs; it being eſteem'd an Inexpiable Sin, to follow their Trades in the Days of the *Meſſias*, who is to enrich them with the Wealth of all *Nations*.

Strange Rumours are ſpread abroad, of the Return of the *Ten Tribes* over the River *Sabbation*, who were carried away Captives by *Salmanaſſar King* of *Aſſyria*, and never were heard of ſince, till they now diſcourſe of their being encamp'd in the *Deſart* of *Mount Sinai*, in their March to the *Holy Land*. 'Tis reported alſo, that a Mighty Fleet of Ships were ſeen at Sea, whoſe Sails were of *Satin*, and their Streamers bore the Figure of a Lyon, with this Inſcription, *The Lyon of the Tribe of Judah.*

The *Chriſtians* ſeem aſtoniſh'd at theſe things, yet ſome look on 'em only as Dreams. As for honeſt *Eliachim* here, he is no more mov'd at theſe things than I; only he laughs at the Folly of the Credulous World, and curſes the *Jews*, for bringing ſuch Contempt on themſelves and their Poſterity. But *Nathan*

than is like one Hag-ridden, or defil'd by the *Lamiæ* of the Night. He has loſt all Reaſon, and 'twill be no leſs than a Miracle that muſt reſtore it again.

Sage *Miniſter*, whilſt theſe Execrable People thus loſe themſelves for the Sake of their *Counterfeit Meſſias*, let us continue to honour the *True One*, even *Jeſus* the *Son* of *Mary*, who is now in *Paradiſe*, and our *Holy Prophet* with him.

Paris, *the* 21ſt. *of the* 9th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1666.

LET-

LETTER XIII.

To Murat Baſſa.

THis has been a Conſiderable Year of Actions and Events. At the Beginning of it, I ſent to the *Port* an Account of the Death of the *Queen-Mother* of *France*, and of the *Prince* of *Conti*: now I will farther inform thee of a *War* that is broke out between this *Crown* and that of *England*. The Occaſion of it was this: The *Engliſh* and the *Hollanders* trafficking in *America*, had ſome Miſunderſtandings and Feuds about the Limits of their ſeveral Conqueſts in thoſe Remote Parts of the *World*. The *Hollanders* being the ſtrongeſt, did many Injuries to their Neighbours the *Engliſh*, and domineer'd over them as their *Lords*. The *Engliſh* reſenting this very heinouſly, and grown weary of their Oppreſſions, ſent Complaints to their *King*. He to redreſs his *Subjects* order'd his Reſident at the *Hague*, to demand Satisfaction of the *States*. They refus'd to do him that Juſtice; upon which he was reſolv'd to have Recourſe to his Arms, and accordingly proclaim'd *War* againſt *Holland*; making all neceſſary Preparations to carry it on. The ſame did his Adverſaries. The *French King* in the mean time was oblig'd by a *Treaty* with the *Hollanders*

landers concluded in the Year 1662. to eſpouſe their Quarrels; yet that he might not break with *England* raſhly, he firſt ſent an *Embaſſador* to that *Court* to mediate a *Peace*. But that proving Ineffectual, he proclaim'd a *War* againſt that *Nation*, and commanded the *Engliſh Embaſſador* to depart his *Kingdom*. The *Duke* of *Beaufort*, who is *Admiral* at *Sea*, was order'd to Equip a Gallant *Fleet*, and joyn the *Dutch-Navy*; Which he perform'd with all Imaginable Diligence and Expedition. There has been Two Combats between theſe Enemies at Sea, and in both the *Dutch* had the worſt of it: Neither did the *French* eſcape without ſome Loſs, having Two of their Greateſt Ships ſeverely ſhatter'd, and a Third taken by the *Engliſh*.

The *Plague* ſtill rages in *England*, and has almoſt depopulated whole *Provinces*. Whilſt a milder Death has robb'd *France* of one of her Greateſt *Heroes*: The *Count d' Harcourt*, of whom I have often made mention, is gone to celebrate the Triumphs due to his Valour and Fortune in another *World*.

The *Emperour* of *Germany* has at laſt married the *Infanta* of *Spain*, after abundance of Demurrs and Heſitations about that Buſineſs. Theſe *Nazarenes* can do nothing with Expedition. The *Spiritual Courts*, as they call them, have more Tricks and Cramp Words to amuze People with, than an *Indian Mountebank* or *Juggler*. Neither are *Sovereign Princes* more exempt from their Juriſdiction,

diction. than the meaneſt of their Subjects. Eſpecially the *Court* of *Rome*, can make or annul Marriages at Pleaſure. And they are ſure to be Excommunicated, who refuſe to ſubmit to their Orders. This *Holy Court* can alſo bind or releaſe *Sins*, open or ſhut the *Gates* of *Paradiſe*, make a *Devil* a *Saint*, or a *Saint* a *Devil*. In a word, they can do every thing if there be Gold in the Caſe. But if that be wanting they can do nothing but ſhrug their Shoulders.

Thou mayſt alſo inform the *Divan*, that the *French King* has given Permiſſion to ſome of his *Subjects*, to undertake a *Conqueſt* in *America*, and eſtabliſh a Commerce in that *Part* of the *World*. Many Veſſels are equipped in Order to this Expedition, and they that are concern'd in the Voyage, are as merry as *Jaſon* and his *Argonauts*, when they were preparing to fetch the *Golden Fleece* from *Colchos*. That *Weſtern Continent* affords immenſe Riches, and tempts all the *Nations* in *Europe*, to make an Experiment of their Fortune, in gaining one Part of it or other. 'Twere to be wiſh'd it lay nearer to the *Ottoman Empire*. No Record can diſcover the *Origin* of the *Inhabitants*. Yet moſt *Authors* conjecture, that they paſs'd over from the *North-Eaſt Parts* of *Aſia*, where the *Streights* of *Anian*, are very Narrow, and would invite Sea-faring Men to ſeek New Adventures. Beſides, by their being *Canibals*, it appears very probable, That either they

they deſcended from the *Tartars*, or the *Tartars* from them. *God* alone knows how to adjuſt the Differences, and reveal the Secrets of *Hiſtory*.

Brave *Baſſa*, 'Tis no matter from what *Stock* we are deſcended, ſo long as we have Vertue. For that alone is the only True Nobility. *God* regale thee with his Favours.

Paris, 30th. *of the* 9th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1666.

LET-

LETTER XIV.

To Peſteli Hali, *his Brother*, Maſter *of the* Cuſtoms, *and* Superintendent *of the* Arſenal *at* Conſtantinople.

WHen I hear of thy Proſperity, my Heart is dilated like his who has found hidden Wealth. Yet I am ſorry for the Diſgrace of the good Old Man, thy *Predeceſſor*: But we muſt not cenſure the Conduct of our *Superiours*. The Juſtice of their Actions is not to be call'd in Queſtion. The *Sultan* cannot err. This is an Eſtabliſh'd *Maxim* in all *Monarchies*, eſpecially in that of the Renowned *Oſmans*.

As for what relates to thee, in this New Advance thou haſt made; thy own Experience acquir'd by many Years Travel and Obſervation in Foreign *Countries*, added to the Knowledge thou haſt in the Laws, Diſcipline and Cuſtoms of thy own will be a ſufficient Guide, to conduct thee in the Management of thy Buſineſs. Yet deſpiſe not the Counſel of others. A Man is never nearer to Ruin, than when he truſts too much to his own Wiſdom. Therefore the greateſt *Emperours* undertake nothing of Moment raſhly or without Advice. Temerity often blaſts the faireſt Deſigns.

It

It will be of particular Import to thee, to hear of a Tragical Event that has lately happen'd to *Rezan*, a Great City in *Ruſſia*, by the blowing up of the *Magazine*. This *Gunpowder* does more Miſchief than Good in the *World*. The *Ancients* fought as ſucceſſfully with Bows and Arrows, Swords, Spears and other Inſtruments of *War*, without running the Hazard of blowing up whole Cities into the Air, in time of *Peace*. And they could undermine the ſtrongeſt Caſtles, even thoſe ſituated on Rocks, without the help of this *Infernal Duſt*. *Nature* taught 'em to be Induſtrious in defeating their Enemies, and they ſpared no Labour to gain the Victory. Our *Fore-Fathers* were hardy and ſtrong, patient of Toils and Fatigues: They cut their Way into Mountains of Stone, if any Place of Strength were built on it, which they had Occaſion to beſiege. And as they hew'd away that Part of the Rock which ſupported the Walls, they underprop'd the Foundation with Wooden Pillars: And when they had finiſh'd their *Mine*, they ſet Fire to certain Combuſtible Matter, which conſuming theſe Supports, the Walls and Gates that reſted on them, ſunk down, and left the Fortreſs naked and open to the Beſiegers

It had been well for the Inhabitants of *Rezan*, if their City had been only thus gently diſmantl'd, by ſome Enemy againſt whom they might have afterwards employ'd their Courage to defend themſelves, or make Com-

Compoſition. But poor Unfortunate People, they have felt a ruder Shock, an unmerciful Blow of *Fate*, their City being in a Minute's time, without the leaſt warning, ſtormed, plunder'd, and laid in Heaps, by an Enemy which gives no Quarter.

This Accident happen'd on the 15*th.* of the laſt *Moon*, about the Hour of *Ulanamiſi*. There were Five Hundred Barrels of Powder in the *Magazine*; and the Force of the Blow was ſo violent, that beſides the Deſtruction of that City or at leaſt the beſt Part of it, all the Neighbouring Villages round about it, felt its Fatal Effect, ſome of their Houſes ſhaking as in an Earthquake, others falling to Pieces.

Aſſuredly, *Heaven* is angry with theſe *Infidels*, and turns the very Inſtruments of their Defence and Safety, into Scourges for their Chaſtiſement. I formerly ſent *Saleh* the *Superintendent*, an Account of the like Misfortune that befel the City of *Gravelines* in *Flanders*, and of other terrible Effects of the Wrath of *Heaven* in the *Low-Countries*. One Diſaſter follows cloſe on the back of another; yet the *Infidels* are inſenſible and ſtupid, as they were in the Days of *Noah*, when the *Flood* came and ſurpris'd all the Inhabitants of the Country. That *Prophet* gave 'em warning of the approaching Danger. He was Three whole Years in cutting down *Indian Plane-Trees*, and preparing Planks, Beams, Pins and other Neceſſaries, and Seven Year. more in Building

that

that Wonderful *Ship*. The *Infidels* went by daily, and ſaw him at Work, but they derided the Patient *Apoſtle*, and taught their Children to mock him, ſaying, *Where is the Water this Ship is to ſail in?* After the *Ark* was finiſh'd, it lay on the Ground Seven *Moons*, till they had Thrice ſacrific'd ſome of *Noah*'s Followers to their *Idols*.

It was perfected in the *Moon* of *Rajeb*, and in the *Moon* of *Saphar* was the *Decree* of the Chaſtiſement ſign'd, which was to be executed on all of *Mortal Race*, ſave *Noah* and the Fourſcore that were with him, with the Two *Pairs* of every *Species*, which the *Four Winds*, by *God*'s Appointment, collected together, and drove into the *Ark*, and the *Body* of *Adam*, which was enſhrin'd and brought to *Noah* by *Angels* out of the *Region* of *Mecca*. There was alſo *Philemon* the Good *Prieſt* of *Egypt*, with his whole *Family*.

Juſt as the determined Day and Hour of the *Flood* was come, the *Prince* of the *Country*, ſtimulated by his Evil Deſtiny, mounted his Horſe with ſome of his Retinue; and having ſacrific'd to their *Idols*, rode toward the Place where *Noah* and his Company were ſhut up in the *Ark*, with a Deſign to burn it to Aſhes. He call'd out aloud to the *Prophet*, with Scoffs, ſaying, *O* Noah, *where is the Water in which this Ship is to ſail? It will be with you incontinently*, replied the Holy Man, *before you can remove your Station. Come down, thou Deſtard*, ſaid the proud *Infidel, otherwiſe I will*

burn

burn thee and thy Companions with Fire. O miſerable Man, ſaid *Noah, Turn to* God, *for his Judgments are ready to burſt forth on you.*

The *Prince* Incens'd at this, commanded his *Slaves* to put Fire to the *Ark.* But while he was yet ſpeaking, he manifeſtly ſaw the Water guſhing out on all Hands round about him, and under his Feet. Then his Heart was troubl'd, and full of Anguiſh and Fear. He haſted to ſecure himſelf, with his *Family* and Goods, in the Caſtles which he had built, on the higheſt Mountains. But alas, the Earth open'd, and broke like a Spiders Web; ſo violent was the Force of the Waters which boyled up every where. The Clouds pour'd down vaſt Chataracts of Rain, mix'd with Dreadful and Inſupportable Thunder and Lightning. The Miſerable *Infidels* throng'd upon one another, curſing and blaſpheming their *Gods* who had deluded 'em. Great was the Confuſion and Cry every where; for ſuch a Calamity had never been known ſince the *Moon* gave her Light. If any were ſo nimble as to reach the Foot of a Mountain, yet he could not aſcend by Reaſon of Stones which fell on his Head, and Torrents of boyling Water that ran down upon him, as if it had come out of a Cauldron. And ſuppoſe he had reach'd the top, it had been but a ſhort Delay of his Fate; for in a word, the Waters ſwell'd Forty Cubits above the Higheſt Mountains, and all the Living *Generations* periſh'd.

Son of my *Mother,* when thou readeſt this

Memoir

Memoir, (for it is a *Fragment* of an Ancient *Arabick Writing*) think on the *Day* of *Judgment*, which ſhall ſurprize the *World*, even as the *Deluge* did. At that Hour, the greateſt Part of Men will not dream of any ſuch thing, till they ſee Flames and Rivers of Fire burſting forth from the Springs and Fountains which before yielded Water, and ſhowers of Fire deſcending from *Heaven*, inſtead of Rain. For the *Elements* will change their Courſes, to accompliſh the *Decrees* of *him* who made them, and to conſummate the Revenge of the *Omnipotent* againſt *Unbelievers*.

Paris, 2d. *of the* 11th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1666.

LETTER

LETTER XV.

To Uſeph, Baſſa.

SUrely, the *Gods* of the *Engliſh* are angry with that *People*, and the *Guardian Spirits* of the *Iſle*, have forſook their *Charge*. I ſent a *Diſpatch* at the beginning of this Year to *Murat*, *Baſſa*; wherein I inform'd him of a Deſtructive *Plague*, raging at *London*, and in other Parts of the *Nation*. That *Peſtilence* continues ſtill, but under different Forms, to aſſault the Living, and augment the Number of the Dead.

God only knows the Origin of theſe *Epidemical* Contagions; whether they derive their Pedigree from *Heaven* or *Hell*; from the *Earth*, or any other *Element*. Perhaps ſome latent Poyſons in the Air, mix with the Breath of Mortals, and by their ſubtile Energy, ſoon diſſipate the vital Flame of Humane Bodies, like the Infectious Blaſts of the Wind *El-Samiel* in *Arabia*, which in a Moment's time commit a Rape upon the Lives of Travellers, ſcorching their Spirits up, and leaving on the Sands a black, ſtiff Carcaſs of Jelli'd Fleſh, as tho' they had been Thunder-ſtruck: Or, perhaps ſome Venomous Exhalations from the Minerals below, tranſpire through Chinks and Crannies in the Earth, to plunder Mortals of their Breath, like to

the Fatal Vapours in the *Cave* of *Death*, not far from *Virgil's Grot'* in *Italy:* Or, who can tell, but that ſome hidden *Meteors* above, or ſome Malignant *Stars*, may ſend down whole Battalions of empoyſon'd *Atomes*. to invade this *Region* of *Mortality*; and in *Death's* Name, *King* of the *World Inviſible*, to claim and carry away a certain Number of *Ghoſts*, prick'd down by *Deſtiny*, a *Tribute* ſet by *Fate?* However it be, that whole *Iſland* may well be call'd at this time the *Grand Infirmary* of *Europe*, where Baneful Sickneſs makes its Publick Reſidence. The timerous *Giafers* run from Place to Place, thinking to eſcape from *Heaven's* all ſearching *Purſuivants*. They fly from Populous Towns to Villages; and from theſe again to unfrequented Deſarts, Woods, and Heaths, carrying their Wives and Children with 'em, and all the Subſtance of their Houſes. The Roads are cover'd with the Caravans of doubtful Paſſengers, who dread to think of going back, to the Contagious Seats they left behind, yet know not where to be receiv'd anew. So general is the Conſternation, ſo ſtrong the Fear of thoſe who yet ſurvive, leſt they ſhould alſo catch the Infection and die.

Beſides this, they have felt the ſtrokes of another ſurprizing Calamity; *London*, the *Capital* City of *England*, being newly conſum'd by Fire. It is not certain, whether *Deſign* or *Chance* firſt kindled the devouring *Element*. But it fell out at an unlucky Sea-

ſon,

ſon, when the Wind was high, and from its Eaſtern Quarter, blew the Flames full Weſt, which ſpreading North and South, demoliſh'd all before them, laying the greateſt Part of that Rich and Famous City in Aſhes.

Some aſcribe this to a *Plot* of the *French*; others term it, a Judgment of *God*, for their Rebellion, Pride and other crying Sins. Whilſt with equal Probability, a third Sort affirm, 'Twas contriv'd and put in Execution by a Cabal of *Carpenters* and *Maſons*, who wanting Employment, and projecting the Method of enriching themſelves, diſdaining alſo the Inartificial and Obſolete Form of Buildings, reſolved to put this City into a New Figure, and raiſe it according to the Models of Foreign *Architecture*. Every one gueſſes as his Affections incline him, or his Conjectures follow the Byaſs of his Intereſt. Men are always partial to themſelves and the Cauſe they have eſpous'd. *God* only knows the Truth.

The Superſtitious among the *Roman Catholicks*, take Occaſion from the timing of this Horrible Conflagration, to inſult o'er the *Engliſh Proteſtants*; who from ſome obſcure Paſſages in the *Book* of their *Goſpel*, uſed to foretel in a *Prophetick* Manner, That the Final Ruin and *Cataſtrophe* of *Rome* would happen in this Year 1666. Whereas by Fatal Experience, more ſure than vain Predictions, they find the *Metropolis* of their own Nation, reduc'd to Aſhes,

Whoever are the Inſtruments in theſe *Tragedies*, 'tis certain the Deſigns of *Fate* are ſtill perform'd. Every *Kingdom*, *State* and *Community*, has its Critical Periods and Climacters, wherein it ſuffers Detriment, * — —

— — — —

LETTER XVI.

To Cara Hali, Phyſician *to the* Grand Signior.

I Am melancholy, beyond the Deſcription of *Painters*, *Poets*, or the lively Eloquence of *Cicero*. Methinks, I'm ſome Exotick *Being*; a perfect Foreigner on Earth; a Stranger to his Laws and Maxims. I appear to other Mortals like a *Giafer* or *Frank* in his *Weſtern*-Dreſs at *Morocco*, *Babilon*, or *Conſtantinople*. I mean not for my outward Habit, (for in that I'm Conformable enough to the *Mode* of the *Region* where I reſide) but I'm all Unfaſhionable within; Ridiculous in my Sentiments and Converſation. When others laugh, I ſigh, and find a Reaſon to be ſad, in the midſt of merry Company. Even Wine it ſelf that exhilarates all the World beſide, does but encreaſe my Melancholy, by adding Strength unto my labouring Thoughts. It ſublimates my Spirits up to Sacred Phrenſies. I am all Lunatick at ſuch a Time. Each Glaſs creates new Dreams, more wild than the ſtrange Flights and Raptures of a *Santone*. My heated Spleen, like Mount *Gibel*, belches forth horrid Clouds of Smoak and Vapours, which lay long ſmothering in its ſpongy Caverns; theſe quickly ſpread, and cover all the *Horizon* of my

Soul, rendring it Dark and Gloomy, as the *Cymmerian* Solitudes, or the more dismal Valleys bordering on the River *Styx*, where surly *Charon* waits to Ferry o'er the *Caravans* of trembling *Ghosts*, and land 'em in *Elyzium*.

Oh! that those *Fables* of the Ancient *Poets* were but true! Or that I knew but something certain of our *Future State!* Whether the *Soul* survives or no, when Death has stopt the Circulation of our Blood? And what becomes of that *Immortal Substance*, after its parting from the *Body*? Whether it pass by Transmigration into the *Embryo* of some other Animal, as *Pythagoras* taught; or be united, swallowed up and lost in the *Universal Soul* of the *World*, as *Plato* did believe? Or if some other *Magnet* does attract its Presence; and hidden Sympathies of *Nature* teach it to form its self a Vehicle or Body of the Elements? Perhaps, some *Souls* unite with Air, whilst others mix with Water, Earth or purer Skies. This for its horrid Sins in Mortal State, may be by the *Eternal Nemesis* sunk down into the Fatal Caverns of Mount *Ætna*, *Strombolo*, or *Vesuvius*; there to Incorporate with burning Rivers and Lakes of Sulphur and other Minerals, to hear perpetually the frightful Cracking, Rumbling, and loud Thunders of those Infernal Vaults: to be without Intermission annoy'd with the Eternal Stench of melted Mines, whose poignant Vapours equally kill it and revive it every moment, that it may be confin'd to an endless Circle of Miseries: To feel

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the Excruciating Torments which no Tongue can utter; whilſt the Inceſſant Rapid Motion of thoſe Exalted and moſt Violent Fires, with which it is embodyed by Decree of *Fate*, rob it of the very Poſſibility of the leaſt eaſy Thought or quiet Minute; and at the ſame time rack it with Infinite Tortures.

Think not my Dear *Phyſician*, that it is Impoſſible a Separate *Spirit*, can thus be ſenſible of Pains. There's no ſuch thing as a Separate *Spirit*, ſave *God* who made all *Bodies*, and therefore was before them. The *Angels* themſelves are partly Corporeal; ſo are the Devils. Do not believe then that Mortal Man, who is in a middle State between theſe Two, ſhall by Dying, gain a Priviledge above the moſt Illuſtrious *Spirits* in *Heaven*. As ſoon as Death has diſlodg'd us from One *Body*; *Nature*, *Providence* or *Fate*, provides us Another, according to our Qualities, Inclinations and Merits. We may as well by *Metempſychoſis*, become the *Spirit* or *Soul* of a flaming Sulphur-Mine, or at leaſt of ſome Part of it, as of a Horſe, an Eagle, or a Dove: For ſuch, for ought we know, may be the Diſpoſition of Divine Wiſdom, Juſtice and Omnipotence.

By the very ſame Reaſon another *Soul* may be tranſported to the Open, Happy Skies, where it may either range in boundleſs, free, and ſerene Tracts of *Bliſs*; or be Enfranchis'd in the Corporations of the *Stars*, to dwell in *Palaces* of *Azure*, *Topazes*, and *Diamonds*; to poſſeſs *Privinces* more Rich

than in *Peru* or *Guinea*, where the Ruſticks plow up Gold; more beautiful and pleaſant, than the famous Fields of *Theſſaly*. *God* knows what will become of us after our Diſſolution: But the Ignorance of this one Truth, occaſions all my Melancholy.

Death is not formidable of it ſelf, nor all the dolorous Circumſtances that precede it: 'Tis only what comes after, raiſes all my Terror. Were I to melt away in lingring Agues and Conſumptions; or to be ſooner poſted off in high wrought Fevers, Pleuriſies, or Peſtilence: Or if it were my Fate to die by Piſtol, Sword or Poyſon, or any other Kind of Slow or Sudden Death, allotted me from *Chance* or *Nature*, *Providence* or *Fate*: Should *Heaven* conſume me in a Trice by Lightning; or this *Globe* with equal Swiftneſs, bury me in ſome ſurprizing Earthquake: 'Twould be all one to *Mahmut*, were it not for the After-Claps, to which I am a Stranger. I tremble at the Hidden and Unſearchable Force of *Nature*: I dread the Irreverſible Unknown *Decrees* of *Fate*, the *Secret Methods* of *Eternal Deſtiny*, the *Laws* and *Order* of the Other *World*, in Billetting the Troops of Humane *Souls*, that go to *Winter* there, after this Life's *Campagne* is finiſhed.

Once in a Cold and Froſty Evening, as I was travelling o'er a bleak wide Plain, and felt the penetrating Blaſts of North-Eaſt-Winds, with chilling Sleet, which fell upon me from the Clouds; my Spirits alſo tyr'd with tedious

ous Journeys, and my anxious Thoughts were wholly taken up about a Reſting-Place that Night, and how to avoid the Aſſaults of Robbers, with a Thouſand other Perils, threatning a Stranger on the Road; at length I chanc'd to think of the Untry'd and Remote Voyage I muſt One Day make to Another World. It chill'd my Blood to imagine the diſconſolate Naked Circumſtances of a *Separate Soul*, which for ought I knew, might be bewilder'd, loſt, and forc'd to wander up and down through untrack'd Waſtes of miſty frozen Air, where the Inhoſpitable Element affords no Guides, nor *Carvanſera's* to comfortleſs, poor, ſtraggling *Ghoſts*; unleſs they would accept a Lodging in ſome Cloud, the Ciſtern and Chariot of Rain, Hail or Snow; there to Incorporate with the unwelcome *Meteors*, and be whirl'd round the *Globe*, or elſe precipitated down to Earth again in Showers; from thence perhaps to be exhal'd by the Sun, and mix with *Embryo's* of *Lightning*, *Fiery Dragons*, *Ignes Fatui*, or other Bodies hourly Flaming in the *Welkin*, and thus to circulate in Endleſs *Tranſmigrations*. Who knows the Circumſtances of departed *Souls*, or *Laws* of a *Separate State*? Let him declare what Uſage we ſhall find in that Inviſible and Dark Receſs from Life: He ſhall be then eſteemed more than *Apollo*, by the penſive *Mahmut*. Not the old *Delphick Oracle* could receive greater Reverence from the Inquiſitive World; nor *Mecca* now from devout *Muſſulman* Pilgrims; or

Medina Talnabi, where the *Prophet* reſts in Peace, than ſuch an one ſhould have from me, who could with unfeigned Truth diſcover how we ſhall be diſpos'd of, when we die. But I am cloy'd and nauſeated with the dull Romances of the *Prieſts* and *Dervi-ches*.

My Friend, let thou and I learn to improve the Joys of preſent Life, and not by damn'd Miſtakes deprive our ſelves of double Happineſs. But let us ſo comport our ſelves, that our *Tranſmigration* may be but from the Pleaſures of *Earth* to thoſe of *Heaven*; from one *Paradiſe* to another.

Paris, 6th. *of the* 1ſt. *Moon*,
of the Year 1667.

LETTER

LETTER XVII.

To Kerker Haſſan, Baſſa.

THE Bleſſings of *God* and his *Prophet* chear thy Heart, as thou haſt exhilarated mine by thy laſt Letter; wherein thou encourageſt me with the Hopes of being remov'd from this diſagreeable Poſt, to one more Delightful and Happy, even to a Sweet Country Retirement, either in *Arabia*, or any other Part of the *Grand Signior*'s Dominions, which is the very Mark of all my Wiſhes.

I have a Natural Averſion for Great and Populous Cities. They ſeem to be ſo many Magnificent *Sepulchres* of the *Living*, where Men are ſhut up, impriſon'd, and buried from all Commerce with the Elements; or they are like *Hoſpitals* and *Peſt-Houſes*, where People crowd, infect, and ſtink one another to Death with a Thouſand Pollutions. They hive together like *Bees*, and build their Apartments in Darkneſs. Like Neſts of *Piſmires*, they trudge up and down all the *Summer* of their *Youth*, to heap up Treaſures, that they may ſpend the *Winter* of their *Old Age*, in loathſome Eaſe, and benumm'd Stupidity; not daring to veuture out of the Purlieu of their naſty, ſmoaky Habitations, and yet there ready to be ſtifled with their own Breath.

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'Tis with Pleaſure I contemplate the Face of the *Infant* Earth, before it was deform'd by the unneceſſary Arts of the *Carpenter*, *Smith* and *Maſon*: When Men had no other Houſes, ſave what they made themſelves, every one for his Family, of the Branches and Boughs of trees, interwoven with Oſiers, Reeds and Ivy; and cover'd thick with Leaves and Graſs to ſhelter them from Wind, Hail, Rain, and other Injuries of Weather. Or perhaps ſome had found out a Den or Cave in the Earth, or the Hollow of a Rock, for a Sanctuary in ſuch Caſes, where they repos'd in perfect Tranquillity, without Fear of Snares or Violence, without Apprehenſion of Robbers, or any Tragical Surprize. They went out and in, ſlept and wak'd, labour'd and reſted in ſafety and quiet. Avarice, Envy and Injuſtice had not as yet corrupted the Minds of Mortals. The Earth brought forth Corn, Herbage, and Fruits, without the Husbandman's or Gard'ners Labour: All Places abounded with Plenty of Innocent Refreſhments, and thoſe Primitive Inhabitants coveted no more. The Cattle and Bees afforded them Milk and Honey, and the Fountain-Waters were Generous as Wine. This *Globe* was a complete *Paradiſe*, and no miſtaken Zeal had taught Men Religiouſly to invade one anothers Rights, and in a pious Fury to murder their Neighbours, in hopes of meriting *Heaven* hereafter. There was no ſuch thing as Bigottry or Superſtition to be found among any of Humane Race. The

Law

Law of *Natrue* was in Univerſal Force: Every Man purſu'd the Dictates of Reaſon, without hearkning after *Religious Sophiſtry*, and *Sacred Fables*.

But when once the Lucre of Gold had corrupted Men's Manners, and they not contented with the Riches and Sweets which they daily cropt from the Surface of the Earth, had found a Way to deſcend into her Bowels, ſtung with an Inſatiable Deſire of hidden Treaſures; then began Injuſtice, Oppreſſion and Cruelty to take place. Men made Enclóſures to themſelves, and encompaſs'd a certain Portion of Land with Hedges, Ditches and Pales, to Fence them from the Invaſions of others; For the Guilt of their own vicious Inclinations, fill'd them with Fears, and made them Jealous of one another. They built themſelves ſtrong Holds, Fortreſſes, Caſtles and Cities. And their Terrors encreaſing with their Criminal Poſſeſſions, they perſwaded themſelves, that the very Elements would prove their Enemies, if not pacified by Bribes and Preſents. Hence ſprung the firſt Invention of *Altars* and *Sacrifices*, and from theſe vain Panick Fears of Mortals, the *Gods* deriv'd their Pedigree. For one built a *Temple* to the *Sun*, another to the *Moon*, a third to *Jupiter*, *Mars* or the reſt of the *Planets*. Some ador'd the *Fire*, others the *Water* or *Wind*. Every one ſet up to himſelf ſuch a *God* as he phanſied would be propitious to him. Thus Error being equally propagated with

with Humane Nature, they created an Infinite Rabble of Imaginary *Deities*, paying to thoſe *Idols*, the Supreme and Incommunicable Honours, due only to the *Eternal Eſſence*, *Father* and *Source* of all things.

Beſides, they liv'd in Intolerable Pride and Luxury, in conſtant Wars and Strife, in Darkneſs, Ignorance and Confuſion. I ſpeak of ſuch as dwelt in Cities, and were incorporated together by one common Intereſt. For ſtill there remain'd ſome who obey'd the Original *Laws* of *Nature*, and the *Traditions* of *Primitive Humanity*. Theſe dwelt in Tents or other Moveable Habitations, as our Countrymen the *Arabs* do at this Day, with the *Tartars* their Brethren. They ſcorn'd to faſten themſelves to the Earth, by poſſeſſing any Part of it in Propriety: Every Field and Wood, Hill and Valley, River and Well, were with them in Common. They ſtraggled whither they pleaſed.

This is the Life ſo emulated by me, or inſtead of that at leaſt, a Retirement from Cities, that I may breath out my laſt Hours in a free Air, remote from the ſtifling Company and Contagion of Mortals. I long to range at Liberty through unfrequented Paths of Deſart Ground, o'er wild, unpoliſh'd Heaths, from thence inſenſibly to fall into ſome Venerable Solitude, where the dry, moſſy Barks of Trees, in ſilent Characters proclaim the Antiquity of the Place; and gentle Whiſpers of the Winds, inſtruct the Methods of *Platonick* Love; inſpire ſtrange Paſſions,

which

which we never felt before, and teach us to converſe with *Satyrs*, *Nymphs*, and other harmleſs *Tenants* of the *Shades*. How great is the Pleaſure to be thus ſurpriz'd with ſome harmonious, warbling Stream, or Silent, ſoft, deep, Chriſtial River? To ſpeak *Incognito* with *Dryads*, *Hamadryads*, and the Sporting *Echo's*; To lie diſſolv'd in Looſe, yet Innocent Enjoyments on the Banks; to talk with *Nature*, with *Immortal Subſtances*, and with *Eternity* it ſelf? Oh *God!* Is not this raviſhing?

'Tis difficult to ſay, whether it would be Pleaſant or Painful to return from theſe Ineffable Parades of the *Soul*, to our Domeſtick Felicities, tho' even in a Rural Life, which I acknowledge to be the Happieſt on Earth. Yet there to trace the Herds and Flocks, to walk amidſt the High-grown Corn, and Graſs, to pluck the bearded Ears of Barley, to let our Eyes rowl o'er the various Figures of the Wind-blown Wheat and Millet, our Noſes to ſuck the Fragrant Airs of Marjoram, Thyme, Oranges and Limons, with Innumerable Spices; our Ears to hear the Inimitable Melody of Birds, and every Senſe to be tranſported, ſnatch'd away and loſt in Sacred Ecſtacies; muſt needs be rank'd among the Higheſt Kinds of Earthly Pleaſures.

But to deſcend from theſe Enjoyments, to the Meaneſt and moſt Common Diverſions of a Country-Life; methinks there's ſomething peculiarly charming in the very Ellenge Situation of the Houſes; whether it be

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on the Brow of a Hill, or the Bottom of a Valley; in the midſt of a Wood, or the Opening of a Heath; on the Side of a Road, or in ſome obſcure Corner of the Country. 'Tis agreeable, when waking in the Morning, to hear the Bleating of Sheep, Lowing of Oxen, Screaming, Quacking and Crowing of Geeſe, Ducks, Cocks, and other Home-bred Animals; to hear the lowder Winds, threatning to tear up Trees by the Roots, demoliſh Houſes, and remove the Globe it ſelf, if poſſible, from off its *Baſis*. This would be better Muſick to me for a Change, than a Conſort of *Dulcimers*, *Theorbo's*, *Tymbrels* and *Viols*. Humane Nature delights in Variety, and there is a certain Audacious Curioſity in the *Soul*, which loves to venture on Extreams. The Rain, the Dirt, the Stink of Hogs, Camels, Dromedaries, and other neceſſary Rural Beaſts, would pleaſe me better, than the conſtant tedious Eaſe, and Fulſom Sweets of *Court* or *City*. I ſweat whilſt thus ſhut up within theſe Walls: It cloys me to be daily walking in a Circle, to trample always o'er the ſame Ground, in a vaſt Labyrinth of Houſes, where my Senſes meet no new refreſhing Objects, but my Ears are hourly nauſeated, vex'd and tyr'd with Rattling Din of Coaches, Carts, Artificers, and the harſh Voices of ſuch as ſell Fleſh, Fiſh, and other things about the Streets. My Eyes can find no grateful Proſpects, but daſh'd with ſurly rugged Looks of proud and wealthy *Infidels*; or with the fly Satyrick

rick Smiles of well-ſhap'd People, who contemn me for my Bandy-Legs, and Crooked Back.

In a word, my dear *Baſſa*, I long to feel the gentle Breezes of the *Eaſt*, purifying my *Soul* and cleanſing it from ſo many Pollutions. I languiſh for the Sight of *Turbants* and *Creſcents*, for the devout Call of the *Muezins* on the lofty *Minarets*: I die in Contemplation of the Sacred *Faſts* and *Feaſts*, the Nocturnal Joys of *Ramezan*, the Revels and Chearful Illuminations of *Beiram*, and the Imperial *Dunalma's*. When I think of theſe things, my *Soul* burſts forth in fervent Invocations, and every Faculty crys *Alla, Alla*.

May that *Divine* and *Immortal One* hear my Prayers, and grant me the Happineſs to ſee the Face of Noble *Kerker Haſſan*, in an *Horizon* pure and free from the Defilement of *Infidels*.

Paris, 14th. *of the* 2d. *Moon*,
of the Year 1667.

LET-

LETTER XVIII.

To Iſouf, *his Kinſman a Merchant at* Aſtracan.

I ſent a *Diſpatch* to thee in the Year 1664. wherein among other things, I recommended our Couſin *Solyman* to thy Friendſhip and Patronage, if ever he ſhould travel to *Aſtracan*, as I advis'd him. For thou know'ſt he has a Roaming *Genius*, without the Wit to improve himſelf in any Foreign Country, unleſs he has a Friend to guide and take care of him: And then 'twill be a difficult Task to make him ſenſible, where he is. He'll always think he is within the Verge of the *Grand Signior*'s Hunt, where he may domineer at large, under the Notion of a Retainer to the *Sultan*. He's a ſtrange humour'd Fellow. I know not what to make of him. He's as Changeable as *Proteus*, or a *Chamelion*: Sometimes Religiouſly dull and Flegmatick, like a *Hadgi*; at another Seaſon you ſhall feel his Pulſe beating to the Tune of Youthful Pride, Ambition, Luſt, and other Vices. To Day he'd be a *Dervich*, *Santone*, or any thing that bears the Form of Holineſs: But when he's ſlept upon't, the vain Young Convert would return again to the World, and be a Soldier, Courtier,

Courtier, Profeſſor of the *Law*, or any Thing that makes a Figure in the Eyes of Men. So unwelcome are the rigid Paths of Vertue, to a *Soul* not well eſtabliſh'd in its *Principles.*

And yet our Couſin *Solyman*, as I am told, is the *Muſſulman* of the *Muſſulmans*, as to his *Exteriour.* With Hand devoutly laid to Breaſt, and humbleſt Couch o'th' Head, he gives the *Salem* to his Friends and Neighbours: Soft, as the Signs of *Mutes* in the *Seraglio*: Humble, as the *Grecian* Chapman, walking through the Streets, is forc'd to imitate, when he is hector'd by the Rampant *Janizaries.*

But, Oh my Couſin *Iſouf*, 'tis Grief to ſay, that *Solyman*, Partaker of our *Blood*, is Baſe, Ungrateful, and Perfidious: That he ſhou'd be thus Unnatural, ſtudying the utmoſt Period of our Life; inſtead of Honeſt, Juſt, and Noble Preſents, to prolong it.

I had Reaſon, long ago, to compare him to *Pontius Pilate*; and if I had gone on, and ſcum'd off all the moſt Enormous Crimes of Humane Race, 'twould be too little to expreſs his Enmity againſt *Mahmut*, the kindeſt Uncle, and the trueſt Friend, that e'er poor *Solyman* cou'd boaſt of.

But he is Degenerate, and that's too little, without the mournful Sighs of thee and me, to increaſe the Aggravation of his Crime.

In

In Fine, he's our Kinſman, and let us ſhew Mercy. He has been perfidious to me, and I wou'd retrench the Words I have ſpoken in his Diſgrace. If he comes to *Aſtracan*, do as thou pleaſeſt: Bitt have an Eye over thine own Affairs. Take not *Solyman* for an *Angel*. He is ſtill but a *Turbant* maker; a Frolickſom Blade; and a Merchant that makes a very ſmall Figure.

Couſin *Iſouf*, forget not the *Maxims* thou haſt learn'd in thy Travels: Be true to thy Friends, and thy ſelf. Honour the Memory of thy deceaſed Parents. Love all Men, that are good. And be not remiſs in praying for the *Soul* of thy deceaſed Uncle, whenever God ſhall call for it.

Paris, 26th. *of the* 2d. *Moon*,
of the Year 1664.

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Written Originally in Arabick, *Translated into* Italian, *and from thence into* English, *by the Translator of the* First Volume.

The Second Edition.

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TO THE

READER.

'TIS not to be expected, that the World will take it for an Excuſe of the tedious Delay has been made in publiſhing the 7th. *Volume* of the *Turkiſh Spy*, to ſay, That our *Arabian* now grows Old and Decrepid; is forc'd to walk with a Staff or Crutch, as he himſelf confeſſes in one of the following *Letters*; and is beſides worn out with Sickneſs and Care; ſo that he cannot be ſo expeditious in Buſineſs as he was in his Youth. It may be ſaid, This Apology wou'd be more proper for the *Engliſh Tranſlator* to make, were he in the

ame Condition. But he is in his Prime, in the Flower of his Age, Vigorous and Active; and therefore might have made more Haſt, they'll ſay, to oblige the World, and gratifie the Expectations of thoſe Gentlemen who perpetually dun the *Book-ſellers* for the reſt of this *Mahumetan*'s Letters.

It were eaſie to anſwer this, by only putting you in mind, That he who undertakes to lead a ſlow-footed, ſhort-winded, and weak Perſon by the Hand, and conduct him to his Journy's End; muſt of Neceſſity keep the ſame Pace with his Charge, tho' he himſelf were ſwift as a Stag when alone, and at Liberty. Beſides, that a Man is apt to attract a Contagion from the Company he keeps, and turn their ill Qualities into Habits of his own.

But

But all this is trifling, and our *Engliſh Tranſlator* is under none of theſe Circumſtances. To come to the Purpoſe therefore, Gentlemen, you will commend our *Tranſlator*'s Wiſdom, for not being in ſuch *Poſt-Haſt* at this Juncture, when you reflect, That like a wiſe *Racer*, tho' he gave a Start in the Beginning, at firſt ſetting out, yet he ſoon ſlacken'd his Pace, that he might make ſure of the *Goal*, remembring the Old *Engliſh Proverb*, *The more Haſt the worſe Speed.* Thus he ſuffer'd Three Years to ſlide by him, before he reach'd the *Second Stage.* And 2d. *Vol.* tho' he began to take up his Heels more nimbly afterwards, ſo as to recover by Degrees his loſt Time and Ground, yet ſtill he did but moderately jogg on; now ſpringing, then halting as Occaſion offer'd, and as he found his

Strength could hold. At length having but *Two Stages* more, wonder not, that he is a little more tedious than ordinary in this: For, he does it to refresh himself, and keep his *Breath* for the last Strain of all, which brings the Prize: Observing herein the *Old Adage*, *Finis Coronat Opus.*

As to the *Letters* contain'd in this 7th *Volume*, there is little to be said more particular than of those that have gone before. They in General contain a Miscellany of *Historical* Transactions, *Moral* and *Philosophical* Thoughts, interspers'd here and there with *Mahometan Politicks* and *Divinity.*

Only You will find our *Arabian* engaged with a certain *Jew* at *Vienna*, in fomenting the *Discords* of the *German Empire*, encouraging the *Rebels* of *Hungary*, *Croatia*,

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The next and laſt *Volume* has this of ſingular in it, that it will preſent you with the Riſe and Preferment of *Count Teckeli*, who has made ſo much Noiſe in the World. It relates many of his Publick Actions, and not a few of his Secret Intrigues. In fine, it diſcovers the Train that was laid to blow up all *Europe* into the Flame of Open War, and Univerſal Hoſtility, which to this Day conſumes the Lives and Eſtates of ſo many Thouſand *Chriſtians*, impoveriſhes and lays waſt whole Nations, and 'tis to be feared will end in letting in the *Turks* once more upon us, to our final Ruin and Confuſion; ſince

those *Infidels* never take greater Advantage to Invade and Conquer the *Dominions* of *Christians*, than when they find us involv'd in domestick Wars one with another.

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GELLERS

LETTERS

Writ by

A Spy at *PARIS.*

VOL. VII.

BOOK I.

LETTER I.

Mahmut *the* Arabian *at* Paris, *to* Mirmadolin, Holy Santone *of the* Vale *of* Sidon.

WHY was I made a Man, to endure theſe Cruel Agonies, of which no other *Species* of known *Beings* can poſſibly be Capable? Or why, at leaſt, was I particularly Form'd of ſuch a Conſtitution, as to

attract the Evils which are ſcatter'd up and down the World, and Piece-Meal dropp'd on the *Nativities* of other Mortal Men; whilſt I alone am made the Common Sink of Humane Miſery? Surely my Partial *Horoſcope* Monopoliz'd the moſt envenom'd *Aſpects* of the *Stars*, without partaking of the leaſt Benigne and Favourable Glance. The *Planets* had laid up an Ancient deep Reſerve of *Fatal Influences*, which they pour'd out at large upon the very Moment of my Birth. Nor cou'd the Careful *Midwife* with all her Skill and Charms, defend my tender, ductile, reeking Body, from the Inviſible *Cataracts* which flow'd upon me from all the Envious *Signs* and *Conſtellations* in *Heaven*.

My whole Life has been but One continu'd Tragedy, wherein the Various Change of *Scenes* has not reliev'd me from the Leaſt Real Evil hid behind, but only amus'd my Senſe with ſome New Pageantry, ſome Fair *Idea* of Honour, Pleaſure or Profit; When before the *ACT* was done, I found my ſelf cajol'd, and over-whelm'd in Freſh Calamities; Misfortunes which I never dream't of.

Oh! that th' *Omnipotent*, when from Eternal ſilent Thought, he drew the *Idea's* of every *Species*, and every Individual *Being*, which he deſign'd for Actual Exiſtence in the World, had Form'd me for a Tree, an Herb, a Blade of Graſs, a Stone, a Muſh-room, or any Inſenſible Thing, Incapable of Pleaſure or Pain, of Grief or Joy, or other Paſſions

Paſſions, which hourly thus torment our Humane Race; I had been then a Happy *Neuter* to all falſe Shews of Happineſs, and Real Senſe of Miſery. Oh! that I'd been an Oak, a Beech, a Palm, or Cypreſs of the Foreſt: For then, if *Vegetables* have any Feeling of their own State, I ſhou'd be only touch'd with ſecret Pleaſure, when the Gentle Winds ſhou'd play among my Amorous Branches, and teach my wanton Leaves, to dance the Meaſures of Young Harmleſs Love; Or when I felt the ſeaſonable Rain diſtilling on my wither'd Bark, and from thence ſliding to my thirſty Roots; Or when Great *Phœbus* prints warm vigorous Kiſſes on my Cheeks and Neck. But if this be too proud a Thought, I wiſh I'd been only ſome Humble Shrub, ſome Pigmy Plant, ſome Vegetable Dwarf, a Page unto the Mighty Trees, ſubſiſting on the Drops and Fragments of their large Banquets, meekly cringing at their Feet; whilſt I ſtood ſafe and free from Storms, under the Shade of their extended Boughs, in Happy low Obſcurity.

When I paſs through the Fields, and ſee the Harmleſs Sheep browzing upon the tender Graſs, and hear them bleating to their wanton Lambs, I cannot chuſe but envy them a Life ſo void of Care and Pain. They range and ſport at large in Flow'ry Meadows, near ſome Cryſtal Stream, or take the Paſtures of the Mountains: Whilſt Chearful Shepherds tune their Pipes, and ſing in Praiſe of *Amaryllis*, *Daphne*, *Sylvia*, or ſome other

Nymph; and watchful Dogs lie ſcouting on the Plain, to give th' Alarm, and chaſe away ſly Wolves, and other Ravenous Beaſts.

After I've let my Envy fix it ſelf a while on theſe, a warbling Melody from neighbouring Groves diverts my Melancholy Thoughts, and turns 'em to new Objects. Then I lament my Fate, in that I was not made a Nightingale, a Thruſh, a Lark, or any of the Feather'd Quire, who with ſweet chearful Notes ſalute *Aurora* and the Riſing *Sun*, and chirp all Day the Praiſes of that Source of Warmth and Life, who veſts the Earth in Green Attire, who decks the Trees with Verdant Leaves, and fills the World with Light. They chirp and fly from Tree to Tree, from Bough to Bough, rejoycing in the Beams that dart and glide among the moving Shades of Branches rock'd by Winds. Their Thoughts are taken up in Building Neſts, wherein to hatch their Young, and ſhelter them from Injuries. They have no Plots nor Politick Tricks, to undermine each other; but paſs away their Time in Innocent Security, and harmleſs Pleaſures.

Methinks, the Worms and little Reptiles of the Earth are happier far than I. They crawl and creep about in Hollow Trees, in Clefts of Rocks and Crannies of the Ground, to hunt for Food and for Diverſiſement. They live at Eaſe, without being rack'd by ſupernumerary Cares and Fears. And if ſome Ruder Foot of Man or Beaſt ſhall trample them by Chance to Death, or

more

more malicious Hand with Stone or other Weapon ſhall wilfully bereave them of their Life, 'tis done ſo ſuddainly that they've no Senſe of Pain: Whereas my Life's a conſtant Martyrdom; a long continued *Series* of Torments.

I do not complain of the Diſtempers and Maladies which afflict my *Body*; though thoſe are ſometimes ſo violent as to make me wiſh for Death, that ſo I might be at Eaſe: But 'tis the fretting Anguiſh of my *Mind*, that forces all theſe Sighs and Exclamations from me. I am embaraſs'd in the World: Snares compaſs me round about; my own Good Nature has betray'd me: Thoſe of my *Blood* conſpire againſt me; they hunt me up and down like a *Partridge* in the Wood; they cloſely purſue my Life. The Kindneſſes that I have ſown, ſpring up in Blades of bitter Ingratitude and Perfidy. My *Seminaries* bring forth *Aconite* and ſtinking Weeds, inſtead of pleaſant Flowers and wholeſome Fruits. *Tagot* has ſet his Foot in all my Works. That ſly interloping *Spirit*, hates to ſee any good Thing proſper, or come to Perfection: He ſteals behind us in all our Ways; and as faſt as we weave any Web of *Vertue*, he ſecretly unravels it, or deforms the Work with intermixing ſome Threads of *Vice*. I am weary of ſtriving againſt the Current of my *Fate*. Oh! That I were as though I had never been! That my Soul were drench'd in *Lethe*'s Forgetful Waters, where all Paſt Things are buried

in Eternal Oblivion! Then wou'd my Anguish be at an end; Whereas I am now rowl'd about upon a Wheel of Miseries.

Holy *Santone*, when thou shalt read this, pity me; and amidst thy Divine Ejaculations, dart up *Mahmut*'s Soul to *Paradise*, on the Point of a strong Thought, that so at least I may have a Moments Respite from my Constant Sadness.

Paris, 27th. *of the* 2d. *Moon*,
of the Year 1677.

LETTER II.

To *the* Kaimacham.

THere is now some Probability of a *Peace* between the *English* and the *Dutch*: Which will also reconcile this *Crown* to that of *Great Britain*; Since the *King* of *France* engag'd in this *War*, only on the Account of the *Dutch*, his *Allies*. The Advances toward this Accomodation, took their Rise from the *Alliance* lately concluded between the *States* of the *United Provinces*, the *King* of *Denmark*, the *Duke* of *Brandenburgh*, and the *Princes* of *Brunswick*. The *King* of *England* protests against the *Dutch*, as the First Aggressors, in that they had taken above Two Hundred of his *Merchant* ships, before

before he offer'd the leaſt Act of *Hoſtility*. Which the *States* ſeeming to acknowledge, deſire the *King* to appoint ſome Neutral Place of *Treaty* with them and their *Allies*, in Order to a *Peace*, the Security of Navigation, and the Eſtabliſhment of Commerce for the future.

Here is great Joy for the Birth of a young *Princeſs*, of whom the *Queen* was deliver'd on the 2d. of the *Moon* of *January*. She is call'd *God's New-Years Gift to France*: In regard, the Firſt Day of that *Moon* begins the Year with the *Chriſtians*. And 'tis common among them to ſend mutual Gifts and Preſents to one another at that Time, which they call, *New-Years Gifts*. And ſo it ſeems, *God Almighty* has appear'd very Modiſh and Complaiſant, in thus timing the Nativity of the *Royal* Babe: For which they expreſs their Thanks in Revelling, Dancing, Ballads, and a Thouſand other Vanities. And theſe Divertiſements continue to this Time, it being the *Nazarenes Carnaval*; a Seaſon conſecrated to Sport and Mirth, to Liberty, Buffoonry, and all Manner of Comical and Ridiculous Apiſhneſs.

During this Time, you ſhall ſee an Infinite Variety of odd Humours, and mimical Actions in the open Streets, according to every Man's particular Phancy. Here you ſhall meet with one dreſs'd half i'th' *French*, and half i'th' *Spaniſh* Faſhion. On the left ſide of his Head hangs dangling down a long thick curled Peruke, which reaches to his

Breaſt; whilſt on the Right you ſee nothing but his own Hair, crop'd cloſe to his Ears. A long Muſtach as black as Jet, graces the Right Side of his upper Lip; whilſt on the Left, he is Beardleſs as a Boy of Seven Years Old. And ſo from Head to Foot, he wears two contrary Garbs. One walks about with Gloves upon his Feet, and Shooes upon his Hands: Another wears his Breeches like a Mantle on his Shoulders. Here comes a ſtately Coach, jogging along with grave ſlow Pace, and drawn by Six fair Horſes, as if ſome *Prince* or *Cardinal* were in it; when behold, there's nothing but a ſilly *Aſs* puts forth his giddy Head, with flapping Ears, half drunk with the jolting, unaccuſtom'd Motion. Sometimes he brays aloud, and then the Rabble fall alaughing. A Thouſand other Fopperies there are, not worth thy Knowledge: for, both the Noble and the Vulgar are all upon the Frolick at this Time, and indulge their wanton Fancies to the Height. But 'tis a fatal Seaſon for the poor *Cats*; few of which eſcape the Multitude, whoſe peculiar Paſtime 'tis to toſs theſe Creatures in a Blanket till they are dead; or elſe to tye them Two and Two together by the Tails, and then they'll bite and ſcratch one another to Death. The *Cocks* alſo are generally great Martyrs during the *Carnaval*; the Rabble have a Hundred Cruel Ways to murder them in Sport. All their Devices are Inhumane and Bloody. They did not learn theſe prophane Courſes from *Jeſus*, or any

of

of the *Prophets* or *Apostles* of *God*: But they are the Reliques of *Gentile* Vanity, in the Beginning conniv'd at by the *Priests*, the easier to retain their Proselites in Obedience; who wou'd rather have parted with their New *Religion*, than with their Old Barbarous Customs. And thus the Pagan Fooleries were handed down to the Posterity of the *Primitive Christians*, and were adopted into the Family of *Church Traditions*: And Men are not more zealous for the *Gospel* it self, than for these Ridiculous Prophanations of it: So dangerous a Thing is it for Governours, by a Criminal Indulgence, to permit their *Subjects* any Liberty which interferes with the *Fundamental Principles* of the *Law*: For, such a Dispensation once granted, passes into a Precedent, which in Process of Time, becomes of equal Force with the *Law* it self. And by such prepostrous Methods of winning and retaining Converts, *Christianity* arriv'd to the Height of Corruption it's now infected with.

Sage *Minister*, 'twas for this Reason *God* rais'd up our *Holy Prophet*, and gave him a new Law, with Power to reform and chastise the *Infidels*. He planted the *Undefiled Faith* with Scymeter in Hand; not palliating or encouraging the smallest Vicious Practice; but subduing all Things by the Dint of Reason or the Keen Edge of the Sword. *God* hasten his Return; for the Prevarications of this Age require it.

Paris, 27th. *of the* 2d. *Moon of the Year* 1667.

LETTER III.

To Dgnet Oglou.

I Believe thou haſt not forgot the Obſervations we us'd to make, on the *Religion* of the *Chriſtians*, when we were *Slaves* together in *Cicily*. How Ridiculous ſome of their Practices appear'd to us, and yet what a Sanctity was manifeſt in others? How much we approved the *Majeſty* of their *Publick Worſhip*, the *Solemnity* of their *High-Maſs*, the *Gravity* of their *Proceſſions*? And yet how great was our Diſguſt, when we conſider'd that all theſe Honours were perform'd to Figures and Statues of Stone, Wood, Silver, Gold, or other Materials, the *Creatures* of the *Painter* or *Carver*?

We ſcann'd their *Doctrines* alſo, which we learn'd from their *Prieſts* and *Books*, and deſcanted variouſly on them, as they were more or leſs conform to the Truth, and to the *Volume* brought down from *Heaven*. In a Word, we prais'd the Good, and cenſur'd what was Evil in their *Faith* and *Manners*, or at leaſt, what we thought to be ſo; for herein we follow'd the Dictates of our Education.

But now in our Riper Years, if we ſhou'd call over our former Thoughts, perhaps we ſhou'd be of a different Judgment, and find Matter to condemn even in our own paſt Cenſures.

ſures: For whatever we might then think of the *Nazarenes*; upon a maturer ſearch, I cannot find them to be altogether ſuch groſs *Idolaters* and *Infidels*, as we and all *Muſſulmans* are apt to believe.

That which gives me the greateſt Scandal is, That their *Doctors* entertain ſome Unwarrantable Speculations about *Three Subſiſtences* in *One Eſſence*, and are too venturous in their Thoughts concerning the *Eternal Generation* of the WORLD, and *Emanation* of the BREATH, by which they ſay, *All Things* were *Created*, and are conſerv'd in their *Beings*. They teach a *Doctrine* Repugnant to the *Alcoran*, when they ſay, That *God has a Companion Equal to Himſelf*.

As to the *Incarnation* of *Jeſus* the *Son* of *Mary*, the *Nazarenes* aſſert nothing but what is ſuitable to the *Alcoran*, which teaches us, That he is the WORD of *God*. In the *Hiſtory* of his *Life*, they indeed come ſhort of the *Muſſulmans*: There being not the leaſt mention made, in the whole *Book* of the *Goſpel*, of many Paſſages in his Infancy, and tender Years, wherewith the *Alcoran*, with other *Holy Books* and *Traditions* of the *Ancients*, acquaints the *True Believers*. The *Meſſenger* of *God* tells us, That *Jeſus* ſpoke in his Cradle, reſolv'd Doubts, clear'd up Miſtakes, and preach'd the *Unity* of the *Divine Eſſence*. Other *Writings* alſo inform us, That while he was Young, he formed the Figures of divers Birds and Beaſts, of Clay and his own Spittle, and having

ving breath'd on them, they became Living Creatures, and prostrated themselves at his Feet. They relate also, That he made a *Pigeon*, which flew up and down through divers Regions, and brought him News of whatever was done in the *Courts* of *Foreign Princes*; and that from the Day of his *Birth*, to that of his *Translation*, Twelve *Angels* waited on him, and brought him down Food from *Paradise*. Of these Things the *Christians* are ignorant, and of many other Passages. So that in the whole, it is Evident, that the *Mussulmans* have a more Particular Relation of the *Life* of *Jesus*, than the *Christians* themselves have, since we recount those *Miracles* and other Actions of his, whereof the *Gospel* is silent.

But then, on the other Side, they believe Things concerning his *Death*, whereof neither the *Alcoran*, nor any other of our *Writings* or *Traditions* make any Mention, unless it be to confute the Error of the *Nazarenes* in that Point. I have heard the Arguments of their Learned *Doctors*, and comparing them with our Objections, I know not well what to conclude.

They insist much on the Publick Signs and Wonders, that fell out at the Time of the suppos'd *Crucifixion* of the *Messiah*; The Rending of Rocks, Opening of Graves, Resurrection of many Dead, and the Preternatural Eclipse of the *Sun*, when the *Moon* was in Sight in the other Part of the *Horizon* at the same Moment: Which made

a great

a great *Philosopher* then in *Egypt*, cry out, *Either the Frame of the World is dissolv'd, or the God of Nature suffers.*

They tell a Story also of a certain Ship, that was on that very Day sailing in the *Archipelago*; and that as they pass'd by certain Rocks, the Mariners heard a Voice calling, *Thamus, Thamus*, very often and loud. Now there being one of that Name on Board the Vessel, he answer'd to his Name: Upon which the Voice said, *When thou comest to the Island of the* Palodes, *proclaim it aloud, That the Great* Pan *is Dead.* Which he did accordingly, and there follow'd a horrible howling and roaring from the Shoar of that Island. This Passage was afterwards made known to the *Senate* of *Rome*, who thereupon, at the Instance of some Noble *Romans*, sent to enquire in the *Provinces*, Whether any Remarkable Person had died on that Day; and they were informed, That the *Jews* had on the same Day put to Death *Jesus* the *Son* of *Mary*. And *Tiberius* the *Emperor*, on the Credit of this Passage, being also inform'd of the *Miracles* which *Jesus* wrought among the *Jews*, conceiving an immediate Veneration for so *Divine a Person*, caus'd his *Statue* to be set up in the *Capitol*, and would have had him number'd among the *Gods*; but in this he was oppos'd by the *Senate*, because they had before decreed, That no new *Deities* shou'd be added to the *Kalendar*.

In these Things I rely on the Account which the *Christians* give of the *Death* of

Jesus,

Jesus, though they bring Authorities also and Testimonies of their very Enemies, and inveterate Persecutors, the *Gentiles*; who therefore one wou'd think, cannot be suspected of Partiality. In a word, I know not what to think of these Things. For, if it be true, that *Jesus* died on the *Cross* for the *Sins* of the *World*, as the *Christians* believe, and that there is no other Way to be saved, but by believing this; then in what a sad Condition are all the *Jews* and *Mussulmans*, the One glorying in having murder'd the *Saviour* of the *World*, and the Other not believing that he was murder'd? The First seem to merit most of Men; since though the Act was Cruel in it self, yet according to this *Doctrine*, it brought *Salvation* to all our *Race*: And therefore there were a sort of *Christians*, in Former Times, who worshipp'd the *Serpent* that tempted *Eve*, because according to their *Faith*, that Temptation was the first Step to *Mankind*'s Happiness, after *Adam*'s Fall; And they plac'd *Judas* (who betray'd *Jesus* to the *Jews*) among the *Saints*, for having been so particular an Instrument in the World's Redemption.

If *Jesus* be the *Saviour* of *Men*, it is absolutely necessary to believe in him. But whether he be, or be not, the *Faith* of the *Christians* in that Point cannot hurt them, since our *Holy Prophet* himself has taught us, That *Christians* shall be sav'd, as well as the *Mussulmans*: Whereas the *Christians* say, it is impossible for any to be saved, who follow

the

the *Law* of *Mahomet*, So that they have our own Grant for their *Salvation*, which they deny to us. This is a great Advantage on their Side, in the Controverſy betwixt us.

For my Part, I tell thee ingenuouſly, were I convinc'd that *Jeſus* was the *Son* of *God*, and that he ſuffer'd Death for the Sake of Men I cou'd readily embrace moſt of the other *Tenets* of *Chriſtianity* without Scruple. I ſhou'd not be frighted at their *Invocation* of *Saints*, ſince 'tis the ſame as we our ſelves practiſe; nor wou'd their *Images* and *Pictures* ſtartle my *Faith*; I ſhou'd look upon theſe and a Thouſand more, as things indifferent in themſelves, and onely made Lawful or Unlawful, by the Sanction of *Divine Authority*.

I ſhou'd be moſt puzzl'd to know what *Church* to fix in, among ſo many, all pretending to the Right Way. I have examin'd their Different Opinions, and find Reaſon or ſomething very like it, on all Sides. I admire the *Abſtinence* of the *Greeks*, *Armenians*, and generally of all the *Eaſtern Chriſtians*; yet their Ignorance diſtaſtes me. I honour the *Learning* and *Politeneſs* of the *Roman Church*, and cou'd almoſt vail to their pretenſions of *Antiquity*, *Univerſality*, and *Incorrupt Doctrine*; but I am highly ſcandalized at their *Licentiouſneſs*, *Pride*, and *Cruelty*. There is much to be argu'd for the *Cophti's Abyſſians*, *Melchites*, the *Chriſtians* of St. *John*, and other *Churches*; but more

to

to be said against them. In fine, if I were to turn *Christian*, I shou'd be in a Wilderness, not knowing which Path to take, for Fear of missing the Right.

In the State therefore wherein I am, I will think Honourably of *Jesus*, as also of *Mary* his *Mother*, who at her daily Return from the *Temple*, found a Thousand Sorts of Flowers in her *Oratory*. I will not speak Evil of any Person that has the Character of a *Saint*; but in general will desire the Intercession of all that are near to *God*: 'Tis ten to one, if some of them do not vouchsafe to pray for me. But whether they do, or not, *God* hears me, and observes my Devotion; and if he please, my Petitions shall be granted. As for the Rest, I will endeavour, in all Things, *to do as I would be done to*, keeping my Conscience free from Stain, that so I may die in Peace; and what becomes of me afterwards, 'tis in vain to be sollicitous, since the Decrees of *Fate* are Irreversible.

Tell me now, my Friend, whether these Thoughts and Resolves be not more agreeable to Humanity, than to be a Furious *Bigot*, for I know not what? Is *that* a commendable Zeal for *Religion*, which under Pretence of defending the Truth, sticks not to assert a Thousand Lyes? Or *that* a laudable Charity for Souls, which in Order to their *Salvation*, takes infinite Pains to set the World together by the Ears, and embroil Mankind in perpetual Wars? What else do

those

those Disturbers of Humane Race, who not content with the Limits which the Fortune of their Birth has set them, invade the Peaceable Possessions of their Neighbours, commit all Sorts of Violences, Rapines, and Outrages; and all this under Pretext of Reforming the Manners of Men, introducing Purity of *Religion*, and fulfilling the Will of *Heaven*? As if it were a Mark of a Divine Commission, to be barbarously Unjust, Perfidious and Salvage; and that the Height of Piety, consisted in shedding Humane Blood!

For my Part, I cannot approve of these Practices, and therefore think it safer to stand aloof from all *Religions* thus Cruelly established, than by entring into their Inhumane Secrets, and swearing to their Sanguine Articles, incorporate my self with profess'd Murderers, under the Notion of being a Good Man.

Happy are those Innocent *Nations* in the *East*, who from their First Progenitors, have kept Inviolate the *Law* of *Nature*: Who never have defiled themselves with the *Blood* of *Men* or *Beasts*; but every one contenting himself with his Native Home-stall, and the Fruits of his own Land, makes no Encroachments on those that dwell near him, nor butchers the Harmless *Animals*, to gratify his Ill-nurtur'd Appetite. These sit under the Shade of their own Trees, and bathe themselves in the adjoining Streams: They go in Peace to the Houses of their *Rural-Gods*, and

and preſent e'm with Flowers, Rice, Fruits, and ſuch as the Ground brings forth: They never dream of Foreign Conqueſts, nor are troubled with Domeſtick Broils, but lead their Lives in a perpetual Tranquility, and Innocence. All that they deſire of *Heaven*, is the Continuance of thoſe harmleſs Delights they at preſent enjoy. As for the tumultuary Pleaſures of other Mortals, they have 'em in Contempt. This is an Umbrage of the Felicity we are promis'd in *Paradiſe*, where the Sound of the Drum and the Trumpet ſhall not be heard, and the Inſtruments of War ſhall be of no Uſe.

If thou chargeſt me with Inconſtancy in my Opinions, I neither deny it nor am aſham'd: It being better to change ones Thoughts every Day, than to be fix'd in Error all ones Life. This to a Friend.

Paris, 18th. *of the* 3d, *Moon*,
of the Year 1667.

LETTER

LETTER IV.

To Asis, Bassa.

THE Warriours and Mechanicks, Statesmen and Fidlers, Courtiers and Husbandmen, Students and Chimney-Sweepers, are all taken up in discoursing of the mighty Preparations the *Grand Signior* is making to besiege *Candia*. They talk of Fifteen Thousand *Pioneers*, who are at work in Order to this grand Undertaking; and that the City is block'd up by an Army of Sixty Thousand Men; That they have been raising Batteries round about it ever since the *Moon* of *December*; and that the *Sultan* is resolv'd to win this Important Place, though he hazard half the *Ottoman Empire*.

This is refreshing News to *Mahmut*, who has heard Nothing but Improsperous Stories of the *Mussulman* Arms these many Years. Now I begin to lift up my Head, and take Courage, when the *Empire* of *True Believers* makes some Noise and Figure in the World: Whereas, my heart perpetually droop'd before. I was like one among the Dead.

It was but last Year, when the *Nazarenes* cou'd boast, that notwithstanding all the Menaces and Preparations of the *Grand Signior*, yet the *Venetians* were the First in Field by *Land*, and appear'd Earliest with their Fleet

Fleet at *Sea*, doing wonderful Things in *Dalmatia*, and blocking up *Canea* in the *Isle* of *Candy*: Now, 'tis to be hop'd, they'll change their Note, and begin to consider what a formidable Force they have provok'd against them, even the Puissance of all *Asia*, Men of War from their Nativities, an Army of Select and chosen Souldiers Undaunted *Hero's*, Sons of Thunder, Magnanimous, Invincible, and destin'd to vanquish the *Uncircumcis'd* Nations.

My Heart is reviv'd within me, at the Contemplation of sure and certain Victories attending this glorious Expedition. My Spirits are dilated with Joy; I celebrate a *Dunalma* in my Breast. I am like an *Arabian* Horse, that foams, curvetts, and paws the Ground in Fiercenels, when he hears the Sound of the Trumpet warning to Battel. His Eyes sparkle with Martial Fury, a Smoak goes out of his Nostrils, he lifts up the Voice of his Courage, his Rider can hardly restrain him. So am I all in Transport at these good Tidings: I can hardly contain my self within the Compass of Moderation. As Old as I am, I feel a Youthful Vigour stirring in my Veins. Methinks, I long to be in the Heat of the *Sacred* Combat, in the thickest Clouds of Gunpowder-Smoak, to stand the Shock of Showers of Bullets, or with my Scymeter in hand to hew my Way to Immortal Honour and Felicity: For, those who die in this Cause go streight to *Paradise*. But, I must be contented with this

this tame, humble *Poſt*, and ſerve the *Grand Signior* in the Manner preſcrib'd by my *Superiours*. I tell thee, 'tis no ſmall Mortification for an Active Spirit to be thus confined. But, Reſignation becomes every good *Muſſulman*; and I willingly Sacrifice my Paſſions to the Pleaſure of the *Grandees* of the *Port*, and the Intereſt of the *Ottoman Empire*.

Here I ſit, like a *Fox* in his Den, watching the Motions of the *Infidels*: If any thing occurs worthy of Notice, out I bolt upon it, and make it my *Prey*, and ſend it as a *Preſent* to the *Auguſt Miniſters*. I write to all by Turns, and therefore none has Reaſon to take Exceptions.

If thou wou'dſt know what they are doing here in the *Court* of *France*; They are muſtering the *King*'s Troops; they are revelling and feaſting at *Verſailles*, the King's new Palace, where the *Princes* exerciſe themſelves with the Noble Diſcipline, which they call, *Running in Squadrons*. Whilſt Thouſands of People flock dayly to *Verſailles*, from *Paris* and all the Adjacent Countries round about, partly to be Spectators of theſe Royal Paſtimes, and partly to behold that Gorgeous Fabrick, which is eſteemed the Faireſt and moſt Magnificent in the World.

Serene *Baſſa*, this *Monarch* has a vaſt *Genius*: Whatſoever he undertakes, he accompliſhes; and all his Performances are ſurprifingly Great. He has a deep Forecaſt, and

ſeldom

ſeldom fails in his Judgment of what will probably come to paſs. He is happily made, born, and brought up. A *Prince*, one wou'd think, deſign'd by *Fate* for the *Empire* of the *Weſt*.

Renowned *Aſis*, I kiſs the Hem of thy Illuſtrious Robe, and with a profound Obeiſance bid thee Adieu.

Paris, 20th. *of the* 4th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1667.

LETTER V.

To Haſnadar Baſſi, Chief Treaſurer *to the* Sultan.

I AM convinc'd, 'tis now Time for me to be reſolute, bold and aſſur'd in my own Conduct: For 'tis in vain to ask Counſel of the *Sublime Miniſters*. I have addreſs'd my ſelf at certain Seaſons to them on that Account, ever ſince I came firſt to *Paris*: But not one of them has vouchſaf'd me an Anſwer, or given me any particular Inſtructions how to deport my ſelf in an Emergent Peril of Diſcovery: Whether I ſhou'd own my ſelf an *Agent* for the *Grand Signior*, or deny it: Whether I ſhould boldly ſtand the Brunt of all Events, or fly to Artifices and Evaſions:

Evaſions; Whether I ſhou'd perſiſt in acting the *Moldavian*, and continue to perſonate a *Chriſtian Student*, an *Eccleſiaſtick Candidate* under the feign'd Name of *Titus*; or frankly tell them, I'm a *Muſſulman*, an *Arab*, and ſecret *Slave* of the *Sultan*.

I ought to have been certify'd in theſe Caſes; and not left at Random to gueſs, at this vaſt Diſtance, the Pleaſure of my *Superiours*. But ſince it is their Will thus to make Tryal of my Fidelity, Prudence and Skill, in warding off the Aſſaults of Common Chance, Misfortune, and the Attempts of ſly deſigning Men; I'll be as cunning as I can, without embaraſſing my Peace with conſtant Panick Fears and Apprehenſions of I know not what. No vain Endeavours to avoid the fix'd *Decree* of *Fate*, ſhall make me change my *Lodging*, or fly from every menacing Contingency. I'll rather truſt to *Providence* and preſent Courage, the Juſtice of my Cauſe and Native Innocence, leaving the Event to *Deſtiny*.

By what I have ſaid, thou wilt perceive I am in ſome Trouble; and I can aſſure thee, thou art not miſtaken. I'm hatter'd, hunted up and down, and perſecuted worſe than the Foxes, Hares and Hinds near *Adrianople*. I'm an Old Man, and yet they envy me the Happineſs of a Natural Death; they would not have me go down to the Grave in Peace. I have been impriſon'd, threatned, dogg'd up and down the Streets, aſſaſſinated in the Dark, had my Chamber ſearch'd, my Letters

ters in Danger of being seiz'd with those of the *Supreme Ministers*. I have run the Risque of a Discovery, by meeting casually an *Infidel*, whose *Slave* I once was at *Palermo* in *Sicily*. I have been undermin'd by *Mussulmans* as well as *Nazarens*; by Strangers, and by *Solyman* my *Cousin*. Yet in all these Perils I have acquitted my self Faithfully, come off with Success, and saved the Honour of my *Sovereign*; which is the only Thing for which I am sollicitous. But for ought I know, my Care may prove in Vain, and the Evils which I have so long fortunately escap'd, may now surprize and ruine me. As to my self, I care not what becomes of me; and if the *Secrets* of my *Commission* be reveal'd, let the *Ministers* of the *Port* answer for that, who wou'd never give me the least Direction.

About Two or Three Years ago, I was forced to remove from my Old *Lodgings*, where I had resided ever since my first coming to *Paris*. The Dangers that then assaulted me, drove me to this House, where I still am, in a very obscure Place, by the Wall of the City. Yet even hither am I pursu'd by watchful Enemies: New Hazards threaten me on all Hands. But I'm resolved to fly no more, unless it be into the *City-Ditch*, where I can find Admittance through my *Landlord's* Cellar. There is a private Passage, dug perhaps in Elder Times, during some Siege, to serve the streight Necessities of those who then possess'd this House. It

is

is so cunningly contriv'd, that Human Wit can ne'er discover it, unless by Chance, or by Direction of those that know it. The Ditch is dry, the Door of the House always lock'd; and my Trusty *Host* swears no body shall come in by Day or Night, till I have made a safe Retreat. So that if all the *Officers* in *Paris* shou'd come to search, I shou'd have Time to pack up my Papers, and slink away into my lurking Hole. And if they shou'd by monstrous Accident find the conceal'd Avenue, I cou'd soon slip into the Fields, through the Last *Postern* in the Wall, and lock them in beyond the possibility of Pursuit: whilst I took Care to hide my self afresh, or leave the *Country*.

This is my Final Resolution, if ever I am put to an Extremity again. In the mean Time, I desire thee to make it part of thy Care, that *Mahmut* shall not want for Money to carry on the *Sultan*'s Private Affairs without a Baulk. I do not demand unreasonable Things: Let me but live, and have enough to defray the Necessary Expences of my *Service*, and that's all I crave. But let my Supplies be well tim'd and proportion'd, that I may husband my *Pension* to the best Advantage: Or else I must always press, and that's a Thing I hate. I have writ to all the *Treasurers* that went before thee on the same Account, and with equal Boldness. Therefore take not in ill Part what comes from Blunt Sincerity, and Constant, Full Desires to serve effectually the *Grand Signior*. It will

be very eaſie for thee to anticipate *Mahmut*'s Expectations, without exceeding the Orders thou haſt receiv'd. Money be damn'd, if we cou'd breath and ſerve our Friends, and carry on the Affairs of Human Life without it. I am an *Arab*, and cou'd as freely paſs away my Time in harmleſs Rambles o'er the *Provinces* of *Aſia*; as thus to be confin'd to Narrow Fretting Circumſtances, the only Effects of too Unſhaken, Unregarded and Incorruptible Loyalty.

Wealthy *Diſpenſer* of the *Ottoman* Gold, I ask no *Alms*, but my appointed *Salary*, In ſending of which, I deſire thee to remember the Old *Roman Proverb*, which ſays, *That he gives Twice, who gives in Seaſon.*

Paris, 9th. *of the* 6th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1667.

LETTER

LETTER VI.

To Nathan Ben Saddi, *a* Jew *at* Vienna.

I Know not whether I ſhall live to hear from thee again, or to ſend thee another Letter, Age, Sickneſs, Misfortune, together with the Malice of Men, have laid a Thouſand Snares for my Life; I am, as it were, hunted by *Nature*, *Providence*, *Deſtiny*, and *Chance*, into the very *Toils* of *Death*; From whence it will be very difficult for me to eſcape. Not to amuſe thee, I am in danger of being diſcover'd, ſeiz'd, impriſon'd; and then thou know'ſt, I can expect no leſs than to be put to the Torture, and rack'd with a Thouſand Inventions of Cruelty, That ſo they may force me to confeſs, what I am, and what my Buſineſs is in this *Kingdom* and *City*, where I have reſided ſo many Years.

I was ſuſpected by *Cardinal Richlieu*, for a *Muſſulman*, as I have Reaſon to believe from ſeveral convincing Circumſtances of that *Miniſter*'s Carriage to me, ever ſince his firſt Acquaintance with me at *Paris*. And the ſame Jealouſie cauſed his Succeſſor, *Cardinal Mazarini*, to put me into the *Baſtile*, where I was cloſely confin'd, for the Space of Six *Moons*. And I might have lain there till

this Time, for ought I know, had it not been for the good Conduct and honeſt Fidelity of *Eliachim*. In fine, though I have hitherto eſcap'd Diſcovery, yet I cannot flatter my ſelf that I ſhall always do ſo. If they once lay Hold on me again, they will certainly ſearch me for the *Scar* of *Circumciſion*; and then, all the Arguments the Wit of Man can find, will not be of Force to blind them any longer, or ſave me from the Vengeance of the *State*. They will certainly put me to a cruel Death.

However, I'll baffle 'em if I can; and if I once eſcape, I'll bid Adieu to *Paris*, if not to the whole *Kingdom*: Being reſolv'd not to truſt any more to the deceitful Security of new Lodgings in this City, and a vain Removal from one Precinct and Houſe to another: For, the very Air of *Paris* is fatal to me. I am never free from Terror, whilſt within theſe Melancholy Walls. The *Genius* of the *Place*, is at Enmity with *Mine*. Every Thing I caſt my Eyes on, ſeems to low'r and frown upon me; I ſtart at the Voices of Men, going along the Streets, and diſcourſing about their own Affairs: And if any one knocks at the Door, I'm preſently upon my Guard, my anxious Soul ſtill labouring with ſad Preſages of ſome Calamity at hand, ready to ruſh upon me unawares.

Perhaps, I may go to *Lyons*, where a Stranger may live an Age conceal'd, and void of Peril, as in this City. Or, I may take a farther Journey to *Marſeilles*, *Toulon*, or any other

other Sea-Port Town. Where I will expect new Orders from my *Superiors.*

In the mean Time, thou may'ſt continue to addreſs thy Letters as before: For that Courſe can never fail, let me be where it pleaſes Heaven. *Eliachim* will take Care of all Things. I writ to the *Haſnadar Baſſi* on the ſame Account, deſiring freſh Supplies of Money; which I ſuppoſe will come by the Way of *Vienna.* If ſo, I truſt to thy Prudence, in ordering my *Bills* with Speed, and the uſual Cautiouſneſs.

Nathan, Adieu: And whate'er becomes of me, live thou long and happily to ſerve the *Grand Signior.*

Paris, 9th. *of the* 6th. *Moon,*
of the Year 1667.

LETTER VII.

To the Venerable Mufti.

AS the poor injur'd Labourer, or *Slave* oppreſs'd by Cruel and Obdurate *Maſters*; as the Deſpairing *Client*, who can find no Juſtice from the *Cheicks*, *Cadi's*, or *Cadileſquers*; fly immediately to the *Serail*, to make their laſt Appeal, and ſeek Redreſs from the *Great Arbiter* of Humane Feuds: So falls poor *Mahmut* proſtrate at thy Feet, O *Sacred Oracle* of *Muſſulmans*; begging from thy Authority, whom no *Believer* dares to diſobey, what I cou'd never yet obtain from any *Miniſter* of *State*, or *Baſſa* of the *Bench*: That is, how I muſt act in Caſe I am diſcovered, or barely ſuſpected, examin'd, and put to my Oath, concerning my Buſineſs at *Paris*? Lay thy ſpeedy Commands on thoſe whoſe Care it ought to be, that no Intelligence, Advice or Counſel, be wanting to me, the Faithful *Agent* of the *Port*, reſiding here *Incognito*, a *Spy* upon the *Infidels*. Or, at leaſt, vouchſafe to ſend me thy Inſtructions, Rules infallible, Orders of perfect Wiſdom, and Divine Sagacity.

I cannot for the future ſtand the Brunt of long ſuſpected Caſualties; Events which glimmer from afar, like diſtant *Ignes Fatui*, or other Vagrant *Meteors* of the Night: For, ſo Contingencies appear, which are to come, uncertain,

uncertain, and remote; tho' ſometimes near at Hand; yet with deceitful ſhew, they ſtill miſlead bewilder'd Mortals in the Dark. So, the tyr'd Traveller in *Libyan Waſtes*, is tantaliz'd by mocking Rays of Sands, in drifted Heaps, or flying Bodies, looſely wafted by the Winds; on which the *Moon* and *Stars* caſting their Beams, create Refractions like Domeſtick Lamps or Tapers; and encourage the diſconſolate Man to hope for Neighbouring Villages or Towns, where he may reſt his weary Limbs, and find an Hoſpitable Entertainment; ſecure from *Dragons*, *Lyons*, *Tygers*, or the more *Fierce* and *Cruel Race* of *Men*, who lurk in ſecret Places of the affrighting *Deſart*, to rob unwary Strangers, as they paſs.

'Tis ſad, moſt *Holy Patriarch* of the *Faithful*, That *Men* are thus degenerate, and tranſcend the *Horrid Nature* of the *Wildeſt Beaſts!* But, ſadder ſtill, That *Cities*, firſt deſign'd for *Sanctuaries* of the *Diſtreſs'd*, ſhou'd become worſe than *Deſarts*, and more *Inhoſpitable* than the Purlieu of *Dragons*, or the dreadful Haunts of *Lynxes*, *Crocodiles*, and other *Animals of Prey*. That *Men* pretending to be Civiliz'd, to live in Community, and Reciprocal Participation of all Good Offices; Incorporated by the ſame *Laws*, for no other End, but to help, aſſiſt and defend one another, againſt all foreign Enemies; ſhou'd, inſtead of this, prove more Barbarous than Salvages, and more Voracious than *Cannibals*, whilſt every *Citizen* preys

on his Neighbour, and devours him, whom he has ſworn to protect. They all live by Robbery and Spoil. The Rich and Potent fleece thoſe whoſe Wealth is not ſufficient to defend them from Oppreſſion. Thus are Towns and Cities, from celebrated *Refuges* of *Men*, become the *Dens* of *Thieves*, and Cruel *Murderers*. The whole Earth is ſtain'd with the Blood of the Poor: The Cries of Widows and Orphans pierce the *Heavens*: The Generations of Men are corrupted with Fraud, Avarice, Perfidy, Ambition, Envy, and a Thouſand other Vices. Brother cannot truſt the Son of his own Mother. Fathers are Unnatural to their Genuine Off-ſpring. Children think the Days tedious which prolong their Parents Lives. Self-Love teaches a Man to betray his beloved Friend, for whom he rather ought to loſe his Life. An Univerſal Defection from Juſtice, and ſound Morality, reigns every where.

But, what is moſt ſurprizing, is, That even among thoſe who bear the Glorious Title and Character of the *True Faithful Muſſulmans*, there ſhou'd be found a Crew of Miſcreants, Villains, and Traitors to *God*, his *Prophet* and their *Sovereign*. I ſpeak not of ſuch, whoſe *Genial* Inclinations tempt them to commit vulgar Sins, which injure no Man but themſelves. I tax not Drunkards, Gameſters, and thoſe Amorous Perſons, who waſte their Bodies, Time, Eſtates, and ſacrifice their Reputation to Voluptuouſneſs. Theſe are but *Venial* Sins, and ſoon waſh'd off,

off, by the appointed *Purifications*, and *Penances*. A little Water, Duſt, or Sand, with Faſting and devout Invocation of the *Eternal Allah*, cancels theſe *Peccadillo's*; they are all put to the Account of Humane Frailty: Such is the Pleaſure of Eternal Goodneſs. But I accuſe the blacker Crimes of thoſe, whom fretting Envy ſtimulates to perſecute their harmleſs Neighbour; or baſe Ingratitude prompts to betray their Friends; or Native Malice teaches to ſeek out all Occaſions of doing Miſchief in the World. A buſie, reſtleſs ſort of Men, buzzing about like Waſps or Hornets, ſtinging every one they faſten on: Or like the *Puces* of *Paris*, a troubleſome Kind of *Inſects*, which interrupt the ſweet Repoſe of Men, creeping upon them in their Beds and Slumbers, and ſlyly biting them, to ſuck their Blood.

Such are the *Men* of whom I now complain; who hatter me from Stratagem to Stratagem, from one Retrenchment to another. Whoſe Crime is double, in that they are Perſons of my own *Religion*; *Profeſſors* of the *Genuine Faith*, brought down from *Heaven*; *Followers* of the *Prophet*, who cou'd neither *Write* nor *Read*; and *Subjects* to the *Grand Signior*.

'Tis a long Time, ſince I had firſt Occaſion to accuſe ſome at the *Seraglio*, of private, ſly Attempts, to undermine and ruin me, that they might gain my *Poſt*. 'Twill ſeem Invidious, even in my own Defence, after ſo many Addreſſes to the *Miniſters* of the *Port*,

now to repeat their Names; and diſcompoſe thy *Sacred* Thoughts with Black *Memoirs* of Human Malice. 'Tis not Revenge I ſeek, but for the future, how to eſcape, if not prevent, the like Conſpiracies. Nor, is it for my ſelf alone, I cheriſh this Unuſual Zeal and Care; but for my Maſter's Intereſt and Honour.

I've ſerv'd near Thirty Years in this Precarious *Station*, and never made the leaſt falſe Step; or, if I have, 'twas not diſcern'd; which is the ſame Thing in Effect. And, I am very unwilling to miſcarry at laſt, through the Treachery of my pretended Friends at *Conſtantinople*, or for want of full Inſtructions from the *Imperial Divan*.

'Tis for this Reaſon, I preſume to addreſs to the Duſt of thy Feet, *Supreme Judge* of the *Faithful*, begging the Interpoſition of thy *Paternal* Authority, on my Behalf.

There is one Thing more, which in all Humility I recommend to thy Wiſdom and Sanctity. I have often writ to thy *Predeceſſor* on the ſame Account, beſeeching him to promote the *Tranſlation* of *Hiſtories* and other Learned *Books* out of Foreign *Languages* into *Turkiſh* or *Arabick*: That ſo Knowledge might flouriſh among the *Muſſulmans*, and the *Infidels* might have no more Ground to call us *Barbarous*. Let Men skilful in *Languages* and *Sciences* be ſought for. There are not wanting ſuch at *Conſtantinople*, and in other Parts of the *Empire*. Let them be employ'd in compiling an *Univerſal Hiſtory* of

of the *World*, in *Turkiſh*; more ample, true, and correct than any that has gone before it in *Greek*, *Latin*, or any other Language. This will bring Eternal Honour to the *Ottoman Empire*; and prove no hard Task to them that ſhall undertake it; ſince it will be onely a Choice Collection out of other *Authors*; a Garland of Flowers cull'd from the various Fields of *Hiſtory*, and compos'd together with an Order full of Luſtre and Beauty, the whole Work being interwoven with a Chain of *Chronological* Years; which will not onely give it a Singular Grace, but alſo be of great Advantage to the *Muſſulman* Readers.

Succeſſor of the *Apoſtles*, remember, That though our *Holy Lawgiver* could neither write nor read, yet the ſucceeding *Caliphs* encouraged *Learning*. Benediction on the *Souls* of them and their *Poſterity*. So will future Ages bleſs thy Memory, if thou vouchſafeſt to encourage this Glorious Work. And *Ithuriel*, the *Angel* of *Science*, will make thee his *Aſſociate* in *Paradiſe*.

With profound Submiſſions I retire from thy *Sacred Preſence*, begging thy *Abſolution* and *Bleſſing*.

Paris, 9th. *of the* 6th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1667.

LETTER

LETTER VIII.

To Cara Hali, Physician *to the* Grand Signior.

AMongst other *Dispatches*, I could not forget what I owe to the long continued Friendship which has been between us. Having Leisure therefore before the *Post* goes, I will inform thee of a *Birth*, which has occasion'd little Joy to the *Parents*, but much Admiration among all that hear of it, and rais'd learned Disputes between the *Professors* of *Physick* and *Surgery*.

In the Town of *Weerted* near *Ardenburgh* in the *Low Countries*, a Woman was lately deliver'd of a Monstrous Child with Two Heads, Two Necks, Four Arms, and proportionably all Parts both outward and inward double to the Navil, which sem'd to be the Center of Union between the Two Bodies: For from thence downwards, there appear'd only the Proportion and Shape of One Body, with Two Thighs, Legs and Feet. The Faces were different; One Squalid and Irregular, without a Nose or Mouth, except a Kind of Orifice under the Chin; for the Eyes possess'd the Place of the Mouth, and a perfect *Masculine Genital* took up the Room of the Nose: The other was fair and made with Symetry, having nothing extraordinary, saving

ving Two Teeth grown out of the Gums.

This *Irregular Production* has been curiously diſſected by a Famous *Anatomiſt*, who found Two Hearts, Two Stomachs, and the other Vitals all ſingle. What I have ſaid is atteſted by Five profeſs'd *Phyſicians*, who opened this Wonderful Creature.

There have been many Examples of extraordinary *Births*, eſpecially in theſe Parts of the World. And I have read in a *French* Author, a Man of Credit, That in the Year 1592 of the *Chriſtian Hegira*, a Woman of *Alſatia*, brought forth at once an Hundred and Fifty Children, each but Three Inches long.

But what I now ſhall tell thee, though it be not Remarkable for the Number of Children, yet has ſomething ſingular in the Circumſtances that attended it.

Irmentrude, the *Counteſs* of *Altorfe*, accus'd one of her Neighbours of Adultery, becauſe ſhe had Three Children at a *Birth*, ſaying, *She deſerved to be tied up in a Sack, and thrown into the Sea.* Next Year the *Counteſs* her ſelf was delivered of Twelve Sons all at a *Birth*. And touch'd with Remorſe for the *Sentence* which ſhe had pronounc'd againſt the other Woman; concluding it now a Juſt Puniſhment for her ſelf, ſent a Maid with Eleven of theſe New-born *Infants*, commanding her to drown them in the next River, reſerving only one to be the *Heir* of his Father's Eſtate,

Fate

Fate had ſo determin'd, that her Husband the *Earl* met the Maid as ſhe was going to commit this Execrable Villany: and aſking her what ſhe had got in her Lap, ſhe anſwer'd, *I am going to drown a few Young Whelps.* The *Earl* being a great Hunter, and conſequeutly a Lover of Dogs, had a Mind to ſee whether any of theſe *Whelps* were of a promiſing Aſpect: When to his Aſtoniſhment he found Eleven of Human Shape, all Living and Perfect, but very ſmall. He preſs'd the Maid ſo far, that ſhe confeſs'd the whole Truth. Whereupon enjoyning her Silence, and Aſſurance of a good Reward, he caus'd her to carry them to one of his *Tenants*; where being all cheriſh'd and laid warm, he diſpos'd of them afterwards in convenient Places, to be nurs'd and brought up till they came of Age, Then he ſent for them privately to his Houſe, having firſt apparelled them in the ſame Faſhion as their Brother was in who dwelt at Home.

As ſoon as the *Counteſs* caſt her Eye on them, and obſerv'd their Number and Faces, ſo exactly reſembling him who had been always with her, ſhe wept in a Paſſion betwixt Shame and Joy, confeſſing her former Cruel Intention; and falling at the Feet of her *Lord*, he pardon'd her. From theſe *Eleven* deſcend the *Family* of the *Welphs* or *Guelphs*, ſo Renowned in *Germany*, and bearing this Name from the Maid's Anſwer to the *Earl*, when ſhe had them in her Lap.

Such

Such ſtrange Productions as theſe, occaſion various Enquiries among the *Philoſophers* here in the *Weſt*: Whether *Human Souls* be *Generated* like the *Bodies* to which they are united, or whether they are *Created* by the *Immediate Power* of *God*. Aſſuredly theſe *Infidels* are much in the Dark, and ſhut their Eyes againſt the Light of the *Oriental* Sages. If the *Prophets* ſhould riſe from the Dead, they would not be able to convince theſe *Uncircumcis'd*, That all Things Viſible and Inviſible are from *Eternity*, and that there is Nothing *New* in the Syſtem of the Univerſe, except the Various Outward Forms, which change indeed, according to the Laws of Endleſs Tranſmigration, and ſometimes according to the Frolicks of *Nature*, who loves to mix her Interludes and Antiques, with the eſtabliſh'd Senſes of every Age.

What I have writ, is to divert thee; But when ſhall I have an Anſwer as from an Old Friend? Let not the Honours of the *Serail* make thee forget thoſe with whom thou haſt once been familiar. My Dear *Hali*, be not too much a *Courtier*. Thy long Silence and Reſervedneſs forces this Language from me. Shall *Conſtantinople* blot out thy Remembrance of *Arabia*? Or, the Blaſt of a *Monarch*'s Favour, be more Valuable than the Durable Integrity of a Country-man, a Friend? If the *Sultan* truſts his Life in thy Hands, doſt thou not know that a Fit of Gripes, the Stone, Gout, or any Violent Diſtemper, will turn all his Confidence into Jea-

Jealouſie? I tell thee, he will ſuſpect Poyſon in thy very Looks.

Therefore, continue to be the ſame Man as thou wert formerly; and let not thy Improvements in *Phyſick*, make thee go backward in *Morality*.

Paris, 23d. *of the* 6th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1667.

LETTER IX.

To Nathan Ben Saddi, a Jew *at* Vienna.

NOW I ſee thou art a Man of Buſineſs: Thy Mind is cur'd of its *Religious* Itch, and reſtor'd to a ſound Complexion. Perſevere, and be Happy.

Let no vain Scruples of Conſcience moleſt thy *Soul*, concerning the *Peace* that was lately made between the *Grand Signior* and the *Germans*. Cares of this Nature belong to thoſe who ſit at the Helm, and direct the Steerage of the *State*. As for thee and me, our Part is only to Obey, without enquiring, whether it be Right or Wrong that we are commanded. Every Thing is Lawful to us, that is enjoin'd by our *Superiours*. And the *Publick* Reaſon ought to ſuperſede our Private narrow Sentiments. Whatever *Præmunire's* we incurr by our Obedience, the Conſcience of the *State* will be our Bail, our Advocate, and our Ranſom. Therefore, once more, Go on and proſper.

Thou cou'dſt not have done the *Grand Signior* a greater Piece of Service, than by thus happily inſinuating thy ſelf with the *Hungarian Faction* at *Vienna*: For, by that Means, thou becomeſt *Maſter* of the *Secrets* on both Sides; the *Janus* that over-looks

Two

Two oppoſite Cabals at once: And ſo may not only form thy own Intrigues the bet but alſo give a clearer Light to the *Miniſt* of the *Sublime Port*.

I am diſpleas'd to hear of the frequent C *ſpiracies* that have been made againſt the E *perour*'s Perſon. Not for any Love that bear to him or the Houſe of *Auſtria*: For, wiſh there was not a *Branch* of that *Inceſ ous Stem* left alive on Earth: But, I ne knew ſuch Kind of *Plots*, if once diſcover and prevented, to take Effect again. Beſid they many Times ſpoil the main Deſig For, what ſignifies it, if this *Emperour* w ſeiz'd and put to Death, ſo long as there any one of that *Tyrannical Race* ſurvivi They are all of the ſame Blood and Intere Educated alſo in the ſame *Principles* a *Maxims*. In a Word, they have all but o Game to play; which is, to aggrandize them ſelves, and their Poſterity for ever. A therefore theſe Clandeſtine Methods of Po ſon or Aſſaſſine, will but make them mo watchful, to prevent all Deſigns of the ki Nature, for the Future.

Remember *Nathan*, that the Mark whi thou art to aim at, is to cheriſh the Diſco tents of *Hungary*, by all the Arts of a cu ning *Stateſman*. Count *Peter de Serini*, is fit Subject to work upon. The Death of h Brother, and his own Diſgrace at the *Imp rial Court*, with the riſing Fortune of *Mo tecuculi*, have fill'd him with Sentiments Revenge and Envy. He cannot behol

Coun

Count *d'Averſperg* in Poſſeſſion of *Carleſtadt*, without much Reſentment, having with ſo great Paſſion, begg'd that *Government* for himſelf.

If this *Prince* can but be induc'd to revolt, many Thouſands of the *Croats*, *Dalmatians*, and *Sclavonians*, will take up *Arms* under him, which will at once weaken both the *German Empire*, and the *State* of *Venice*. Beſides, the Marriage of his Daughter with *Prince Ragotski*, may engage the *Tranſylvanians* in his Party. Count *Nadaſti* alſo, they ſay, is not well pleaſed with the *Court*, aiming to be *Palatine* of *Hungary*; which has been refus'd him. This News comes to me but by Report. If it be true, thou art in the fairer Way to ſucceed. Such great Malecontents as theſe, will puzzle the *Miniſters* of *State*, and exerciſe the Policy of *Prince Lobkovitz*.

Beſides, if Things ſhou'd not proceed to an open Rupture; yet, thou know'ſt, the *Hungarians* are offended at the late *Peace*, which will not fail to put them upon committing perpetual Acts of Hoſtility. They ſtomach it extreamly, That the Town of *Neuhauſel* is in the *Grand Signior*'s Hands. And they will be always on their Guard in the Neighbouring Parts, Patroling about, and skirmiſhing with our Foragers: Which will afford a good Occaſion at any Time for our Sovereign to break the Peace, whenever it is for his Intereſt. There are Abundance of Conſequences in ſuch a Caſe,

more

more than we can think of, or foreſee, ye all to our Advantage. As long as we go the right Way to work, all Things will ſucceed well. Make no falſe Steps, and there's no Danger of ſtumbling.

Remember ſtill, That thy particular Charge is, To foment a *Civil War* between the *Court* of *Vienna*, and the *Hungarians*. 'Tis no Matter who gets the better on't. Let 'em quarrel to Eternity, and deſtroy one another in *God*'s Name. Then ſhall the *Muſſulman Empire* thrive.

Before *God*, you have a fine Opportunity ye Factious Comrades: But, beware of the Interlopers. Damn the Eaſineſs, and good Nature (falſly ſo called) of thoſe who will admit any Man into their Cabal, provided he puts on a fair Guiſe, of one of the Party. Ye can't be too reſerv'd and cloſe. D'ye think, the *Emperour* has not his Spies about in every Corner? A Pox of your Stupidity, if you ſuffer this brave Deſign to miſcarry for want of looking ſharp. Damn ye for a parcel of Old Thread-bare Fools, if after ſo many Experiences, you don't furbiſh up your Wits, and look to your ſelves. There's *Gottendorf*, *Railliwits*, *Skus*, the *Knight*, *Baron Leipſem*, *Elnard* the *Hereditary* Pretender to the *Marquiſate* of *Thann*, with many others, whom I will not name in this Letter. By *Moſes* and *Mahomet*, they're all Rogues; and if you truſt 'em too far, they ſurely betray you.

Nathan,

Nathan, believe me, I wou'd not write so passionately, were my Life at all precious. But, I have no other End in protracting the Minute of my *Transmigration*, than to exalt, as much as in me lies, the Majesty of the *Ottoman Lineage*, and to guard it from Dangers. I am plac'd here on Purpose, by *Fate*: And I'll do my Duty, though the whole World shou'd sputter their Venom against me.

O *Israelite*, both thou and I, must shortly leave this Earth; or at least, we must change the Form of our Earth. We shall never cease to be something; *God* knows what.

In the mean Time, be what thou seemest to be.

Paris, 23d. *of the* 6th. *Moon*, *of the Year* 1667.

LETTER

LETTER X.

To the Moſt Sublime, and Magnif cent of the Muſſulman Baſſa Achmet, *the* Vizir Azem.

MAY Chaplets of Immortal Flowe crown thy Noble Head, Illuſtrio *Cuperli*, ſtrong Prop of the *Houſe* of *Ertogru* main Buttreſs of the Tower of the *Selzucc Tribe*, the Lineage of *Ottoman*, Heir of t Heirs to *Iſmael*, the Eldeſt Son of our F ther *Abrahim*, the Glory of Men and the B loved of *God*.

Not the Unmatch'd Perfumes of *Arabi* nor the ſurprizing Odours of the *Perſian* I cenſe, which they offer'd to the *Sun*; not t the moſt skilful Compoſitions of *Eaſtern* Ar maticks put together, are half ſo ſweet, as thy Glorious Name, among the *Muſſulma*

I received thy Orders with a Reverence ſe cond only to that which is due to the *Gra Signior*; and will perform them, with Loyal Alacrity. I perfectly comprehend th Deſign, and the Drift of the *Sublime Por* For thou haſt ſtated the Caſe like an *Oracl* 'Twill not be difficult, I believe, to ſugge under-hand to the *French Court*, the Adva tage they may make of the preſent Diſtr ctions in *Hungary*: For, they are already be come the Subject of common Diſcourſe

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Lewis XIV. by encouraging thoſe Male-contents, and ſupporting their Cauſe with private Diſburſements of Money, will doubtleſs facilitate his own deſigned Conqueſts on the Neighbourhooods of the *Rhine*. For, if the *Hungarian Lords* proceed to an open Revolt, and throw themſelves under the *Sultan*'s Protection; the *Emperor* of *Germany* will be obliged to turn all his Forces that Way: Which yet will not be able to withſtand the United Armies of the *Hungarians*, *Croatians*, *Heydukes*, *Tartars*, and the moſt Invincible *Oſmans*. So that by this Means, the *Empire* will be weaken'd on both Sides, and in Fatal Danger of its final Diſſolution: Whilſt the Strength and Power of the *Grand Signior*, and the *King* of *France*, his Noble *Allie*, will daily encreaſe.

Beſides, this will put all *Europe* into Diviſions and Parties, according as their Intereſts and Affections incline them; ſome ſiding with the *Emperor*, others with the *French King*; whilſt the Generality will ſtand Neuters, and contemplate the Iſſue of theſe Wars, without aſſiſting one Side or t'other. Than which, nothing can fall out more Happy or Propitious for the Sacred *Monarchy* of the *Oſmans*.

In Obedience to thy Commands, I have written to *Nathan Ben Saddi* on this Account: Altogether as from my ſelf, not giving him the leaſt Ground to conjecture, that I had receiv'd an Order from the *Port*. I frequently take the Liberty to counſel that honeſt

honeſt *Jew* in many Cares; inviting him to Projects in General Terms, and to do ſome Extraordinary Service for the *Grand Signior*: that he will imagine my writing now is only of Courſe, without ſuſpecting any Thing else.

I beſeech thee to ſend me all the Inſtructions that are Needful for me, not only to carry on this Affair proſperouſly, but all others relating to the *Port*. I will be careful to tranſmit thy Commands to *Nathan Ben Saddi*, in ſuch a Diſguiſe, as he ſhall not dream they are any other than my own Propoſals: Since thou doſt not think it fit that the Majeſty of the *Port*, ſhould appear to be concern'd in a Buſineſs of this Nature; eſpecially, ſo ſoon after the late *Peace*, concluded with the *Emperour*.

'Tis an invaluable Honour thou haſt done me; in truſting to my Conduct an Intrigue whoſe Effects, for ought I know, may reach all the *Nations* of *Europe*, and laſt till the *Day* of *Doom*. Queſtion not my Fideſity, for 'tis of Proof: Beſides, it many Times tempts a Man to be falſe, when he knows he is ſuſpected to be ſo.

I am *Slave* of the *Slaves* of thoſe who ſtand near the *Sultan*'s Perſon, and confeſs *Mahomet* to be the *Apoſtle* of *God*. More particularly, I am devoted to thoſe who have the Honour to ſerve thee, the Grand Pillar of the *Oſman Empire*. *God* perpetuate thy Felicity.

Paris, 23d. *of the* 7th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1667.

LETTER

LETTER XI.

To the Selictar Aga, or Sword-Bearer to the Sultan.

THese *Parts* abound in Action at this Time. Couriers run up and down from *Court* to *Court*, with secret *Dispatches*, and Matters of deep Import. The Death of the *Queen* of *Poland*, and of *Pope Alexander* VII. occasion this new stirring and bustling in *Europe*. She died on the 10th. of the 5th. *Moon*. He on the 22d. Every *Kingdom* and *State* in the *West*, have some Interest to make or preserve; some Design to form, or to carry on; the Success of which many Times depends on the well managing the Consequences of these great and Fatal Breaches which Death makes in the *Families* of Mighty *Potentates*, *Houses* of *Royal Descent*.

The *French Court* were all dissolv'd in Joy, for the Marriage of the *Duke* of *Guize* with *Madamoiselle d'Alencon*. They were in the midst of the Nuptial Triumphs, and Festival Solemnities, when the Black Expresses came, which soon turn'd all their Mirth to Mourning, at least in outward Appearance. For it was not decent for the *Sons* to continue longer revelling, when the *Great Father* lay Embalm'd in Order to his Sepulture. Therefore, to prevent Idleness, the *King*

thought fit to change the Paſtimes of the *Court*, for more Neceſſary Buſineſs; and the ſoft Entertainments of *Hymen*, for the Rugged Toils of *War*. He caus'd his Armies to march into *Flanders*, to give his *Queen* Poſſeſſion of certain *Eſtates* fallen to her in thoſe *Parts*. This ſurpriz'd the *Low Countries*, who began to demoliſh ſeveral *Places* of *Strength*, that had not ſufficient Garriſons to defend them.

The *King* was himſelf in Perſon at the Head of his Army, which gave immenſe Courage to his Soldiers. So that *Tournay* quickly Surrender'd to him, on the 24th of the 6th *Moon*; and *Douay* not many Days after. In the mean while, the *Mareſchal D'Aumont*, with another Army, takes *Bergues* and *Furnes* near *Dunkirk*. Then he beſieges *Liſle*, which was taken alſo after Seventeen Days; but not without the *King*'s Preſence, who appear'd indefatigable, always on Horſe-back, or in his Coach, going the Rounds, and ſurveying all the Works. He ſlept in his Coach, that Night the Town was taken, near a Bridge not far from *Gaunt*. They have alſo taken *Courtray*, *Oudenarde* and *Aloſt*. They have defeated the *Prince de Ligne*, and the *Count de Marcin*. In a Word, they have done ſo many Great Things this Campaign, That all *Flanders* is ſtupified, as at a *Miracle*.

Illuſtrious *Aga*, I have in a Sort of Miniature preſented thee with the true *Effigies* of *Weſtern* Affairs at this Juncture. Let not my Abruptneſs diſpleaſe thee; ſince this *Epitome* deſcribes

describes the Truth as lively, as if I'd fill'd an Ell of Parchment up with Words.

Paris, 2d. *of the* 8th. *Moon, of the Year* 1667.

LETTER XII.

To Dgnet Oglou.

I Know not whether I have Reason to rejoice or be sad, in my present Circumstances; so Ambiguous are the Events of Human Life. Even the most blandishing Gifts of Fortune, and such as we are extremely taken with, many Times prove like the *Trojan* Horse, only Fair and Gay in outward Appearance; whilst like that deceitful Engine of the *Grecian* Craft, they carry an Army of Hidden Calamities within, which in the midst of our secure Repose, when we least dream of any Evil, rush upon us from their concealed and unsuspected Ambuscades, putting us all in Terror and Confusion.

However, since I have had a sufficient Share of Trouble, Grief, and Melancholy; now let other sprightly, chearful Passions take their Turn, be the Event how it will. I cannot always bear the Burden of a loaded Spleen, cramm'd and puffed up with Melancholy Winds, the *Embryo's* or Vehicles at

leaſt, of horrid Thoughts, perplexing Cares, and black Deſpair. Beſides, methinks, I have a fit Occaſion to be merry; being by a very pleaſant Accident, at once rid of a great many vain Doubts and Anxieties, (which have diſturb'd my Peace for theſe Three or Four Years) and reſtor'd to the charming Converſation of *Daria*, whom thou may'ſt remember, I ſo paſſionately lov'd, in the Days of my Youth.

Know then, that one Day as I was walking in the Streets, I met that lovely *Greek* in *Mourning*. Surpriz'd above Meaſure at the Sight of a Perſon, for whom I had formerly cheriſh'd ſo great an Eſteem; I ſtood ſtill at Firſt, like one Thunderſtruck. I cou'd not forbear queſtioning my own Senſes, and giving the Lye to my Eyes, which aſſur'd me 'twas ſhe. Neither Age nor Abſence had effac'd her lov'd *Idea* from my Memory, or ſo much chang'd her Face, but that I eaſily call'd to mind the Object of my Amorous Deſires. Yet, my Aſtoniſhment was ſuch at this unthought of Interview, that I had not Reſolution enough to believe my ſelf. And her Amazement ſeem'd no leſs than mine: Whilſt neither of us had Power to ſpeak, but ſtood like Fools: Till I aſham'd longer to loſe my ſelf in ſuch an effeminate Confuſion of Spirit, firſt broke Silence, not without ſome Rapture and Emotion, crying out, "Is it *Daria*, or her *Ghoſt*, I ſee? Has *For-*
"*tune* bleſs'd, or mock'd me at this Fatal
"Hour? Or do deluding *Nymphs* and *Fai-*
"*ries*,

"ries, haunt the Streets of Populous Cities, walking about in borrow'd Forms, and mixing with the Throng of Mortals, to "tantalize our softest Hopes, with a false "Shew of some dear Lover, Friend or Per-"son highly wish'd for, ne'er to be enjoy'd? "It may be true, That *Cythera* left her "*Heaven*, (as *Virgil* does relate) and in "a *Tyrian* Dress, met the *Heroick Off-*"*spring* of *Anchyses* in the Fields, amu-"sing him with a disguized Semblance of "Mortality and Human Race, until her "*Heavenly* Voice discover'd that she was a "*Goddess*. So us'd *Diana* to descend in dead "of Night, and mix the Slumbers of *Endy-*"*mion* with Immortal Dreams; stealing soft "Kisses from the lovely Youth, and whispe-"ring *Celestial* Words into his Ears, more "forcible than the Songs of *Orpheus*, "when he mov'd the Trees and Rocks to "Passions of *Platonick* Love. At other "Times they wou'd come down and take "the Air of cool Mount *Hemus*, or the lofty "*Ida*. Thus *Melpomene*, *Clio*, and the rest "o'th' *Sacred Nine*, wou'd often visit the "Refreshing Heights of their belov'd *Par-*"*nassus*, from whence descending to the "Shady Banks of *Helicon*, with more than "Mortal Voices, wou'd awake and tempt "the wanton *Eccho's* to strike up, like *Uni-*"*sons*, and joyn in *Consort* with 'em, whilst "they chant the Praises of some *Demi God* or "*Hero* whom they love. But that a *Goddess* "*Nymph*, or *Muse* did e'er frequent the

" Common Crowd of Mortals in a City, is not
" to be credited. Therefore, unleſs I dream,
" it is *Daria* I behold.

My *Dgnet*, I was running on in higher Extaſies, at mentioning of her Name, but that ſhe ſmil'd, and interrupted me with an obliging Reſervedneſs, and ſaid; " *Malmet*, if
" you are the Man I take you for, and would
" have my Eſteem, be leſs paſſionate, and
" leave off this wild Way of Raillery. We
" both are paſt the Vanities of Youth. Our
" Years ſhou'd now retain no Remnant From
" of early boiling Blood, and Young, Green
" Fooliſh Paſſions.

I took this only for a Female Banter, an Eſſay of women's Craft, to try the Senſe and Humour of a Man. For, thou knoweſt, the greateſt *Princeſs* loves a truly paſſionate Addreſs, though not a puling, whining one. Beſides, 'tis the Faſhion here in *France*, to uſe *Romantick* Forms of Speech, when they make Love. However, in Regard it was Inconvenient to loſe more Time, in the open Street, by this Sort of Diſcourſe, I invited her to a Houſe, where we might converſe with more Freedom. She accepted the Motion, and I conducted her to the Houſe of *Eliachim* the *Jew*. 'Tis pleaſantly ſeated on the Banks of the River *Seine*, and has a fair Garden belonging to it. *Eliachim* happen'd to be abroad, which gave us a better Opportunity of improving our Time, without the neceſſary Interruption of Salutes, Compliments, &c. uſual in ſuch a Caſe. And I

had

had the Command of his Houſe, as though he had been there himſelf.

It being in the Heat of *Summer*, I led *Daria* into a little Shady Green Retreat, in the midſt of the Garden, out of the Reach of curious Ears; where, under the cool refreſhing Shelter of a wide-ſpread Beech, we ſat down, and call'd to Mind our former Acquaintance and Friendſhip. *Daria* ſtill retain'd her Native Modeſty and Prudence. Neither had the external Beauty of her Face ſuffer'd any greater Detriment, than what befalls the faireſt Roſes, Violets, or other Flowers, which even in their moſt decayed Eſtate, merit the Character of Amiable Sweetneſs. However, the Luſtre of her Wit, and Goodneſs of her Humour, ſupply'd all other Defects.

I proteſt, my *Dguet*, it was Impoſſible for me to ſee, and not to love again, a Perſon whoſe *Idea* once was ſo Domeſtick and Familiar to my *Soul*. And I was the more animated to make my *Court*, when ſhe told me, that ſhe was a *Widow*. 'Twas eaſy to forget, or baniſh from my Thoughts, her former Faithful Treachery, in acquainting her Husband with my Amour. Love ſoon removes all puny Obſtacles; 'tis ready, prompt, and dextrous to find Excuſes for the greateſt Faults a Friend can e'er commit: Much more ingenious to palliate the *Peccadillo's* of a Miſtreſs. This Generous Paſſion by a peculiar Force extirpates all Revenge, and blots out the *Memoirs* of paſt

Unkindneſſes. It ever ſprings and blooms with freſh Deſires, young vigorous Inclinations. Like to the Palm oppreſs'd with Weights, it higher grows. 'Twou'd fain encreale, dilate, and ſtretch it ſelf to Immortality. There's no Conſideration, but that of Honour, can pretend to match, or ſtand in Competition with the Divine Regards of Love. And yet, the moſt exalted Human Glory often vails to this ſoft Paſſion. The Conquerours of the World, ſuffer themſelves to be overcome by Women.

Wonder not therefore, That I who am Fleſh and Blood as well as other Men, could not now defend my ſelf from fair *Daria*'s Charms.

Excuſe me in that I cannot now give thee any farther Account of this Adventure; being interrupted by a Meſſenger from *Eliachim* the *Jew*, who brings me Word, my Mother is very Sick, and wants my Company, Expect another *Diſpatch* ſpeedily.

Paris, the 15th. *of the* 10th. *Moon, of the Year* 1667.

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LETTER XIII.

To Pesteli Hali, *his Brother*, Master *of the* Customs, *and* Superintendent *of the* Arsenal *at* Constantinople.

'TIS written in the *Fates*, That *Man* shou'd once at least, be vanquish'd by a *Woman* in his Life. But, 'tis my Chance to be twice subdued by one of that fair Sex. I know not whether I acquainted thee with the Love I formerly bore to *Daria* a Beautiful *Greek* Lady sojourning in *Paris*. Neither have I at this Instant an Opportunity to look over the File of my Letters, they being in my Lodgings, and I at *Eliachim*'s House, where I write this Letter, for the sake of a Convenience, which offers it self, of sending thee a small *Present* of *Watches* and *Oriental Stones*, by a *Jew*, a *Merchant* who is just departing for *Constantinople*.

However, if thou art curious to know the Circumstances of this Amour I speak of; Our Friend *Oglou* can inform thee of it. In the mean Time, suffer me to vent some of my Thoughts concerning Women, and the Love of them, rooted so deeply in our Hearts by *Nature*. None of our Sex cou'd e'er escape this gentle Passion, it being mixed and blended in our very Original *Embrys's*, and

after cheriſh'd with our Mothers Milk. It was the peculiar Myſtery of our Nurſes, by a Thouſand Female Tricks and Arts of neceſſary Tenderneſs, to blow and kindle up the little Sparks of this Immortal Fire within our Infant *Souls*; whilſt from their Breaſts we ſuck'd and guzzl'd down inebriating *Philters* and *Love-Potions*, more forcible and durable than thoſe the *Grecian Maids* compound by *Magick* Rules, when they wou'd captivate ſome Lovely Youth within their Snares. Our Blood thus fed with early Sympathetick Draughts, becomes the Seminary of a Thouſand Amorous Inclinations; General, unform'd, and volatile Affections, to that Sex: Till Time and Opportunity fix our looſe Deſires, on ſome particular *Maid*, whom *Fate* or *Chance* has brought into our View. At the Firſt Glance, ſhe darts from her enchanting Eyes the perfect Image of her *Soul*, which penetrates, like Lightning, our moſt Interiour Faculties. The ſwift *Idea* ſoon transforms us into its own Similitude; like melted Wax we take the Momentary Impreſſion of a Figure, which may laſt as long as we. Or, if we melt again, 'tis but to receive ſome other Stamp of Love. Thus our whole Life paſſes away in an Enchanted Circle of Amours.

However, 'tis the Part of a Wiſe Man to regulate this Paſſion, and not ſuffer it to degenerate into Dotage. There is much to be ſaid in Praiſe of Women, and not a little in their Diſparagement. As we are *Riddles*

to

to our ſelves, ſo *that Sex* is in a higher Degree, *Myſterious*, and a *Paradox*.

'Twou'd be a kind of Sacrilegious Envy to conceal their Excellencies, and the Advantages they have of us, in many Regards, whilſt our partial Pen ſhall only publiſh their Defects and Infirmities. Some *Hebrew Doctors* from the Different Names of *Adam* and *Eve*, draw Arguments to prove the Dignity and Perfection of the *Female Sex*, in that *Adam* ſignifies [*Earth*] but *Eve* expreſſes [*Life.*] For, they affirm, that every Name which *God* impos'd on any Thing, deſcribes its *Nature* and *Qualities*, as a *Picture* repreſents the *Original*. Therefore, by how much *Life* is more to be eſteem'd than *Earth*, by ſo much more Excellent, in the Opinion of theſe *Rabbi's*, is *Woman* than *Man*.

They go farther alſo, and from the Affinity between *Eve's* Name and the *Sacred* Name of *God*, the Ineffable *Tetragrammaton*, the *Cabbaliſts* borrow Proofs in Confirmation of their *Doctrine*.

I know not, whether ſuch Critical Obſervations be of any Moment, or no, in this Caſe; Yet, thou know'ſt, that all the *Eaſtern* Languages are full of hidden Myſteries; each Word and Letter being impregnated with ſome *Divine* or *Natural* Secret, beſide the common obvious Senſe. Thus *Al Zerbi*, the Holy *Muſſulman Doctor* ſays, There's Magick in the Sacred Name of *Jeſus*, and that whene'er it ſhall be once pronounced through the Great Tube or Trump of *Michael*, it

ſhall

ſhall cauſe all the *Powers* in *Heaven*, in *Earth*, and *Hell*, to bow the Knee. This *Globe*, whereon we tread, ſhall tremble, and all the *Elements* melt away; the *Firmament* ſhall be ſnatch'd up, like to the Motion of an *Eaſtern* Antiport, Veil, or Curtain. The wide-ſtretch'd *Orbs* Above, ſhall warp and rowl together, as a ſcorched Skin, or Piece of Parchment does before a Fire. So forcible will be the Energy of that Tremendous *WORD* by which the *Univerſe* was made, when *God* deſigns to rend this Viſible World of ours in Pieces, that he may reveal his Nobler Works, the Worlds Inviſible and Eternal. This mighty Frame, on every Side will bow, and yeild, and vaniſh; not able to ſupport the crowding Train and Luſtre of Immortal Glories, Radiant, Bright *Eſſences*, deſcending in a Body from the High *Palaces* of *God*, the Infinite Solitudes and Receſſes of the *Omnipotent*.

Thou haſt no Reaſon to be ſcandaliz'd at what I write, as if I were a *Chriſtian*. Thou ſeeſt I have a *Doctor* of the *Arabs* for my *Author*: A *True Biliever*, and reputed Saint. Beſides, if I am worthy to adviſe thee, let not the Common Practice of *Muſſulman* Profeſſors in the *Imperial* City, tempt thee to deſpiſe the *Bleſſed Son* of *Mary*, of whom our *Holy Prophet* ſpeaks ſo honourably. How many *Chapters* in the *Alcoran* do celebrate his Praiſe? I rather counſel thee to imitate the honeſt *Turcoman*, who are eſteemed the beſt of *True Believers*. Theſe

honour

honour both *Jesus* and his matchless *Virgin-Mother*. So do the *Chupmessiasi*, and all good *Mussulmans*. As for the Rest, they're either Superstitious and Morose *Fanaticks*, Profligate *Renegades*, or Loose, Wild *Libertines*, who fear neither *God* or *Man*.

And now I've mention'd that Incomparable *Mary*, *Mother* of the *Messias*, of whom the Mighty *Alcoran* speaks such Venerable Things; it is a fit Occasion to return from my Digression, and proceed in relating what the *Jewish Rabbi's* say farther in Commendation of the *Female Sex*.

They consider the Order which *God*, according to the *Writing* of *Moyses*, observed in the Creation; *viz.* That among his Works some are Incorruptible, and Immortal; others subject to Corruption and Change; and that as he began in the Noblest *Species* of the Former, to wit, pure separate *Spirits*, so he ended in the Most Illustrious of the latter, that is, *Woman*; the last of all his Works, and the most Perfect of Compound Beings; for in her are center'd and consummated the Nature of the Heavens, the Earth, Air, Fire, and Water, with Minerals, Plants, and Animals, and whatsoever else was made before her. This is the Opinion of some *Hebrew Writers*, who believe, that *God* having made *Eve*, and then survey'd the *System* of his Works, found nothing more Excellent or Divinely fram'd than *Woman*. Therefore in her he rested and commenc'd the *Sabbath*, as if his Power and Wisdom now were tir'd and foil'd,

foil'd, and that he cou'd not ſtart the *Idea* of another Creature, more perfect than her. Or, as if he did not eſteem the *Univerſe* it ſelf compleat without the laſt and moſt accompliſh'd of his Works. For, they hold, it is abſurd to believe, that *God* wou'd finiſh ſuch a prodigious and admirable Task, in any mean or abject Thing. They alſo illuſtrate this by a Similitude, aſſerting, That the World being as it were an intire Circle, it follows by a Neceſſary Conſequence, that it was finiſh'd in that Part, which by the moſt Intimate Union, couples the Firſt Atome to the Laſt.

They endeavour to ſtrengthen this by the Common Principle of *Philoſophy*, which teaches, That the End is always Firſt in the Intention, and laſt in Execution. *Woman* therefore being the Laſt Work of the Creation, it is evident, ſay they, that ſhe was the Chief Deſign and Aim, the *Almighty* had in building this Immenſe Fabrick, which he firſt furniſhed and adorned with infinite Riches and Delights, and then introduc'd *her*, as into her own Native, Proper Palace, there to reign as Abſolute Queen over all his Works.

Beſides, they take Advantage from the particular Place of her Creation, to exalt *her*, in that ſhe was form'd in *Paradiſe*, among the *Angels*, whereas *Man* was made in the Common Waſte among the *Brutes*. And therefore they ſay, *Women* have this peculiar Privilege, That when they look down from

any Eminent Height or Precipice, they feel no Dizziness or giddy Symptoms in their Head, no Mist or Dimness in their Eyes, being, as it were, nearer their Proper Element, or lofty Birth-Place. Whereas it is common for Men to be troubled with these Accidents in such a Case.

But the most prevailing Argument they use, is taken from the Stupendous Beauty of that *Sex*, which, like the finer Sort of Clouds in Summer, seems to engross the Splendors of Immortal Light, and so reflect them on the World. How matchless is a *Woman*'s Form? What dazzling Majesty environs her, from Head to Foot? Gaze on her lovely Countenance without Astonishment; or fix your Eyes on her's without an Ecstasie; Those Lights which do mislead the *Morning Stars*, and cause the *Gods* to ramble from their *Heaven*, if what the *Ancient Poets* say, be true. So did *Apollo* for his *Daphne*, and *Jupiter* for others of that charming *Sex*. Neither need we wonder at this, since the *Written Law* it self records, that *Angels* fell in Love with Admirable *Maids* of *Human Race*, and took 'em for their Wives, or Concubines, from whom the *Progeny* of *Giants* came. Thus more Modern *Writers* testify, that Incorporeal *Spirits* and *Daemons* of all Ranks and Qualities, both Good and Bad, have been enflamed with Ardent Passions for some *Mortal Virgin*. Which is no false or vain Opinion, as the Incredulous Part of Men would fain insinuate, but a known Truth, confirm'd by many Experiences. Indeed,

Indeed, so admirable is the Figure, Voice and Mien, of a Fair *Woman*, that he is wilfully blind, who does not see, whatsoever Beauties the whole World is capable of, concenter'd in that *Sex*. And for this Reason 'tis, that not only *Man*, with *Angels*, *Dæmons*, *Genii*, *Satyrs*, and the whole Series of *Rational Beings*, admire a Fair *Woman*; but even the very *Brutes* are struck with a profound Amazement at her Sight: With Sighs and Silent Vows, the *Animal Generations* pay Homage to her, and adore the ſtately Idol. Every thing in *Nature* is enamour'd, and lies proſtrate at her Feet. She alone commands the *Univerſe*.

Yet after all, my Brother, they have their dark ſide too, like the reſt of Mixed *Beings*. They are the Frontier Paſſes of the World Above, and that Below: The Gates of Life and Death, the very Avenues to Heaven or Hell, according as they're us'd. Like Fire they'll warm and refreſh a Man, if he keep at a due diſtance; but, if he approach too near, they'll ſcorch and bliſter him, if not conſume him quite. Or, like that other Element of Water, they're very good and ſerviceable, whilſt kept within their Bounds; but let them once break down the Banks of Modeſty, they'll threaten all with Ruine. In a Word, 'tis neither ſafe to vex 'em in the leaſt, or humour 'em too much. The Exceſs of Fondneſs, as well as the Defect of Natural Love, may equally undoe us. Prudent Generoſity is the only Method of ma-

king

king our selves happy in the Enjoyment of this Secret.

Dear *Pesteli*, let us Reverence our selves and then we cannot fail of due Respect from our *Wives* and *Concubines*. For, they love a Man that's truly Masculine and Brave.

Paris, the 15th. *of the* 10th. *Moon, of the Year* 1667.

LETTER XIV.

To the Same.

JUst as I'd finish'd t'other Letter, I was alarm'd afresh with new Discoveries of *Sohnum's* Treachery. That Barbarous *Dog*, is certainly an *Imp* of *Hell*, a *Devil* in Human Flesh; an Adventitious Plant, pluck't from the Drery Banks of *Phlegeton*, or *Cocytus*, and engrafted in our Noble Stock, on Purpose to ruine and destroy us. The whole *Tribe* is bound to curse him with immortal Execrations. He industriously seeks and studies all Occasions to do Mischief. His Veins sure stream with fiercest Venoms, rather than with Human Blood. The Poyson of *Dragons* and *Asps* is under his Tongue, and the Gall of *Crocodiles* within his Lips. His Lungs breath nothing but Infernal Smokes; the Spirit *Negider* times the *Systole* and *Di-*

alone of his Heart; and his whole Body is a Den of Fiends, as Foul and Black, as those which guard the Throne of the Great *Prince of Darkness*.

I cou'd have eaſily forgiven his ſly malicious Attempts upon my Life and Honour; his Interloping Tricks and Plots, his Calumnies and Slanders, with all the Train of his Perfidious Actions: But, that he ſhou'd abuſe the Vertuous *Fatima*, Daughter to our Uncle *Uſeph*, is an Injury I cann't put up, or pardon. That Innocent Lady ne'er deſerv'd ſuch Cruel Unmanly Uſage at his Hands. The Dregs of a Thouſand bitter Curſes be his Portion to drink in *Hell*, unleſs he repent of this prodigious Baſeneſs, and make Honourable Satisfaction.

Thou wilt wonder perhaps, what is *Soliman*'s Crime, that fills me with ſuch implacable Reſentments. Know then, that *Fatima*'s Husband, being call'd to the *Grand Signior*'s Service in the *Wars* of *Dalmatia*, and for that Reaſon, forced to tarry from her above theſe Fourteen *Moons*; ſhe entruſted *Soliman* with an Affair of grand Importance, a Matter which concern'd her Life, Honour and Welfare in the World. It ſeems ſhe had a Quarrel with an old *Grecian Hag*, who ſought to proſtitute her to the Great *Cadi* in *Smyrna*, where ſhe lives. This *Grandee* has by a ſtrange Accident, ſeen *Fatima* in a Bath frequented only by *Women* of *Quality*. However, through ſome Neglect of the Servants, he was not ſpy'd himſelf, but went away deeply

deeply in Love. That Passion, thou know'st, makes every Body restless, that is tormented with it. He knew not how to ease himself, but by communicating his Thoughts to the fore-mention'd *Grecian* Widow, whom he had often made the Confident of his Amours. The double-pac'd *Bawd* soon promis'd him Relief, and that she wou'd accomplish his Desires. However she fail'd and found her self mistaken, when she came to tempt the Inviolate Chastity of *Fatima*. For, all her glittering Promises, her softest *Rhetorick*, cou'd never corrupt a Heart establish'd firm in Vertue.

Mad at her Repulse, she studies how to be reveng'd, conceiving it not impossible to bring her Designs about by Violence, since Fair Perswasions wou'd not do. She frames a Formal Accusation against *Fatima* before the *Cadi*, taxing her with *Witchcraft* and other Crimes, upon Oath. The *Cadi* having learn'd his Lesson, wou'd not hear the *Cause* in open *Divan*; but pretending Indisposition of Body, caus'd her to be brought before him in his private Bed-chamber. The *Greek* had ready by her, several suborn'd *Witnesses*, to depose most horrid Things against the Innocent Woman. When the *Cadi* professing an intire Respect to *Fatima*'s Husband, seem'd to take Pity on her Circumstances, and wav'd the further Prosecution of the *Cause* till another Time, keeping *Fatima* Prisoner in the mean while in his own *Palace*.

All

All this was manag'd so privately, that no Body in the Town took Notice of it, save an Acquaintance or Two of the *Grecian* Widow and *Solyman* our worthy Cousin, who happen'd to be at *Smyrna* in this very Juncture among his other Rambles.

Persons in Trouble are willing to fly for Refuge to any Friend, desiring their Assistance. *Fatima*, all in Tears at such an unexpected Change of her Condition, had Leisure and Opportunity to speak to *Solyman*, conjuring him to go to certain intimate Friends of our *Family*, living in *Aleppo*, and tell them her Circumstances. Instead of this the Faithless Villain goes to her Husband's Friends at *Tripoli*, telling them the utmost shameful and Scandalous Things of *Fatima* his Malice cou'd invent; and that by her lewd Courses she had well-nigh ruin'd her Husband; producing at the same Time forged *Bills* and Letters as from him, whereby he rais'd a Thousand *Zequins*, with which the perjur'd Villain's gone no Body knows whither, to make his broken Fortunes once again, and lay a Foundation for new Cheats. Whilst the poor injur'd *Fatima*, is forc'd to bear the Reproach and Infamy of Things whereof she ne'er was guilty. But, Time, I hope will clear her Innocence, and bring that Curs'd Vagabond to Shame.

I counsell'd him indeed long ago to travel and see the various *Regions* of the Earth. But I ne'er advis'd him to load his *Soul* in such long Voyages with the Guilt of base Ingrati-

tude,

rude, barbarous Malice, Perfidy and other Vices of the blackeſt Hue. The ſmaller Frailties, Stains, and Blemiſhes of Human Life, are too great a Burden for a generous Heart to bear without Complaints and Sighs. He that has but a Spark of Vertue in him, bluſhes for every *Peccadillo* he commits. If, tempted by good Company, or in Hopes to baniſh Melancholy Thoughts, he indulge himſelf a larger Draught of Wine, than what is Ordinary, and ſo inſenſibly boil up his Blood to Irregular Heights and Superfluities; he's all this while no Body's Foe but his own: He plots no Miſchief againſt his Friend, Relation, Harmleſs Neighbour, or Acquaintance. All the Enmity he ſhews is to himſelf, and in his Cups he is not aware of that. For which Reaſon afterwards, to expiate the Criminal Advances he made to ſelf-Murder; he willingly ſcums off the groſſer Ebullition of his heated Veins, in penitent weeping: A Flood of Tears runs from his Eyes, like generous *Libations* at the Foot of the *Altar*, to pacify the Wrath of God; whilſt the lighter Part evaporates in pious Sighs and Vows. Thus this Pollution vaniſhes like Smoak, and he is ſoon made Clean again. And ſo in other Vices 'tis the ſame, with Men diſpos'd to Vertue. They endeavour to root out the Evil Habits they're accuſtom'd to. They try all Ways, and Stratagems to reform themſelves. But wicked Men by Inclination, ſin on without Remorſe. They never ſtudy to retrench the Evils they commit. Ever propenſe to Vice, they

they chuse its ways, and court the Opportunities of doing Impious Things. They're naturively Unjust, and cannot live at Ease without premeditated Crimes. It is their Element, to be projecting Mischief. And such one is *Solyman* our Cousin.

God inspire him with more Grateful Sentiments towards his Friends, more Natural and Affectionate to those of his *Blood*, and a more just Deportment to all Men: Or else may he be like *Cain*, who for murdering his Brother was condemn'd to be a *Vagabond* on Earth; and like *Zeuli Bazar* the *Persian*, who falsely accus'd *Hosain* the *Prophet*, and for that Reason was troubled with a *Palsy* in his Head as long as he liv'd.

Paris, 15th. *of the* 10th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1664.

LETTER

LETTER XV.

To the Mufti's Vicar.

I Sent an Account to the *Port* of the Death of the late *Rumbeg*, or *Pope*, who is the Great *Patriarch* of the *Nazarenes*. Now the *Cardinals* have choſen another to ſucceed him, whom they call *Clement* IX. A Man of a great Character for Learning and Piety, and one from whom the *Franks* expect Glorious Things to be done for the Publick Good of *Chriſtendom*.

Theſe *Popes* ſeem to inherit the Authority and Honour of the Ancient *Pontifex Maximus*, or *High-Prieſt* of the *Romans* in the Time of *Paganiſm*. Nay, they aſſume a far more Ample and Uncontroulable Power. For, thoſe *Gentile Prelates* always ſubmitted to the *Imperial* Authority, from which they receiv'd Protection and Maintenance. But, theſe *Chriſtian Fathers* acknowledge no *Superiour* on Earth. *Kings* and *Emperours* do Homage to them, and perform the meaneſt Services; as, to hold the *Baſon* whilſt the *Pope* waſhes his hands; to hold the *Stirrop*, whilſt he mounts, or alights from off his *Mule*. Sometimes Great *Princes* lead his *Horſe* by the Bridle; whilſt at another Seaſon, they carry him on their Shoulders. 'Tis Recorded, that *Eumenes*, King of *Pergamus*, came to *Rome*, and pulling off his *Turbant*, humbly laid

laid it on the Ground before the *Senate*, confessing he receiv'd his Liberty from them. And *Prusias*, *King* of *Bithynia*, us'd to style himself the *Roman Senate's Slave*, and bow down to the Earth before them. But, this is nothing to the Reverence which Great *Monarchs* pay the *Pope*, when crawling on their Hands and Knees, they kiss the Sandal on his Foot.

He can make and depose *Kings* at Pleasure, absolve *Subjects* from their Allegiance, bind and remit Sins, open and shut the Gates of *Paradise*, *Purgatory*, and *Hell*, or at least he endeavours to make the World believe so.

He has Seventy *Cardinals* for his Assistants and Counsellors, all equal to *Princes*: A Hundred and Thirty *Archbishops* under his Obedience: A Thousand and Seventeen *Bishops*: A Hundred and Forty Four Thousand *Monasteries* and *Religious* Houses: Three Hundred Thousand *Parishes* obeying his Will, and yielding Homage to him. So that if he were resolv'd to carry on some lasting *War*, he need only lay an Impost of Six Crowns a Year on every *Monastery*; and Fifty Two on every *Parish*, and it would amount to Sixteen Millions of Crowns yearly Income. And if out of every *Monastery*, he chose out Ten Men, he would have an Army of Fourteen Hundred and Forty Thousand Men. Which is more than any *Potentate* in the World can do beside.

Thou wilt say, 'tis a Wonder then he does not put this in Practice, and so wage *War* with

with the *Grand Signior*, who has fleec'd him of so many flourishing Countries formerly under his Obedience.

O Sacred Oracle of the *Mussulmans*, God has tied up his Hand; he cannot do it. These are his Empty Speculations, Impracticable Projects, Phantastick *Chimeras*. The mighty Train of his *Archbishops*, *Bishops*, *Parish-Priests*, with *Jesuits*, *Monks* and *Friars*, though never so willing to obey his Orders in such a Case, yet cannot stir a Foot without the leave of their Respective *Sovereigns*. For, they are dispers'd through divers Kingdoms, States and Principalities, where they are subject to the Laws and Government in Force. So that unless he cou'd unite the Hearts of all the *Christian Princes* one with another, and with his own, to undertake so grand an Expedition, it is impossible ever to effect his Will. Each *Nation* has an Interest of its own to pursue, which makes 'em deaf to such Proposals as may embarass, if not ruine them. No *Peter* of the *Desart*, rambling up and down from *Court* to *Court*, with his Religious Harangue, will e'er again prevail to raise another *Crusade*. That Zeal is out of Fashion now in *Christendom*. Kings in these later Ages, have not half the Attach and Veneration for the *Pope*, they had in former Times. When *Pope Boniface* VIII. claimed a Temporal Jurisdiction in *France*; *Philip* the *Fair*, being then King, sent him this short Answer; *Let thy Great Sottishness know, That in Temporals we are subject to*

none but God alone. And a *French Embassador* at *Rome*, speaking something boldly to the *Pope*, the *Prelate* reproach'd him, *That his Father was burnt for a Heretick*; whereupon the *Embassador* gave him such a Box o'th Ear, that he fell down as Dead. But it was a tart Message indeed, which the *Eastern Bishops* sent to *Pope John* III. who claimed an Universal Authority over all the *Churches* in the World. For said they, *We firmly believe thy Absolute Authority over thy own Subjects; but we who are not subject to thee, cannot bear thy Pride, nor are we able to satiate thy Avarice. The Devil be with thee, and God with us.*

In a Word, All *Denmark*, *Swedeland*, *Norway*, *Holland*, *England*, *Scotland*, *Geneva*, *Ireland*, half the *Empire*, and half *Suisserland* are fallen off from their Obedience to the *Pope* within these Two Hundred Years. And those *Kingdoms* and *States* which yet continue under the Yoke, are ready to shake it off at every Turn, when they are never so little gaul'd and vex'd. *France*, *Spain* and *Venice* often huff the *Pope* into Compliance with their Demands. Nor dares he to resist, but winks and puts up all, like an old decrepid *Father*, for whom his Sons are grown too strong.

Holy Successor of the *Prophet* and *Messengers* of *God*; Thou art th' *Infallible Interpreter* of the *Law*, and *Judge* of *Equity*, yet dost not arrogate a *Power* above thy *Commission*. The *Grand Signior* honours thy Wisdom and Sanctity;

sanctity; and thou obey'st with humble submission the *Imperial Edicts*, He is thy *Lord*, and thou his *Guide* and *Tutor* in the Way to *Paradise*. May *God* increase thy Illuminations with thy Years, and inspire me and all the *True Faithful* with sincere Loyalty to our *Sovereign*, and devout Obedience to thee, without the least Alloy of Treachery or Superstition.

Paris, 2d. *of the* 11th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1667.

LETTER XVI.

To Nathan Ben Saddi, a Jew at Vienna.

NOW thou ſeeſt, I am a truer Prophet than thy *New Meſſias*, that *Impoſtor Sabbati Sevi*: And yet, though I'm ſo in Effect, I do not aſpire at the Title. I claim no Character above that of a Mortal, who has not quite forfeited his Senſe and Reaſon. However, if thou wilt yet retain ſome Veneration for his Perſon, ſhew it by imitating his Example, and embrace the *Muſſulman Faith* as he has done. At leaſt he outwardly profeſſes it; and had the Honour to do ſo firſt, in Preſence of the *Sultan*. I know not whether thou haſt heard of this or no. Thy Brethren perhaps may be unwilling to diſperſe the News of a *Converſion* bringing ſo much Infamy to all your *Race*. 'Tis poſſible they are aſham'd to own or publiſh to the World, the Tidings of their own Egregious Folly, in giving up their *Faith* to ſuch a Cheat as this; a Cheat as one would think grown ſtale and fetid enough, to make a Man that had the ſmalleſt Grain of Senſe recoil, conſidering how oft your *Fathers* have been bubbl'd before by ſuch Upſtart *Meſſiaſſes*, ſuch Spurious *Prophets* as this.

I commend the Wit of *Sabbati Sevi*, in that he

he would not ſtand the Brunt of the *Grand Signior's Archers*, or by a vain Preſumption hope for Miracles from Heaven to skreen his Naked Body from a Shower of Fatal Shafts. Had he been ſo raſh, I ſhould eſteem him the greateſt Miracle of Stupidity that e'er was extant on the Earth. If thou haſt not been yet informed of theſe Paſſages, Fame will quickly bring them to thy Ears; and then my Letter will not ſeem obſcure. In the mean time, aſſure thy ſelf, he deny'd his *Apoſtleſhip*, to ſave his Life, and this before the *Grand Signior*, with the chief *Grandees* of the *Court*; Where, at the ſame time, he confeſs'd *One God* and *Mahomet* his Meſſenger. If thou art his *Diſciple* therefore, thou oughteſt to be ſtedfaſt, and tread in his Steps, giving Glory to the *Eternal One* who has ſent *Prophets* into all Nations, to lead Men in the right way, as he ſent *Moſes* to the Houſe of *Iſrael*.

Nathan, ſuffer no narrow Principles, no Partial Prejudices to ſhut up thy *Soul* from the bright Splendors of Immortal Truth, which ſhine on every Man. The Light of *Heaven* is not confin'd to One particular *Lineage*. 'Tis Copious, large and infinite; ſpreading abroad its Univerſal Rays, enlightning all the Families and Nations on Earth.

'Tis true, I grant, the *Omnipotent* firſt ſent *Moſes* with the *Written Law* to the *Poſterity* of *Iſaac*. Had they obey'd the *Sacred Inſtitutions*, 'tis poſſible your *Race* had now been bleſs'd above the reſt of Men. Perhaps your *Fathers* would have ſtretch'd their *Conqueſts*

far and wide to the utmoſt Limits of the *Land*; from *India* to the *Weſtern* Shores of *Africk*, and from the Remote Borders of the *South* to *Nova Zembla* in the *Artick* Circle. Then devout Princes wou'd have travell'd from the *Four Angles* of the World, and made long *Pilgrimages* to *Jeruſalem*, there to perform their *Vows*, and offer *Sacrifices* to the *King* of *Heaven*.

But alas your *Anceſtors* turn'd *Infidels* and *Idolaters*, even at the very Foot of *Mount Sinai*, whilſt the Tremendous *Eccho's* of the *Thunders* yet were in their Ears. They made themſelves a *Calf* of *Gold*, and Ador'd the *Idol* of their own Workmanſhip: So did their *Children* worſhip *Adonis*, *Venus*, *Diana*, and almoſt all the *Rabble* of the *Gentile Gods*, and *Godeſſes*. For which Reaſon, the Wrath of *Heaven* was kindled againſt that *Generation*: *God* rowz'd the Mighty *Monarchs* of the *Eaſt* to take up Arms and puniſh ſuch a *Wicked Race* of Men. How often was fair *Jeruſalem* ſack'd, and all the *Jews* deſtroy'd or carried away *Captives* by *Perſians*, *Medes*, *Aſſyrians*, or the *Kings* of *Babylon*? How many *Prophets* were ſent to tell 'em of their Errours and reclaim 'em? But the Obdurate Sons of *Jacob* ſtop'd their Ears, being reſolutely bent on Wickedneſs; the Meaſure of which being once complete, *Fate* ſign'd the *Edict* of your Utter Ruine. For then came *Jeſus* the *Son* of *Mary*, the True *Meſſias*, who foretold the Irrevocable *Caſtrophe* of *Jeruſalem*, which came to paſs accordingly

accordingly in that very Age; When the Victorious *Roman* Army laid it all in Ashes, not so much as sparing the Glorious *Temple* of *Solomon*. Ever since which, the *Jews* have been dispers'd abroad through all the Earth. Each *Nation*, *City*, or *Province* where ye live, account ye Execrable *Fugitives* and *Vagabonds*.

In the mean while, the Fame of *Jesus* spread abroad; his Heavenly *Doctrine*, perfect Life, and Mighty Miracles, subdu'd the Hearts of Men. *Christianity* took Root i'th' World: It grew, and branch'd it self throughout the *Continent*. The *Roman* and the *Grecian Empires* tamely sat down under the *Church*'s Shade within Three Hundred Years; and quickly after, other Nations fled unto the *Sacred* Shelter. But in process of Time this *Religion* also, like to yours, degenerated into Error, Superstition, and Idolatry. And then *God* rais'd up *Mahomet*, our *Holy Lawgiver*. He sent him down the *Book* of *Glory* by the *Hand* of *Gabriel*; And commanded him to teach it to the *House* of *Ismael* first, and then to all Men that were willing to embrace the *Undefiled Faith*; but to chastise with Fire and Sword, the *Infidels* who shou'd oppose his *Mission*, and resist the *Truth*.

How soon the *Mussulman Law* took Place, and gained Ground in *Arabia*, *Persia*, *Syria*, and the Adjacent *Regions* of the *East*? Nothing was able to stand before the Warlike Troops of *True Believers*. How

Bold and Matchless were the Actions of the Valiant *Hali*? How Wise the Counsels of Sage *Omar*, and *Abu-Bacre*? How Eloquent and Forcible the Words of the Chast and Generous *Osman*? The *Prophet* was happy in the Company of all the *Holy Cailiphs*. They fought and conquered all before them.

Whenever the Heavenly *Banner* was display'd, Trembling and Horrour seiz'd the *Infidels*. Showers of successful Arrows streight were sent, against which the *Uncircumcised* could not stand; much less could they sustain the near Approach and dreadful Shock of our Invincible Cavalry. Their faint Battalions quickly shrunk and posted from the Field; whilst Ours unmindful of the Spoil, pursu'd the Chace, and strewed the Ground with slaughtered Carcases of flying Miscreants. Conquest attended the *True Faithful*, wherever they drew their Swords. Thus for above these Thousand Years has our Religion made its fortunate Advances on the Earth: And if another *Law* should be revealed, and some New *Prophet* rise to check the farther Growth of *Mussulman Faith*, and undermine the *Empire* of the *Faithful*; we ought not to reflect on *Mahomet* for this, as though he were an *Impious Seducer*, any more than we do on *Moses* for your Calamities; or on *Jesus* the *Son* of *Mary*, for the declining State of *Christendom*.

'Tis not impossible, but that the *Omnipotent* may have hidden Reserves of *Precepts*, yet to be divulged. He has had his various

Methods

Methods and Diſpenſations in all Ages and Parts of the World. Neither is it fit for Mortal Man to limit the *Eternal One*, or ſet him Rules. His Methods are to us Incomprehenſible. He ſent *Moſes*, a Man bred up in all the Sciences and Wiſdom of the *Egyptians*. To *Jeſus* he committed his hidden Power and Knowledge; and the *Apoſtles* ſpake all *Languages*. But *Mahomet* cou'd neither Write nor Read, and yet thou ſeeſt his *Law* has proſelyted many Mighty *Kingdoms*, *States*, and *Empires*. Who knows, but that in Future Times he will convert the *Apoſtate World* by ſome *Dumb Perſon*, who can neither Hear nor Speak? Or by ſome Blind Man who cou'd never ſee? Or it is not Impoſſible, but that he may employ ſome *Maid* of Admirable Beauty, Gifts and Learning, in the *Myſterious* Work. So were the *Sybils* of Old inſpir'd with *Sacred* Wiſdom and Fore-knowledge of Things to come. All filld with Inward Blaſts of ſome *Immortal* Wind, the pregnant *Virgins* ſoon conceiv'd deep *Myſteries* of *Fate*, which they writ down on Leaves of Trees: For they were *Eremits*, and Twelve in Number, as Ancient *Records* ſay. One of them liv'd at *Cuma* in *Italy*, where her Cave is ſhewn to Travellers at this Day. They foretold what ſhould happen in After-Times, particularly the *Birth* of *Jeſus* the *Son* of *Mary*. But they never ſaid a Word of *Sabbati Sevi*, or of any other *Meſſias*, to come after the Firſt. Theſe *Holy Maids* were had in great

Veneration by the *Gentiles*, who gather'd up the ſcatter'd Leaves whereon they writ their *Prophecies*, and tranſcrib'd them carefully on Paper; that ſo the *Sacred Memoirs* might be deliver'd ſafe down to *Poſterity*.

By what I have ſaid, *Nathan*, thou may'ſt perceive, That I aim at nothing elſe, but to wean thee from the Superſtitious, fond Conceit of your *Nation*; and to make thee ſenſible, That though *God* once favoured the *Jews* with *Oracles* of *Light* and *Reaſon*, yet they have for many *Ages* forfeited this Privilege. Since which he gave the *Goſpel* to *Jeſus* the *Son* of *Mary*, the *Alcoran* to *Mahomet*, and at all Times has ſent *Meſſengers* and *Prophets* to every Nation and People on Earth.

There are no Partial *Byaſſes* in the *Divinity* which made the *Worlds*. He is an Inexhauſtible *Abyſs* of *Love*, of *Light*, and *Life*; Where every *Creature* drinks its *Fill* of *Natural* Happineſs, according to the different Ranks, Capacities and Deſires of Things. *He Veſts* the *Sun* with an *Immortal Robe* of *Light*, the *Train* of which is *born up* by the *Moon* and *Stars*.

When *Phœbus* is upon the Wing by *Day*, his *Garment* covers all the *Sky*; the Golden *Fringes* of it dangle to this *Globe*, and *trail* along in the *Miry Soil*, yet never gather the leaſt *Speck* of *Dirt*: They're *dipt* and *plung'd* in *Rivers*, *Lakes*, and *Seas*, without being *wet*; and yet they *drink* up *all* the *Ocean* by *Succeſſive Draughts*. This Lower *World* rejoices in the *glittering* Shew; the *Elements* with

with every *Being* compounded of them, *bask* in the welcome *Rays*. So do the *Planets* Above, who take a ſingular to *fold* ſome *Part* of the *Illuſtrious Dreſs* about them. They *wrap* themſelves *half* up in *borrow'd Light*, and then, like *Weſtern Franks*, they foot it to and fro, in their beloved Walks Above; giving the neceſſary Salutes and *Conges* to each other, *en Paſſant*, and to the Sedentary *Signs* and Fixed *Stars*, to ſee if any of them mind their *Courtly* Garb and Mien: For they are the Sun's *Domeſtick Pages*, the *Favourites* of *his Serail*. At other Seaſons they ſtand ſtill, perhaps to gaze upon themſelves, in Contemplation of the Majeſtick Figure they make.

So have I ſeen a proud, conceited *Spaniſh* Trumpeter, after he had blown a *Levet* pretty well, lay down the Silver Inſtrument with a Diſdainful Gravity. His Cheeks all ſwoln with incloſ'd Air, and Soul puff'd up with Arrogance, he ſtruts, and curls his Black *Muſtaches*. Then, with big Looks, ſurveys himſelf from Head to Foot; caſting an Eye of Scorn upon the ſilent *Tube*, conſcious that he alone can make it ſound ſo well.

Thou wilt ſay, I wander in my Diſcourſe, as much as thoſe *Heavenly Bodies* I am ſpeaking of. 'Tis true, *Nathan*, our Thoughts are free, and not confin'd to Rules and Forms. We eaſily ſlip from one Imagination to another. And ſince I have made this *Planetary* Digreſſion, ſuffer me now, like them, to run Retrograde, and come to the Point from which I rov'd.

Doubtleſs,

Doubtleſs, each Individual *Being* is fill'd with its *Eſſential* Bliſs. The Fire has its Specifick Happineſs; ſo has the Air, the Water, and the Earth, with all the Living Generations on it. And when the *Moſt High* diſtributed the *Sons* of *Humane Race* through all the Various Climates, Zones, and Provinces, he furniſh'd every Region of the Globe with Gifts and Products, Riches and Delights, Agreeable to the Inhabitants: With this *Proviſo*, That they ſhould live in Innocence, Juſtice, and according to Reaſon. From which Eternal Law if any People ſwerv'd, they ſhould forfeit theſe Privileges, and be ſubdu'd, if not extirpated, by ſome more Vertuous Nation.

From hence ſprung all the Revolutions of Mighty *Kingdoms* and *Empires*; one ſucceſſively ſupplanting another to this Day. And the Sins of your *Nation* being greater, it ſeems, than thoſe of any other, *God* has diſpers'd you over all the Earth, without ſuffering you to inherit or poſſeſs a Foot of Ground.

If ever therefore *Fate* deſigns to reſtore the *Jews* again to the *Holy Land*, wherein their *Fathers* liv'd; never expect it, till your Erroneous Minds, and Vicious Manners are reform'd. For, *Paleſtine* was never ſeated ſo deliciouſly, for Bloody Zealots, Hypocrites, and Cruel Uſurers to enjoy.

Paris, 2d. *of the* 11th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1667.

LETTER

LETTER XVII.

To Dgnet Oglou.

Daria's a Queen, a Jilt; and I am once more cur'd of my Dotage. There is no Truſt in Woman's Beauty, Faith, or Wit. They are deceitful as the Fruit of *Aſphaltites*: They are perfect *Riddles* and *Paradoxes*; and have more Unlucky Tricks, than Croſs-grain'd *Elfes* or *Fairies*. When a Man, over-heated by his Amorous Paſſion, thinks to embrace a *Goddeſs*, he meets with *Ixion*'s Fate, and only hugs a gaudy *Cloud*, or *Meteor*.

I will not make thee ſick with a particular Rehearſal of my Second Folly, in being ſo fond of one who had betray'd me formerly. I will not repeat the Vain Addreſſes I made, the Kind Obliging Things I ſpoke, nor her Deceitful Anſwers. I will not tell thee, how ſhe drill'd me on into her Snares, and led me Captive in an Amorous Circle. Content thy ſelf to know, that I have been *Twice* her *Cully*; and if ever I am the *Third* Time, 'twill be my own Fault, as the *Italian* ſays. No, my *Dgnet*, I have done with that *Falſe Sex*. Henceforth, for ever, I abjure all Amorous Regards of Women. I will ſhun them, as I would a Peſtilence. I will either ſhut my Eyes, or turn them another Way, at leaſt, when-ever I meet a *Female*. I will not think

of

of them, but with Diſdain and Hatred. Finally, I am off from them to all Intents and Purpoſes.

However, as the *Arabian Proverb* ſays, *That Wind blows from an Unlucky Point of the Compaſs, which wafts no Good to Somebody*: ſo from *Daria*'s Falſe and Feigned Smiles, I reap ſome Benefit. I have learn'd a Secret, which has rid my Spirit of a Thouſand Cares, Diſquiets, and Agonies.

In the Year 1664. of the *Chriſtians Hegira*, I ſent a Letter to the Noble *Kerker Haſſan, Baſſa*, our Country-man; Wherein I inform'd him of an Affine made upon me in the Dark, as I was going to my Lodgings; and how I kill'd the Ruffian that attempted on my Life. I told that Generous *Grandee*, all my Jealouſies, and Conjectures on that Subject; how I ſuſpected ſome of my Enemies at the *Port*, to have a Hand in the Deſign; or elſe, that my *Sicilian Maſter* was concern'd in it. I knew not well what to conclude. But, now I am ſatisfied 'twas *Daria*'s Husband, who reſenting deeply my former Amour with her, which ſhe diſcover'd to him at large, cou'd never be at Reſt, till he ſaw *Paris*, where he deſign'd to be the Executioner of his own Revenge, and lay in wait accordingly for my late Returning Home: For he was not ignorant of my Lodging. His Wife knew nothing of his Deſign, he having pretended other Buſineſs at the City. And 'twas from Accidental Words in her Diſcourſe, that I collected this

great

great Secret. For, when I ask'd her of her Husband's Health, she told me, he was kill'd at such a Time, by Night, in an Alley of *Paris*, by whom she never yet could learn. But, I streight blush'd with Consciousness, and took the Hint. I drop'd some Necessary, Careless *Queries* by Degrees: And all her Answers still confirm'd me, as to Time and Place, with other Circumstances, that he must be the Man I murder'd in my own Defence, so long ago.

I kept this Secret lock'd up in my Breast; nor cou'd my doting Fondness melt me into such a soft and easie Temper, as to betray my self to her. But I took Inward Pleasure at the Thoughts of my Deliverance from that Sudden Violent Death, and from my After-Cares and Fears, by this Discovery. Henceforward I'll suspect no *Mussulman*, tho' my Enemy. Nor shall I be so fearful of my *Sicilian Master*. No Pannick Terrours shall confine me to my Chamber, and make me spend my Days in Fretting and Consuming Melancholy. I will not be surpriz'd when Strangers knock at the Gate, or when I hear the Blustering Voices of the Parish-Officers below, or the Collectors of the King's Revenues. Yet, these before were dreadful as the *Sultan*'s *Atteschériff*, or *Fatal Warrant*, when he demands a *Bassa*'s Head. So forcible is Jealousie, and suspended Thoughtfulness; so black the Influence, even of mis-ground Apprehension, and mistaken Guilt.

My

My *Dgnet*, This Mortal Life is a dark *Labyrinth* of croſs Events. Bewilder'd Man gropes up and down; he often trips and ſtumbles at Contingencies; he ſtrays about in Thorny, Rugged Paths, not knowing where he is, or which Way to turn himſelf. Sometimes an *Ignis Fatuus*, with its deceitful Light, miſ-guides him into Miry Places, Fens and Bogs, where he is in danger of being ſwallow'd up; or leads him to the Brink of an high Precipice, where if he advance but one Step more, he is gone beyond Recovery. He falls, and daſhes himſelf to pieces, on tender-growing Rocks.

Reaſon is the only Clew that can conduct us ſafe, through all the Windings of the perillous *Maze*. *Heaven* grant that thou and I may never let go our Hold of this ſo neceſſary Faculty, until it has conducted us to *Paradiſe*.

Paris, *the* 15th. *of the* 12th. *Moon*, *of the Year* 1667.

LETTER

LETTER XVIII.

To the Kaimacham.

LAst Year I gave thee an Account of the Birth of a young *Princess* of *France*. Now I shall inform thee, That she was *baptized* on the 21st. of this *Moon*. *Baptism* with the *Nazarenes*, is Equivalent to our *Circumcision*: Nay, 'tis something more *Divine*, if we may believe them. They call it the *Sacrament* of *Initiation*, the *First Mystery* of *Christian Faith*. But, when 'tis apply'd to Children of *Royal* Extraction, the Sons or Daughters of *Kings*, it looks more like a *Ceremony* of *State*, than a *Mystery* of *Religion*. However, be it what it will, 'tis perform'd with abundance of Pomp and Magnificence. And at this *Ceremony* it is, that every *Christian* receives his *Name*, which is given by the *Godfathers* and *Godmothers*, that is, Persons who stand *Sureties* for the Child's Education in the *Christian Religion*. This *Princess* was nam'd *Maria Theresa*, by the *Dutchess Dowager* of *Orleans*, and by the *Duke* of *Enguien*.

On the same Day the *Cardinal Duke* of *Vendosme* had *Audience* of the *King* and *Queen*, in Quality of *Legate de Latere* from the *Pope*. It seems the *King* of *France* had desir'd the *Pope* to stand *Godfather* to the *Dauphin*; which the good *Prelate* accepting,

sent

ſent this *Cardinal* as his *Deputy* and *Repreſentative*, to perform the *Charge*. He is to give the *Dauphin* his *Name*. In the mean while, he ſtands much upon *Punctilio's*, requires vaſt Reſpects and ſubmiſſions from the *French Biſhops*; and carries himſelf with as much State, as if he were a *God* or an *Angel*; looking as big, as if he were the *Emperour* of the *Univerſe*. And well he may, ſince during his *Legation*, he has as much *Power* as the *Pope* himſelf; that *Sovereign Prelate*, having inveſted him with all his own Paternal full Authority; Which he wou'd make the World believe, is greater than that of Earthly *Kings* and *Emperours*. And yet he ſtyles himſelf the *Servant* of the *Servants of God*. A fine Piece of *Eccleſiaſtick Hypocriſie*! The Ways of theſe *Infidels* are double. Their Practiſe runs counter to their Profeſſion. They wou'd fain appear as *Saints*, when in Effect they are little better than *Devils*.

There has been a great Alteration lately made in *Portugal*; the *Eſtates* of that *Nation* having compell'd their *King* to renounce his *Government*, and conferr it on *Dom Pedro*, his Brother. The *Spaniard* laughs at this privately, hoping from their Inteſtine Animoſities to draw Occaſions of advancing his own Intereſt, and of recovering that *Crown* again.

Accompliſh'd *Miniſter*, There is Nothing New under the *Moon*; but a perpetual Circle of the ſame Events. What we admire at in

this Age, as a Novelty, has been acted over and o'er in former Times. Peace follows War, and War treads close upon the Heels of Peace. Faith, Perfidy, Sedition, Obedience, Vertue and Vice, are the Reciprocal Off-spring of each other. There's nothing fix'd or stable; but the World turns round upon Eternal Vicissitudes.

Paris, 30th. *of the* 1st. *Moon,*
of the Year 1668.

LET-

LETTER XIX.

To Abdel Melec Muli Omar, President *of the* College *of* Sciences *at* Fez.

I Received thy Invaluable *Dispatch*, containing Marvellous Things, Revelations of a Sublime Rank, Mysteries heretofore undiscover'd. Yet I was not much surpriz'd having all along presag'd some vast Improvement of *Learning* from thy accomplish'd Spirit. O thou *Terrestrial Star* of the *First* Magnitude, *Chief* in the *Constellations* of the *South*.

Glory be to *God*, who from Infinite Darkness started the Eternal Bright *Idea*'s of the Universe; and on the Womb of Everlasting Silence, begat the WORD by which he formed all Things. Doubtless, there is no Blemish in his Works: No Botches, Knots or disproportionable Unevennesses. The World's a perfect Beauty.

Were *Ptolomy* alive, thy *System* of the *Heavens* wou'd put him to the Blush. And *Tycho Brahe* wou'd sneak out of his *Planetary* Frame, by some wild and more than *Eccentrick* Motion, asham'd that he had been such a Botcher in *Astronomy*. *Copernicus* himself wou'd sink under the Burden of the Mass which the overloaded Earth wou'd in Revenge

venge let fall upon him, for his Unnatural Cruelty to his Aged Mother, in burdening her so long. And all the World wou'd celebrate thy Praise, who hast thus happily resc'd *Heaven* and *Earth* from their Embaraſsments.

Thy Thoughts are high and elevated to the *Heaven* of *Heavens*; yet thy Humility stoops to the *Center* of the *Earth*. But all Mankind wou'd be oblig'd to thee afresh, if thou wou'd'st vouchsafe to take the Middle Path, and survey with thy accustom'd Accuracy the Surface of this *Globe*, whereon we Mortals tread. *Geography* being already sensible of her Elder Sister's Happiness, in thy Correction and Amendments of the former *Astronomick* Schemes; languishes also for thy Supervisal of her own Defects and Blemishes.

Those that have measur'd the Earth, cannot agree in stating her Circumference. And there were few in former Times who did believe th' *Antipodes*. The *Mussulmans* of *India* do assert, that the *Earth*'s supported by Eight Mighty *Elephants*: And those of *Turky*, say, it rests upon the *Horns* of a great *Bull*. If either of these Opinions were to be taken in the Literal Sense, 'twould put the dullest *Philosopher* to *Subsannation*, or at least a Fit of Laughter. But, doubtless they are *Allegories*, under which are veil'd some True and Natural Secrets.

However, let the *Globe* rest where it will, on *Bulls*, or *Bears*, or *Elephants*, or *Camels*, *Dromedaries*,

Dromedaries, *Horſes*, or the Back of *Aelus*, as the *Gentiles* did affirm; I wou'd fain know, methinks, how large a Space of Land we have to tread upon, and what Proportion is allotted to the Sea.

'Tis true, we have a common Notion of *Four Quarters* of Dry Land, *Aſia*, *Africa*, *Europe* and *America*. Yet this is quarrell'd at by thoſe of Later Times, who add a *Fifth*, which they call *Magellanica*, or the *Southern Unknown Earth*. From Immemorial Times, our *Fathers* were acquainted with the *Three* Firſt Diviſions or Precincts of the *Globe*: But the Two laſt were but of late diſcover'd, ſince the Improvement of *Navigation*, and the Invention of the *Compaſs*.

There is a Vulgar Tradition, every where in Vogue, That after *Noah*'s Flood, *Aſia* fell to the ſhare of *Sem* and his *Poſterity*, *Afrique* to *Cham*, and *Europe* to *Japhet*. Whether this be true or no, cannot be proved, but is wholly owing to Conjecture. However, this is certain, That if it were ſo, there have been mighty Changes in the Inheritance of *Noah*'s *Off-ſpring*; and Alterations of their ſeveral Limits: Inſomuch, as now they ſeem to be in Part blended and mix'd together, or at leaſt, ſhuffl'd from one to another.

Thoſe who lived in the *Middle Age* made but *Two Diviſions* of the *Globe*; Viz. *Aſia* and *Europe*: And in this they alſo differ'd: For, ſome made *Africk* only a

Provinc

Peninsula or Part of the Former, perſwading themſelves that they were Anciently joined together, tho afterwards ſeparated by a violent Irruption of the *Atlantick Sea*, by the *Straights* of *Gibralter*, which before was a Narrow *Iſthmus* or Neck of Land; but from the Time that Bank was waſhed away, the *Mediterranean Sea* deriv'd its Origin. Others made *Africk* a Part of *Aſia*, they being not abſolutely parted by any *Sea*; though ſome *Egyptian Kings*, and *Roman Emperors* attempted to make a *Canal* between the *Mediteranean* and *Red Sea*.

A Third ſort divided the Known Part of the World into *Aſia*, *Europe*, *Africk*, and *Egypt*. Whilſt a Fourth plac'd *Egypt* to the Account of *Aſia*, making the River *Nile* the Boundary between it and *Africk*. But this was Incommodious, in regard it left that of *Egypt* on the *Weſt* of *Nile*, to *Africa*. Such was the Confuſion of the Ancient *Greek* and *Roman* Geographers.

As for *America*, it takes its Name from *Americus Veſputius*, a *Florentine*, who made the Second Voyage to diſcover it. For it was Firſt deſcry'd by *Chriſtopher Columbus*, a *Genueſe*, in the Year of the *Chriſtian Hegira*, 1492. by the Order and at the Charge of *Ferdinand*, *King* of *Arragon* and *Caſtile*. This *Part* of the *World* is divided into Two Mighty *Empires*; the *Northern*, or that of *Mexico*; and the *Southern*, or that of *Peru*.

Magellanica,

Magellanica, or the *Southern Unknown Land*, derives its Name from *Ferdinand Magellan* the First that e'er discover'd it, in the Year 1520, when he sail'd quite round the Globe. About Five and Forty Years afterwards *Francis Drake* an *Englishman*, touch'd upon the same Coasts; and Twelve Years after him, *Thomas Candish*, one of his Countrymen. Likewise *Oliver van Noord*, a *Hollander*, undertook the same Voyage. But none made such Advances in this new Discovery, as a certain *Spaniard*, call'd *Ferdinand de Quer*.

God knows what strange and unexpected Novelties this *Country* might afford, if Men were once acquainted with it. This may be the Sanctuary of the Ten Tribes of *Israelites*, which were led away Captives by *Salmanasser*, King of *Assyria*. Or, perhaps the Inhabitants of this *Country*, are of another Race than that of *Noah* and *Adam*. We may from them, 'tis possible, derive new Lights, as to the Pre-existence of *Human Souls*. Who knows, but they have Records more Exact and Ancient, than the *Indians* and *Chinese*? Be it how it will, I am clearly for new Discoveries. There is a certain Specifick Boldness in my Spirit, which prompts me to invade the pretended Modesty of *Nature*: I long to furle the Veil, which hides so many Secrets, and with a Philosophick Confidence, were I in Power, I'd rumple up the Envious Coverings of such Desirable Wonders.

Oh

Oh! that ſome *God-like Monarch* in this Age, wou'd in *Royal* Bounty equip a *Navy*, and Man them with the moſt Expert and Reſolute Mariners on Earth, with Veſſels to tranſport an Army of Land-Soldiers; with Tenders to carry Meat, Drink, Apparel, and other Neceſſaries for ſo vaſt an Expedition. Surely, the Event would anſwer Expectation; the Gains wou'd far tranſcend the Coſt; the Honour infinitely ſurpaſs the Peril; and all the Known Familiar World would be obliged by ſuch a fortunate Undertaking.

Sage *Omar*, it depends on thee to bring this thing to paſs. Start but the Propoſal to ſome Mighty *Sovereign*; Thy Recommendation will be of Force. Thou wilt be more than a *Columbus*, *Magellan*, or *Pizarro*. In fine, thou wilt wind up the Searches of this Inquiſitive Age, and put a Stop to future Scrutinies.

I only hint the Thing; do thou purſue it, and all Generations ſhall celebrate thy Fame. God inſpire thee with freſh Ardours.

Paris, 7th. of the 3d. *Moon, of the Year* 1668.

LETTER XX.

To Osman Adrooneth, *Astrologer to the* Sultan, *at* Adrianople.

OLD *Ptolomy* was much out of his Reckoning, his wild irregular Fancy, drunk with the Lees of *Aristotle's* Dark Opinion and Conceit, stumbled and fell asleep upon the Thought of the *Earth's* being Center of the *Universe*, and then the Rest of the Heavens seem'd to run round his giddy Head. He often strove to list his Heavy Noddle up, to see whether it were so or not. But the soaking Load of Prepossession weigh'd him down again. He slumber'd, dream'd and snorted loud, stretch'd out at large upon the fair *Chimera*.

The studious Candidates of Truth in Science, by his Example fell to the same Riot in *Philosophy*, and continu'd the Debauch for many Ages: Till, too much satisfeited and cloy'd with such a sulsome Entertainment; bold *Tycho Brahe* rubs up his Eyes, and wakes the Company with a new Systeм of the Mighty Frame. Then all began to start, and rouze, as at some Prodigy. His Heavenly Gim-cracks pleas'd the Palate of the Age. His *Epicycles*, *Eccentricks*, *Perigæ's*, and *Apogæ's*, with all the rest of his gay Whim-whams, were re-

ved with General Applause. 'Till the more Excellent *Copernicus* appear'd with something *Newer* still. And then the Blundering *Dane*, abash'd, slip'd off the Stage without so much as Taking his Leave.

The Astronomers soon fell in Love, and pay'd Implicite Adoration to the Idol which *Copernicus* set up; and it was but Reason, since they had never seen a fairer or a juster Scheme of the World before.

Yet every Age improves it self in Knowledge, on the Ruins of the Former. And thus, what *Ptolomy* never found out, nor *Tycho Brahe* or *Copernicus* cou'd mend or match, if now they were alive; is very lately discovered by the Incomparable *Abdel Matec Musi Omar*, President of the College of Sciences at *Fez*.

The Happy *Musu Abu'l Yahyan*, Professor of *Philosophy* there, first started the Proposal of a *Mathematical* Experiment. And, laying Heads together, the Primate of *Mexico* Doctors, Father of all the *African Alfaqui's* living, found a true *Demonstration* in it.

I have lately receiv'd a *Dispatch* from that Renown'd Prelate, with an inclos'd Model of this Planetary Machine. A Copy of which I send thee, drawn by my own Hand. It represents the Original to a Point. Examine it well, and thou wilt find, 'tis much more Regular and Exact, than any of those antiquated Schemes; and Answers all the Questions of *Astronomy*, without the least

apparent Blunder. Beſides, It has a perfect Symmetry and Proportion in every Part: It makes the World appear a Compleat Beauty. Whereas the Frame which *Tycho Brahe* made, was all deform'd with Wild Unevenneſſes. Nor was the *Syſtem* of *Copernicus* without a Manifeſt Botch, in making the Small *Orb* of the Moon alone, to interfere with that of the *Earth*: Whilſt all the other *Planets* circulate in their own Entire and Solitary *Spheres*, without an Interloper to diſturb them.

Beſides, he makes the *Earth* an *Atlas* to the *Moon*, whilſt this poor weary *Globe* is forc'd, in his Opinion, to drudge yearly round the *Zodiack*, with the Vaſt Burden of *Diana* on its Shoulders.

If it be ſo, 'tis no Wonder that the Earth ſo often faints and trembles under the mighty Load. Henceforth we need not lay the Blame of *Earthquakes* to *Enceladus*; as if the drowzy, ſnoring *Gyant*, turning his Monſtrous Bulky Corps from one Side to the other, were the ſole Cauſe of theſe Convulſions: When Mortals reel and ſtagger as they walk upon the Surface; when Trees and Mountains rock as in a Cradle, and whole Cities are ſometimes ſwallow'd up.

No; let poor *Enceladus* ſleep on, and take what Reſt he can in his *Infernal* Priſon. There was no Danger of his ever ſtirring again, after he had once been thorowly ſoaked in *Lethe*'s All-benumming Streams. *Copernicus* is only in the Fault: When-ever we feel the

Faſh

fatal Heavings of the *Globe*, 'twas too unmerciful a Task he impos'd upon it, especially in its Old Age.

It wou'd have grumbled in its early Days and sturdy Youth, had it been thus severely us'd by *Orpheus*, *Homer*, *Hermes*, *Trismegistus*, or any other of the Primitive Sages. But now to be thus roughly handl'd by an Upstart Infidel in its declining Years, when Three Parts of its Marrow's decay'd, and its once potent Nerves and Sinews are shrunk, its Liver wasted, and every Vital dwindling away; almost broke its Heart.

Therefore these *African* Sages, in Duty to their aged Mother the Earth, have found a Way to free her from the burden of the *Moon* in her decrepid State; and yet to make the *Sun* the *Center* of the *World*; adjusting at the same Time, with accurate Laws, and an Unblemish'd Order, the Motions, Stations, and various Postures of the *Planets*.

This Happy Revelation in *Astronomy*, is not to be divulg'd in Publick Writings; lest some Inquisitive Curious Traveller, Ambitious *Nazarene* or Envious *Jew*, shou'd chance to light upon the Sacred Scheme, and boast himself the Inventer of it.

Let it be only communicated to Learned, Faithful *Mussulmans*, of the First Rank: For, such Celestial Mysteries, ought not to be prostituted to the Vulgar. Tell not the little *Jasmir Sgire Rugial* of it. For, if thou dost, all the *Frank* Merchants at *Aleppo*, soon shall be made privy to the matchless

Secret. Be it a perpetual *Arcanum* in the Breasts of Sublime Men, exalted Souls; *Friends* of *God*, and little less than *Prophets*. And be it so, till all the Sages of the *East* and *South*, are first made sensible of it, and able to defend it, against the vain Attempts of the *Uncircumcised* Nation. Then let it be promulg'd in *Allah*'s Name throughout the *Globe*, to the Eternal Honour of God and Glory of his Prophet, who cou'd neither write nor read, yet has Disciples to whom alone the purest Reformation of the Universe is owing.

Do but survey with an Indifferent Eye the last and loveliest Portraiture of the World that ever was made by Man. Fix thine admiring Eyes on the Magnifick Sun and *Palace* of the *Sun*. Consider at the same Time the True and equal Forms, Dimensions, Distances, and mutual Intersections of the Ambient *Orbs*, without the smallest Blur or Blot in all the Eternal Frame. Then tell me thy Opinion; whether thou canst not Calculate *Nativities*, erect all manner of *Schemes*, make *Almanacks*, tell credulous Men their future Fortune, appoint the *Eclipses* of the *Sun* and *Moon*, set *Venus* and *Mercury* together by the Ears, or stir up furious *Mars* to make a Hurly-Burly in the *Heavens* and *Elements*. Or if thou canst not wheadle the sowr Curmudgeon *Saturn*, into a soft obliging Humour: Or fret the Noble *Jupiter* to Madness, by a damn'd *Conjunction*, with his Mortal Ene-

my.

my: And a Thousand more *Astrological* Enterprizes. Tell me, I say, whether thou can'st not perform all this and more, as well by the enclos'd *Effigies* of the World; as by the old Thread-bare, Weather-beaten, Worm-eaten *Italian* Clock-work of *Ptolomy*; or the later Inventions of *Tycho Brahe*, and *Copernicus*.

It will now no longer be a Secret, how those Birds dispose themselves, which at a certain Time o'th' Year, are seen to gather in mighty Troops, and fly directly upward out of Humane Sight; not one of the whole *Species* being left behind, or found on any Part o'th' Earth, until the *Moon* has rowl'd full 28 Times round the *Zodiack*: When they return again in equal Companies unto this *Globe*, each *Species* to its Native Region. For th' Intelligent *Fowls* exactly know the Hour in which the Earth does in its Yearly Circulation intersect the Neighbouring *Orb* o'th' *Moon*, and then they snatch the Opportunity to quit th' Attractive *Atmosphere*, and take the Air of that Adjacent *Planet*.

I have a great deal more to say on this Subject, which I will reserve for another Letter. In the mean Time, thou Venerable *Star-gazer*, adieu, and remember to be private.

Paris, 7th. *of the* 3d. *Moon*,
of the Year 1668.

LETTER XXI.

To the Venerable Mufti, *Principal Support of* Learning *and* Science.

THE Orders of thy *Sanctity*, came like a Meſſage from Heaven, ſurprizing me at once, with equal Pleaſure and Aſtoniſhment. Every Line encreas'd my Rapture. And now I thought, I had no more to wiſh for in the World, ſince the Great *Patriarch* of the *Faithful*, had condeſcended to imbrace the Advice of ſo mean a Slave as *Mahmut*. It has been my paſſionate Deſire, to ſee Knowledge flouriſh in the Renowned *Ottoman Empire*, that the *Infidels* may no longer reproach us with Ignorance and Barbariſm. This was the Reaſon, that I ſo often importuned thy *Predeceſſor* to encourage the Tranſlation of *Hiſtories* into the *Turkiſh* Language. Now thou art pleas'd to begin this Glorious Work, and to honour me, by requiring my Inſtructions in the Management of it. Nay, thou haſt commanded me, to lay the Foundation of ſo Illuſtrious an Enterprize, in preſenting thee a Pattern or Model of this Great Work, containing an *Hiſtorical Epitome* of the Four

Great

Great *Monarchies*, with a brief Series of the most Remarkable and Famous Transactions, Changes, and other Events in the World, with Reference to the Nation and Age wherein they happen'd.

As to the Advice thou demandedst of me, I think it wou'd be for the Honour and Benefit of the *Muſſulmans*, That a Complete *History* of the *World*, ſhould be collected out of the moſt Ancient and Sincere *Writers*, and digeſted into *Annals*, from the very Beginning of Time, down to the Reign of our preſent *Emperour*, the Auguſt Sovereign of the Whole Earth: That ſo, whatſoever has been done on Earth worthy of Memory, may be rank'd in its proper Time and Place; and we may not grope any longer in the Dark, when we would know in what Year or Age any Famous Warriour or Monarch liv'd or died; or, when any renowned City was built, beſieg'd, taken, and deſtroy'd, and by whom all theſe Things were done: With many other uſeful Memoirs, in which the *Ottomans* are now wanting.

In the Beginning of this *Work*, it will be abſolutely neceſſary to have Recourſe to the *Chronicles* of the *Indians*, *Perſians* and *Egyptians*, and to the *Writings* of *Orpheus*, *Homer*, *Thales*, *Zeno*, and others of *Greece*, *Phœnicia* and *Thrace*. For, though the *Nazarenes* of the *Weſt*, deſpiſe the Authority of theſe *Authors*, and calumniate all for *Fables* and *Romances* which was deli-

ver'd before the First *Olympiad*; yet the more Impartial Inhabitants of the *East*, whether *Christians* or *Mussulmans*, reject Nothing which has the undoubted Stamp of Antiquity; but rather seek to unriddle the Mysterious Expressions of the *Poets* and *Philosophers*, who strove industriously to cover all their Knowledge and Traditions under dark *Enigma's*, Figures, and Parables, that so the *Divine* Secrets of *Antiquity* might not be prophaned, by the Rude and Unpolished Vulgar.

It was ever the *Maxim* of some Ancient *Sages* and *Politicians*, thus to keep the People in Ignorance of past Times; the better to assure their Dominion and Authority over them. They only reveal'd what was obvious to every Mans Sense, the manifest and visible Influences of the *Heavenly* Bodies, the Course of the *Sun*, *Moon* and *Stars*, the Natures of *Plants* and *Animals*, with whatsoever else was liable to any Mans Eye and Apprehension. But as to the more obstruse and less Conspicuous Works of *Nature*, they were like the Secrets of State, kept under Veil.

Yet, there wanted not Men of Wisdom in other *Parts* of the *World*, who strove to unfold all Things, and render Mankind familiar with whatsoever fell under Humane Intellect. Among these, the *Indians* and *Chineses* deserve the first Place, who were never covetous of the Gifts of *Nature*, but sought to improve all that

of

of their *Nations* in the Knowledge of the *Arts* and *Sciences*; and especially, in the *Syſtem* of Ancient *Hiſtory*. These People ſhut up themſelves from the Reſt of the World for many Ages; fearing, leſt Commerce might corrupt the Simplicity of their Primitive Laws and Inſtitutions. Only *Alexander the Great*, and before him; *Semiramis* Queen of the *Aſſyrians*, had ever Acceſs to the *Indies* in Old Time. And *China* was never open till of late, when their too potent Neighbours, the *Tartars*, broke through their famous Wall, and ſubdu'd the whole *Empire*. And their Buſineſs was not with *Books*, but with *Men*.

For theſe Reaſons we need not wonder, that the *Indian Brachmans*, and the *Bonzi's* of *China*, deliver an Account of the *Origin* of the *World*, and the next Succeeding *Ages*, ſo far beyond the *Epocha's* of all other *Hiſtorians*, eſpecially theſe in the *Weſt*.

For Events of Later Date, the *Compilers* of this *Work* may make Uſe of ſuch *Hiſtorians* as have written the *Annals* of ſeveral *Nations*, ſince the Firſt *Olympiad*.

If thou know'ſt not what an *Olympiad* means, 'tis the Form of Computation us'd in the Ancient *Grecian Hegira*, every *Olympiad* containing Four Years. And the Firſt of theſe *Olympiads* began in the Year of the *World* 3228. At which Time *Chorœbus* of *Elis* ſignaliz'd himſelf, by winning the Firſt

Race that ever was run at the *Olympick Games*. These *Games* were celebrated every *Olympiad*; and all the *Youth* of *Greece* flock'd to them, to try their Skill in Running, Wreſtling, and other Manly Exerciſes.

About this Time *Hiſtorians* began to write Partially; and the Truth cou'd hardly be diſcern'd from the Fabulous Errours with which it was Adulterated. Yet this rather proceeded from a *National* Emulation, than from a Deſign to corrupt the *Ancient Belief*. However, thou may'ſt give Credit to *Thucidydes*, who, in the 86th *Olympiad*, began to write his *Hiſtory* of the *War* in *Peloponneſus*, between the *Lacedæmonians* and thoſe of *Athens*; which *War* continu'd One and Twenty Years, as that Author teſtifies, who wrote *Annals* of it, from the Beginning to the End. And, among other Remarkable Paſſages, which he is very exact in re-counting, he mentions a famous *Eclipſe* of the *Sun*, that happen'd in the Firſt Year of that *War*; and was ſo great, that the *Stars* appear'd at Noon-day in the Sky. *Plutarch* alſo ſpeaks of this *Eclipſe*, telling us, that *Pericles*, *Prince* of the *Athenians*, being at Sea when the *Sun* was thus darkned, and perceiving the Maſter of the Veſſel in a Great Fright, as at ſome Prodigy, threw his Cloak over the Man's Face, and ask'd him, *If he was afraid of that, or look'd upon it as a bad Omen?* And when the Maſter anſwerd, *No*; *Pericles* reply'd,

What

What Difference is there between this Eclipse of the Sun, and that, since both are caus'd by the Interpoſition of a Veil between the Sun and thine Eyes; only that Veil is larger than my Cloak, it being the Moon which covers that Glorious Lamp from our Sight?

Much about the ſame Time liv'd *Herodotus* and *Hellanicus*, two famous *Hiſtorians*, Men of Integrity and Credit; and *Hypocrates*, the Renown'd *Phyſician* of *Athens*. Theſe are worthy to be Tranſlated into the *Turkiſh* Language; as are alſo *Xenophon* and *Polybius*, who wrote after them. They all, except the Laſt, liv'd in the Time of the *Perſian Monarchy*, and therefore are moſt likely to deliver down a True Account of the Memorable Events that happen'd during that Formidable *Empire*.

As for the *Macedonian Monarchy*, the moſt Eminent *Writers* were, *Curtius*, *Arrianus*, and *Diodorus Siculus*; but this laſt is frequently miſtaken in his *Chronology*, and therefore ought to be corrected by the Others. *Plutarch* alſo muſt be conſulted, and *Joſephus* the *Jew*; with *Strabo*, *Appian*, *Livy*, *Juſtin* and *Pauſanias*. For they either ſerve to illuſtrate one another, where they treat of the ſame Matters; or elſe the one carries on the Thread of *Hiſtory* where the other left off. And therefore thou needeſt not wonder that I name ſo many *Authors*, ſince

ſince they are worthy of Credit, and abſolutely neceſſary to the Compleating an Entire *Hiſtory* of the *World*: Whereas there are a Rabble of other *Writers*, who are ſcarce worth the Naming; much leſs their Authority to be truſted to, in Compiling an Univerſal *Hiſtory*, which is to give a new Luſtre to the *Ottoman Empire*, and raiſe its Credit in the Learned World.

As for the *Roman Empire*, it will be neceſſary to make Uſe of *Joſephus*, *Tacitus*, *Suetonius*, *Philo*, *Xiphilus*, *Zonaras*, *Ammianus Marcellinus*, *Velleius Paterculus*, *Seneca*, *Florus*, *Livy* and *Suidas*.

Theſe will be ſufficient Materials, with which the *Tranſlators*, *Scribes* and *Compilers* may accompliſh the Illuſtrious Undertaking; the Encouragement whereof I again earneſtly recommend to thy Liberality and Munificence.

What concerns the Injunction thou haſt laid on me, to draw a *Pattern* or *Model* of this Great *Work*, in preſenting thee with a Brief Abſtract of the *Riſe* and *Fall* of the *Four Monarchies*, with ſuch Memorable Events as will be proper to direct the Undertakers in the Method of digeſting this Univerſal *Hiſtory*; I will reſerve it for another *Letter*, not having thoſe *Books* by me which are requiſite to aſſiſt me in this Affair.

In the mean Time, I pray *Heaven* proſper this Noble Enterprize, and grant that thou may'ſt live the Space of many *Olympiads*,

pindy, to see the Effect of thy Bounty; When this Universal *History* being finish'd, shall instruct the *Mussulmans*, and defeat the Calumnies of the *Uncircumcised*.

Paris, 2d. *of the* 5th. *Moon, of the Year* 1668.

The End of the First Book.

LETTER

LETTERS

LETTERS

Writ by

A Spy at *PARIS.*

VOL. VII.

BOOK II.

LETTER I.

To Mehemet, *an* Exil'd Eunuch, *at* Alcair *in* Egypt.

THY Sufferings pierce my Heart. I owe thee Pity on the Score of Humane Nature; and a more Compaſſion as thou art a *Muſſulman*: But, where's the Tongue or Pen, that can deſcribe the Sympathy of Friends? Canſt thou in a deſponding Manner caſt thy ſelf upon thy Bed, there to exhale, in Melancholy

lancholy Sighs, that pungent Sorrow, which can find no other Vent, unleſs thoſe Vapours of the Spleen condenſe to Show'rs of Tears. Canſt thou do this, and I remain Inſenſible all the while? No! I'm in a perfect *Eccho* to thy ſaddeſt Groans. And when thou weep'ſt my Heart is not a Stone, that ſpatters back again the Drops that fall on it; but 'tis like Clay, that ſoftens with the Gentle Solemn Diſtillation. Believe that I ſweat Blood, when thou diſſolv'ſt in Tears. I am not capable of Moderation toward my Friend. My Love, my Joy, my Grief, and Anger, are all Exceſſive, when ſuch a one as thou occaſion'ſt them. 'Tis equal Pleaſure to live or die, in this Magnetick Point: For *Souls* of Friends are perfect *Uniſons*. Then, if thou haſt a Spark of Love for *Mahmut*, do not kill me with thy ſad Complaints. For whilſt I hear, that thou art thus abandon'd to Misfortune and Deſpair, how can I live without perpetual Deaths, more Terrible than what we all muſt undergo, by the Courſe of Nature? Doſt thou delight to make a Conſtant *Martyr* of me?

Thou'rt bred a *Courtier*, and ſo was I. Our Infant Blood was ſeaſon'd with the *Grand Signior*'s Bread and Salt: We equally imbib'd the Manners, Habits, Cuſtoms, Maxims, and the Pride of the *Seraill*; with the Pillow, the Milk, Sorbets, and other Nouriſhment of our Early Years. Since which, we have ſeen the various Revolutions of Mighty *Kingdoms*, *States* and *Empires*.

given. We have beheld the Invincible *Emperour* of *China* fall a *Victim* to the Perfidy of his *Slaves*, and to the more propitious Fortune of the *Tartars*. After another Manner was the Glory of the *British Monarchy* eclips'd. But, no foreign Story can match the Barbarous Maſſacres of our Majeſtick *Sultans*, *Muſtapha*, *Oſman*, and *Ibrahim*, all within our Memory.

Oh! *Mehemet*, we have lived too long, after theſe Spoils of *Royal* Blood. How can we repine at our own Private Loſſes and Afflictions, whilſt we do but ſip the Flat Inſipid Reliques of thoſe Tragical, ſprightly Potions, brew'd for the Palates of the Great *Princes*. Henceforth, let us live, as if we were among the Dead. Let us hear, and ſee, feel, taſte and ſmell theſe Outward Objects *en Paſſant*, without being ſenſible what we do or ſuffer. Let us Anticipate, by a wiſe Prevention, the laſt Stroke of Death, in dying every Moment.

Go to the *Pyramids*, my *Mehemet*, or would to *God* I cou'd go thither for thee; there to Contemplate the Fate of Humane Glory, the Mock-Grandeur of this World. Conſider all the *Race* of the *Egyptian* Kings, who built theſe Coſtly and Magnificent Structures, or their *Fathers* for 'em: Who fill'd the Hollow Piles with Silver, Gold and Precious Stones: Whilſt, with their Magick Laws, they liſted Legions of *Spirits*, dwelling in the Air, Fire, Earth and Water, obliging them to guard the Wealthy Sepulchers:

chers: And tell me then, what thou can'ſt find in thoſe ſuperannuated Vaults? Nothing, but Stench and Darkneſs. Old Time has filch'd away the ſlighter Glories of the Place; and his Younger Brother *Avarice* has plunder'd all the Reſt, which was the more Subſtantial Part. He cou'd have done no leſs in Common good Manners, than take the Leavings of the Heir; the Elder of the Two. The Great *Al-Maimun* thought to have the Gleanings of their Harveſt; but he found, the Gain wou'd never exceed the Coſt.

But, what's become of all the Founders of theſe Aſtoniſhing Fabricks? Look in the *Tomb* of *Cheops*, who is ſuppos'd to build the Greateſt of the *Pyramids*; and thou wilt find, not the leaſt Relique of his Aſhes. Or, if thou ſhould'ſt 'twill be Impoſſible to diſtinguiſh them, from the Common Duſt of other Mortals, tho' his Meaneſt *Slaves*: So Mutable is Human Glory; So Inconſtant all the Smiles of Fortune.

Do but reflect on all the Glorious Conqueſts of *Alexander the Great*, and on the Triumphant Entry he made in *Babylon*, when the *Chariot* which carried him, was an *Epitome* of all the Riches which the *Indies* cou'd afford; and yet that *Chariot* ought to be eſteem'd but one Degree before his *Hearſe*, which in a very few Days, with an Obſcurity beneath the Merits of ſo great a *Victor*, convey'd him to his Grave.

Conſider *Cæſar*, who after Four and Twenty

Twenty Battels, wherein he always got the Day, was drawn in a triumphant *Chariot* to the *Capitol*, by Forty Elephants; yet now his Name is hardly thought of.

So *Epaminondas* thought to outvye the World in his Magnificent Inſults; yet all this Glorious Pageantry ended in Duſt and Aſhes. *Aurelian* led the *Graces* Captive with *Zenobia*; yet he himſelf at laſt became the Priſoner of Death. The Pompous Galley of *Cleopatra*, when ſhe Celebrated the *Cilician Triumph*, ſerv'd but to mend the Poop of *Charon*'s Boat, when ſhe was to be ferry'd to *Elizium*. So the proud *Seſoſtris*, whoſe Coach was drawn by Four Vanquiſh'd *Kings*, at laſt was fain to owe his Uncouth Funeral to Four Sordid Slaves, who ſtole his Naked Corps away from the Deſign'd Revenge of Ridiculous *Eunuchs*, and buried it in a Heap of Camel's Dung.

But, where's the Pen or Pencil that will to the Life deſcribe the Unmatch'd Cavalcade of *Pompey*, when by a proſperous *Chymiſtry* he had extracted all the Richeſt Spirits and Eſſences of *Eaſtern* Wealth, to grace his Entry into *Rome*?

The Front of the *Proceſſion* dazl'd every Eye, with the ſtrange Luſtre of Diamonds and Carbuncles mix'd in Chequer-wiſe: An *Orient Figure*, or rather the *Subſtance* of all *Aſia*, in *Epitome*. Then follow'd the Image of the Creſcent *Moon* in maſſy Gold, with a Train of Mountains of the ſame Metal, whereon were Woods of Jet, Vines whoſe

whose Grapes were entire Saphires, and Animals all of Porphyry, Grazing on Fields of verdant Amethysts.

To sanctifie this Glorious Shew, the Golden Images of *Jupiter*, *Mars*, and *Pallas* came next in Sight, with Thirty Crowns of Gold, born up by the Chief Captains of the Army, as if so many *Kingdoms* were design'd for their Rewards. And because *Gods* and *Goddesses* should not want a *Temple*, an Hundred *Slaves* bore up a *Turret*, built all of Massy Silver, washed with Gold. And on the Back of this, appear'd the Statue of the Conqueror, on which no Eye could look, being crusted over with Hyacinths and Pearls.

Behold, my *Mahmet*, an Exuberance of Humane Glory: Yet wonder not to see a Man come after all; a Mortal Man, thus made Radiant as the *Sun*, with borrow'd Jewels. And to complete his fading Triumph, read these Letters, all pure Jasper, on his Chariot-Wheels: *Armenia*, *Cappadocia*, *Paphlagonia*, *Media*, *Colchis*, *Syria*, *Cilicia*, *Mesopotamia*, *Phœnicia*, *Palestine*, *India*, and the *Deserts* of *Arabia*. All these were the Conquests of this Triumphant Warriour, and yet his *Destiny* insulted over him. Poor Empey thou art gone, and all thy Mighty Territories in the *East* are now possessed by Sultan *Mahomet* our Glorious *Sovereign*.

And what need thou and I repine, after we have seen all this? Let *Asdrubal* triumph *Carthage* with the Glory of Four Tri-

lict

lick *Triumphs*: Yet that Theatre of his Honour quickly proves the *Stage* whereon he was degraded, ſtrip'd ſtark naked, and in Triumph led away by Death. So *Marius*, after he had been exalted to the Top of Human Felicity on Earth, was ſeen all naked, lying in a ſtinking Ditch.

What is become of *Nero*'s Silver Gallery in the Capitol? Or the pendant Gardens of *Semiramis*, which coſt no leſs than Twenty Millions of Gold? Where is now the Glittering Hall of *Atabalipa*, King of *Peru*, whoſe Pavement was of *Saphires*? Or the Gardens of *Cyrus*, fenced round with Pales of Gold? Or *Caſar*'s Fountains garniſh'd with *Dryads* of the ſame Metal? Where is the Ivory Palace of *Melaus*, or the Cryſtal *Louvre* of *Druſus*? All theſe Things are vaniſh'd with their Founders.

How Wiſe and Happy then was *Saladine*, the Great and moſt Invincible *Conquerour* of *Aſia*, who Triumph'd over himſelf; and in his Victorious Return, cauſed a Shirt to be carried before him on the Point of a Spear, with this Proclamation; *That after all his Glories, he ſhould carry nothing to the Grave but that poor Shirt?* So *Adrian* a *Roman Emperour*, to qualifie the exceſſive Joys of his High Fortune, Celebrated his own Funeral, and caus'd his *Coffin* to be born before him, when he was to make a Publick Cavalcade through *Rome*. This was a ſacred Triumph, an Heroick Inſult over *Himſelf* and *Death*.

Let

Let thou and I, my Friend, imitate these sage Examples, and ever have the *Image* of *Death* before our Eyes. Then we shall never mourn for the vain Trifles we have lost, or covet what we ne'er enjoyed: But being ever content with what our *Destiny* allots us, shall pass our Time away in a *Divine* Tranquility.

Mehemet, thou'lt find this to be a Profitable and True Experiment. Try it, and its Issue will convince thee more than a Thousand Counsellors.

Paris, *the* 12th. *of the* 5th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1668.

LETTER II.

To *Mohamm,ed*, the Illuſtrious *Eremit* of *Mount Uriel* in *Arabia* the *Happy*.

I Lodge in a Houſe near the Wall of *Paris* which gives me a daily Opportunity of ſurveying out of my Window, the Adjacent Fields: Theſe extend themſelves in a Plain, for the Space of a League, or thereabouts; And then the Eye is arreſted by a long Ridge of Riſing Ground, a Row of Hills or Hillocks, not meriting the Lofty Name of Mountains, yet high enough to put a Valley out of ſhape, and make th'*Horizon* crump-back'd.

Thoſe Hills are cover'd thick with Woods and Groves; amongſt whoſe verdant, ſhady Tops, ſome Stately *Palaces* lift up their glittering Creſts, and make a Sociable pleaſant Figure in thoſe Solitudes.

This Proſpect repreſents ſo much to th' Life, the Valley of *Admoim* in *Arabia*, the Place of my Nativity, that I cou'd as well graſp Coals of Fire with naked Hand, and not be burnt; as caſt my Eye out of my Window, on this lovely Landskip, and not be inflam'd with ſecret paſſions for my *Native* Soil, the Place where I firſt drew the Vital Air. It is a perfect *Magnet* to my Spirit, whereſoever I am attracting all my Wiſhes, Inclinations, and Deſires. Methinks, the *Eaſtern* VVinds

at certain Hours, waft to my raviſh'd Ears, the Whiſpers of my *Countreymen*. Methinks, ſometimes I ſee the Faces of my *Kindred*, and their Rural Train; I hear their Voices, and converſe familiarly with them, as tho' they were preſent: Such is the Magick of ſtrong deſire and Sympathy. It ſteals the *Soul* away from it ſelf, and with ſweet Violence unites it to the belov'd Object, tho' at never ſo great a Diſtance. Thus when my wandring Thoughts have taken up their Reſidence for a while in that delicious Vale where I was born, a far more powerful *Magnet*, draws 'em to thy *Cave*; Myſterious *Solitary*, Mirrour of Virtues, Exemplary Guide of ſuch as conſecrate themſelves to God.

Glory to *Him* that was before *All Time*, the *Father* of *Eternal Ages*. He changes not, yet is the Source of Indefagitable and unwearied Revolutions. He is the only Independent, True, and ſelf-Exiſtent *Being*; The Increated Eſſence from whom all other *Beings* derive their Origin and Conſervation. He is the *Prop* and *Baſis* of the *Univerſe*. He is but *One*, the *Primitive Unity*, and cannot be divided into Fractions; yet every *Species*, and *Individual Being* i'th World participates a Share of his *Divinity*. Immortal Praiſes exhale from all his Creatures, and aſcend like Clouds of Incenſe before the *Throne* of his *Adorable Majeſty*; or like Vapours which the grateful Earth returns in a hot Summers Day, by way of acknowledgment, for the Benefits perpetually flowing on her from the Sun.

So

So all the Elements reſpire their Thanks to *Him* that *made 'em*. The *Firmament* expands its ſelf, and bows down to the Brims of this low Globe: *Sun Moon* and *Stars*, do ſtoop and kiſs the Floor o'th' Earth in token of profound Humility and Devotion, to the *Immortal Source* of *Light*. Only Ungrateful Man repays, the Bounty of th' *Omnipotent* with Neglects, Contempts, Affronts, and Blaſphemies. I mean the General Part of Human Race; excepting always from this Charge, the Juſt, the Innocent and Pious. were it not for ſuch as theſe, the *Divine Patience* wou'd be tir'd with the continual Prophanations of vain Mortals.

Oh! Venerable *Sylvan*, thou art the only Pacifick *Victim* of this ſinful Age. Thy conſtant Self-denials, Mortifications, Abſtinences, and the whole Syſtem of thy Accompliſh'd Sanctity, ſtop the Wrath of *Heaven* from falling, in large Cataracts, on Mankind. When the *Eternal Eye* beholds thy Virtues, it drops down Tears of Love and Mercy on the Earth, glad that a Son of *Adam* yet ſurvives, not ſtain'd with Vice. Thou art the effectual Propitiation, for the Sinful World. When Storms and Tempeſts of Impetuous Winds; when Lightning, Thunder, Hail or Rain diſturb the Air, or Earthquakes menace more effectual Tragedies to the Earth, I think of thee the Favourite of *Heaven* and then repoſe in full Security: Thy very *Idea* is my ſhelter from all evils: I ſhroud my ſelf under the Shade of thy Inviolated *Beard*, o'er which the

Razor never paſs'd. I take Sanctuary in the *Umbrella* of thy Arms, when ſtreteh'd in fervent *Oraiſons*. Thy remembrance is my certain Refuge in Calamity.

I am Impregnated with Sacred Emulations of thy Vertue; I burn with fervent, paſſionate Deſires to become thy *Diſciple*. I languiſh to withdraw my ſelf from this vain World; and from the Contagious Society of Mortals. How Happy is the Life that's led in quiet Solitude? Where the *Soul* can feel her ſelf, and being awaken'd to a Senſe of her Immortal Strength, rouzes and vigorouſly ſhakes off the heavy Clogs of Sleep and Death: Whilſt the Divine *Afflatus* gently breathing on the Intellect, and fanning the Oppreſſed Sparks of Reaſon, which lay ſmothering under a Heap of Errours, Luſts, Affections, and unlimited Deſires; kindles the Mind into a perfect Flame of Light, which ſoon conſumes the Rubbiſh of Bodily Pleaſures, diſſipates the Smoak and Miſts of Pamper'd Fleſh and Blood, and then a Man becomes all Radiant within, ſhining with Unclouded Splendors.

We Mortals ſeem to be rank'd in a *Middle State* between the *Separate Spirits* and *Beaſts*: Our *Vertues* make us like the *Former*; our *Vices*, like the *Latter*. For, when a Man has quite ſubdu'd his Appetites, and Reaſon ſits Triumphant in her Throne, he's like an *Angel*, living above the Rate of his Mortality. He does not with the *Stagyrite* place *Vertue* in a *Medium*, or rank the *Exceſs*

ceſs of *Goodneſs* in the *Predicament* of *Vice*; But makes direct and ſwift Advances to the *Zenith* of Heroick Generoſity; ſcorning to halt or make lame mungrel Capitulations with himſelf, as if he were afraid of being too Good.

I wou'd ask a *Peripatetick*, Whether it be a *Vertue* or a *Vice*, in him that ſtomaching the Enormous Villanies of Wicked Men, boyls up with an Exceſſive Vehement Anger? Or, Whether a Man, can err in loving *God* too much, or in conceiving too Violent a Sorrow for his paſt Offences? Or who can be too Thankful for the Favours of *Heaven*? No: the farther Diſtance Vertue keeps from this Cold, Earthly *Mediocrity*, the brighter is its Splendor. And ſo on the other Side, the Greater is the Barbariſm, Brutality and Infernal Stamp of *Vice*, by how much more Remote it is from this *Indifference*. In a Word, *Vertue* and *Vice*, are Two Contrary *Extremes*: So *Piety* is diametrically oppoſite to *Prophaneneſs*: *Intemperance* to *Sobriety*: *Fortitude* to *Cowardiſe*: *Incontinence* to *Chaſtity*: *Avarice* to *Bounty*: *Modeſty* to *Impudence*: *Pride* to *Humility*: *Enmity* to *Friendſhip*, &c.

Now the *Mediums* between theſe *Extremes*, are *Hppocriſy*, between *Vertue* and *Vice*: *Superſtition* between *Piety* and *Prophaneneſs*: *Baſhfulneſs* between *Modeſty* and *Impudence*, and ſo of the Reſt.

Yet, after all, 'tis Neceſſary to obſerve a *Medium* in thoſe Things which pertain to

Mortal Life, and to the Perpetuation of Mankind: Such are Meats, Drinks, Natural Paſſions of the Body and Mind, proceeding from the alternate Senſe of Pleaſure and Pain. So when we are preſs'd with Hunger and Thirſt, we ought not preſently to covet the Plentiful Tables and Superfluous Banquets of the *Great*; But rather ſuch a Diet as being eaſily prepar'd, may ſatisfie the Cravings of our *Nature*, without nauſeating and giving us a Surfeit. To this End the *Divine Providence* has ſcatter'd up and down the Surface of this Globe, an Infinite Variety of Roots, Herbs, Fruits, Seeds, with all Sorts of Corn and Pulſe: The Cattle afford us Plenty of Milk; the Bees are no Niggards of their Honey: the Fountains, Rivers, and Lakes, abound with ever-ſpringing freſh Supplies of ſweet refreſhing Water. We alſo have the Uſe of Salt, Oyl, Wine and other exhilarating Beverages; That being content with ſo many Benefits, and Enjoyments, we might prolong our Lives in this VVorld by Sobriety, as in a moſt pleaſant Garden or *Paradiſe* of Health.

But alas, inſtead of gratefully acknowledging the Bounty of *Heaven*, and pregnant Fertility of the *Earth*; Inſtead of ſitting mannerly down at the *Table* which *God* has ſpread and cover'd for us, with ſuch a Train of Feſtival Dainties; we break the Rules of Hoſpitality; and ruſhing violently on the Creatures under his Protection, we kill and ſlay at Pleaſure, turning the Banquet to a

Cruel

Cruel Maſſacre: being transform'd into a Temper wholly Brutal and Voracious, we glut our ſelves with Fleſh and Blood of Slaughter'd *Animals*. Oh! happy he that can content himſelf with Herbs and other Genuine Products of the Earth; That ſleeps as well in a Solitary Cave, upon a Bed of Moſs or Leaves, as in a Palace on a Couch of Down. He never wants, becauſe he ne'er deſires what is not in his Power. He is not burden'd with a Crowd of Servants and Flattering Retainers; nor his Repoſe diſturb'd with early and late Addreſſes of pretended Friends, Officious Sycophants, Importunate Petitioners, and other fretting Buſineſs of the World.

Why ſhou'd I longer then demurr or heſitate; what hinders me from preſently embracing a Courſe of Life, that promiſes ſo much Happineſs? A Diſcipline that will at once free me from a Thouſand Tyrannies of Imperious Luſts and Hoſtile Paſſions? I ſhall then have no Need of Money, or the help of croſs-grain'd Servants. I ſhall not want a Multitude of Goods, the Needleſs Pageantry of ſuperfluous Ornaments, to make a dazling Figure, and draw the Eyes of People to a Reverend Admiration. I ſhall be free from Sottiſh Drowſineſs, and turbulent Dreams. My Lungs will in my Sleep reſpire the Air with Eaſe: whilſt gentle Slumbers, mix'd with happy Viſions, ſhall tranſport my *Soul* to Unknown Worlds. No Fevers, Gouts or Dyſente-

ries ſhall invade my Health: Nor magiſterial Menaces of *Empericks* beſpeak my certain Death; unleſs I'll patiently ſubmit to all the needleſs Tortures they'r contriving for me, and tamely ſwallow down their new-invented Poiſons, and be rack'd to Death in Hopes of Eaſe and Life. From all which horrid Circumſtances, a ſlender, innocent Diet, not ſtain'd with Blood of any Animal, will ſet me free.

Holy *Eremite*, the *Idea* I have of this Manner of Life makes a profound and durable Impreſſion on my *Soul*. I am raviſh'd with the Sentiments of *Plato* and *Pythagoras*, and reſolutely bent to undergoe the Diſcipline of their *Philoſophy*. I'l firſt endeavour to rid my ſelf of vain Affections, Habits, and prophane Negotiations of the Earth: I'll gradually die to all Concupiſcence and Bodily Pleaſure; that ſo I may by Equal Steps revive to the Contemplation of *Celeſtial* Things. Then being free from every Spot and Stain contracted in the Days of my Security and Careleſneſs; my Thoughts and Works will be Acceptable to *God*: Who in Return, will certainly infuſe into my defecate Mind, a Secret Virtue, the Magick of this Viſible World; which purifying my *Soul* yet farther, will prepare it for the laſt and higheſt Gift of the Eternal Bounty to our Race whilſt in this Life: To wit, a Power of doing *Supernatural* Things, and of Foretelling Events to come.

Do thou but pray it may be ſo, and all the Powers of *Hell* can ne'er prevail againſt me.

me: For thou haſt the Ear of the *Omnipotent*,

Paris, 3d. *of the* 8th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1668.

LETTER. III.

To Hamet Reis Effendi, Principal Secretary *of the* Ottoman Empire.

IN this time of *Wars* with *Nazarenes*, when the *Ottoman* Fury is rowz'd and provok'd by *Infidels*: It will not be amiſs to expoſe the Nakedneſs of *Europe*, to the *Supreme Divan*, which is on Earth the Cloſe Committee of the Court Above.

I choſe to addreſs my Letter to thee in Compliance with thy former Orders, wherein thou ſeemedſt paſſionately deſirous to know the Preſent State of *Chriſtendom*. *God* give thee a perpetual Serenity, *Scribe* of the *Scribes*: May'ſt thou never be troubled with a Running Eye, a ſhaking Hand, or the Tooth-ach. As for me, I'm a perfect Magazine of Diſeaſes; a walking Hoſpital; The School of *Æſculapius*, Where the Neceſſary God has Scope to vent his Skill on all the various kinds of Maladies, which afflict our mortal Race: Gouts, Fevers, Cramps, and Horrid Dyſenteries, are as Common with me as my daily Diet.

However, amidſt all theſe Afflictions, I ſerve the *Grand Signior* and my Friends with a cordial Alacrity; Never grudging to Sacrifice my Eaſe and Health to the Intereſt of *True Believers*.

The Face of *Europe* is much chang'd ſince the Decline of the *Roman Empire*, and the Uſurpations of the *Popes*. That once Mighty *Monarchy*, is now ſhrunk into a very narrow Compaſs, being ſhut up within the Confines of *Germany*, which formerly was but a *Province* of the Ancient *Empire*. All *Italy* is revolted. So are the *Suiſſes*, and the *United States* of the *Low Countries*. The *Hans-Towns* which in Times paſt paid Homage to the *Emperour*, have now ſhaken off the Yoke, and are become Independent *Commonwealths*. *Tranſylvania* plays faſt and looſe with him, according as their Intereſt requires. *Livonia* laughs at his Menaces, as appears by the Anſwer they ſent to *Charles* V. when he demanded their Submiſſions, and that they wou'd return to their Native Allegiance, otherwiſe threatning them with Fire and Sword. For, all the Reply they made, was, That they knew the *Emperour*'s Horſe wou'd be founder'd, before he cou'd reach the Frontiers of their Country.

'Tis a General Obſervation, that ſince the *Reign* of *Rodolph* I. above Two Hundred *Principalities* and *States* have fall'n off from the *Empire*. And thoſe that yet continue in their Obedience, I mean, the *Electoral Princes*, claim ſo many Priviledges; ſtand ſo much upon,

upon *Punctilio's* and Prerogatives, that there remains now little more of the *Imperial* Majeſty and Power, ſave the bare Title and Outward Pomp. It is Remarkable, That within theſe Three Hundred Years, no leſs than Nine *German Emperours* have been Murder'd, and many more have been depos'd and baniſh'd. To ſum up all in a few Words, If we ſurvey the preſent State of the *German Empire* accurately, if we pry narrowly into its true Circumſtances, we ſhall find, that after all the Clatter of his Noiſy Titles, the *Emperour* can call nothing properly his own, but his *Hereditary Eſtate* in *Auſtria*, which is hardly equivalent to the Territories of ſome *Lords* whom he calls his *Vaſſals*.

The *Germans* in general are a Rude Unpoliſh'd People, greedy of Novelties; Inconſtant, Raſh, Perfidious, and very Phlegmatick; much addicted to unnatural Luſts and Inceſtuous Copulations. It is recorded of *Barbara*, the *Empreſs*, Wife to *Sigiſmund*, another *Meſſalina*, that after her Husbands Death, her *Confeſſor* adviſing her to reform her Manners, and live more chaſtly like the *Turtle*, ſhe anſwer'd, *If I muſt imitate the Life of Birds, why not of a Sparrow, as well as a Turtle?* Her Brother *Frederick* was much ſuch another: For at Ninety Years of Age, he murder'd his Wife for the Sake of a Strumpet: And being adviſed to repent and think of his Grave; He ſaid, *I am now ſtudying my Epitaph, which I deſign ſhall be compriz'd in theſe Words:* This

This is my Way to Hell; I know not what I ſhall find there: What I have left behind me I know. I abounded in all Delights, whereof I carry nothing with me: Neither my dainty Meats or pleaſant Wines, or whatſoever my Inſatiable Luxury exhauſted.

Drunkenneſs is ſaid to be the Original Sin of *Germany*, from whence it ſpread it ſelf into other Countries. They give this Character of a *German*, "That he is an Animal "which drinks more than he can carry: A Tun "that contains more than he can vent: And "that he underſtands more than he can expreſs. They tell a ſtory of Four Old *Saxons*, who at one Sitting, drank as many Healths as they could make up Years amongſt them, which amounted to Three Hundred. And 'tis Recorded of a certain *German Count*, That he us'd to make his Children, whilſt yet Infants, drink luſtily, to prove whether they were of his own begetting or no: For, if they grew Sick after it, he preſently concluded them to be Baſtards: But if they cou'd bear the Debauch well, he cheriſh'd 'em as his own True Off-ſpring. In a Word, thou mayſt have the ſame *Idea* of the *Germans* at this Day, as *Solyman* the *Magnificent* had

had in his Time, who us'd to ſay, "I ſlight "the *Germans* above all other People of "*Europe*, becauſe they are always at diſcord "among themſelves, nor can they ever be "united any more than my Fingers and "Toes. They cannot endure Labour; and "are the Exceſſiv'ſt Gluttons and Drunkards "in the World; They always maintain a "Regiment of Whores in their Camp. Their "*Generals* take more Pride in their *Feathers*, "than in their *Military Arms*.

In a Word, the *German* is ſo over-run with all Kinds of Vice, that he wants nothing to make him a Complete *Devil*, but only a little Tincture of the *Italian* Qualities, according to the Proverb, *Tudeſco Italianato, e un Diabolo Incarnato*; *A German Italianiz'd, is a Devil Incarnate*.

'Tis certain, the *French* have ſo weaken'd 'em on one Hand, and the *Swedes* on the other; that conſidering the frequent Troubles they meet with from the *Hungarians*, *Bohemians*, and other Tributary Nations, beſides the Inteſtine Feuds of the *Electoral Princes*; we need not fear the blunted *Talons* of the *Eagle*, which are ſcarce ſtrong enough to ſupport her tottering State, or prop her from falling into Ruine: So far is ſhe from being able to offend her Neighbours, that ſhe never makes War her Choice, or takes the Field but by Compulſion, in her own Defence.

Illuſtrious *Hamet*, I pray *God* inſpire the Victorious *Oſmans* with Prophetick Courage and Reſolution; and the Final Conqueſt

queſt of *Germany* will ſoon be the Prize of *True Believers.*

Paris, 5th *of the* 10th. *Moon,*
of the Year 1668.

LETTER IV.

To Nathan Ben *Saddi*, *a* Jew *at* Vienna.

THE Friendſhip that has been contracted between thee and me, ever ſince it was thy Fortune to ſerve the *Grand Signior* in that Station, obliges us both to mutual Sincerity. Beſides, the Duty and Allegiance we owe our *Sovereign*, requires Plain dealing between us. We ought to ſhun Flattery, as the Bane of all Friendly Engagements, the Peſt of the *Courts* of *Princes*; and the General Contagion which infects chiefly the moſt Effeminate Part of Mankind. Such as are theſe *Weſtern Nazarenes*; who abound in a Thouſand little Complaiſances, and falſe Civilities; thus ſuffering their own Integrity to be corrupted; their Vertue and Faſtneſs of Spirit, to be ſurpriz'd and debauch'd; whilſt their Friends, by theſe means, not ſeldom run on Precipices, and fall into Inevitable Ruine. In a Word, they betray one another and themſelves, out of pretended Good Nature. By

By what I have ſaid, thou wilt comprehend, That I do not reprove thee out of Spight, Envy, Malice or an affected Gravity; when I tell thee, that you took wrong Meaſures, in endeavouring to ſet the *Emperour*'s Palace on Fire: Or to poiſon him at his Dinner. I told thee once before, that theſe prepoſterous Methods, will never take Effect. Beſides, they will do the *Grand Signior* no Service.

Tho' thou art ſeemingly engag'd in the Cauſe of the *Malecontents*, remember, that thy Buſineſs is different from theirs. What ſignifies it to thee, whether the *Hungarians* have their Liberties, Rights and Priviledges, granted them, or no? Or what Reaſon haſt thou to eſpouſe the Intereſt of the *Evangelicks*, rather than that of the *Catholicks*, any farther than as an Umbrage to cover the greater Deſigns thou haſt in Hand, as an *Agent Incognito* for the *Grand Signior*. Let the *Jeſuits* purſue their own Game, and the *Proteſtants* theirs. Stand thou Neuter in the Main, and rather endeavour to keep both Parties in a Counterpoiſe, than to turn the Scales for either. For, the *Sultan* will gain by the Diviſions of the *Nazarenes*, let the Caſe go how it will between themſelves. Beſides, there are *Catholicks* engag'd in the *Faction*, as well as *Proteſtants*. 'Tis rather a *Civil* Quarrel, than a *Religious* one. The *Nobles* and *Gentry* of *Hungarin* and *Tranſylvania*, are concern'd for their *Eſtates*, more than for their *Churches*. They ſee, the *Imperial Court* wants Money, and

'tis

'tis a Crime for an *Hungarian* to be Rich. Thoſe that have the *Supreme* Power, in theſe Caſes, will find Reaſon enough to condemn a Wealthy *Lord*, whether he be guilty or not.

'Tis this puts them upon Caballing and entring into *Confederacies*, that ſo they may conſult the Means of their own Safety, and be in a Poſture to defend themſelves.

I perceive the *Count de Serini* has made another Addreſs, for the *Government* of *Caroſtadt*, and been repuls'd: *Joſeph*, *Earl* of *Haberſtein*, and *Knight* of *Malta*, being appointed to ſucceed the *Count d' Averſperg* in that Honour. Which is an evident Sign, That the *Emperour* has no good Opinion of *Serini*, notwithſtanding all his former good Services. And this is enough to alienate a a Man of his great Courage and Merits.

Count Frangipani alſo has his particular Diſcontents: So has *Tatembach*, with many other Potent *Lords* of *Hungary* and *Croatia*. Indeed, the whole Body of thoſe *Nations* are diſoblig'd, and almoſt wearied out with the continual Oppreſſions of the *Germans*.

Nathan, thou wilt find it no hard Matter, to bring 'em to a Neceſſity of putting themſelves under the *Grand Signior*'s Protection. 'Tis thy part to cheriſh their Diſcontents. As for the *Imperial Court*, thou mayeſt perceive, they are reſolv'd to mortify theſe People, and to take from them all Opportunities and the very Capacity of Rebelling, by not ſuffering the Natives of *Hungary* and

and *Croatia*, to poſſeſs any Office of Command.

Every Party purſues its own Intereſt, and ſomuch we ours. Self.-preſervation is the Root of all Mutual Society and Juſtice. Take Care of thy ſelf, thy Friends, and the Cauſe thou art engag'd in, and then thou need'ſt not fear any Qualms of *Conſcience*. In fine, I counſel thee to put in Practice the Advice of one of thy own *Rabbi's Jeſus Ben Syrach*; *Be not over juſt.*

Paris, 17th, *of the* 11th. *Moon, of the Year* 1668.

LETTER

LETTER V.

To Peſteli Hali, *his Brother, Maſter of the* Grand Signior's *Cuſtoms at* Conſtantinople.

PRepare thy ſelf for ſurprizing News, and receive it with a Moderation becoming a Man. *Oucoumiche* our Mother is dead. One and the ſame Night lodg'd her in the Apartments of *Hymen*, and the Chambers of death. Before the Days of the *Nuptial* Solemnities were over, the Mournful *Rights* of her *Funeral* Commenc'd: She made but one Remove from her *Marriage*-Bed, to the *Grave*.

If thou wondereſt, that a Woman of her Age, being Seventy Five Years Old, and having already had Two Husbands, ſhould marry a Third; Know, that it was not Dotage, but Diſcretion which prompted her to take this Courſe. The Integrity, Wiſdom, and prudent Conduct of *Eliachim* the *Jew*, had charm'd her Affections long ago, and improv'd her Acquaintance with him, into a ſtrict and vertuous Friendſhip. As a Mother, ſhe ow'd him Reſpect and Love, for his conſtant Fidelity to me: And on her own Account, ſhe cou'd not but entertain Sentiments of Eſteem and Gratitude for a Man, who had been ſo nicely careful to preſerve her

Perſon

Perſon and Honour from Injury and Violence, ever ſince ſhe came to *Paris*. For, he alone, among the many Myriads of People inhabiting this *City*, was the only Confident, both of her Secrets and mine. In a Word, theſe Regards, with ſome others of Piety, Zeal, and Good Nature, made her willing to become his Wife, who in all Things had perform'd the Part of a Friend, and a Perſon of Honour.

Beſides all this, it was really her Intereſt, thus to diſpoſe of her later Days in a *Foreign Country*, where ſhe knew no body but *Eliachim* and me. As for me, ſhe conſider'd that my Life was not only ſubject to the ſame Caſualties with other Mortals, and that I might be ſnatch'd away by a Thouſand Deaths; but that my *Station* here was very Precarious, and I might be ſuddenly recall'd by my *Superiours* to *Conſtantinople*, or at leaſt be remov'd to ſome other *Poſt*, whither ſhe cou'd not accompany me, being Incapable of bearing, at theſe Years, the Hardſhips and Fatigues of Travel: That after my Departure, ſhe ſhou'd be neglected, contemn'd, and abandon'd by all, but thoſe who wou'd deſire her Death, for the Sake of her Money and Jewels.

In theſe Circumſtances, to remain a Widow, profeſſing the *Faith* of *Mahomet*, and believing the *Alcoran*, in a *Region* and *City* ſwarming with *Infidels*; wou'd have been but an uncomfortable as well as a dangerous Condition. Wherefore having had Experience

ence of *Eliachim*'s Vertue, and incorrupt Manners, he alſo making Addreſſes of Love to her, and giving her Encouragement to hope, that he wou'd become a *Muſſulman*; ſhe yielded at laſt to the Thoughts of taking him for her Husband, and they were married on the 7th. of this *Moon*, in a private *Synagogue* of the *Jews*: For, they are not allow'd a *Publick* One in this *City*, as they are in many other *Cities* of *Europe*.

My Mother appear'd neither too dejectedly ſad, nor profuſely merry, during the *Nuptial Feaſt*. But comporting her ſelf with a chearful Reſervedneſs, ſeem'd to have her Thoughts rather fix'd on ſomething elſe, than the vain Ceremonies, Noiſe, and Mirth of the Company. It looks as if her Prophetick Soul was ſenſible of its approaching Releaſe: For to be Brief, ſhe was found Dead in her Bed next Morning.

Brother, ſhe is now in her *Sepulchre*, at Reſt from all the Toils of Humane Life. Let not this News affect thee with fruitleſs Melancholy; ſince Death is the Common Fate of all Mortals. Rather advance the Bliſs of our deceas'd Parent, with devout *Oraiſons* for her Soul; Remembring, that e'er long we ſhall be in the ſame Condition. For tho' Man, like a Moth, be paſſionately enamour'd with the Light of this World; tho, he flutter and dance about it for a while, basking in the Splendor and Warmth of his good Fortune; yet at length he is conſum'd by the very Flame, which gave him Nouriſhment

riſhment, and falls a *Victim* to his own Pleaſure.

Paris, 9th. *of the* 1ſt. *Moon, of the Year* 1669.

LETTER VI.

To Hamet Reis Effendi, Principal Secretary *of the* Ottoman Empire.

I Sent thee a Letter ſome Days agoe, wherein I expos'd the General Nakedneſs, Imbecillity, and languiſhing State of the *German Empire* in this Age. My *Diſpatch* abounded with Characters of their Vices: It deſcrib'd exactly the preſent Eclipſe of Ancient *Imperial* Majeſty, Power and Strength, the Revolt of many *Principalities* and *States*, the Feuds and Diſcord of thoſe that yet remain in Obedience, and pay a ſeeming Homage to *Cæſar*; with many other Things, which being well conſider'd, may for the Future prevent, or at leaſt, diminiſh that Conſternation and Panick Terror, which uſes to ſeize the Hearts of *Muſſulmans*, when we are in *War* with the *Emperour*.

Now as a farther Incentive and Encouragement to take up Arms againſt the *Infidels*; as a Spur to certain Victory and Conqueſt, I will unlock the Treaſures of

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I Sent thee a Letter some Days agoe, wherein I expos'd the General Nakedness, Imbecillity, and languishing State of the *German Empire* in this Age. My *Dispatch* abounded with Characters of their Vices: It describ'd exactly the present Eclipse of Ancient *Imperial* Majesty, Power and Strength, the Revolt of many *Principalities* and *States*, the Feuds and Discord of those that yet remain in Obedience, and pay a seeming Homage to *Cæsar*; with many other Things, which being well consider'd, may for the Future prevent, or at least, diminish that Consternation and Panick Terror, which uses to seize the Hearts of *Mussulmans*, when we are in *War* with the *Emperour*.

Now as a farther Incentive and Encouragement to take up Arms against the *Infidels*; as a Spur to certain Victory and Conquest, I will unlock the Treasures of

of the Country, without taking Notice of the Inhabitants. And, ſince nothing more excites the Reſolution and Valour of Military Men, than the Hopes of Plunder, and paſſing away a Campaign in Plenty of all neceſſary Comforts: I will give thee a true Account of the Natural Dowry of theſe *Regions*, the Riches of the Soil, and the Wealth, which Commerce with other Nations, together with the Spoils of former Wars, the Induſtry of the People, and the Benevolence of Fortune have added to their Store.

Germany abounds in Generous Wines, and thoſe more laſting than any other in *Europe*. The Rheniſh Wines will keep above Fifty Years. The Wines of the *Necker* are wholeſome, and clear as Water from the Rock: Thoſe of *Franconia* are ſtrong and operative; The *Auſtrian* Grape is ſweet and luſcious. Several *Roman Emperours* have peferr'd the Fruits of the *German* Vintage, to thoſe of *Italy* and *Greece*. And ſuch is the ſuperabundant Plenty of Vineyards, that at a Place call'd *Stutgard*, there is a *Proverb* currant, *That they have more Wine than Water*. If our *Janizaries* knew this, they wou'd be for an Expedition into *Germany*. Nay they temper their Mortar with Wine in ſome Places, and ſlack their Lime with it.

They have ſtrong Beverages alſo made of Barley, VVheat, and other Grain, which they tranſport from *Brunſwick*, *Breſlaw*, *Delph*, *Dantzick*, *Lubeck*, and other Places, to moſt Countries in the *North* and *Weſt* of *Europe*.

Europe. They likewiſe make a Sort of Wine of Honey, as ſtrong and Sweet as the Wine of *Candy*.

There is abundance of Frankincenſe and Myrrh in *Moravia*, of Saffron in *Auſtria*, of *Licorice* in *Franconia*, of *Madder* for Dyers in *Sileſia*, of Amber in *Thuringia*.

There are Innumerable Orchards full of all delectable Fruits, the Fields ſtand thick with Corn, the Paſtures are throng'd with Cattel, and they have a Breed of the ſtouteſt Horſes in the VVorld. They have Timber enough to ſerve all the Nations in the World for Shipping. But that which is moſt inviting is the Variety of Mines of Gold, Silver, Copper, Lead, Tin and Iron. Before *America* was diſcover'd, *Germany* was the *Peru* and *Potoſi* of all *Europe*. They have alſo Plenty of Marble as bright as Cryſtal.

Beſides their Native and Domeſtick Riches, they have mightily improv'd their Stock, by Foreign Commerce; exchanging their Superfluities for things more precious and of greater Value: VVhich in a conſtant Courſe of Bartering, brings into the *German* Coffers many Hundred Millions of Crowns in a Year. In a Word, their Cities are ſo Rich, that when they have been pillag'd by an Enemy, the booty of one City, has been valu'd at Two Millions of Crowns, in ready Money, beſides Plate and Jewels. The Common Souldiers have made Hilts for their Swords and Daggers of Gold and Silver; nay, ſome would have their very Helmets of the ſame Metals.

Publick

Publick Gaming Tables have been ſet up in the Streets, and it has been Common for a private Trooper to win or loſe Five or Ten Thouſand Crowns at a Time. This would be rare Sport for our *Janizaries* and *Spahi's*.

I tell thee, Serene *Miniſter*, conſidering the Immenſe Wealth of *Germany*, and the Degeneracy of its Inhabitants; *Providence* ſeems to invite our Arms to make a Conqueſt of thoſe Fertile Regions, and take from the *Uncircumcis'd* the Goods which ſurfeit them. They abuſe the Gifts of Nature, and Fortune, by employing them to the Ends of Vice; whereas the *True Believers* were they once poſſeſs'd of them, wou'd turn them to Vertuous Purpoſes, the Publick Advantage, the Encreaſe of the *Empire*, Glory of *God*, and Propagation of the *Faith Undefiled*.

Paris, 13th. *of the* 4th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1669.

LETTER

LETTER VII.

To Hebatolla Mir Argun, Superiour *of the* Convent *of* Derviches *at* Cogni *in* Natolia.

'TWas with a Specifick Kind of Joy, not eaſie to be defin'd, that I receiv'd thy Venerable *Diſpatch*. I perus'd the Welcome Orders therein contain'd with a Delight not in the leaſt Inferiour to his, who being abandon'd to Diſtreſs and miſerable Poverty, has, by good Luck, diſcover'd a hidden Wealthy Treaſure: For ſo my Spirit is raviſh'd, to find in this degenerate Age, a Rich Reſerve of Piety and Devotion to the Ancient *Prophets* of *God*.

I'm glad to hear the Character of *John* the *Baptiſt*, which I ſent thee formerly, was ſo well accepted by thee, and all the *Religions* under thy Charge, That thou vouchſafeſt only to accuſe the ſhortneſs of the Relation, deſiring a more particular account of that *Prophet*'s Manner of living, eſpecially of his Abſtinences, and what may be the moſt proper Interpretation of the *Grecian* Word ἀκρίδας, mention'd in the Hiſtory of his Life?

Praiſe be to *God*, who has inſpir'd thee with this Critical Regard to one of his moſt

Holy Meſſengers. I revere thy Learned Soul, and that accompliſh'd Intellect, which is ever buſie, prying into VVeighty and Important Matters. I honour thy Impartial Mind, which ſcruples not to pay th' Attach that due to a *Saint*, tho' of the *Chriſtian* Calender. If we ſhould reject all that the *Followers* of *Jeſus* do, we ſhould neither Fast, Pray, give Alms, or perform any other Good VVorks. Therefore in this, thou art an Exemplary Pattern to the Rigid, Superſtitious Sort of *Muſſulman Phanaticks*, who bear an endleſs Grudge againſt all thoſe that are not of their Narrow Faith, and Dark Opinion.

Glory be to *God*, with whom the WORD was preſent from the *Dawning* of *Eternal Light*, before the *Morning* of his *Works* had peep'd o'er the Mountains of the Ancient *Chaos*, or penetrated the Dark Abyſs, and Miſty Vale of *Nothing*, and painted the Tops of the Creation, the Higheſt Ranks of *Beings*, with Splendors of the Early Day. Before the *Sun* had drank th' Immortal *Halo* in, and ſpong'd up all the Viſible Beams to ſqueeze them out again upon the *Moon*, the *Stars*, and on this Lower World. The WORD remains for Ever, and at a determin'd Hour became Incarnate, in the Perſon of *Jeſus* the *Son* of *Mary*, as the *Holy Alcoran* informs us.

In thoſe Days *John* the *Baptiſt* went into the VVilderneſs, and preach'd Repentance to the *Jews* foretelling the near Approach of the

the *Messias*. The Sacred *Hero* made a Cave his Residence; and at first, to wean his Body from all Softness, he wore a Vest or Shirt of Camel's Hair, which was girt about him with a Belt made of that Painful and Religious Creatures Skin, to put him in Mind, that he was born for *Holy* Labours, Toils, and Mortifications. He had no Table spread with far-fetch'd costly Dainties; no Dishes cramm'd with bloody and large Inventories of Birds, Four-footed Beasts, and Fish. His Diet was Simple, Cheap, and Innocent; ease to be got in every Wood or Field, without the Detriment of his Fellow-Animals. For he either contented himself with a Repast on Honey, which he found in Hollow Trees; or on a Kind of *Manna*, a sweet *Dew* falling on their Leaves, and there condens'd by Heavenly Influence: Or else it was a kind of luscious Moisture, which he suck'd from certain Plants, perhaps not much unlike our *Sugar-Canes*: For thus Interpreters do differ about the Words τὸ μέλι ἄγριον. Whatever it was, we may conclude it to be some slender, light and easie Nourishment, And when this Diet fail'd him, or his Stomach requir'd a little more Variety, he banqueted on what the *Græcians* call ἀκρίδες Some will have these to be a Kind of *Locusts* or *Gras-hoppers*, a Meat indulg'd the *Jews* by *Moses* in the *Law*. The *Syrians* also counted them a Dainty; so did the Ancient *Parthinians*, as *Aristotle* and *Pliny* tell us. And my Country-men, the *Arabians*, eat of them to

this day. Others are of Opinion, that these ἀκρίδες were a sort of little Shell-Fish, such as *Crabs*, *Crawfish*, or *Shrimps*, which Nature has generally lodg'd in Holes along the banks of Rivers. A pleasant, temperate Sort of Diet, commended for their Virtues in expelling Poyson, and being Remedies for the Strangury, and Antidotes to cure the Biting of Mad Dogs.

The Divine *Prophet* therefore oft frequenting the Waters of the River *Jordan*, wherein he us'd to wash his *Converts* and *Disciples*; these Men suppose, he took Occasion to allay his Hunger with these little Shell-fish, which he might easily take in mighty Numbers from their watry Nests. And they endeavour to strengthen this Opinion, by asserting, That the Food which the Waters afford us, is much more Pure and Holy than what the Earth brings forth; in regard the Earth lies under the Malediction of God, ever since *Noah's* Flood, whereas the *Waters* never were Curs'd. Hence, say they, it is very probable, That the consecrated *Hero*, would not defile his Spotless Life with curs'd Banquets from the Earth, but rather chose to appease his Hunger with the harmless, bless'd, and wholsome Product of the Waters.

If thou wilt have my Opinion after all; I'm apt to think these ἀκρίδες were nothing else but the tender Tops of Plants, such as we call *Asparagus*, or perhaps they were wild Apples of the Wood; and then we may suppose

ſuppoſe there's ſome Miſtake in the *Greek* Copy, Ἀκρίδες for ἄκρυδες. Or, it may be the *Holy Prophet*, in the proper Seaſon of the Year, did uſe to crop and eat the Ears of Barly, and then the Word ſhou'd be ἀκρυδες For, what cou'd be more ſweet and pleaſant to an Abſtemious Man, than to ſuſtain his Life with Fruits, Grain, Herbs, or Roots? Nor did the Malediction reach the *Vegetables*, but only the *Animal* Generarions, from which a perfect Man abſtains.

Certainly, thoſe, who out of an Averſion for Purity, Prayer, and Faſting, turn themſelves from Humane Bodies to Swine; and from Religious Abſtinence to Salvage Gurmundizing on Fleſh, ſeem to derive their Pedigree from a Race of *Devils*: Eſpecially ſuch as after the manner of *Spiders*, gathering Poiſon from the Flowers of Piety, Blaſpheme this Sacred Virtue of Abſtinence, and call it by the Infamous Name of Superſtition.

For, if the Veneration we pay to *God* conſiſt in the Knowledge, Love and Fear of his *Divine* Majeſty, with Adoration and Praiſe of his Eternal Attributes; it follws. That we ought to worſhip him with the moſt Fervent Application of our Spirits. But this *Religious* Ardour cannot ſubſiſt in any *Soul*, whoſe Body is not mortified; nor can the Body be mortified without Auſterity, which always is accompany'd with Rigorous Faſting and Abſtinence from Fleſh. Wherefore if we aſcend to *God*, by the very ſame

Degrees as we fall from him, it follows, That Abſtinence is the Firſt Step to Immortality and Supreme Happineſs.

I do not mean by Abſtinence, that Natural Averſion which ſome Men have for Fleſh, who never durſt to taſte of any in their Lives, compell'd to this by ſome Occult *Antipathy* in their Stomachs. For ſuch a Neceſſity cannot make a Vertue, it being common to Men and Brutes; there being many *Animals*, who faſt from all Provender at certain Seaſons of the Year, and others that taſte not ſome Kinds of Food, during their Lives. So there are ſome Men, to whom Wine, Fleſh, Cheeſe, Apples, Herbs and other Things, are an Abomination from their Cradles. There have been others, who, by a Præternatural Neceſſity, have liv'd ſome Days, Weeks, Months and Years without either Meat or Drink. So *Plato* records, That *Herus Pamplylius* lay Ten whole Days among the Dead Carcaſes of Soldiers ſlain in Battel; and, when he was taken up to be laid on the Funeral Pile, they perceiv'd him to be alive. *Laertius* tells us, That *Pythagoras* faſted Forty Days and Forty Nights from Meat and Drink. From whom *Apollonius Thyaneus* learn'd the Art of keeping almoſt a perpetual Faſt. And theſe Modern Times afford us the Example of a *Spaniard*, whom they call *Alcantaro*, who every *Month* us'd to Faſt for Seven or Eight Days together. So a famous *German Maid* was diligently obſerv'd and watch'd, whilſt ſhe paſs'd away

full

full Seven Years Time without Meat, Drink, Sleep or Excrements. *France* alſo boaſts another *Virgin*, who faſted above Three Years together.

Such Abſtinencies as theſe, are not to be put to the Account of Vertue, in regard they were not the Effects of Humane Choice, but the *Decrees* of *Fate*. So wou'd our Abſtinence be deprav'd, if we ſhou'd only practiſe it, as the old *Gentiles* did, who forbore to kill or eat ſome certain Beaſts, becauſe they held them conſecrated to their *Gods*. As the *Dog* to *Diana*; the *Tyger* to *Bacchus*; the *Horſe* to *Neptune*; the *Woolf* to *Mars*; the *Eagle* to *Jupiter*; the *Peacock* to *Juno*; the *Swan* to *Apollo*; the *Dove* to *Venus*; the *Owl* to *Minerva*. Nor need we abſtain on the Account of the *Soul*'s Tranſmigration; for, ſo we ought to forbear the *Vegetable* Products of the Earth, as well as *Animals*, ſince the *Soul* is Indifferent to all Bodies, in its ſeparate State.

But our Reaſon in this Point, ought to take its Riſe from the *Fundamental Law* of *Nature*, the *Original Juſtice* of the *World*, which teaches us, *Not to do that to another, which we wou'd not have another do to us.* Now, ſince 'tis evident, That no Man wou'd willingly become the Food of Beaſts; therefore, by the ſame Rule, he ought not to prey on them. Next to this Foundation of our Abſtinence, we ought to build our Aims a the Perfection of our Nature, which cannot be acquir'd but by Degrees: We muſt ent

deavour to abate the Aliment of our Concupiſcences, by exhaling the ſuperfluous and groſſer Vapours of our Blood in Sacred Faſts and Oraiſons. Then we ſhou'd refreſh our fainting Bodies, with Food affording little Nouriſhment and Pleaſure. That ſo our vain Affections, Appetites and Luſts may gradually die: Whilſt the pure Mind revives, and being free from the groſs Vapours ariſing from too much, and too fatning Meats and Drinks, the Films which darken'd her Sight, fall off; and ſhe can better now diſcern the Naked Forms of Things, by her own ſimple Inſtitution, than before ſhe cou'd through all the borrow'd Spectacles and other *Opticks* of *Book-Philoſophy*. Alſo ſhe will more eaſily raiſe her ſelf to the Contemplation and Science of Divine Eternal Things. He therefore that in Earneſt will apply himſelf to the Study of accompliſh'd Sanctity, muſt firſt by Faſting exhauſt the Marrow from his Bones, the Fatneſs from his Fleſh, the Wild and Rampant Spirits from his Nerves, and then he muſt purge the Words and Actions of his Life from Vice. When this is done, the *Soul* becoming a pure *Tabula Raſa*, is fit for the Impreſſions of Celeſtial Vertue.

Thoſe who labour under acute Diſeaſes, run great Hazard of their Lives, according to *Hipocrates*, unleſs their Diet be accommodated with proportionate Regard to the Quality and Time of the Critical Fits or Paroxiſms. But, thoſe who are entangled with

with Vice, do labour under far more dangerous Diſtempers, than ſuch as afflict the Body. Wherefore the Prophet, our Holy Law-giver, like a Wiſe Phyſician, appointed certain Seaſons of the Year, for Sacred Abſtinences, Faſtings, Pilgrimages, Vigils, and other Holy Exerciſes, eſpecially the Mighty Faſt and Vigil of *Ramazen*, wherein, tho' it be not forbid to eat of Fleſh after the Stars appear at Night, yet none but looſe and indevout Believers, take that Liberty; whereas the better Sort content themſelves with an Aſcetick Diet. The *Hebrews* faſted with Unleaven'd Bread, and a little Salad; the *Chriſtians* alſo taſte no Fleſh, on their prohibited Days: And ſhall the *Muſſulmans* be greater *Libertines* than theſe *Infidels*?

O *Hebatolla!* how radiant is the Luſtre of a Lamp, when ſhining through a clean, and fine, defæcate Chryſtal? So does the Soul diſplay the Rays of her Immortal Vertue round about, when ſhe inhabits in a well purifi'd, chaſt, and almoſt pervious Body. Wherefore, it is abſolutely neceſſary for him to attenuate his Body with perpetual Temperance and Abſtinence, who conſecrates himſelf to Vertue and Devotion. He will not be enſnar'd or catch'd by any Baits of Luxury or Voluptuouſneſs; nor yet affrighted from his conſtant, ſober Courſe of Life, by any Pain, or thwarting Accident. No Frowns or Menaces ſhall divert him from his Noble Purpoſe: But he

will ſo nouriſh his Body all his Life, that it ſhall never be Surfeited, or over-fill'd with Meats. And ſuch is the Magick of this Sacred Vertue, that it can never be hurt, much leſs ſubverted by all the Machinations of Evil *Dæmons*; or the Malicious Attempts of Men. But it proceeds from Strength to Strength, and fights the Combat valiantly, till having overcome at laſt, it Triumphs for ever, and receives the Palm, the Crown and Chaplet of Divine Reward in *Paradiſe*,

Holy Preſident, pray that I may practice what I ſo admire, and not be ſelf-condemn'd for living contrary to my Knowledge. For *God* neither loves a double Tongue or Heart, neither delights he in Feet or Hands that are ſwift and nimble to do Miſchief.

Paris, 13th. *of the* 4th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1669.

LETTER

LETTER VIII.

To Hamet, Reis Effendi, Principal Secretary *of the* Ottoman Empire.

NOw the *Chriſtians* are in a general Conſternation for *Candy*: The Pope has ſent Letters to all the *Princes* that are in his *Communion*; inviting and preſſing them to ſuccour that Diſtreſs'd *Iſland*. Levies are making every where; and the *King* of *France*, who ſeeks all Occaſions of Glory, appears the moſt forward of any to aſſiſt the *Republick* in this Fatal Juncture. The *Duke* of *Beauford* and the *Chevalier de Vendoſm*, are appointed to lead the Forces deſign'd for that Service. They are gone to *Toulon*, in Order to embarque. The *Pope* has ſent the *Duke* of *Beauford* a *Breve*, declaring him *General* of the Troops *Eccleſiaſtick* that are to ſerve in *Candy*; and for his greater Encouragement, he has ſent him the *Pontifical* Standard.

In the mean while, there is a *Triple League* concluded between the *Emperour*, the *King* of *Spain*, the *King* of *England*, the *King* of *Swedeland*, and the *States* of *Holland*.

There is great Joy in *Portugal* for the Birth of the *Infanta*, who is call'd *Elizabetha-Maria-Louiſa*. She was Born the 6th. of

of the 1st. *Moon*; and on the 18th the *Empress* of *Germany* was also deliver'd of a Daughter. These *Western* Queens are very pregnant. Not a Year passes without the Birth, or Baptism, of some *Royal* Infant.

This is all the News at present; but to oblige thee I will say something of *Italy*, which is esteem'd the Garden of *Europe*. Nay, *Constantine Paleologus*, *Emperor of Greece*, was wont to say, *Unless I had been assur'd by very Learned and Holy Men, that Paradise was seated in* Asia, *I shou'd have sworn that* Italy *had been the Place.*

It is most certain *Italy* is a delectable Country, abounding in Riches and Pleasures. The Eye is not satisfi'd with seeing the infinite Variety of Beauties, which grace this happy Region. Such is the lovely Intermixture of Hills and Valleys, Groves and Plains, Palaces and Gardens, that a Traveller is ravish'd as he passes on the Road. But this is not all: She is as rich as fair. No Country in the World can match *Italy* for the Plenty and Variety of excellent Wines; only they are of no long Continuance. Above all the rest, Travellers commend that Sort which they call *Lachryme Christi*, or, the *Tears of Christ*, for its delicious Taste. Which when a *Dutch-man* once tasted, he burst forth into this Exclamation; *O Christ! why didst thou not weep in my Country?* At *Papia*, there are a Kind of Aromatick Grapes, which leave a fragrant Odour in the Mouth of him that eats them.

It

It is recorded of a certain *Roman Lord*, That when he was in Priſon half dead with Melancholy, he drank a Glaſs or two of this generous Wine, which ſo reviv'd his Spirits, that inſtead of Deſpairing, as he was ready to do before, he wrote a *Treatiſe* entituled [*de Conſolatione.*]

Beſides, *Italy* abounds in Cattle, Sheep, Fowls, Mines, Rock of Alabaſter, Marble, Porphyry, Coral, Ophits, Agats, Chalcedonies, Azures, and innumerable other precious Stones. Hence it comes, that in this Country are ſeen the moſt Glorious and Magnificent *Temples* of the World.

But, this ſo fair and wealthy a Spot of Ground is Inhabited by a very wicked Sort of People. They are quite degenerated from the Vertues of their *Anceſtors*. They are a Baſe, Effeminate, Sly, *Sodomitical* Raſe of Men, Covetous, Revengeful, and Inexorable. I have heard a Story of Two *Italian* Brothers that were walking one Night in the Fields, it being a very ſerene Sky; when one of them looking ſteadfaſtly on the *Heavens*, wiſh'd, *he had as many Oxen as there were Stars*. The other wiſh'd, *he had a Field as large as the Firmament. What wou'd you do with it?* Said the Firſt. *Let your Oxen graze there*, reply'd he. But, as they proceeded in this Kind of fooliſh, looſe Diſcourſe, they kindled each others Anger; and at length, falling from VVords to Blows, kill'd one another on the Spot. Behold, the Conſequence of their Covetous Deſires. They

are

are extremely addicted to Revenge, and are as dextrous at poyſoning as the *Indian* Princes. A certain *French Author* gives us a very Compendious Account of the Benefits a Stranger gets by travelling into *Italy*, in theſe words. *We go into* Italy, ſays he, *with Incredible Charges, only to purchaſe the mere Shadow of Civility, and we bring back from thence the whole Syſtem of Vices.* The *Milaneſe* teach us how to Cheat. From the *Venetians* we learn Hypocriſie. *Rome* tranſforms us into perfect *Atheiſts* and *Libertines*. *Naples* turns us to *Satyres*, *Florence* inſtructs us in the Artificial Methods of Poyſoning. There is not one City, which does not tincture us with ſome Specifick Ill Qualities.

Sage *Hamet*, In all my Letters to thee, I ſtudiouſly inſert ſome Remarks on theſe *Weſtern* Nations, that ſo I may gratifie thy Wiſhes. Pardon the want of Order, For, I write Things as they preſent themſelves to my Memory. Accept all in good Part from *Mahmut*, who obeys thy Commands chearfully, and honours thee without Flattery.

Paris *the* 12th. *of the* 5th *Moon*,
of the Year 1669.

LET-

LETTER IX.

To Hamet, Reis Effendi, Principal Secretary *of the* Ottoman Empire.

THou may'ſt Regiſter in the Archives of the Sacred *Empire*; That *Dom John* of *Auſtria*, is made perpetual *Governour* of the *Low-Countries*, under the *Spaniſh King*'s Obedience. He is alſo *Viceroy*, and *Vicar-General* of *Arragon*, *Catalonia*, and *Valencia*. But it is fit for thee to know alſo, That this is ſo far from being eſteem'd by that Prince a Happineſs, that he counts it his Greateſt Misfortune, in Regard 'tis no better than an Honourable and Irrevocable Baniſhment from the *Court* of *Spain*; where his *Royal* Blood and Merits, are out-maſter'd by the *Genius* of a certain *Prieſt*, whom they call *Father Nitard*. This Man is very Ambitious, always aiming at High Matters, yet admir'd by no body for his Learning, Beauty, or any other good Qualities. Only the *Queen* of *Spain*, is pleas'd to make him her Favourite.

He cou'd never buckle to the Humour of *Dom John*; and hence aroſe a ſecret Envy between 'em; which afterwards burſt forth into open Animoſities, Feuds and Quarrels. So that at laſt, the Favourite got the Day, and *Dom John* was forc'd to quit the Field.

It is impoſſible to trace the *Sovereigns* of the Earth in the Foot-ſteps of their Royal Conduct: Or elſe, one wou'd of Courſe conclude,

conclude, That tho' ſo great a Prince as this, of the ſame Lineage as the Queen her ſelf, ſhou'd have eaſily eclips'd the borrow'd Luſtre of an Upſtart Minion. But *Monarchs* have Specifick Reaſons to themſelves, which others cannot penetrate.

Perhaps this cunning *Prieſt* uſed a Trick like that of a Souldier in the Army of *Alexander* the *Great*: VVho being of an Ambitious Spirit, and coveting to make ſome greater Figure than that of a Private Sentinel, conſider'd *Alexander*'s Humour, and how to hit it. He knew, that his Heroick Maſter took delight in any Thing was bold and brave. But how to come into his Preſence, he was Ignorant. At length, he pitch't upon this Method. One Day, as *Alexander* was debauching with his beloved *Parmenio*, *Hæpheſtion*, *Lyſimachus*, and other Officers. This Fellow (whoſe Name was *Clytus*) put himſelf into a Mimick Dreſs of War, counterfeiting himſelf Mad, and dancing the *Pyrrhick* Meaſures, with his brandiſh'd Sword, kill'd Five new-liſted Soldiers lately come from *Colchis*. The Guards ſoon ſeiz'd upon him; and it being a *Tragical* Novelty, the News was carried to the *King*; who caus'd the Fellow to be brought before him. And examining him on the Point, *Clytus* anſwer'd, "Great *King*, "thoſe Five Men whom I have kill'd, had "conſpir'd to take away thy Life this Day, "being hir'd thereto by the *King* of *Colchis*, "and therefore ſent into thy Army. Their

"Tent

"Tent being next to mine, I had an Acci-
"dental Opportunity laſt Night, of over-
"hearing their Diſcourſe, when they were
"plotting together the Time, the Place,
"and Manner of thy Death. I kept a
"Watch upon them, and obſerv'd their
"Motions from that Moment. For, tho'
"I knew the Hour appointed by them for
"this Execrable Regicide, yet I was ſolli-
"citous, leſt ſome ill Fate ſhou'd prompt
"the *Ruffians* to antedate their own Re-
"ſolves, and haſten a Murder, whoſe De-
"lay might elſe diſcover their Deſigns, or
"at leaſt prevent 'em. Therefore I took
"this mad Diſguiſe, to execute the Sober-
"eſt and moſt Important Purpoſe that e're
"I fram'd in all my Days; which was at
"once to ſave the Life of the World's *Con-*
"*queror*, and get my ſelf Immortal Honour
"by the Happy Deed.

After profound Deliberation of the Drunken Cabinet-Council, *Alexander* approv'd the Fact, and order'd Publick Honours to be done to his Deliverer. According to the *Macedonian* Cuſtom, he veſted him with Purple Robes, and gave him a Chain of Gold, admitting him to the latter End o'th Banquet, and afterwards eſteeming him above his moſt Familiar Friends. Till ſuch another Debauch as this, but more Unfortunate to *Clytus*, at once depriv'd him of the *King*'s Favour and his own Life: So Inconſtant is the State of Humane Greatneſs.

Sage

Sage *Hamet*, the Favour of *Princes* is like a Reed of *Egypt*, which either tranſpierces him that leans upon it; or flinches from the Burthen, and ſo gives him a Fall, which moſt Times plunges him o'er Head and Ears, in the choaking Mire of Popular Hatred.

God grant thou may'ſt never be cruſh'd to Death from Above, by the Weight of the *Sultan's* Diſpleaſure, or undermin'd from Beneath, and ſwallow'd up in an Earthquake rais'd by the Multitude.

Paris, 18th. of the 7th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1669.

LETTER X.

To Hebatolla Mir Argun, Superior *of the* Convent *of* Derviches *at* Cogni *in* Natolia.

THou wilt not be diſpleas'd to hear of a Mighty *King*, that laying aſide his *Diadem* and *Scepter*, and abandoning the Height of Humane Glory, has conſecrated himſelf to a Private *Religious* Life, vowing Perpetual *Poverty*, *Chaſtity*, and *Obedience*.

Yet this is true of *John Caſimir*, late *King* of *Poland*, who from a Sovereign *Monarch* is become an Humble *Subject*, and having forſaken the Pleaſures and Magnificences of his

his *Royal Palace*, voluntarily confines himſelf to the Narrow Circumſtances and Auſterities of a *Monaſtick* Life.

He choſe *France* for the Place of his Retreat from his own *Kingdom*; and the *Abby* of St. *Germains* near *Paris*, as his *Sanctuary* from all Worldly Affairs. He was magnificently receiv'd and entertain'd in every City through which he paſs'd. And on the 4th. of the 11th. *Moon*, he made his firſt Entry into the *Moſque* or *Church* of the *Convent*, where he made his vows, in Quality of *Abbot*, or *Superior* of that *Houſe*: For which they ſolemnly ſung their *Te Deum*, or a *Song* of *Praiſe* to *God*. And the *Court* of *France* ſeems to be proud of the Honour this *Prince* has done it, in retiring hither, and making it the *Theatre* of ſuch Pious Reſolves, the laſt Stage of his *Pilgrimage* on Earth, where he will bid *Adieu* to the vain Pageantries of Honour, Wealth and Empire; and having ſhaken of the Glittering Burden of a *Crown*, with all the other Clogs of elevated Mortality, he will the eaſier climb to *Paradiſe*.

Abſtracting from the Particular *Superſtitions* of the *Nazarenes*, I cannot but commend the Sage Undertaking of *King Caſimir*; who, in this, ſeems to outgoe the noiſie oſtentous Action of *Adrian*, one of the *Roman Emperors*: For he only once celebrated in outward Pomp his own *Funerals*, by way of *Type* or *Figure*; making a ſplendid Cavalcade, before which his *Coffin* was carried

carried in a kind of *Mock-Triumph*: As if after all his other Victories, at laſt he had lead *Death* himſelf *Captive*: Whereas this hinder'd not, but that he return'd again to the Vanities which in this Publick *Emblem* he ſeem'd to deſpiſe; And from a *Dramatick Conqueror*, he became a real Slave. His perſonated Mortification in the Streets, ended in his ordinary Paſſions at Home. And he had a ſtronger Inclination to the Bed of Voluptuouſneſs at Night, than he ſeem'd to have by Day to his Grave.

But this Heroick *King* of the *Poles*, is really gone into his *Sepulchre*. (For no better is a *Monaſtery* in my Opinion.) He has tranſlated the *Seat* and *Throne* of his *Kingdom*, to a *Tomb*; not for Three or Four Hours, to make a ſhew, but there really to lead a dying Life, or living Death; and reign in *Funeral* Majeſty all the Reſt of his Days. For, to be thus *Recluſe* from the World, is to be buried alive.

O Venerable and Benign *Dervich*, pardon the Favourable Opinion I have of this *Chriſtian Monarch*, I do not patronize his Errors in applauding his Vertue. Beſides, it is the General *Faith* of *Muſſulmans*, That, let a Man be a *Chriſtian*, a *Jew*, or *Pagan*, provided he lives up to the beſt Light he has, he ſhall be ſaved. And the *Holy Prophet* himſelf gave us Encouragement to believe ſo.

Thou wilt at leaſt conclude this *King* to be more Pious and worthy of Praiſe, than one

one of his *Predeceſſors*, who uſurp'd the *Poliſh Crown*. This was *Uladiſlaus* V. who having enter'd into a ſolemn Leauge with one of our Former *Sultans*, living in his Time, and taken an Oath thereupon, giving alſo the *Euchariſt* (or, that which they eſteem the *Body* of *Chriſt*) in *Hoſtage*; yet ſoon after broke the *Articles* that he had Sign'd, Seal'd, and Sworn to, and for the Performance of which he had pawn'd his *God*.

This ſo provok'd the *Grand Signior*, that he had recourſe to his Arms for Juſtice, and invaded *Poland* with a Mighty Force: To repell which, *Uladiſlaus* alſo levied an Army, and met him in the Field. But, juſt as they were going to give Battel, the *Sultan* took out of his Boſom, the pawned *Euchariſt*, with the *Capitulations* agreed upon, and ſworn to between 'em. Then holding the *Wafer* in One Hand, and the *Articles* in the Other, he cryed out, in the Hearing of both Armies; "O thou *Crucify'd God* of the *Chriſtians*, behold thy Perfidious Adorers, who have given thee to me as a Pledge of their Faith and Truth in what they have ſworn; yet in a moſt Impious Manner they have violated their Oath. If thou art a *God* chaſtiſe them now by my means, for their Abominable Periury, and Prophanation of thy Name. His Prayer was heard of *Heaven*: For the Victorious *Oſmans* gave a Total Overthrow to the *Infidels*; and that Blaſphemous *Prince* was himſelf kill'd in the Battel.

VVhat

Whatever various *Forms* of *Religion* there be in the World; we know there is but *One True God, Creator* of *Heaven* and *Earth, Conservator* and *Governour* of *Men.* He connives at the Invincible Ignorances, Frailties and Infirmities of our Mortal Race. He accepts the Good Works and Sincere Vows of *Pagans*, and the *Uncircumcised*, as well as those of the *True Believers*, and *Followers* of the *Prophet.* But he abhors and punishes all Injustice, Perjury, Treason, both in the One and the Other. For he has no Partial Regards for This Nation or Person more than That. They are all equally the Works of his Hands; and his Care is alike over them.

The *Sun* runs from the *East* to the *West*: In his daily Circuit he Illuminates and Warms this *Hemisphere*; and by Night, our *Antipodes* enjoy his Favours, and welcome Influence. At one Time of the Year he comforts the North, at another he revives the South. There is no Part of the *Globe*, which in due Season does not rejoyce in his all-chearing Beams.

The *Moon* never slacks or deviates from her wonted Course; but from the *Crescent* to the *Wane*, observes the *Laws* of *him* that made *her.* She is exact in timing the *Flux* and *Reflux* of the *Sea.* And she guides the wandring Mariners by Night. The Inhabitants of the *Artick* and *Antartick Circles*, wait for her Light, when the *Sun* absents himself for Half the Year. As soon as they see the

Charior

Chariot of *Diana* appear on the Road of their *Heaven*. every Man claps his Hands for Joy. They rouze from their Domeſtick Dulneſs and *Melancholy*; they come out of their Dens and Caves. With Dances and Songs, they welcom the Approach of the Beautiful Goddeſs; Knowing that She is but a Second Remove from the *Eternal Light*: The *Mirrour* of the *Sun*, in which that Glorious Planet may ſee his Face; in whoſe, by Reflection, we ſee the Face of *God*.

So do the *Stars* keep on their various Traverſes through the *Heavens*. Each *Conſtellation* faithfully maintaining its Poſt; each *Planet* purſuing its Road. Whilſt all together, at ſo vaſt a Diſtance, appear a flying Camp, ne'er ſeting up their bright Pavilions but by Night, and in the *Morning* taking 'em down again. This may be call'd the *Army* of *Heaven*, the *Hoſt* of *God*, embattel'd in the *Firmament*, to guard his Friends on Earth, and to chaſtiſe his Enemies.

To deſend lower yet into our *Sublunary* Elements; we find the Rain, Hail, Snow, Winds, Thunder, Lightning and other *Meteors*, are impartially ſcatter'd up and down the Climates of the Earth; I do not mean by Chance, but by the Univerſal *Providence* which governs all Things. As the *Alcoran* expreſſes it: "'Tis he directs "the Seminal and Prolifick Showers, to "Barren and Deſart Places: Doubtleſs, this "is a Sign of his *Divine Unity*.

In

In fine, all Provinces and Corners of the Earth bring forth their proper Fruits in Season. And the *Negro's* of *Africk*, and *America*, tho' groſs *Idolaters*, and ſome of them worſhipping *Infernal Dæmons*, yet enjoy *God's* Bleſſings; and live as Plentifully, with as much Content and Joy, as we that Adore his *Eternal Unity*.

Every *Nation* takes up their *Religion* on the Credit of their *Prieſts*; and ſo long as they obſerve the *Natural* and *Moral Law* imprinted in their Hearts: The *Indulgent Judge* and *Father* of *Men*, will diſpence with thoſe that Err, in Obedience to the *Poſitive Laws* of their *Nation*: for *Sedition* is like *Magick*, odious to *God* and *Man*, and equally liable to Univerſal Puniſhment.

Once more, O Pious Father of the *Dervichs*, I beg of thee to pardon the Freedom I take, in diſcourſing of *Religious* Matters in thy Preſence, who art a Light to the Blind, a Guide to thoſe that Err; a Reſolver of Doubts, an Arbitrator of difficult Queſtions; The Onely *Oracle* of thy Province.

I endeavour not to inform thee, but to diſ-entangle my ſelf from Error; and teſtifie, that tho' I Honour *God* and his *Prophet*; yet I think there is no need of a Falſehood to defend the Truth.

Paris. 7th *of the* 2d. *Moon*,
of the Year, 1670.

LETTER

LETTER XII.

To Uſeph, Baſſa.

DEath has of late Celebrated a *Triple Triumph* in the Court of *France*; having lead away Captives to the *Inviſible World*, The Cardinal Duke of *Vendome*, a Dutcheſs of the ſame Title, and *Henrietta Maria*, late Queen of *Great Britain*, being the Relict of King *Charles* I. and Youngeſt Daughter to *Henry* IV. of *France*.

Thou may'ſt alſo report to the *Divan*, that *Caſimir*, late King of *Poland*, is now at this Court; Having left *Poland*, as ſoon as he ſaw Prince *Wieſnowiski* elected his Succeſſor. The Dukes of *Lorrain* and *Newburgh* had ſeverally laid Claim to that Crown, and levied Armies a-part, in order to make good their Pretentions. But the *Polanders*, being aware of it, were reſolv'd not to bring themſelves under the Juriſdiction of any Foreigner, ſo long as there was a Prince of their own Nation capable of the Dignity, and one who being the Son of King *Caſimir*, ſeems to have the beſt Title to his Father's Throne, whoſe Vertues he inherits.

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takes *France*, as the laſt Kingdom, in his Return Homewards: Proteſting, That he does this in good Manners, as preferring *France* to all the Nations in *Chriſtendom*. Indeed, he cou'd, do no leſs in Good Manners, than make this Apology, which yet ſounds very Flat to a Court ſo refin'd as this; which might have expected his Firſt Viſit as a Token of his Regard; ſince, tho' in Domeſtick *Proceſſions*, *Entries*, and *Cavalcades*, thoſe of higheſt Dignity take the laſt Place; yet in *Foreign Embaſſies*, and *Voyages*, it is uſual for Princes to addreſs to thoſe firſt, for whom they have the Greateſt Eſteem.

The *Politicians* here keep very ſecret the News that comes from *Candy*, which makes all men conclude, 'tis none of the moſt Proſperous. 'Tis generally reported for a Truth, That Admiral *Beauford* is either Kill'd, or taken Priſoner by the *Ottomans*; and that the *French* have loſt near Two thouſand Men in this Undertaking.

I wonder why the Painters always deſcribe Death in the Form of a *Naked Skeleton*, a Starv'd *Syſtem* of dry Bones: Where as one would think, he ought to be pourtray'd as a Monſter, a Miracle of Fatneſs; ſince he is the greateſt Glutton in the World, hourly gurmundizing on all manner of Fleſh, and is the very Original, Univerſal *Cannibal* of Nature, who from the Beginning of the World has feaſted himſelf with

Humane

Humane Bodies. But, perhaps, he has a bad Digestion, and none of all his raw and bloody Diet, will afford Neutriment enough to form so much as a poor Skin to cover his Nakedness. And therefore 'tis he's always drawn in this *lean* Figure.

Courteous *Bassa*, suffer me from this vain Jest, to fall into a serious Reflection on our Mortality, and the frail Estate of Humane Race.

Man's but a fetid Vapour, first exhal'd from the Earth, and afterwards advancing, condens'd to a Cloud. that so his Filthiness may be conceal'd under the Covert of a Skin, there in Secret to engender a Thousand *Meteors* of *Fiery* Passions, Lusts, Concupiscences, and Extravagant Thoughts. Which in time burst forth, and trouble all the World: Yet end at last in empty Smoak, Rain, Hail, or Wind, and are extinct almost as soon as they were form'd.

The Elements of which we are compounded, may serve as Mirrours to represent the constant Mutability of our Nature. So the devouring Fire, when all its Fuel is spent, decays and dies. Earth, Air, and Water, all are subject to Corruption, and from thence our Generation takes its Rise: likewise thither we return again. This is the Eternal Circle of Natural Products. The Trees, the Flowers, with all the Vegetable Race; the Birds, the Beasts, and Fishes, with every *Species* of Animals, are so many

Remembrancers of our Mortality. Which way ſoe're we turn our Eyes, they are preſented with freſh Images of Humane Weakneſs. And the very Breath, which does prolong our Life, helps equally to ſhorten it, ſince every Reſpiration carries away ſome Portion of our Subſtance. Our finer Particles gradually vaniſh into Smoak, and Air, whilſt the more groſs Remainder ſcums off in noiſome Excrements. And if there appear a Shew of any thing ſolid in us at our Death, 'tis ſoon reduc'd to Aſhes, Dirt, or Worms. Our Bodies, of which we make ſo great Account whilſt living, are loſt in the *Abyſs* of Univerſal Maſſe, ſoon after Death.

What were the greateſt Prince the happier, tho' he poſſeſs'd the whole Circumference of this Globe? 'Tis but a Mighty Heap of Dirt, or Dung, perpetually exhaling or crumbling away. 'Tis one of the Diſhes which compoſe the Banquet of All-devouring Time. And whilſt the inſulting Monarchs of the Earth trample on it in Diſdain, ſpreading their Armies far and wide, and boaſting that their Empires have no Bounds; each do's but haſten to be ſhut up himſelf within a little, obſcure and putrid Hole, not much ſurpaſſing the Limits of a Mole-hill.

Great *Baſſa*, Let not the Honours and Dignities thou poſſeſſeſt, make thee forget the

the Miseries to which thou art liable each Hour; But, remember thou art a Man.

Paris, 6th. *of the* 11th. *Moon*, *of the Year* 1669.

LETTER XIII.

To the Kaimacham.

HEre is arriv'd a *Muta-faraca*, call'd *Solyman Ismael*, with Expresses from the *Grand Signior*. 'Twas no small Refreshment to see his publick Entry, which appear'd like a little *Epitome* of the *Mussulman* Grandeur and Magnificence. The Young Rabble were as curious to be Spectators of this *Eastern* Cavalcade, as the *Romans* were fond of beholding the *Secular* Plays, which were exhibited but once in an Age. Nay, People of all Ranks, Ages, and Qualities, fill'd the Streets, the Windows, and Battlements of their Houses: Some, because they never saw such a sight before; others, despairing that they should live long enough to be Witnesses of such another.

Yet with all their Curiosity, none but the Ministers of State are able to dive into the least Secret of his Instructions. These wil-

ingly communicate the Titles which that *Great Arbiter of the Earth*, gives the *French* King. That ſo not only his Subjects, but Neighbouring Nations may conceive the profounder Veneration for him, without penetrating the Meaſures he takes. This is an Artifice common to all States, to turn the beſt Side outermoſt; only the *Hollanders* excepted, who, in the Days of their *Revolt* from the King of *Spain*, cou'd not ſo much as put a good Face on a bad Matter: But were forc'd to expoſe their *Poverty* and *Nakedneſs*, as well as *ſuffer* under it; addreſſing themſelves to *Elizabeth*, then Queen of *England*, in the Character of, *The Poor Diſtreſſed States of Holland*, and ſo begging her Aſſiſtance.

However, *Solyman* has faithfully imparted to me his Affairs; as I have reaſon to believe. He's too well born, and bred, poſſeſſes more Reaſon and Wit, than to amuſe *the Old Man in the Caſſock*, (ſo they call me here in the Streets, who know me not by any other Character; ſo Private is *Mahmut* in *Paris*, at this Hour, notwithſtanding all his publick Sufferings.)

I eſteem *Iſmael* as one fit to preſent the *Grand Signior*'s Perſon among better People than *Infidels*: Yet, I tell thee, the *French* are the moſt refin'd of all the *Weſtern Giafers*.

Iſmael underſtands the Force of the Civil Laws, which he learn'd from *Juſtinian*'s Code,

Code, and other Books: For he is perfect in *Greek* and *Latin*, and has beſtow'd ſome Years in reading their Books, both Prints and Manuſcripts.

He makes a very Perſonable Figure, being Tall, Full-body'd, Well-ſhap'd, and not of an ugly Face which is enough to be ſaid of a Man, deſign'd for Buſineſs, and not only for Love. He's never in danger of falling under *Cato's* Cenſure, who ſeeing Two Embaſſadors ſent from *Rome* to a Foreign State, one of which had his Head ſo little, that it could hardly be diſtinguiſh'd from that of an Owl; and the other ſuch a Cripple, that he cou'd not walk without Stilts; cry'd out, *Here's an Embaſſy which has neither* Head *nor* Tail.

And then, our *Muta-faraca* is rich: He ſupports the Charges of his Commiſſion, with extraordinary Munificence. His Houſe is already become the Sanctuary of all the diſtreſs'd *Levantines*, whether *Greeks*, *Armenians*, or *Followers of the Prophet*: and he ſpeaks *French* as readily as a Native. Yet he Diſſembles his Expertneſs in that Language, to keep up the State and Reſervedneſs of the *Ottoman* Empire, which diſdains to condeſcend to any other Speech, than *Turkiſh*, or *Arabick*. Beſides, he has the Advantage, by thus artificially ſhutting his Ears, that he can at one time both *hear* and be *deaf*; *underſtand* and be *ignorant* of whatſoever is ſaid by the Spies of

the *French* King. And this is no ſmall Gift in a Man of his Character and Truſt. For he had need of an *Angel*, or a *Devil* at's Elbow, that thinks to over-reach this Court.

Above all, I believe our *Solyman* will never be guilty of the Error committed by the Embaſſadors ſent from *Tenedos* to one of the *Roman* Emperors. I'm ſure he is not yet. For, thoſe Gentlemen had ſeen the Death of the Emperor's Son, Eleven Moons, and Fourteen Days, as the Story ſays, before they knew 'twas their Duty to make an Addreſs of Condolence: Or, at leaſt, before they call'd it to mind; for, they were drown'd in the *Roman* Luxury. So that, when they came to perform that *Devoir*, the Emperor cou'd not forbear to Scoff at them in theſe Terms: *I much lament*, ſaid he, *the Fate of the Renowned* Hector, *your Country-Man, and Champion, whom* Achilles *the* Grecian *kill'd above a Thouſand Years agoe.*

I ſpeak this in a particular Regard to *Solyman's* Deportment here. For, when he firſt came to this Court, he found them all in Mourning for the Death of the King's Aunt, the late Queen of *England*, and of other High Perſonages (particularly thoſe that were ſlain in the late Action at *Candia*) whereof I have already given an Account to the *Sublime Port*, in another Letter. Without Inſtructions he very demurely accoſted the King,

King, and told him, "There cou'd be no "*Dunalma* in the *Ottoman* Empire, for the "late Succeſs at *Candia*, ſo long as the *French* "Court were Mourners.

This was a ſenſible Touch to thoſe that underſtood it; and from that Moment the Grandees and Miniſters of State have made a Difference in their Entertainment of this ingenious *Muta-faraca*, and that which they us'd to give to the *Chiauſes* formerly ſent from the *Port*.

I can aſſure thee, he is, at the ſame time, very Blunt, and very Elegant, in his Diſcourſe. There's Fire in every word he utters, to warm and refreſh, if they take it at a due Diſtance; but, if they approach too near, he ſcorches their Spirits, and puts them into a Choler, they dare not ſhew. They conſume inwardly in their own Deſpight: yet cannot help themſelves.

Doubtleſs, the King of *France* is the Greateſt Monarch, the moſt Powerful and Victorious Prince in *Chriſtendom*, the only *Invincible* Emperor of the *Weſtern Franks*. Yet he veils to our *Majeſtick Sovereign*, Lord of the whole Earth. And our *Eunuch* will not part with a Title of his Maſter's Honour, or give any Advantage by an Eaſineſs worthy of Blame, in a caſe that may be turn'd to a Precedent. He is very happy in his Repartees, as thou wilt perceive by the Anſwer he gave to a *French* Lord yeſterday, when he ask'd him, Whether he thought it

not a Violation of the Civil Law, for Embaſſadors to be Impriſon'd, as they often are at the *Ottoman Port*? *No*, (ſays *Solyman*) *it is not, where the Embaſſador is guilty of Treaſon, or* Crimen læſæ Majeſtatis. *But, if it were, you* French-*men have the leaſt Reaſon to accuſe us of it, ſince we firſt learn'd this Maxim from the Back-ſide of your* Salick *Law, where 'tis Endors'd.* And then he produc'd Twenty ſeveral Inſtances of this Kind in the Court of *France*.

In a word, *Solyman* has hitherto acquitted himſelf with Marvellous Succeſs, in every thing; tho' the *French* Grandees often ſet upon him to try what Metal he is made of, having generally a mean Opinion of *Muſſulman*'s, becauſe Learning is ſo little countenanc'd among us.

I have no Matter of News to acquaint thee with, ſave that a violent Plague broke forth not long ago at *Soiſſons*; and a terrible Earthquake in *Sicily*, frighted the Inhabitants of *Catanea*, and the adjacent Towns, from their Habitations; After one whole Village had been ſwallow'd up.

Thoſe who were curious to pry into the Cauſe of theſe particular Convulſions, and that affrighting Overthrow, perceiv'd, after diligent Search, that it proceeded from a new Eruption, or Breach in *Mount Gibel*, about Two Miles from *Catanea*: Where the *Horrid Chaſm* vomited forth Floods of Fire, with Flaming Stones;

which

which being carryed violently through the Air, for the space of near a League round about, at last fell down in Flaming Showers, or *Cataracts*, producing sad, and Calamitous Effects in the Neighbouring Country.

Serene Minister, it is evident that the Judgments of *God* are upon these *Infidels*: Yet, they will not be converted from their Errors, and Vices. They have felt the same Tempest of Fire which overwhelm'd the Nine Cities of the Lake *Asphaltites*. Yet, they remain Insensible and Obdurate. Surely, they will be exterminated from the Earth.

Paris, 4th, *of the* 12th. *Moon, of the Year* 1669.

The End of the Second Book.

LET-

LETTERS

Writ by

A SPY at PARIS.

VOL. VII.

BOOK III.

LETTER I.

To Mahomet, an Exil'd Eunuch, at Algiers in Egypt.

BE no longer Melancholy, my Friend, nor link under the Burthen of thy Misfortunes. Give not thy Enemies an Occasion of double Triumph in that they have driven thee from thy Self, as well as from the Envy'd Habit of Happy Fortune. Thou hast Money and Jewels enough left to purchase thee a competent Felicity

LETTERS

Writ by

A Spy at *PARIS.*

VOL. VII.

BOOK III.

LETTER I.

To Mehemet, *an* Exil'd Eunuch, *at* Alcaire *in* Egypt.

BE no longer Melancholly, my Friend, nor ſink under the Burthen of thy Misfortunes. Give not thy Enemies an Occaſion of double Triumph in that they have driven thee from thy Self, as well as from the *Grand Signior*'s Happy Preſence. Thou haſt Money and Jewels enough left to purchaſe thee a competent Felicity any

any where. Or, at leaſt, thou haſt Vertue, which renders every Place a Paradiſe. Aſſociate thy ſelf with the other *Exiles* in that City, Victims to a *Royal Caprice*; ſuffer'd with all their Immence Riches, to make a Pompous and Magnificent Entry into that *Metropolis* of *Egypt*, but ſoon after ſtript of all their Wealth, and Sacrific'd to the *Court-Avarice*. So were the Conſecrated Bulls of old, dreſs'd up in ſtately Equipage, their Horns and Hoofs all gilded o're with Gold, ador'nd with Ribbons of coſtly Silks, their Bodies cover'd or'e with Mantles of Brocade and Tiſſue, embroider'd with Pearls and Precious Stones; and trailing on the Pavements af *Apillo*'s Temple: Whilſt the Prieſts ſtood ready at the Altar to diſpatch whole *Hecatombs* of theſe gay Sacrifices.

Your Caſe is not ſo bad at *Caire*, in that your Lives are ſpar'd, and you at Liberty to carve new Fortunes to your ſelves, where e'er you pleaſe. You ought to aid and counſel one another in your Misfortunes. It is a Comfort to the Miſerable, to have Companions in their ſad Eſtate. Inſinuate thy ſelf into the *Baſſa*'s Favour. He may do ſomething to Allevate thy Grief. He'll meaſure thy Circumſtances by his own; conſidering that he has but Three Years to enjoy his preſent Wealth and Grandeur.

Go to the baniſh'd *Mufti*, if he be living at *Caire*; deſire his Spiritual Advice: Perhaps thou may'ſt receive in to the Bargain Some Temporal Advantage from it. He has

a greater

a greater Influence on ſome of the *Egyptian Bey*, than the *Grand Signior* has himſelf. You're all alike embark'd in one Affliction, whoſe Eſſence do's conſiſt in being degraded from your former Honours, (tho' in different Degrees) and being ſeparated from your Friends, that bask in the immediate Luſtre of Imperial Dignity. It is your Buſineſs therefore now, to find out ſome new Source of Happineſs: To make New Friends, ſince you have loſt the Old; or, at leaſt, to prop up one another by a mutual Friendſhip, not to be Broke or Diſſipated, but by a *Deſtiny* equal to the former. And then you have no more to do, but proſecute your ſeveral Intereſts, and be reſign'd to *Fate*.

As for thee, I am particularly ſollicitous; being engag'd together from our Youth, by a Reciprocal Participation of Good Offices, which was the Effect of a deep rooted and ſtrong *Sympathy*. The Agreeableneſs of Humour, united firſt our Souls, and taught us the Myſterious Leſſons of *Platonick* Love. We ſaw each other, and were ſtraight inſpir'd with ſacred Inclinations. My Eye no ſooner fix'd on thine, but through that Perſpective I could ſee the inward Vertue of thy Soul, which immediately produc'd a Veneration in my Breaſt: And I ſoon found our Hearts beat Time to one another. This generous Paſſion afterwards encreas'd as we grew up; and what it loſt of its Firſt Violence, it gain'd by acquiring a more laſting Strength, more durable Integrity, and conſtant Faithfulneſs.

fulneſs. Our Joys and Griefs were ſtill the ſame. No Proſperous or Adverſe Fortune cou'd ever change our Minds, to warp us either to Flattery or Contempt: But with an even Mind we ſtill ſuſtain'd the different Accidents of Humane Life, and propp'd up one another with tight Affection; till 'twas the Will of Fate to ſeparate us, I being made a Slave in *Sicily*, whilſt thou enjoy'dſt the Smiles and Favours of thy Infant-Fortune, which introduc'd thee firſt to the *Seraïl*. Afterwards I gain'd my Freedom, and return'd to the *Imperial* City, and to the Palace of the *Sultan*. But was not ſuffer'd long to enjoy that Happineſs, being appointed for this hazardous Poſt in *Paris*.

I tell thee, *Mehemet*, I reckon my Caſe far worſe than thine, in that I am forc'd to take my conſtant Reſidence up among theſe *Infidels*. Cou'd my propitious Stars encourage me but with the ſmalleſt Hopes to change my preſent Courſe of Life, I'd ne'er repine at what is paſt, but pleaſe my ſelf with flattering Proſpects of ſome future and unknown Felicity. But, to be irrevocably chain'd down to the Oar, without a Glimpſe of any Sign that I ſhall ever be reliev'd, is worſe than Death it ſelf.

Whereas, on the other ſide, thou art diſpos'd of in the happieſt Region of the Earth; *Egypt*, the Mother of *Sciences*, the Midwife of *Celeſtial Secrets*; the Nurſe of *Sages*, *Saints*, and *Prophets*; the Granary of the *Muſſulman Empire*; and the Refuge of

of Distressed Mortals. Oh! *Mehemet*, prize the vast Advantage thou hast of me, and others of thy Fellow-Slaves. Improve thy Privilege, and Opportunity of ranging where thou list. Go, visit all the Antiquities of *Egypt*, and trace her Borders to the *West* and *South*. If this will not divert thy Melancholy, go farther yet, and search the mighty *Cataracts* of the *Nile*, which deafen Mortals with their Fall. Go view the Mountains of the *Moon* in *Æthiopia*: Or, see the Desolation of the *Smoaky Vale*, and of the Cities, whose Inhabitants were in a Minute *Metamorphos'd* into Stones, as a Memorial of Eternal Vengeance against crying Sins.

But, after all, my *Mehemet*, depart not from thy Reason, Loyalty and Faith. For these are Armour-Proof against the Assaults of Chance and Destiny, of Men and Devils, of Earth and Hell. And when thy Travels are finish'd here on Earth, those Vertues will not fail to carry thee to Heaven.

Paris, 5th. *of the* 4th. *Moon, of the Year* 1670.

LETTER

LETTER II.

To the ſame.

I Cannot forbear giving thee the Trouble of another Letter by this Poſt; that I may yet more encourage thee to a Vertuous Reſignation to the VVill of *Fate*, which, thou know'ſt, is inexorable.

There is an Eternal Law fix't in the Univerſe, which admits of no Repeal. No Prayers, or Tears of Paſſionate Mortals; no Vows, Alms, Pilgrimages, or any Supererrogating VVorks can move the *Deſtinies*. They're more Inflexible than the Judges of the old *Athenian Areopagus*. And the Unchangeable Edicts of the *Median* Empire might ſooner be revers'd than the Decrees of *Fate*.

If thou cou'dſt make *Corban* with a Hundren Thouſand Sheep, and feed the Poor of all the *Eaſt*, according to the *Muſſulman* Practice; or Sacrifice as many Bulls, after the Faſhion of the Ancient *Gentiles*: could'ſt thou monopolize all the *Aromaticks* of the *Orient*, to compound the moſt exalted Incenſe, and make a *Pyramid* of Odoriferous Smoak aſcend, high as the Shadow of the Earth at Midnight, whereby the Heaven of Heavens ſhou'd be all perfum'd, and every ſleeping *Deity* ſhou'd be awaken'd by the Fragrant Smell; could'ſt thou bribe the Quires above, to tune the Spheres anew, and raiſe

raiſe the ſweeteſt Harmony, that ever reach'd the *Eternal Senſe*; yet all wou'd not prevail, to alter the Reſolves of Heaven, or re-inſtate thee in thy former Honour. No! My *Mehmet*, thou art loſt for ever at the *Serail*: The Face of Things is chang'd, ſince thou haſt been in *Egypt*. Thy Friends are all diſpers'd abroad i'th' World, or Dead; which is but another kind of Separation. There are no Hopes now left thee, of e're returning again to that Proud City, which inherits the Character of ancient *Rome*, *The Lady of the Earth*. I wiſh the *Roman* Luxury be not alike entail'd.

Rouze up, my Friend, and look not on thy State, through the deceitful *Opticks* of thy Paſſion; but let Reaſon light the *Proſpect*. Thou wert before a Slave; now thou art free, and Maſter of thy Self. However, to rid thee of the very *Idea* or phanſy'd Miſery, I counſel thee once again, to travel.

Go, make the ſpeedieſt Retreat thou can'ſt, out of the Limits of the *Ottoman* Empire, that thou may'ſt forget thy Cares and Fears. Take not thy Way by *Barbary*, nor covet to ſee the Place where ancient *Carthage* was ſituated; be not curious to enquire after Queen *Dido*, *Æneas*, or *Hannibal*, or to hear ſome Stories of the Famous *Scipio*. Nor wou'd I counſel thee to paſs the Kingdoms of *Morocco* and *Fez*. For, tho' thoſe Realms pay no Obedience to the *Sultan*: Yet, they are his Allies; and that Reflection will always keep thee in Pain. Beſides, the

ſight

ſight of *Muſſulmans* will terrifie thy Mind and fill thee with a Thouſand Apprehenſions.

Go rather the directeſt Way thou canſt, unto the Kingdoms of the *Negro's* or Black People, inhabiting the *Torrid Zone*. But, take this Rule: Be ſure to Coaſt along the River *Nile*, as near as the Roads of *Africk* will permit: That ſo thou may'ſt avoid the Horrible and Affrighting Deſarts of *Libya*, *Nubia*, and *Zanfar*, with other Inhoſpitable Mountainous Parts between the *Tropick* of *Cancer* and the *Equinox*. For, thou wilt not find it very pleaſant to encounter and converſe with none but Dragons, Baſiliſks, and other Monſters of thoſe Regions. And yet, for ought I know, 'tis better, than to fall into the Hands of Humane Salvages.

I know not how to give a General Character of the *Southern Blacks*; ſince every Province varies in its particular Principles, Cuſtoms, Laws, and Inſtitutions. The *Abyſſines* are *Chriſtians*; ſo are the Inhabitants of *Congo*, *Songo*, *Angola*, and other Countries bordering on the Upper *Æthiopia*. Thoſe that dwell along the *Red Sea*, are generally *Mahometans*. They diſcourſe alſo of a very Populous Country thereabouts, poſſeſs'd by *Jews* alone. And there are Authors who aſſert a *Female* Kingdom; a Nation of *Amazons*. 'Tis certain, on the *Weſtern* Side thye're all *Pagans*.

It will be worth thy Labour, to obſerve the different Humours of theſe People, and make Compariſon between the Ancient and this

this Modern *Gentiliſm*: to abſtract their Morals from their Superſtitions? And tell me then, whether they do not better deſerve the Title of *True Believers*, than we *Muſſulmans*, ſince they act according to their Faith, whereas we go by a quite contrary Method. They believe no other *Gods* but their Domeſtick Prieſts, and theſe they never willingly offend. Whereas, whilſt we profeſs the *Eternal Unity*, we ſcruple not to ſin againſt Him every Hour. They Circumciſe, Waſh, Pray, Abſtain from Meats, give Alms as well as we. Their Juſtice is as ſtrict, their Mercy ſoft as ours. In fine, they're Men differing from us, only in Colour, Education, and the peculiar Maxims of their Country, which they rigorouſly obſerve, and hope for Happineſs thereby, as we do by Obeying the Law brought down from Heaven.

Mehemet, Our Holy *Prophet* has ſaid, "That whoſoever lives innocently and does "Juſtice, whether he be a *Chriſtian*, *Jew*, or "*Pagan*, ſhall be ſav'd as well as his Diſci"ples. Therefore in all thy Travels, deſpiſe not any Man for his Religion, be it never ſo ridiculous in Appearance; provided he be Good and Honeſt in his Converſation: Much leſs contemn thoſe *Africans* for their Colour; ſince *Black* and *White* are all alike to him who firſt gave Man the Power to know the Difference.

Mehemet

Mehemet, if thou acceptest my Advice, take also my Wishes for thy good Voyage and Prosperity.

Paris, 5th. *of the* 4th. *Moon, of the Year* 1670.

LETTER III.

To the Mufti, *Venerable* Patron *of* Learning *and* Knowledge.

FRom thy Clemency I will not fear a Charge of Negligence, in that I have delay'd to perform the Task thou enjoinedst me. Thou know'st my Circumstances, and wilt consider, That tho' I have read *Books*, yet I have not a *Library* of my own. 'Tis true, I often frequent those of this City, but my Seasons are limited, either to those Hours when the *Libraries* are open'd, or to those I can spare from the Affairs of my *Commission*. I cannot serve the *Grand Signior*, and follow my Studies both at once. Yet I have out-pass'd Frugality, and turn'd a Niggard of my time, that I might obey the great *Oracle* of *True Believers*, and promote a *Work*, for which I have so passionate a Regard.

The Enclos'd Paper contains the Size of the *Volume*, which I conceive will be most proper

proper for so great a *Work*, with the Contrivance of the *Pages*, which I have divided into *Columns*, that so the *Years* of the *World*, the *Date* of the *Olympiads*, with other Remarkable *Æra's*, may be rank'd in Order, each Parallel with the rest, and all with the Matter treated of at such a Time.

This I have done in the enclos'd Paper, not thinking it proper to interrupt the *Series* of my Letter, with a blank *Scheme*, which is for the Use of the *Compilers*; but to present thee with a transient View of the *Four Monarchies*, which have made such a noise in the World; wherein thou need'st not fear the Fatigue of a tedious continued History; for I design only to cull out such Passages as are most Diverting, and worthy of Perusal.

To begin then with the *Assyrian Monarchy*, which was the *First* of the *Four*: This Nation was, for a great while, contented with its own Bounds, without seeking to encroach on the Territories of others. And *Ninus* was the *First* of the *Assyrian Kings*, who enlarg'd his *Dominions* by *Conquest*. He subdu'd the greatest part of *Asia*, and rais'd *Assyria* to the *Title* of an *Empire*.

After his Death, *Semiramis* his Wife, took upon her the *Government*, counterfeiting the Person of *Ninyas*, his Son, who was as yet but a Child. She wore the Habit of a Man, and being like her Son, pass'd

so

for him, as the lawful Succeſſor, unſuſpected. This *Virago* enlarg'd the *Conqueſts* of her Husband, and ſpread her *Empire* from *India* to *Æthiopia*; and to lay the Foundation of an immortal Fame, ſhe built *Babylon*.

To her, ſucceeded *Ninyas* her Son, of whom nothing is Remarkable but his Effeminacy. For neglecting the Affairs of *War*, he ſpent all his Time among his *Concubines*. And the ſame Stain is faſten'd on his *Succeſſors*, even to to *Sardanapalus*; in whoſe Death the *Aſſyrian Monarchy* ſuffer'd an Interruption, being Cantoniz'd into Petty Royalties, by the *Governours* of *Provinces*. Among whom, thoſe who aſſum'd the *Crown* of *Babylon*, were of moſt Note, in regard they firſt recover'd the broken *Empire* to its Old Grandeur and Unity.

By a Succeſſion therefore of many *Kings*, in Reference to whoſe Actions *Hiſtory* is ſilent, the *Monarchy* deſcended to *Merodach Baladan*: In whoſe Days happen'd that wonderful *Retrogradation* of the *Sun*, mention'd by *Hebrew Writers* and others, which occaſion'd thoſe Famous Controverſies among the *Philoſophers*, and *Aſtronomers* of that Age, mention'd in the *Perſian Chronicles*. For they obſerving, that not only the *Sun*, but the whole *Planetary Syſtem*, and all the *Fixed Stars* went back at the ſame Time, or at leaſt ſeem'd to do ſo, began to revive that curious Queſtion, about the Motion of the Earth, which the *Chaldeans*,

Arabs, and *Gymnosophists* of *India* had started before, when the *Sun* and *Moon* stood still at the burning of *Ida*. And it was concluded by some of 'em, That the *Motion* of the *Earth* being granted, its standing still, or going back at these extraordinary Times, would solve all the *Astronomical* Appearances better, and in a more Natural Way, than by supposing such a Prodigious Stop to be put to the whole *Cœlestial* Frame at one time, or that the Everlasting *Spheres* shou'd be Rowl'd backwards at the other.

This Dispute was the Occasion of that famous Confiux of the *Eastern Sages* to *Babylon*, mention'd in the *Persian Poets*, and *Historians*. For *Baladan* being very Inquisitive after Knowledge, and particularly desirous to be inform'd in the Grounds of this Preternatural Appearance, sent Messengers in o *India*, *Egypt*, *Persia*, and all *Kingdoms*, where Learning flourish'd; inviting the *Astrologers*, *Priests*, *Magicians*, *Prophets*, and all that had the Character of *Wise Men*, to come to his *Court* at *Babylon*, where they were magnificently entertain'd; and when they had fully satisfied all the *King's* Demands, he sent them away laden with Gifts and Presents, every Man to his own Country.

Arkianus succeeded *Baladan* in the *Kingdom* of *Babylon*, in whose time *Ecbatane* was built. To him succeeded *Belithus*, *Apronadius*, *Rigibelus*, *Mesessimordacus*;

after whom the *Kingdom* was again transla-ted to the *Aſſyrians*, in the Reign of *Eſcharhaddon*, in the 3323d. Year of the *World*, and the 24th. *Olympiad*. During the *Empire* of this *Eſcharhaddon* the *Aſſyrian Monarch*, *Chalcedon* that lies over againſt the *Imperial* City, was built by the *Thracians*, in the 25th. *Olympiad*, and 3329th. Year of the World.

To *Eſcharhaddon* ſucceeded *Saoſduchinus*, *Chyladanus*, *Nabopolaſſar*; in the Reign of which laſt, *Necho* King of *Egypt*, attempt-ted to cut a *Canel* from the *Nile* to the *Red-Sea*, wherein he employed an Hundred and Twenty Thouſand *Egyptians*; but diſcou-rag'd by the ſlow Progreſs they made, and the vaſt Expences he was at, he gave it o ver.

This *Nabobolaſſar*, once more rais'd the *Kingdom* of *Babylon* to an *Univerſal Monar-chy*; for before his Time it had been for ſome Years in the Hands of the *Aſſyrians*; but he ſubdu'd all *Syria*, *Phœnicia*, *Judæa*, and *Egypt*, and expell'd the *Scythians* out of *Aſia*.

To hi n ſucceeded his Son *Nebuchadnezzar*, who dream't of the *Four Univerſal Monar-chies*, that were to ſucceed one another. In his *Reign* was born the *Grand Cyrus*, who rais'd the *Perſian Monarchy*. Of him it is Recorded, That one Night he dreamed, *The Sun ſtood at his Feet, whom when* Cyrus *thrice attempted to lay hold on, the* Sun *as often diſ-appear'd*: Which the *Magi* interpreted, as a ſure

ſure Sign that he ſhould Reign Thirty Years, which came to paſs accordingly.

During this *Reign*, there was a Notable *Duel* fought between *Pittacus*, one of the *Seven Wiſe Men* of *Greece*, and *Phrynon* the moſt Renowned *Combatant* of thoſe Days; for he always won the Prize at the *Olympick Games*. He was *General* of the *Athenians*, and being puff'd up with his conſtant Succeſſes, he defy'd any Man to a ſingle *Combat*. *Pittacus* the *Sage*, accepted the Challenge; and when they were hotly engag'd in the Field, he ſuddenly threw a ſilken Net over *Phrynon*'s Head, and having thus entangled him, thruſt him through with his *Lance*.

This was that great *Nebuchadnezzar*, who having beſieg'd and taken *Jeruſalem*, burnt it down to the Ground, raz'd the Walls, and carry'd away all the *Jews* with their Riches into *Captivity* to *Babylon*.

Afterwards having Conquer'd all the Neighbouring *Nations*, he new-built *Babylon*, and enclos'd it with Three Walls: He alſo built thoſe *Pendulous Gardens*, Renowned throughout the Earth; and made thoſe *Brazen Gates* which were reckoned among the *Wonders* of the *World*. But at length, being puff'd up with the Thought of his *Magnificent Works*, he was Metamorphos'd into a *Satyr* or *Silvan*, and dwelt Seven Years in the *Deſarts* of *Arabia*, being a Companion of the *Brutes*. My *Country-men* ſhew the Places of his wild Haunt, to this Day; having receiv'd it by *Tradition* from their *Fa-*

thers. They ſay alſo, that *Paremiel*, the *Angel* of the *Woods*, when the Term of Seven Years was expir'd, interceeded with *God* for *Nebuchadnezzer*, who thereupon turn'd him into a *Man* again, and reſtor'd him to his *Empire*. He dyed peaceably in the 3442d Year of the *World*, and the 43d of his *Reign*.

To him ſucceeded *Evil-Merodach*, *Neriglisſor*, *Laboroſoarched*, and *Labynitus*, in whoſe Time there was *War* between the *Babylonians* and *Perſians*, when *Cyrus* after many Victorious Campaigns, at laſt laid Siege to *Babylon*, took the City, and tranſlated the *Empire* to the *Perſians*; and having ſubdu'd all the *Weſt* of *Aſia*, even to the *Red Sea*, he died at Seventy Years of Age; Commanding his Servants not to Embalm his Body, nor uſe any coſtly Pomp at his *Funeral*, but burying him decently like a Man, ſhou'd cauſe this *Epitaph* to be writ on his *Tomb*.

O Mortals, I am Cyrus *who laid the Foundation of the* Perſian *Monarchy, and was Emperour of all* Aſia: *Therefore envy me not a Grave.*

To him ſucceeded *Cambyſes* his Eldeſt Son, who marching with his Army into *Egypt*,

Egypt, and laying Siege to *Peluſium*, caus'd a great Number of Cows, Apes, Birds and other Animals to be plac'd in the Front of his Army; knowing, that the *Egyptians* worſhip'd ſuch for *Gods*, and conſequently wou'd forbear to ſhoot their Arrows that way: By which Stratagem he took the City, and afterward Conquer'd all *Egypt*, carrying away many Thouſands of the *Egyptians*, with Foreigners reſiding there, into *Captivity*, among whom was *Pythagoras* the *Philoſopher*.

After this, *Cambyſes* ſent *Spies* under the Notion of *Embaſſadors* to the *King* of *Æthiopia*, with Rich *Preſents*. But the *King* ſuſpecting what was their Buſineſs, took a *Bow* in his Hand and bent it, as tho' he wou'd ſhoot; and giving it to the *Spies*, he bid them carry it to their *Maſter*, and tell him, *That when he and his* Perſians *had learn'd to lend* Bows *of that Strength, he might think of invading* Æthiopia, *and not before, for that the* Æthiopians *were Gyants in Vigor*. And when the *Spies* return'd to *Cambyſes*, there was no Man found among his Soldiers which was able to bend that *Bow*. Yet he march'd directly towards *Æthiopia* with a great Army; Part of which was overwhelm'd in the Sands of the *Deſarts*, to the Number of Fifty Thouſand, and the Reſt being reduc'd, for Want of Proviſions, to a Neceſſity of eating one another, he returned in a great Rage to *Memphis*, where he ſlew *Apis* the *God* of the *Egyptians*, and caus'd his *Prieſts* to be Maſſacred. He alſo ſlew his own Brother, and

kill'd his Wife becauſe ſhe mourn'd for him. He ſhot *Prexaſpes* through with an Arrow, and commanded Twelve *Perſian Nobles* to be bury'd Alive: He ſet Fire to the *Temples*, blaſphem'd the *Gods*, and at laſt kill'd himſelf by an Accident with his own Sword.

After his Death, the *Magi* Crown'd one of their own Order, and ſet him on the *Throne* of *Perſia*, giving out that he was *Smerdes* the Younger Son of *Cyrus*, who had been murder'd by the Command of his Brother *Cambyſes*. And it was eaſy to carry on the Fraud, in regard the *Perſian Kings* rarely ſuffer themſelves to be ſeen; which is a Cuſtom, thou know'ſt, obſerv'd by all the *Monarchs* in the *Eaſt*.

One *Oſtan*, a *Perſian Prince*, firſt diſcover'd the Cheat by Means of his Daughter, a *Concubine* of the *King's*: For ſhe, by his Inſtruction, found out, that the *King* had no Ears: Which was a convincing Argument that he was one of the *Magi*, whoſe Ears *Cambyſes* had commanded to be cut off.

This *Oſtan* drawing Six other *Princes* into a *Conſpiracy*, they ruſh'd into the *Palace*, and kill'd all the *Magi*, and ſingl'd out of their own Number, one *Darius*, the Son of *Hyſtaſpes*, to ſucceed in the *Throne*. This was not done by Election, but by Lot: For they agreed to meet all together, one Morning, before the Palace Gates on Horſeback; and that he whoſe Horſe firſt Neigh'd after the *Sun* was up, ſhou'd be King. This fell to *Darius*'s Share, by the Stratagem of his

Squire,

Squire, or *Maſter* of the *Horſe*. Then the other *Princes*, Crown'd him, and made him ſwear by the *Sun* and the *Fire*, that he wou'd never put them to Death or deny them his Preſence.

But *Darius* finding himſelf curb'd by theſe *Princes*, was reſolv'd to rid himſelf of ſuch dangerous Companions. Wherefore he cauſed a *Stove* to be built on purpoſe for a *Banquetting-Houſe*, and ſo artificially contriv'd that the Fire-place being under the *Banquetting-Chamber*, ſhould in ſo many Hours burn aſunder the Pillars that ſupported the ſaid Chamber, and cauſe the Floor to fall down into the Fire. Then he invited theſe *Princes* to a *Feaſt*, which he held in his *Banquetting-Houſe*, and was merry with them till the Signal was given for him to depart: At which Time he left them in the midſt of their Mirth; and within a while after he was gone, the Floor of the Chamber fell down, with all that were in it, into the Fire underneath, where the *Princes* were ſoon conſum'd to Aſhes.

After this, *Darius* manag'd all the Affairs of his *Empire* without Controul. He rul'd over all the *Provinces* of *Aſia*, from *India* to *Æthiopia*, containing above a Hundred *Kingdoms*. He extended his *Conqueſts* to the *Provinces* of *Greece*; and ſetting forth a prodigious *Fleet*, he ſail'd into the *Mediterranean* and *Archipelago*: He conquer'd the *Iſlands* of the *Ægean Sea*, reduced *Chalcedon*, and all the Cities along the *Helleſpont* and

Propontis, even *Byzantium* it ſelf, the preſent Seat of our *Auguſt Emperours*. At length, having Reigned proſperouſly Thirty ſix Years, he died, and left *Xerxes* his Son to ſucceed him in the *Throne*.

Thou ſeeſt *Great Guide* of the *Faithful*, that I have not yet reach'd to the End of the *Perſian Monarchy*; whereas I thought to have comprehended all the *Four* in one Letter; For I have only touch'd upon the moſt Remarkable Paſſages, omitting the main Body of the *Hiſtory*, which it wou'd be too tedious for thee to peruſe.

If thou approveſt what I have written, I will continue thus to abbreviate the *Hiſtory* of the *Perſian*, *Macedonian*, and *Roman Empires* in other Letters: But if thou thinkeſt what I have already writ, to be a ſufficient Model for the *Compilers* of an *Univerſal Hiſtory*, I ſubmit to thy Oraculous Appointment.

In the mean time, I pray the *King Eternal*, who Eſtabliſhes and Diſſolves all the *Empires* in the World, and has put into the Poſſeſſion of the *Grand Signior* thoſe Ample Tracts of the Earth which formerly belong'd to the Succeſſive *Monarchies*; to extend the Limits of the *Muſſulman Empire* through the *Five Zones*.

Paris, 17th, *of the* 6th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1670.

LET-

LETTER IV.

To Mirmadolin, Santone *of the Vale of* Sidon.

'TWas a long time before I could find out the True Secret of Humane Happineſs. I have for many Years grop'd after it in the Dark; and when I thought I enjoy'd a Proſpect of it, as clear as of Things we diſcern in the Light of a Mid-day Sun, that Sun was little better than the *Sol Mortuorum* of the Ancient *Romans*, whoſe Beams ſerv'd only to give a faint Mock-Glimmering to the *Ghoſts* that wander on this ſide *Charon*'s Ferry, and like an *Ignis fatuus* to miſlead 'em up and down in the dark *Suburbs* of *Elizium*, the Fens and Marſhes of the *Stygian Lake*. So have I ſtraggl'd, all my Life, through unknown Ways, ſeeking the Road to Heaven, yet finding nothing but the *Paradiſe of Fools*.

Sometimes, I thought, by outward Works of Vertue, to purifie my Self and gain Perfection. I was punctual in obſerving every Precept of the Law; and perform'd not a few Acts of Supererogation. Confiding too much in the Fidelity, and inviolable Faſtneſs of my Wings, the Force of my Religious Paſſions, firſt form'd by Nature, afterwards improv'd by Pious Tutors; I ſtrove to make Heroick Flights, and

ſoar above my Guide. But alas! they were mere borrowed Feathers which bore me up ſo long; dead Artificial Wings, cemented to my Soul only by Education, Cuſtom, and the Practice of my Fathers; a Compoſition of Spiritual Wax, or Glew, which could not ſtand the Brunt of hot and fiery Tryals, but ſoon diſſolv'd in my Unwarrantable, Bold Approaches to the *Sun*. So that, in fine, my Wings dropt piecemeal off, and I'd the Fate of *Icarus*, to fall a Victim to my own obſtinate Zeal, and Raſhneſs.

Surely our Souls are like the *Augæan* Stable, which no Human Power, Art, or Induſtry, can ever cleanſe, did not the Meſſengers and Favourites of *God*, like *Hercules*, teach us the Method of opening a Canal from Heaven, and letting in the Torrent of the River of *Purification* from *Paradiſe*.

Our Vices, *Hydra*-like, ſtill ſtart Young *Infant-Heads*, as faſt as we cut off the *Old*. Whereas our Vertues are like the *Venetian* Treaſure, which being once ſhew'd to the *Spaniſh* Embaſſador in many Coffers of Silver, Gold, and Jewels; the Wiſe *Caſtilian* deſiring to ſee the Bottoms of thoſe Wealthy Cheſts turn'd up; when it was done, made this Remark, *Your Riches have no Roots, nor grow, like thoſe my Maſter does poſſeſs i'th* Indies. So are all the boaſted Excellencies acquir'd by Humane Diſcipline more inanimate and dead than the Artificial

Pro-

Productions of Minerals, Metals and Stones. No *traditional Chimiſtry* of Men, can e're revive a Soul, that's dead to *God*. Perhaps, ſome Theological *Paracelſus*, *Helmont*, or *Arabian Ifriqui*, may, from the Aſhes, of an Original, Flower, raiſe the *Phantaſtick* Form of it again; I mean the Colour and Contexture of the Leaves: But none of them is able to beſtow the *Vital Sap*, the *Seminal Juice*, the *Inward Vertue* of the once proſperous and flouriſhing *Vegetable*. No Mortal can repair what *Adam* once deſtroy'd. That *Protoplaſt* has ruin'd us All.

Well then! Muſt we deſpair of Remedy? Shall we decamp, and ſneakingly retire to *Hell*, becauſe we can't take *Heaven* by ſtorm, nor undermine it; nor have recourſe to Stratagems; nor Bribe the Garriſon; or make a Party amongſt the *Cæleſtial* Burghers? No: Let's rather lie entrench'd within our Selves, till Heaven ſhall voluntarily open its Gates, and Sally forth in Love, to invite and lead us in.

Oh! Thrice-Happy *Santone*, thou haſt experienc'd what I ſay. My reſolution is to follow thee, by ſuffering my ſelf to be gradually abdicated from the World, and from my own Will. Vouchſafe to inſtruct me in the Method, leſt Self-Love miſguide me to my Ruine.

In

In the mean while, repoſe thou in the Boſom of *God*, which is the Bed-Chamber of Holy Souls.

Paris, 1ſt. *of the* 8th. *Moon,*
of the Year 1670.

LETTER V.

To the Selictar Aga, *or* Sword bearer *to the* Sultan.

I Shall entertain thee now with a *Medly* of Relations, ſome containing News of the freſheſt Date, others only informing thee of things done many *Moons* ago, yet pleaſant enough in the Rehearſal. However, I beg of thee to accept this as a Teſtimony of my *Devoir* and Regard; in that I have abundance of Letters to write, many Friends to gratifie, and cannot ſend the ſame Matter to All. I am forc'd to parcel out my Intelligence, and ſuit every Letter to the *Genius* and *Station* of him to whom I Addreſs. Knowing therefore thy particular Inclinations, I ſhall preſent thee with ſomething very Agreeable.

No doubt but thou art acquainted with the Chriſtians *Carnaval*, which is a Time of publick Joy, Licentiouſneſs, and Sport. This

This Year the King and Queen of *France* obſerv'd it with wonderful Magnificence.

Among their other Divertiſements, they were preſented with a *Play*, wherein Two Rival Princes, by an Ingenious Emulation, ſtrove to out-vy each other in regaling a Princeſs, equally belov'd by both. The Repreſentation was very fair, and full of Majeſty. On the Right-hand of the *Theatre* appear'd *Apollo* in the Air, returning to his *Heaven*, after he had chas'd and routed all the *Cyclops*, with the Serpent *Python*. On the Left was ſeen the ſame *God* on the Top of *Parnaſſus*, in the mid'ſt of the *Nine Muſes*, ſcattering Flowers on the *Arts* and *Sciences* which were at the Foot of the Mountain. Then a Veil being drawn a-ſide, diſcover'd a *Sea*, ſurprizingly natural and fine: In the midſt of which, the *Gods* of many famous *Rivers* appear'd ſeated on Rocks, with *Tritons*, and *Cupids* rang'd on each ſide, upon the Backs of *Dolphin*'s. Then from above, amidſt the Clouds, King *Æolus* appear'd, laying his ſtraight Commands upon the *Winds*, that they immediately retire into their Caverns, excepting only *Zephyr*, who, for his ſoft and gentle Breezes, was permitted to be preſent at this Feaſt. After which, came *Neptune* riding in his *Cockle-Chariot*, drawn by Four *Sea-Horſes*, attended by a Train of *Gods* that dwell within the *Deep*.

Immediately the *Scenes* chang'd into a *Champain*, repreſenting the Delicious Fields of

of *Tempe*; where a moſt excellent and agreeable *Comedy* was acted, to the Satisfaction of all the Court. I leave the *Dances*, *Interludes*, and other Novelties to thy Imagination; aſſuring thee, that all was Aſtoniſhing and Magnifick.

But not to entertain thee longer with theſe empty Trifles, I ſhall now acquaint thee with ſomething of Importance; which is a *Peace* concluded between this King, atd the State of *Algiers*. On the 2d. of the 3d. *Moon*, the Count *de Guiche* brought the Articles of the Treaty to the King; from the Hands of the Marquis *del Martel*, Lieutenant-General of the *French* Fleet in the *Mediterranean*.

If thou wouldſt know the Particulars of this Agreement, read the enclos'd Paper: As for Matter of Fact, all the *French* Slaves at *Algiers*, were immediately releas'd upon the Signing and Sealing the Treaty, and delivered up to the *French* Commander; with ſome *French* Veſſels alſo which they had ſeiz'd. And ſo diſhonourable are their *Capitulations*, That at the ſame Time they have yielded up a Ship of theirs, which the *French* had taken from them, for ever quitting all Claim to it.

In the Beginning of *May*, the King took his Journey to *Flanders*, to viſit his New Conqueſts there. This put his Enemies into a great Conſternation, fearing that he had ſome Deſign upononon them. They began to be upon their Guard, and prepare for a

ſudden

ſudden Surprize. But the King perceiving their Alarm by his Spies; ſent them Aſſurance, on his Royal Wotd, That he would do them no Violence at this Time.

However, he ſoon after ſent the Mareſchal *de Crequi* into *Lorrain*, with a force conſiderable enough to reduce that Prince to Reaſon, who had not kept his *Parole* with him in ſeveral Inſtances. The Effect of this Expedition, was the Reducing *Pont-a-Mouſſon*, *Eſpinal*, *Chaſte*, *Longwy*, and all the Principality of *Lorrain*, to the *French* King's Obedience: So that the poor Duke is forc'd to ſeek his Refuge in Foreign Courts.

Noble *Aga*, this Duke is not to be Pitied, being very Ungrateful, and a perfect Madman. He owes his Liberty and Life to the King of *France*, yet could not forbear Plotting againſt him. Now he is deſervedly Chaſtis'd for his Folly. So may all thoſe ſuffer, who abuſe their Benefactors. But, upon the Benign and Good, may the Favours of Heaven reſt till the Splitting of all Things.

Paris *the* 13th. *of the* 9th *Moon*,
of the Year 1670.

LET-

LETTER VI.

To Iſouf, *his Kinſman, a* Merchant *at* Aſtracan.

I Receiv'd thy Letter, and perus'd it with much Complacency, finding thy Sentiments very agreeable to Reaſon. Yet give me leave to warn thee of an Exceſs which thou art running into. For I have had Experience of its ill Conſequence.

Thy Loſſes have made thee Melancholy, and the Fraudulent Dealing of thy Correſpondents, Factors, and ſuppoſed Friends, has taught thee to declaim againſt Friendſhip, Men, and Buſineſs: And not only ſo, but it ſeems thou haſt taken a Reſolution to abandon all Worldly Affairs, Pleaſures, and Engagements whatſoever, and turn *Faquir*, *Eremit*, or *Dervich* at leaſt: For, thou art diſguſted at *Humane Society*, and weary of all Things but *Solitude*.

I muſt confeſs, *Iſouf*, theſe are very Generous Thoughts, and Pious Reſolves. But, they are not eaſily put in Practice. They are Undertakings, fit only for perfect Saints, Men of unblemiſh'd Lives, and free from all Sorts of Vice; Perſons who have a Stock of Temperance, Chaſtity, Prudence, Juſtice, Fortitude, Patience, Humility, and all the other Vertues, a Fund of Magnanimity, which

which can never be exhausted by any Temptations, Difficulties, or Perils, that usually assault and environ such as enter into so austere a Course of Life.

Wilt thou be able to endure the unrelenting, rigid Cold of *Winter* in the *Desart*, where there are no Chimneys, Hearths, or Stoves, nor any other *Method* of keeping Fire to warm thee by? Canst thou sustain the raging Blasts of *Boreas* at that Season, or the killing Tempests of *North-Eastern* Winds, which blow from far, and fill the Air, the Earth, and Sea, with baneful Mists, Frosts, Ice, Snow, Sleet, and other chilling *Meteors*, out of their *Eternal Magazines*, within the *Artick* Circle, which *Ovid* calls the *Frigid Zone*.

There are many other Extremities to which a Man's expos'd in such a *Solitary* State. Nor wilt thou be less liable to Inconveniences and Hardships, if thou should'st ramble as a *Faquir*, up and down the World. Much less could'st thou endure the sad Restraints, and *Mortifications* of a *Convent*. Thou'dst hardly live out thy *Novitiate* with Patience. It goes against the Grain of Nature to obey another's Will, in every trifling Matter that he commands. Thou must not Eat or Drink, but thy *Superiour* will set the Place, the Time, and *Manner* of thy Diet; which will be irksome to thy Free-born Soul. And then thou must forsake thy Amorous Pleasures; for ever Forswearing also, the very Thoughts of *Money*, or of being Rich. I

tell

tell thee, thou muſt reſolve to become a *Religious Drone*, fit for nothing but to *mumble* o're thy *Beads*, or turn the *Superſtitious Round*, till thou art Giddy, or Dance an Hour together to the Muſick of a Thouſand *Hue's* and *Hei's*, hoarſly croak'd out in *Frantick* Tones, by thee, and all thy Brethren *Dervices*, till ye are ſick, and foam at Mouth: Then your Devotions are thought Meritorious. Canſt thou digeſt theſe ſacred Fooleries? Or grant this to be a Rational Service of the Divinity, as ſome will plead; who ſay, We ought to employ each Member, and all our Faculties, in Praiſing him that made 'em; yet canſt thou brook a Confinement all thy Days, to this *Religious* State?

I tell thee *Iſouf*, I have been often tempted in this Manner, to forſake the *Sultan's* Service, with all other Engagements of the World, and throw my ſelf into a *Convent*, or ſpend the Reſidue of my Days in ſome obſcure and ſolitary Corner of a *Deſart*: Yet, I found at length, that this was nothing but Deluſion, and the ſubtle Sophiſtry of that Malicious *Dæmon*, who envies Man his Happineſs. 'Tis he that whiſpers Arguments of Diſcontent and Murmuring into our Souls, watching his Opportunities when any thing gives us exquiſite Pain or Grief, to drive us to Deſpair.

So have I ſometimes labour'd under an Intolerable Anguiſh of Mind, beſides the fretting Maladies of Fleſh, and Blood, with outward Croſſes in my Fortune. Then have

have I wish'd my self in some dark Cavern of the Earth, or on the solitary Top of *Teneriff*, where I should converse with none but *Spirits* and *Dæmons* dwelling above the Clouds. Or else I coveted the Melancholy Retirements of the *Lybian* Desart, which affords no other Society than that of Lyons, Tygers, Dragons, and other Beasts of Prey.

When these Wishes have appear'd too Extravagant and Wild, I then retrench'd my Thoughts, and pitch'd upon some other Manner of Life, equally promising Comfort, yet less threatning and Dangerous. I gave my self up wholly to Prayer and Fasting for a while, thinking to hold out thus for ever. So sensible a Pleasure attends these Exercises, That at certain Moments a Man's all Rapture, Ecstacy, and I know not what. He is apt to think himself in some New World. A Sacred Pride invests his Soul. He seems all Majesty within; an inseparable Companion of the *Immortals*, and the Darling Friend of *God*. Whereas all this results but from the Ventilation of his Blood, by Vocal *Oraisons*; and is no more than a meer Natural Operation, whereby his Lungs are artificially breath'd, and gently forc'd to Disembogue their over-heated Airs, their thick caliginous Vapours, which fill the Heart and all the rest of the Vitals with Seeds of Melancholy, Fear, Suspicion, Grief, and other doleful Passions.

But,

But, mark the *Zealot*, when his Prayers are over, his *Faſt* is done; and all his *Fervent Pious* Diſcipline is accompliſh'd; how like a *Hypocrite* he looks and acts: How *formal* is his Carriage, or at leaſt, how *vain* and *light*? He either heaves out fulſom *Hypochondriack Sighs*, with Supercilious *Looks*, and *Chaps*, ſet like the *Furrows* of a ſowr-fac'd *Hadgi*; or elſe he's tickl'd into a loud ungovernable Laughter, and all his Carriage is *ridiculous* and *wanton*. Either his Hunger, Thirſt, and Faintneſs, the uſual Effect of ſuch Exceſſive Devotion, makes him Peeviſh, Cholerick, and Unmortified; or elſe he is as *Apiſh* as a Cat.

Humane Nature cannot abide long in the ſame Humour, and thoſe that ſeem to be always Even Temper'd People, like the *Caſpian* Sea without *Ebb*, or *Flow*, are only *Counterfeits*, and *Politicians*. There is an Art to conceal ones Paſſions, but there is none that can annihilate them. We change from one Affection, Appetite, and Deſire to another. Our Inclinations circulate with our Blood. They are transform'd each Minute, Hour, and Day; they vary like the Wind and Weather. Therefore never think of taking an Eternal Pleaſure, or Diſtaſte, in any Thing here Below. *Prayer* is good in its Turn, I mean, the Vocal Aſpirations. So are *Faſting*, *Abſtinence*, and other Religious Severities. But if all Men ſhou'd be perpetually at theſe Exerciſes, *God* in a little Time, wou'd have but few

Adorers

Adorers on Earth. The Ground must be left Untill'd; the Fields would quickly bring forth Crops of Briars and Weeds, instead of Corn. The Gardens then must turn to Wildernesses. There would be then no need of Millers, Bakers, and the other Trades, whose Livelyhood depends upon the Husbandman. And so for want of proper Sustenance, Mankind must quickly perish.

I do not argue against those who seem to be Constellated to a *Solitary Life*; or by some special Grace of *God*, are strengthned to endure the constant Hardships of an *Hermitage*: Such as the Illustrious and Great *Mohammed*, of *Mount Uriel* in *Arabia*, who is our Holy *Prophet*'s Tenant and Successor, in the *Cave* of *Wonders*. Such also is *Ilch Rend Hu*, the Celebrated *Bramin* of *Cachemire* in *India*, who lives on the Top of an High Mountain, is a Hundred and Twenty-Three Years old, foretells Things to come, resolves all Doubts, gives Infallible Counsel, heals divers Diseases works some Miracles; and in fine, says and does all Things by a Spirit worthy of Admiration.

The Mountain whereon this *Philosopher*, or *Prophet* dwells, seems to be the *Landmark* between *Summer* and *Winter*. For one side of it is always cover'd with Snow, the other with Blossoms, Flowers, Herbage, and Fruits. This over-looking a spacious Valley, which they call the *Paradise* of the *East*; That affording a Prospect little more agreeable or fair, than

what

what the *Poets* ſpeak of the *Riphæan Hill.*

Ilch Rend Hu, has his Habitation in a Cave or Grot, which paſſes through the Rock, as *Virgil*'s does near *Naples* in *Italy*, which thou haſt ſeen.

In this *Myſterious* Station, he appears like *Æolus*, Lord of the Weather: For 'tis certain, he commands the Winds to blow or ceaſe, at the leaſt word, within the Verge of his accuſtom'd Walks. If any Perſon dare prophane the Silence of the Place, with Words, or other ruder Noiſe, they are immediately ſurpriz'd with dreadful Storms of Thunder, Lightning, Wind, and Rain: ſuch as ſeem to threaten the Diſſolution of all Things: Which makes all Men in thoſe Parts, hold *Ilch Rend Hu* in great Veneration. He is the only *Oracle* of the *Indies*. They reſort to him from the Neighbouring Provinces, and Kingdoms, in all their Difficulties. The Grandees of *Perſia*, *Tibet*, and *Cathay*, ſend to him Honourable Preſents, deſiring his Counſel in Matters of Peace, and War. Nay they make devout Pilgrimages to him from the Kingdoms of *Tunquin*, and *China*. He is the *Apollo* of the *Eaſt*.

Iſouf, it would be ſome Encouragement for Thee and Me, to embrace a *Solitary Life*, if we might ever hope to attain ſuch wonderful Perfections. But as We have hitherto liv'd in the World, and ſtain'd

Our

Our Selves with the Common Vices of Mortals, We cannot presume to merit these extraordinary Favours: Our Old Habits are rooted in Us, and if We have Time and Strength to plant New ones in their Stead, yet they will not grow up to Maturity, but with many Years: For, believe Me, Cousin, no Body becomes a *Devil*, or a *Saint* all at once.

Paris, 6th. of the 11th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1670.

LETTER

LETTER VII.

To the Chiaux Bassa.

IT appears, That the King of *France's* Fortune not only procures him constant Victories and Triumphs in *Europe*, but such a Renown and Character in *foreign* Countries, as stimulates the most Remote Princes, and Puissant Monarchs of the Earth, to court his Alliance and Friendship.

Here is at this present, an Embassador come from the Coasts of *Guinea*, in *Africk*, being sent by the King of *Arder*, one of the Greatest Sovereigns in those Parts, possessing an Absolute and Uncontroulable Authority over his Subjects, as the *Grand Signior* does over the Faithful *Osmans*. But we will not compare the narrow Limits of his Dominion, with the vast and unbounded Extent of the *Mussulman* Empire, the Inheritance of our Sublime *Sultan*, the *Lord* of the *Globe* at large. Suffice it, that this *Black* Prince is a Wise Man, descended of a Race of Sages; and, that Policy of State is as natural to him, as common Craft or Cunning to the meanest of the Vulgar. He knows how to make War or Peace abroad, and to keep his Subjects in Awe at Home.

Surely,

Surely, there is a Force and Charm in the *Derivative* Blood of Heroick and VVise Ancestors, which secretly inspires their Offspring with *Maxims*, and *Principles*, agreeable to the Inclinations, Aims, and Purposes of the Family from whence they descend. And where 'tis experienc'd otherwise, it may be suppos'd That change of Climates, unhappy *Marriages*, or some over-ruling Misfortunes in the VVorld, have caus'd the Degeneracy. For so some Noble Vegetables of *Asia*, and other Quarters of the Earth, lying near the Sun, will not prosper, if once transplanted into the Cold and Barren Soils of *Northern Europe*. Thus Poverty, Disgrace, and other abject Circumstances, chill the Greatest Spirits, and spoil their Growth. Yet there is an Inborn Excellency in some Natures, which with Evenness supports the Stroaks of Fortune, and pushes through all Difficulties to attain its End.

So this great *African* King, informing himself, not only by *French* Vessels Trading in his Ports, but also by other Ships of *Christendom*, of the Grandeur of the *French* King, his VVealth and Puissance by Sea and Land, with the vast Interest and Traffick he has in both the *Indies*, thought it high time to seek his Friendship, whose Enmity, would, in all Probability, be very Fatal to him: For he had heard of his Conquests far and wide. 'Tis no matter, whether by Valour, or good Conduct, we make our Selves Happy. One is as laudable as the

other, in the unequal War we are engag'd in with *Fate*, *Providence*, and *Chance*; with *Angels*, *Men*, and *Devils*; with *Heaven*, *Earth*, and *Hell*.

I ſpeak this in reference to the Celebrated Proweſs, Magnanimity, Riches, and Strength of this *Negro* King; who need not yield to the King of *Benin*, his next Neighbour, and the moſt Potent of all the *South-Weſtern* Maritime Princes of *Africk*, nor to any of his other Neighbours beſides; yet could not think himſelf ſafe, or be at reſt, till he had ſent his Embaſſy to the King of *France*, offering his Lands, his Heavens, his Seas, and whatſoever was within his Juriſdiction, to this Great Monarch.

The Addreſs which his Embaſſador made to the *French* King, deſerves Remark. For after the uſual Obeyſances at the Foot of the Throne, he went up Three Steps, and then proſtrating himſelf Three times on his Face and Belly; he clapt his Hands in token of Reverence, and put his Fingers on his Eyes, to ſhew that he was not able to behold the Luſtre of ſo much Majeſty. This is the *French* Interpretation of his Carriage: But I tell thee, 'twas rather deſign'd as a Precedent to the *French* Embaſſadors, if any ſhould be ſent to *Guinea*, where 'tis the Cuſtom of the Country for all *Foreign* Miniſters, to obſerve the ſame Ceremonies to the King of *Arder*, and other Princes his Neighbours.

These *Europeans*, because they first found out the Art of *Navigation*; or at least, first improv'd it to the Discovery of many Remote Countries, value themselves too high; imagining, That all the Nations, formerly Unknown, are Fools, and know not themselves, and their own Strength. They thought 'twas impossible to find in *Africk* or *America*, Empires, Kingdoms, and Commonwealth, as strong and well Govern'd, as those in the Heritage of *Japhet*: But, 'tis a damn'd Mistake. For, the most High is Impartial, in the Distribution of his Gifts and Favours. Those despicable *Blacks*, whom all the Princes, and Nobles of *Europe* and *Asia*, buy as Slaves, being born of the *Vulgar*, are, nevertheless, come out of Regions, where Power, Riches, and Wisdom, are as much in their *Zenith*, as in these *Western* Countries.

They are all outwardly Flesh and Blood, as we are, notwithstanding the Contrariety of our Colours. And as for their Souls, they are even just as Capable of Knowledge and Ignorance, Reason and Folly, Vice and Vertue, Piety and Prophaneſs, Superstition and Atheism, as we are, who pretend to be Lords of the World, and all Things.

May Thou and I, practise Moderation, and not contemn any of Humane Race, though they be the *Caphars* of *Mosambique*. But let us always remember the old *Turkish* Proverb, *That 'tis not good or safe, to point in*

Mockery behind the Grand Signiors Back. Adieu.

Paris, 3d. *of the* 12th. *Moon,*
of the Year 1670.

LETTER VIII.

To Mohammed, *the Illustrious* Solitary *of* Mount Uriel, *in* Arabia.

THE Grand Root of the Common Injustice which Men are guilty of, in reference to the Beasts, and of the Intemperance with which they corrupt themselves, I perceive, is a false Principle which they have establish'd, denying the Capacity and Use of Reason to all Living Creatures but themselves.

This Error was first publickly maintain'd by the *Peripateticks*, *Stoicks*, and *Epicureans*; and afterwards by *Claudius* of *Naples*, out of a particular Aversion they had for the Doctrins of *Pythagoras* and *Empedocles*, Two famous Patrons of Abstinence.

Heraclides Ponticus undertook to explain the Sentiments of the former *Sects*; and *Hermachus* those of the Latter. But, both of them seem to confide more in the little Tricks and Arts of *Sophistry*, than to use true Reason. For at the first Essay of their Skil, they strive to cast a Mist in the Readers

Eyes

Eyes, by dividing the Generations of Living Creatures, into such as are endu'd with the Faculty of Reason, and such as want it. Whereas, thou knowest, it is an indubitable Maxim in the *Eastern* Philosophy, That every Thing which partakes of Sense, has also Reason. For, 'tis the Mind alone, which sees, hears, &c, the Body of it self being deaf, blind, and void of all Sense. It is evident therefore, that since the Beasts do see, hear and perform all other Actions of Sense, they have also what the *Greeks* call νοῦς or the Mind in them, which is the very Seminary, or Native Seat of Reason.

'Tis true, indeed, we cannot affirm, That they possess a Reason so perfect as ours, since that Perfection is acquir'd by Discipline, which the Generality of the Brutes want. They have no Colleges or Schools, where the Arts and Sciences are profess'd, and taught by Rules. Nature is their only School-Mistress, and they learn her Instructions with abundance of Promptness, and Sagacity. They are Educated in the open Elements, as in an Academy, or University founded by the Creator of all Things; where every Thing they encounter, serves as a Book to teach them all the Knowledge which is necessary to their Well-being on Earth. And they need no more.

'Tis manifest also, That some *Species*, and *Individuals*, are more capable of Learning what is taught 'em, than others; even as we discern the same Difference among the

various Nations, Families, and Persons of Men. But we do not use to say of Inanimate Things, That this piece of Wood is more apt to Learn than another, as a Dog is more Tractable and Docile than a Hog: Nor of Immoveable Things, That this is slower than that: Nor of Things which want Sense, That a Stone is duller of Apprehension than a piece of Iron. So could we not properly affirm of Animals, That one is more Crafty and Sagacious than another; more provident, chaste, Temperate, cleanly, and the like Epithets; if they were not by Nature, capable of Knowledge and Vertue. And yet we daily see all this true, in comparing one *Species* of Living Creatures with another; nay, and one *Individual* of the same Kind, with some of its Fellows.

When *Antipater* accus'd Asses, and Hogs of Nastiness, he did not consider how accurately Nice and Curious the Lynxes and Cats are, which, with so much Diligence and Care, hide their Excrements, that they can never be seen, or smelt again. So the Swallows teach their Young to mute over the Brims of the Nest. All which are Arguments of their Prudence and Discretion. Doubtless, every Animal has its peculiar Gift, and Excellency. One is more quick-sighted than another; This has better Ears than That; a Third surpasses in the goodness of his Smell, or the swiftness of his Feet. Let not vain Man therefore Boast,

and

and Insult, as if he were the sole Engrosser of all Wisdom and Vertue; since the Beasts of the Field, the Birds of the Air, the Fish of the Sea, with all the Generations of Reptiles, Insects, and whatsoever is endu'd with Life and Sense, possess their Shares as well as he.

It is manifest also, That there are various Principles of Folly, Injustice, and all Manner of Ignorance, Error, and Vice in Humane Nature, equal to what we can possibly find in the rest of Animals, whom we so much despise. And 'tis a Question, Whether even the very Sea-Horse, who murders his Father, and for that Reason, was by the Ancient *Egyptians*, made the *Hieroglyphick* of Impiety; may not justly exchange his Character with *Some* of *Humane Race*, who make their Parents the continual *Martyrs* to their Ambition, Pride, Envy, Avarice, and other Vices.

I would fain know, Whether any Man would not take it ill, to be told, he is Blind and Deaf, because he cannot see and hear so quick as some of the Beasts? Or, that he is a Cripple, because he cannot out-run a Hart? Certainly, a strong Man deserves that Character, tho' he cannot pretend to match the Strength of a Camel, or an Elephant. And shall we then say, That the Beasts have no Reason, or Vertue, because they cannot discover those Qualities so Artificially as Men?

Beſides, Do not all Privations ſuppoſe ſome Habits? And is not Madneſs a Privation of the Habits of Reaſon and Prudence? If therefore Dogs, Bulls, Foxes, and other Animals are known to be ſometimes Mad, Shall we think it leſs fit to ſay of them, That they are out of their Minds, or Wits, than, to affirm the ſame of Men? And if *Compos* or, *Non Compos Mentis* are proper Expreſſions of any Beaſt, when it is Sober, or Mad; Who, that is not depriv'd of *Reaſon* himſelf, can deny, that they have the Poſſeſſion of that *Faculty* by Nature, as well as he?

As oft as I trouble thee with Letters on this Subject, thou may'ſh conclude, I am newly awaken'd to a Senſe of my Error, in not Religiouſly obſerving the *Sacred Inſtitution* of *Abſtinence*; which ought to be the Natural Conſequence of theſe Thoughts: For, in a word, if it be lawful to kill the Animals for the ſake of Food, I think we may as well turn *Canibals*, and eat the Fleſh of our purchas'd Slaves, or of our Captive Enemies, over whom we have, by the Law of Nations, an equal Right as to their Life and Death, as over our Beaſts.

Abſtemious Sage, I leave thee to the Divine Inſpirations of the *Genius*, which poſſeſſes that *Holy Cave*: I leave thee to the ſacred Whiſpers of Winds from *Eden*, and to the Sweets of an innocent Solitude, which

which admits no other Society than that of Angels, or Beasts.

Paris, 26th. *of the* 2d. *Moon, of the Year* 1671.

LETTER IX.

To Zeidi Alamanzi, *a* Merchant *at* Venice.

I Receiv'd thy Dispatch, which informs me, that thou art commanded to remove from *Venice*, with all speed possible, and to visit *Naples*, *Genoua*, *Rome*, *Padua*, *Milan*, *Florence*, with the other Chief Cities of *Italy*: In fine, that thou art not to make a long Residence, or take up thy Abode any where; but after the Manner of a Traveller, to be always in a moving Posture from Place to Place, from one *Province* and *Principality* to another; that thou may'st take a just Estimate of the Strength and Riches of each State, through which thou shalt pass: That thou may'st dive into their Counsels, observe their Motions, watch their Designs, and transmit thy Remarks to the *Ministers* of the *August Divan*, the *Mysterious Cabinet* of the Earth's Great *Sovereign*.

There may be leſs of Profit in ſuch a Peregrination, for the Preſent, than in thy conſtant Reſidence at *Venice*, where thou art eſtabliſh'd in a ſettled way of *Merchandice*. But, thou wilt find abundance more Pleaſure: And if thou acquitteſt thy ſelf Succeſsfully, the *Grand Signior* will reward thy Merit. Beſides, thou may'ſt meet with a Thouſand Opportunities of Traffick, even in thy Travels. An Active and Diligent Spirit, cannot fail of Means to advance its own Intereſt in any Part of the World; and thou doſt not want a Stock of Mony to ſupport thy honeſt Undertakings.

Thou wilt meet with a New Sort of *Italians*, where-ever thou ſhalt ſet thy Foot: That People being ſtrangely mix'd, and deſcending from ſeveral Nations. Every City has a different *Genius*; which is ſo Remarkable and Conſpicuous, that they have all got peculiar *Epithets*: As *Rome* the *Holy*, *Naples* the *Gentile*, *Florence* the *Fair*, *Bolonia* the *Fat*, *Milan* the *Large*, *Ferrara* the *Civil*, *Bergamo* the *Subtle*, *Genoua* the *Proud*, *Padua* the *Strong*, *Sienna* the *Studious*, *Mantua* the *Glorious*, *Lucca* the *Induſtrious*, *Ravenna* the *Mild*, *Capua* the *Amorous*, *Urbin* the *Loyal*, *Verona* the *Worthy*, *Breſcia* the *Fortified*, *Furli* the *Wanton*, *Rimini* the *Good*; and ſo of the Reſt.

Beware of contracting Friendſhip with any *Italian*: And if thou doſt engage, be cautious how thou giveſt a juſt Offence.

Thou

Thou can'ſt not be too tender in this Point: For, as the *Italians* are very Conſtant where they have once pitch't their Affection, ſo they are Inexorable in their Revenge, where they apprehend their Love abus'd; and they are the moſt Jealous People in the World. If thou haſt made Two falſe Steps, never ſeek to repair thy Fault by After-Submiſſions, but Fly; for thou haſt wounded his *Soul*, and he will never Pardon thee, or let thee live to be Guilty of another Affront. They have a Common *Maxim* in this Caſe, 'He that Wrongs me Twice, 'tis his Fault; 'but if I let him Injure me the Third Time, 'the Blame's my own.

The wiſeſt Courſe is to be Civil and *Modeſtly* reſerv'd; not to be too frank and open in Diſcourſe, or looſe in Carriage. For this lays a *Man* naked, and expoſes him to the Contempt and Cenſure of ſuch as are more compos'd and recollected: And this is the peculiar Character of the *Italians*, That 'they think more than they ſpeak, and are 'many times diſguſted at the Perſon on whom they Smile.

When thou art on the Roads in *Apulia* and *Campania*, when thou beholdeſt the Beauties of that Luxuriant Soyl, and thy Smell is raviſh'd with the Fragrant Odors of the Hedges, and adjoyning Groves; think on *Elyzium*, *Paradiſe*, or whatſoever Place *Nature* has made Delightful; and ſay, It muſt be in this *Country*, or in ſome *Region* very like it.

As

As thou ſojourneſt at *Naples*, remember with what Pleaſure *Virgil* paſs'd away his Time there. 'Twas in that happy Air, that *Horace* penn'd his Admirable Poems. There *Livy* wrote the *Roman Hiſtory*, and *Seneca* his *Morals*. From thence we have the *Works* of *Statius*, *Claudian*, *Laurentius Valla*, and many other *Learned Writers*.

Forget not, when thou art at *Genoua*, the former Glory of that *Commonwealth*; how once ſhe did poſſeſs *Sardinia*, *Cyprus*, *Lesbos*, *Chios*, and did extend her Conqueſts to *Pera*, near *Conſtantinople*: How ſhe entred the *Black Sea*, planted a *Colony* of *Genoueſe* at *Caffa*, and ſtretch'd her Dominion to the River *Tanais*.

Thou wilt find Matter of Contemplation in *Piſa*, *Milan*, *Padua*, and all the Cities of *Italy*. But when thou art at *Rome*, 'twould be a kind of Sacrilege not to caſt back thy Eyes, and view her Antient Glory, when ſhe was the Miſtreſs of the World: When ſhe had Three Millions of Men within her Walls, and a Hundred and fifty Millions of Gold in Yearly Revenue: When ſhe kept in Conſtant Pay, at Home and Abroad, Six hundred, Five and forty thouſand Men. Her Foreign Conqueſts may be numbr'd by her Domeſtick Triumphs; which from *Romulus*, her Founder, to *Auguſtus Cæſar*, were no leſs than Three hundred. *Julius Cæſar*, augmented the *Publick Treaſury*, with Forty Millions of *Gold*. In the *Reign* of *Aurelianus* this City was Fifty Miles in Comaſs, and

and the Number of her Inhabitants, encreas'd to Four Millions: And they were prodigiously enrich'd with the Spoils of their Enemies. *Seneca* when he died, left Seven Millions, and Five hundred thousand Crowns behind him. *Claudius Isidorus*, tho' much exhausted by the *Civil Wars*, yet left Four thousand One hundred and seventeen Slaves, Three thousand and sixty Yoak of Oxen; and of other Cattel, Two hundred and fifty seven thousand. There were commonly kept in *Rome*, Five hundred *Gladiators*, a Thousand *Bears*, and a Hundred *Lyons*. There were always Five hundred Men employ'd in looking after the *Aqueducts*, and *Bathes* of *Rome*.

When *Cynias*, the *Embassador* of *Pyrrhus* had view'd the City round, and was ask'd what he thought of *Rome*; He answer'd, *I think all Rome is but One Temple*; (for there were above Four hundred in the City) *Her Senate is an Assembly of Kings*; *She is the Beauty of the whole Earth*: *The Flower of Mankind dwell within her Walls.*

Zeidi, this was the State, this the Grandeur and Magnificence of *Pagan Rome*. But since the Incursions of the *Goths* and *Vandals*, the *Lombards*, *Huns*, and other *Barbarous Nations* of the *North*, *Rome*'s Glory is Eclips'd, her Honour laid i'th' Dust. Whereas before, she lifted up her stately Crest on Seven High Hills, now she is fain to stoop, being humbly seated in the Plain of *Campus Martyus*, being not by a Fifth Part so large as formerly, nor yet so populous.

All

All over *Italy*, thou'lt meet with Reliques of the *Antient Roman* Majesty and Greatness. And in some Places, thou may'st encounter Persons of great Extraction, but very Poor, who may not unfitly be call'd the Ruines of *Antient Nobility*: Such as the Marquisses of *Ceva*, the *Earls* of *Piacenza*, and the *Knights* of *Bologna*, who are become the *Proverb* of Illustrious Poverty. Such also are the *Counts* of *Lusigniani*, Three of whom were once seen upon a Fig-Tree, eating the Figs to keep 'em from Starving. And many *Italian Lords* get their Livelihoods by selling of *Ptisans*, *Limonades*, *Essences*, *Powders*, and other Refreshments, to the Gentry. Yet they are Proud, and when any one Addresses to them, he must entitle them, *Most Excellent*, *Most Illustrious*, or else they'll Frown and be Affronted.

Zeidi, If ever it be thy Fortune to be made a *Lord*, I pray *Heaven* give thee an Estate answerable to the Title: For a *Lord* without *Riches*, is like a *Soldier* without *Arms*, very Ridiculous.

Paris, 15th *of the* 4th *Moon*,
of the Year, 1671.

LETTER

LETTER X.

To Dgnet Oglou.

THis Day, ſomething has happen'd to me very Prodigious, and I know not what to make of it. About the Hour of *Quindinamaſi*, I was ſuddenly taken with ſtrange Fits of Vomiting: My Stomach was in a *Prodigal*, or rather a *Philoſophical* Humour; reſolving to caſt off all Superfluities, and only retain what was neceſſary to its Eaſe and Welfare in this Life. I labour'd under a Thouſand Horrid Agonies, which made me fear, that either an *Impoſthume* was the Cauſe of ſuch violent *Convulſions*; or at leaſt, that they would end in opening the inward Sluces of my Blood, by too much forcing of the *Pectoral* Veins.

Whilſt I was buſied thus with ſad Preſages of a ſudden Death, (for I dread to be ſo unawares thruſt out o'th' World) I long'd and paſſionately languiſh'd for an *Arabian Orange*.

It happen'd at the ſame Time, my Mother *Oucoumiche*, *Daria* and *Eliachim* the *Jew*, were with me in my Chamber, and had been there an Hour. They all ſtood at the Window to ſee a *Proceſſion* that was going by. But when they heard the ſtraining Noiſe I made, immediately they ran to my

my Bed-ſide, as *Human Nature*, *Curioſity*, or *Paſſion*, uſes to prompt in ſuch like Caſes.

VVith a faint broken Voice I told 'em what I wiſh'd for. *Eliachim* forthwith gives Order to his Boy that waited in an *Anti-Chamber*, to run with ſpeed, and buy the beſt *Arabian Oranges* he could find.

The arch Young Lad was gone full Thirteen Minutes by my VVatch, and then return'd with Half a Dozen *Oranges* of *Spain*, (for he could get no other.) But *Heaven*, as I have Reaſon to think, ſupply'd his Negligence, and unſucceſsful *Mercating*. For long before he came with that *ſowre crabbed Fruit*, *Daria* ſpy'd an Orange of *Arabia* on the Table.

No body knew from whence it came, or what kind Hand had laid it there. They were all equal VVitneſſes, That there was no ſuch Thing upon the Table, when they came to the Bed-ſide, nor a conſiderable Time afterward: And when it was ſuggeſted, that ſome one of the Company had privately convey'd it thither, whilſt the reſt were looking another way; *Eliachim* with ſolemn Vows and Imprecations clear'd himſelf; ſo did *Daria*, and my *Mother*. As for my ſelf, they all were ſenſible, it was impoſſible for me to do it, as I lay in my *Bed*. A General Aſtoniſhment poſſeſs'd us all; and the VVomen would needs have it to be a *Miracle*, whilſt I greedily eat the *Delicious Fruit*, not troubling my Thoughts with making endleſs *Scrutinies*, or ſo much as caring which

way

way it came there, so long as I had the Enjoyment of it.

Yet I ceas'd to be thus Indifferent, when I perceiv'd my *Malady* on a sudden remov'd by eating of this *wondrous Orange*. And whereas I had lain for Six whole Days and Nights in a continual faint and languishing Condition, not able to get down a *Morsel* of Bread, now my Spirits grew brisk and fresh; I seem'd like one transform'd, or in another World. My Stomach reviv'd, my almost dissipated Vigor rally'd, and I rose chearfully to eat a hearty *Supper*. These Things, I must confess, put me, as well as the rest of the Company, upon thinking.

I tell thee, upon the strictest Examination possible, I am very well satisfied, that there cou'd be no Design, or Trick i'th' Case: For if there were, no body would be guilty of so many repeated horrid Perjuries in denying it: But every one rather would have been forward to own themselves the Instruments of thus happily and unexpectedly rescuing a poor sick *Man*, from the very Jaws of Death: For I was just then ready to expire.

Whether there be *Magick* in the strength of a *Man's* Fancy at such Times; and that through the Intense Agitation of his exalted Spirits, he moves the *Soul* of the *Universe* by *Sympathy* to exert some of its hidden and uncommon Faculties, and gratifie his necessary Desires: Or whether there be an Order of *Officious Beings Invisible* about

us,

us; who have the Charge of *Mortals* committed to them, and are bound by the Laws of their conceal'd *Kingdom*, to assist us in Extremities, even to the Height of a seeming *Miracle*, where it cannot be done without, I know not. But 'tis certain, any observing Man may take notice of some extraordinary Passages in the Course of his Life, of which he can give no Rational Account, but must be forc'd to put 'em on the Score of *Præternatural Causes*. Such is our Ignorance of the *Secret* Operations of *Nature*.

All the Company were ready to list me among the *Prophets*; or in the Catalogue of *Saints*, for this stupendous Occurrence. But I had other Thoughts of my Self: For comparing this with some former Occurrences of my Life, I presently concluded, 'twas the Fore-runner of some grand, but short Affliction: And so I told them All.

I believe, my *Dgnet*, that *God* will hedge me in with diverse Kinds of Adverse Circumstances: He'll rush upon me on a suddain, like a Troop of *Tartar* Horse, who swiftly spread themselves all round the affrighted Country, and take Possession of the Roads and Passes. They hunt the Conscious *Infidels* from Dens and Caves, and other lurking Places in the *Woods* and *Mountains*. None can escape their Chastisement and Revenge: So my presaging *Soul* foretells some sad surprizing Inrodes from the *Omnipotent*.

That

That which I have to do in this Case, is to make speedy Expiations for my past Security and Presumption, to repair the ruin'd Fastnesses of Vertue, and build new Ones where they are wanting; to keep strong Guards, and lastly, to retire my self into a most profound Humility, and Complyance with the Will of *God*; which is the strongest Fortress, in time of a *Divine Invasion.*

Paris, 23d. *of the* 6th. *Moon,*
of the Year 1671.

LET-

LETTER XI.

To Sephat Abercromil, Vanni Effendi, Preacher *to the* Sultan.

THE Character and Fame of thy Exemplary Life, and profound Doctrin, tho' ſtudiouſly conceal'd and ſuppreſs'd by thy ſelf, have yet made a forcible Eruption, and fill'd the *Muſſulman* Kingdoms with the fragrant Odour of thy Incomparable Piety, and Vertue. Even theſe Remote and *Infidel* Regions of the *Weſt*, are edify'd by thy ſacred Rules and Inſtitutions of a Spiritual Life. The *Nazarene Prieſts* and *Doctors*, begin to harbour Emulations of thy *Sanctity* ſince they have ſeen no fairer Draught of true Acceptable *Religion*, than what the *Chaplains* to the *French Embaſſadors* at the *Port*, have copied from thy Principles, and recommended to their Friends among the *Clergy* of *France*. Inſomuch as *Francis Malevella*, a Blind *Eccleſiaſtick*, but an *Argus* in the *Sciences*, has publickly eſpous'd thy Theorems and practices; having in Print, now lately, undertaken the Patronage of a Contemplative Life, ſo much inſiſted on by thee; to which the *College* of *Sorbonne* have alſo given their Approbation.

That

That Excellent *Man*, tho' he has loſt the Uſe of his Corporeal Eyes, yet has a Soul transform'd all over into Light, by which he clearly can ſurvey the vaſt *Myſterious Horizon* of the Inviſible World, and penetrate the moſt recluſe and hidden Secrets of Eternity. The Age is raviſh'd with the *Book* he publiſh'd: He has Ten thouſand Proſelytes among the Roman *Prieſts* and *Dervicheſ*. None but the *Jeſuits* and *Dominicans* oppoſe him.

The former of theſe *Orders* is grown odious throughout *Chriſtendom*, for the Impious *Doctrins* they maintain, and the Enormous Crimes they have committed: being notorious Boutefeu's, Traytors, Hypocrites, and Secret Libertines. Their *Colleges* are eſteem'd, the Shops and Forges of Sedition, Faction, Publick Animoſities, Broils, and Wars, with all the Miſchief that is done in *Europe*. The Latter are not lov'd in *France*, becauſe they are generally choſen Officers of the *Inquiſition*: Which inhumane *Judicature*, was firſt projected by St. *Dominick*, their *Founder*, in order to exterminate the *Moors* from *Spain*. There is a Natural and Irreconcilable Antipathy between the *French* and *Spaniards*. They mutually abhorr each others Cuſtoms, Laws, and Humours: But, above all, the *French* can ne'er be reconcil'd to that *Infernal Court*, which tyrannizes o'er the Souls of Men, and puniſhes them for Thoughts. It is an equal Crime to ſpeak, or to be ſilent; to pray, or not; to go to *Church*, or ſtay at Home,

Home, provided you are Rich. 'Tis Wealth the *Inquisitors* aim at, not the pretended Safety and Deliverance of the *Church* from Enemies and Rebels.

Therefore the *Dominicans* and *Jesuits* being look'd upon as Favourers and Patrons of the *Inquisition*, and for that Reason hated by the *French*; in vain they argu'd against *Malevella*'s New reform'd Model of Interior *Religion*, which is but a Translation of the Original *Dogmata*, laid down by them. Thy refin'd Sentiments are Prolifick, as the Solar Beams, which by Ineffable Encreases propagate themselves without diminishing the Illustrious Fountain. Each bright and fertile Atom, by a miraculous Emanation, begets another; they multiply by an Admirable Progressive Issue and Expansion from every Point of the Refulgent Center, till every splendid Particle becomes a Ray of equal Length, and all together produce an entire *Orb* of Light. Thus thy serene *Ideas* of *Religion*, dilate themselves through the dark Side o'th' World, as fast as they Illuminate the *Moselman Hemisphere*. The Honester Sort of *Western Franks*, are already, by a *Demi-Metamorphosis*, grown half *Mahometans*, capitulating with thir Pre-possessions, Prejudices, and the Force of Education, for the rest.

They go to *Church*, but not to babble o'er a Thousand vain *Tautologies*, which are taught 'em by their *Priests*, and to ensure their Memory, are printed in their Pocket-Manuals,

Manuals, or Books of Prayer: Nor do they number a long *Series* of the same repeated *Oraisons* on Beads, or use any other Exterior Form of blind and lame Devotion: But with inward Recollection, Silence, Purity, and fervent Application of the Spirit, they address themselves to *God*; or rather by a certain gradual Passiveness, Oblivion of Outward Things, and dying to themselves, they prepare and fit their *Souls* for the Divine Approaches: Thus having barricado'd up their Senses, and made Retrenchments round the Center of the Mind, to secure it from the last Invasion, and Assault of Mundane Objects; thither they retire, desiring Death, rather than to take Quarter by a faint Cowardise, or timorous Apostacy, and surrender to the World.

These People undergoe at certain Times, strange Drynesses, Desertions, and Sterilities of Spirit, which are the Torments that compose the most severe and painful Martyrdoms. A common Death, or any violent Dissolution of the Body, is but the Recreation, Sport, or Play of Nature, when compar'd with these Tremendous, Tragical and Dark Annihilations of the *Soul*. A *Man* at such a Season, seems to be reduc'd to an Eternal *Catastrophe*. His Spirit descends, and is engulph'd in the Abyss of *Hell*; or *Hell* comes up to him, and yawning with its horrid Dragons-Jaws, *Murders* the *Soul* with Baneful and Infernal Breath. Yet this they find to be the only near directest Way to

Heaven.

Heaven. This is the Myſtick Fence, the Ditch, Baſtion, and Counterſcarp of *Paradiſe.* He that would ſcale the Walls or enter by the Gates of *Eden*, muſt firſt paſs through theſe terrible Out-works. This is the ſtreight and narrow Bridge o'er which each Soul muſt paſs, that would attain Immortal Life. *Moſes*, *Jeſus*, *Mahomet*, and all the *Meſſengers* of *God*, have pointed at this as the only Way to our ſupreme Felicity. Neither was it unknown to the Ancient *Poets* and *Philoſophers*, among the *Gentiles*. *Orpheus*, and *Heſiod*, recommended it in their Myſterious Verſe. *Empedocles*, *Theophraſtus*, *Plato*, *Plotinus*, *Porphyry*, *Jamblichus*, with many others, improv'd the Sacred Revelation, adding new Lights unto the Bleſt Diſcovery: And if we take the Hiſtory in a right Senſe, unleſs I am deceiv'd, *Socrates* died a *Martyr* to this Important Truth. Many of the Learned *Hebrew Rabbi's* have aſſerted it. The *Perſian* and *Arabian Doctors*, before and ſince the *Holy Flight*, have been its Advocates: And let not Envy refuſe to give ſome of the *Chriſtian Prieſts* their due Acknowledgment, who preach'd this Doctrin, in the Primitive Aſſemblies, taught it in the Publick Schools, and enſur'd it to Poſterity in Learned Manuſcripts. Such were *Origen* and *Ammonius*, *Clemens* of *Alexandria*, *Simplicius*, *Chryſoſtom*, *Tertullian*, *Auguſtine*: and in more modern Times, *Thomas* of *Aquin*, *Marſilius Ficinus*, *Bonadventure*, with many others:

And

And 'tis esteem'd the Height of *Indian Religion* to this Day; the *Bramins* delivering it as an Hereditary *Article of Faith*, and Point of Practice, from Immemorable Ages. Since therefore all Religions in the World agree in this, notwithstanding their other Ceremonial and Speculative Differences; Doubtless it is the Voice and Will of *God*, not the Contrivance or Innovation of Man.

Reverend *Effendi*, It is a common *Proverb* among the *Christians*, That wheresoever *God* has a *Temple*, the *Devil* has a *Chappel*. That cunning *Spirit*, like a *Serpent*, winds himself into outward Forms and Ceremonies of Devotion. But he that builds a *Mosque* in the Center of his *Soul*, may bid Defiance to *Satan*. For that's the Throne of God, near which the *Dæmon* cannot approach.

May thou and I, live always skreen'd behind our Selves; for in that Dark Recess from Visible Things, the *Eternal* loves to manifest his otherwise Invisible Light. Adieu.

Paris, the 17th. *of the* 6th. *Moon, of the Year* 1670.

M LET-

LETTER XII.

To Cara Hali, Physician *to the* Grand Signior.

AFter all my *Scepticisms*, I am this Hour to believe, there is *Something* of us that remains *Immortal*, and *Incorruptible*, when our *Grosser Bodies* are dissolv'd. Call it what you will; an *Astral Body*, a *Ghost*, a Spirit, or any thing else, I am sensible some Part of us will *never* die. What signifies the Noise of Disputes of Words, the Dark Resolves of *Plato's Cave*? Let it be *Substance* or *Accident*, *Matter* or *Form*, or a Result of all: There is still a certain Portion of our Nature, against which the Stroak of *Death*, nor of Ten Hundred Thousand Deaths, can never prevail. We may be *Chang'd*, indeed, and *Masquerade* it up and down, perhaps through *Infinite Worlds*, in so many different Disguises: But we can never be *Annihilated*, or made *Nothing*. We cannot be excluded from the Eternal List of *Atomes*. The Loss or Absence of the least *Particle* from the *Universe*, wou'd either cause the Loudest Never-ending Thunders and Lightnings, or an Everlasting Silence, Sullenness, and Darkness. This mighty Aggregate, and Stupendous Heap of *Beings* wou'd fall to Ruin, if there were the least *Vacuum*,

smallest *Mite* missing. Steal but the most *Indivisible Atom* from the rest, and down comes *all* the *Fabrick*: For one supports another by an *Inseparable* Adhesion, *Reciprocal* Contiguity, and *Mathematical* Fitness. They are so cunningly hitch'd and knit together, so closely fasten'd and indented each with other, by the *Original* Art, or Chance which form'd the World, that all the Motions of the *Grand Machine* would at an instant stop, in such a Case; as does a Watch, when the least Tooth is missing from any one of the contiguous Wheels. Every Thing in Nature, is full and pregnant. Neither is there be any other *Emptiness*, save what we think we see in Bottles, or other Hollow Vessels, which when they are *void* of Water, Wine, or other Liquors, it is but to be cramm'd brim-full of *Air*, which *Element* insinuates and crowds it self into each Diminutive Crany, Chink, and Pore of *grosser Substances*: So if the *Airy Atomes* have any *Hollownesses* in them, the smallest *Vacuum* possible is still supply'd with its full Measure of the purer *Æther*, and that again, with some Matter more refin'd, if any such there be, or else it drinks full Draughts of *Immaterial Essences*: And by such a *Subordinate Gradation*, Humane *Souls*, though in themselves, perhaps, pure *Incorporeal Spirits*, are yet fasten'd and cemented to our Bodies. Thus is one *Being* successively, and Eternally either a Syringe, or a Sponge to another, as the *Elements* inebriate one another by Turns;

an Universal *Epicurism* and Drunken
Reigns.

So the Hot Stomach of the Earth, par
with Inward Mineral Fires, greedily gu
down the very salt unpalatable Lees o
Sea, rather than be adry: With a Thou
Thousand gaping Throats, it gulps
Beverage which *Neptune*'s Deep and
Cellar runs withal. It pants, and
eternally, the thick ropy Settlements
the *Ocean's* Bottom. These are distill'd
in hidden *Limbecks*, *Cylinders*, and
Chymical Vessels below, that so the
Channels on the *Superficies*, may be con
ly supply'd, with more refined Liq
through the *Springs* and *Fountains*: And
the *Globe* not having quench'd its Thirst
this perpetual Draught, continually sup
the Rain, a Liquor more sublime and
than all the rest. But this is only on
tain *Holy-days* of *Fate*, when the *Celes*
Powers, the *Planets*, *Stars*, and *Constella*
order a *Dunalma* for the *Vegetable* R
Below, to refresh the Herbs, the Corn,
Trees, with Banquets from the *Clouds*.
the Big-belly'd Tuns above are rowl'd o
their hidden Store-houses, and broach
the *Conduits* of the *Upper Region* spout
run with plentiful Showers and *Cataracts*
Nature's Seminal Juice, the Radical
chearing *Nectar* of *Heaven*. The gree
Soil imbibes the sacred strong *Cascade*;
joyful Turf is frolicksome, and swallo
down large Bumpers of the *Elemen*

Whilst the least *dry* and crumbling ...p of the late fainting *Glebe*, has Drops ... *Supernaculum's* enough to revel on; till ...-colour'd *Iris*, the *Major-Domo* in these ...y *Festivals*, perceiving the tender Seeds ... Roots are well nigh fuddl'd with what ...econd Hand they have exhausted from ...ver-laden Ground, makes her Appearance ... *Clouds*, inviting all the Guests to a ...did Collation of warm *Beams* and *Rays*, ... which the *Sun* is minded to regale ...

... grateful, soft and chearful Noise was ... throughout the Room before. The ... and *Air* were in a merry Humour. ... pleas'd with the Debauch, they would ... sat till Morning at it, being loth to ... their Liquor behind 'em, or change it ... dry Meat. But at the sight of *Iris*, eve- ... one chang'd Countenance; an universal ... ran throughout the *Hall*; they ... sorry thus to be baulk'd i'the midst of ... Mirth. Till courtly *Zephyrs* come ... their soft Compliments, and tell 'em, ... necessary for their Ease and Health: ... are the Tuns, and Bottles remov'd; ... all the drunken Tackle. The Table ... is spread, and cover'd with a Rich ... of glittering Chargers, sent from ...

That *Sponging Planet* only lives by *Bantee* ... and *Wheedles*. The Illustrious Figure ... makes i'th' World, is always borrow'd. ... never wore a *Fashionable Dress* in's Life,

but what he took up by *Tally* from the *Source* of *Lights*: For which he's bound pay so vast an Interest, that he would necessarily become a Bankrupt, did he not his *broken Fortune*, by plying Tricks the *Earth*. Thus whilst he mocks the *lunary* World, with his pretended he makes it pay for all with costly *lations*. He plunders the *Elements* the Pockers of the *Earth*, and robs the furies of the *Sea*: Nor can he forbear ing something from the *Air*; and he has stollen enough, he slinks away Dark, and flies to the other side of the there to commence New Shams and upon the *Antipodes*. And all the while *Stars* are full as bad as he: For, Brave *High-way-man*, that *Luminary* quents the Publick Road of Heaven he robs in open sight of all the World leaves a generous *Viaticum*, where borrows any Thing. But the *Stars* little *Bullies* of the *Sky*, are perfect *Pads*, *Shoplifts*, and *Sharpers*; they about i'th' Dark, through all the *Alleys* of the *Firmament*, and commit Thousand Murders, Rapes, and other lences. Some of their *Aspects* are as mous as the Fatal Eyes of *Basilisks*; carry divers Kinds of Mortal Poysons in Looks, which they disperse at Random this lower *World*. They strew the *Earth* *Hemlocks*, *Aconites*, and other *baneful* They also scatter up and down, the

contagious Seeds of Envy, Avarice, and a Thousand black Infernal Vices, which take Root in Humane *Souls*, at our Nativities; and growing up with us, in time bring forth the fatal Fruits of Death. The ugly Race of *Dragons*, *Serpents*, *Crocodiles*, and all the *Reptile* Generations, with every Thing that's Hideous, Cruel, and Destructive on the *Globe*, derive their Natures, Qualities, Forms, and Dispositions from some *Malignant Stars* or *Constellations*, if *Astrologers* say true. So do the *Scaly Monsters* of the *Vast Abyss*; and every *Bird* of *Horrible Figure* flying in the *Air*. They're all the Brood, the Emissaries, Spies, and Agents of the *Powers* Above, sent down on Thievish Errands, to prey on other Animals, more innocent than themselves.

There is an *Eternal Chase* in *Nature*, whilst every thing is either on the Hunt or Flight. Thus *Heaven* purloins from *Earth*, and that from *Heaven* again. When we are first conceiv'd, our wandring *Souls* are catch'd, as in a well-baited Trap. And when we dye, 'tis but the *Soul's* Escape from One Snare to be soon trapann'd into Another. Perhaps a *Humane Body* may be our Prison again, or we may be attracted by some more agreeable *Embrio*. This *Magnetick Star* may draw us up to *Heaven*, or the wide *Jaws* of all-devouring *Orcus* may swallow us down into the *Hungry Paunch* of *Hell*; which *God* avert.

Learned *Hali*, let not thou and I be too ſollicitous about theſe Things: For all our Timorous Forecaſts are in vain. But, conſidering the ſecret *Magnetiſms* diſperſ'd throughout the Univerſe, and that every Thing attracts its Like, let us take care to qualifie our ſelves with *Celeſtial* Habits and Diſpoſitions; and then we cannot fail of being drawn up to *Paradiſe*.

Paris, 2d. *of the* 9th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1671.

LETTER

LETTER XIII.

To the Musti.

IN Obedience to thy Commands, I shall now proceed in relating the most Memorable Transactions of *Former Ages*, during the *Four Great Monarchies*; observing thy Instructions, not to be prolix, or over-curious in Tracing down the Particular *Successions* of *Kings* and *Princes*; but rather, to relate the *Actions* of *Famous Men*, the *Wise Sayings* of the *Ancients*, with such other Remarks, as may be at once Delightful and Instructive.

'Twill be no Breach of this Rule, to begin where I left off in my Former Letter, with the Death of *Darius*, and *Succession* of *Xerxes*, his Younger Son; there being something of Nicety in the Plea between him and his Elder Brother *Artabazanes* for the *Crown*: For this laid Claim to it on the Account of his *Primogeniture*: But in regard he was born before *Darius* was made *King*, the *Succession* was determin'd in Favour of *Xerxes*, who had a Double Advantage, in being begot by a Crown'd *King*, and born of *Atossa*, the Daughter of *Cyrus*, who first Establish'd this *Monarchy*.

As soon as *Xerxes* was setled in the *Throne*, he led an Army into *Egypt*, and suppressed the Insurrections in that Country. Then

he fitted out a Fleet of 4200 Ships, on Board of which were above Five Hundred Thousand Men. He had a Land Army also consisting of Two Millions, and Five Hundred Thousand Soldiers of several Nations. With this vast Multitude he march'd against the *Grecians*; and to facilitate the Voyage of his Fleet, he caused one Part of his Army to cut a Passage through Mount *Athos*, whereby the Sea was let in, and the Ships might sail Two a-breast; whilst another part of the Soldiers, were employ'd in building a Bridge of Boats over the *Hellespont*. No sooner was this done, but there arose a vehement Tempest; which so discomposed those *Northern Seas*, that between the Winds and Waves, the Boats which made this Bridge, were all dispers'd, broken, and cast away.

This so incens'd *Xerxes*, that he commanded the Sea to be scourg'd with Whips, and a Chain to be thrown into it, as a Mark of its future Subjection. He also Beheaded those who built the Bridge, and caused others to make a new One.

Here one of *Xerxes*'s *Eunuchs*, and a Particular *Favourite* of the *King*, sent for a *Grecian* of the *Isle* of *Chios*, who had formerly depriv'd him of the Evidences of his *Riches*. And the Old Man coming with his Sons to wait on this great *Courtier*, the *Eunuch* caus'd him first to Castrate his own Sons, and afterwards forced them to do the same by their Father, in revenge of his own Loss and Disgrace.

From

From hence *Xerxes*, marching with his Army by the Place where once stood the Famous Town of *Troy*, went in *Pilgrimage* to the *Tomb* of *King Priamus*, where he sacrificed Ten *Hecatombs* of Oxen to the *Ghosts* of the *Ancient Heroes*, and to the *Divinity* of the River *Scamander*, which his Soldiers drank dry, and yet half of them had not quench'd their Thirst.

After this, he came to the *Hellespont*, where taking a Survey of all his Land and Sea-Forces, which cover'd the *Hellespont*, and all the Neighbouring Shores; and Contemplating the Shortness of Man's *Life*, and that of so Innumerable a Multitude, not one should be alive at an Hundred Years End, he wept bitterly.

Then having sacrific'd to the *Sun*, for the good Success of his *Expedition*, he caus'd all his Army to pass over the *Hellespont* by his Bridge of Boats; after which, they drunk their Way through another River, which had not Water enough to satisfie half his Men and Cattle: For his Army increas'd all the Way, by the Accession of Soldiers out of every *Nation* through which he pass'd. Yet *Leonidas*, *King* of *Sparta*, with a small Body of 4000 *Lacedemonians*, gave Battle to the whole Army of *Xerxes*. And in a Sea-Fight at *Salamis*, the *Persians* lost 500 Ships, with a Considerable Part of their Army; which, with other Disasters, or Sickness, Famine, &c. so terrified this Great *Monarch*,

that

that he posted back again, as fast as he could, by the Way of the *Hellespont*, which he crossed in a poor Fisher-Boat all alone, leaving *Mardonius* to pursue the Wars in *Greece*. But an ill Fate attended their Arms; for at Plataea the *Grecians* set upon them under *Pausanias* their General, and routed the whole Army, Killing above Two Hundred Thousand of them upon the Spot, and Burning their Camp and Navy.

Xerxes hearing these ill Tydings, fled towards his own Country, and by the Way set Fire to the Temples of the *Gods* at *Babylon*, and other Parts of *Asia*, sparing none but that Magnificent *Fane* at *Ephesus*, which was renowned throughout the whole World.

About this Time died *Pagapates*, the faithful *Eunuch* of *Darius*, who had passed Seven whole Years Mourning at the Tomb of his Master.

I must not omit the Treachery of *Pausanias*, the *Lacedæmonian General*, who held a Private Correspondence with *Xerxes*. And having been Twice accused of *Treason*, and as often acquitted, was the Third time discovered by a Boy whom he kept as his Minion; and, by the *Sentence* of the *Ephori*, was starved to Death.

Thou hast forbidden me to augment the Bulk of these Historical Letters, with Glosses, or Remarks of my own, or else it were a proper Occasion to put thy Holiness in Mind,

Mind, how great a Value ought to be set on a Faithful Man, and let *Nature* it self plead my Excuse for entrenching on thy Orders; whilst I vindicate my self from the Calumnies of the Envious, and beg of thee to rest assured, That no Man on Earth can be truer to his Trust, than the *Arabian* Slave *Mahmut*.

But to return to *Xerxes*, He was Unfaithfully dealt with by the *Captain* of his *Guard*; who, by the Assistance of *Spamitres* the King's Chamberlain, and Seven other Conspirators, kill'd him in his Bed with his Eldest Son *Darius*, and crowned *Artaxerxes* in his stead.

To him fled *Themistocles* the *Athenian*, who was suspected a Partner in the *Treason* of *Pausanias*. The King received him into his Favour, and made him Governour of a Province, adding the Gift of Five Great Cities, to furnish him with Money for the Expences of his Table and Wardrobe. And this the King did, not as a Reward or Encouragement of Treason, (from which he knew *Themistocles* was free, being falsly accused by the *Athenians*,) but he heaped those Honours on him, as a Debt to the Merits of that once Illustrious Enemy, now become a Friend, and seeking shelter in the *Persian* Kingdom, from the Barbarous Ingratitude of his own Country-men; who for all his Eminent Services to *Greece*, could think of no better Acknowledgment, than to put to death

death as a Traytor, the Bravest and Wisest Captain of that Age.

Not long after this, the *Persians* lost 200 Ships in a Sea-Fight with the *Grecians*, and were routed at Land by a Stratagem of *Cimon* the *Grecian General*, who, after the Naval Victory, put his Men aboard the *Persian* Vessels which he had taken, and apparelling them in the Garments of the *Persian* Captives, landed them near the Enemies Camp in *Pamphylia*; who taking them for Friends, suffer'd them to enter their Trenches without Jealousie, and so were all slaughtered, except a few who escaped by the swiftness of their Horses.

About that Time, *Pericles* was made Prince of *Athens*, of whom I made mention in my former Letters. And *Themistocles* being made General of the *Persian* Army, and sent against the *Grecians*; rather than fight against his Country, or betray the Cause of his new Master, became a Voluntary Victim to his own Integrity and Honour: For, Sacrificing a *Bull* in his March, he drank off a Bowl of the Blood, and fell down dead at the Foot of the Altar.

The next War the Persians were engag'd in, was with *Egypt*; where, in a Battel near *Memphis*, they lost an Hundred Thousand Men. But sending fresh Recruits, they dryed up the River *Nile*, where the *Athenian* Fleet, Confederate with the *Egyptians*, lay at Anchor. Which so amazed the *Egyptians*, that they made their Peace with them; And

and the *Athenians* set their own Ships on Fire, in Number 200, and returned Home with Disgrace, when they had been Six Years in *Egypt*. After this a Peace was concluded between the *Persians* and those of *Greece*. And in the First Year of the 84*th*. *Olympiad*, which soon followed, there was an *Universal Peace* throughout the *World*, which continued till the First Year of the 87*th*. *Olympiad*, at what time began the *Peloponnesian War*.

In the 4*th*. Year of the 88*th*. *Olympiad*, *Artaxerxes* died, and his Son *Xerxes* was invested with the Crown. But at 2 Years End, being overcome with Wine, and falling asleep in a Place where no Guard was kept, his Brother *Secundianus*, with the Help of an *Eunuch*, murdered him, and took the Government on himself. He also, was soon after dispatched by his Brother *Darius*.

I over-run whole *Olympiads*, without mentioning any Thing, save the Transactions which made most Noise in those Times. But I am unwilling to slip the Reign of any *King*, tho I speak but Two Words of it, that so thou mayest have a perfect Idea of their Succession.

During the whole Series of *Darius*'s Reign, History mentions nothing Remarkable, but is taken up in relating the little Quarrels, and Reconciliations of several Provinces

Provinces in *Greece*, some Private Treaties between the *Persian Governours* of *Lesser Asia* and those of *Peloponnesus*, and the Overtures of Peace between the *Lacedæmonians* and *Persians*, the End of the *Peloponnesian* War, with such other Passages, as would be too tedious for a Letter.

I will only rehearse a Memorable Saying of *Darius*, on his Death-Bed, to his Eldest Son *Artaxerxes*, who was to succeed him in the Throne. The Prince being assured by the Royal Physicians, That his Father's End drew near, thus addressed *Darius*: 'My Father, since it is the Will of the *Gods* to take 'you from Earth, into their own Blessed 'Society, and that you have been pleased, 'with the Consent of the Nobles, to declare me your Successor in the Kingdom; 'tell me, I beseech you, by what Methods 'of Policy you have Govern'd this Empire 'these Nineteen Years, that so I may follow your Example. To whom the King Reply'd; 'My Son, be assured, That if 'my Reign has been blessed with greater Success and Peace than those of my Predecessors, 'tis because in all Things I have Honoured 'the Immortal Gods, and done Justice to every Man.

As soon as *Artaxerxes* was possessed of the Crown, he sent for his Brother *Cyrus*, and put him in Manacles of Gold, with Design to make him privately away; but at the Intercession of his Mother, he released him

him again, and restor'd him to his *Government of Lydia*.

About this time, *Plato* the *Philosopher* being very Young, gave an early *Specimen* of a ripe Wit, in Comforting *Antimachus* the *Poet*, who lost the *Garland* in a Contest with *Niceratus*, at the *Lysandrian Feast*. For when he beheld the *Poet* extremely vex'd at the Ignorance and Partiality of *Lysander*, who knew not how to distinguish between his lofty Measures, and the flat Rhimes of his Antagonist, *Plato* bid him be of good Courage: *For*, said he, *his Ignorance no more diminishes thy Knowledge, than a Blind Man's mistaking thee for another, would deprive thee of thy Sight.*

When *Cyrus* was returned to his *Government*, he plotted to depose his Brother: And to win *Lysander* to his Party, he presented him with a Ship built all of Gold and Ivory. *Alcibiades*, the Famous *Athenian Captain* perceiving this, designed to give *Artaxerxes* notice of his Brother's *Treason*; but by the Way he was murdered himself by some Soldiers, hired for that Purpose by *Lysander*, who yet durst not set upon him in the Day-time, when he was armed in his own Defence, but in the Night set his House on Fire; and as he was escaping through the Flames and Smoak, they lying in Ambush, shot him dead with Arrows.

However, *Artaxerxes* quickly became sensible of his Brothers Designs; and raising

an

an Army of Nine hundred thousand Men, gave him Battel not far from *Babylon*. In the Fight he was wounded by *Cyrus*; but after a hot Dispute, *Cyrus* was killed, and *Artaxerxes* got the Victory.

Parisatis, the Mother of *Cyrus*, to revenge the Death of her Son, caused those that wounded him, to be killed with lingring Torment: And inviting *Queen Statyra*, the Wife of *Artaxerxes*, to a *Feast*, she divided the Bird *Rhindaces* asunder with a Knife poisoned on one side, and gave the envenomed Part to *Statyra*, eating the other her self. Upon which, the *Queen* died in horrible Anguish and Torture.

The famous Deeds of many *Heroes*, are also Recorded, during the *Reign* of this *Artaxerxes*; as of *Agesilaus*, King of the *Spartans*; *Iphicrates*, *Pharnabazus*, *Tissaphenes*, and *Tiribazus*, *Persians*; with *Conon* the *Athenian*. But fearing to entrench on thy Patience, I content my self with only mentioning their Names, and so finish my Letter with the Conclusion of *Artaxerxes* his Life, who died of Grief for the Death of his Son *Arsames*, whom *Ochus* his Brother had caused to be Murdered out of Envy and Jealousie, because his Father doted on him.

If I have not answered thy Expectation in this Letter, blame not me, but the *Historians*, from whom I have collected these Passages, or accuse the Men of that Age, that they did not perform *Greater Actions*.

How-

However, in the next thou shalt hear of the *Birth* and *Life* of a Great *Prophet*, even *Alexander*, the *Conqueror* of all *Asia*. In the mean time, I plunge my Self in the *Idea's* of the Dust thou treadest on, and shrinking into an Abstract of Humility, I bid thee Adieu.

Paris, 2d. *of the* 9th. *Moon*, *of the Year* 1671.

The End of the Third Book.

LETTERS

LETTERS

A SPY at PARIS.

VOL. VII.

LETTERS

Writ by

A Spy at *PARIS.*

VOL. VII.

BOOK IV.

LETTER I.

To Peſteli Hali, *his Brother*, Maſter *of the* Cuſtoms, *and* Superintendant *of the* Arſenal *at* Conſtantinople.

I Know not well, whether it is my Part to be ſorry or glad, when I hear thy Son is Wild and Prodigal: That he is Amorous, and very much addicted to Frolick with *Women*, *Wine* and *Muſick*: That he frequents the *Baths* and *Play-Houſes*, on purpoſe to make ſome Intereſt for his *Love*, that

that he may ſometimes get a Sight of Beautiful Ladies, and have the Pleaſure of being admitted into their Company; That he hunts the Society of *Foreign Merchants*, the Houſes of *Chriſtian Embaſſadors*, and inſinuates himſelf into the Acquaintance and Familiarity of all *Travellers* who make any Figure in the *Imperial* City.

I proteſt, it ſeems difficult in my Opinion, to determine whether thou thy ſelf haſt Reaſon to be griev'd at all this, or not rather to rejoice, as at a Preſage of his Future Good Fortune, ſince it is a Manifeſt Argument of the Greatneſs of his *Soul*: And, let that alone to work out its own Way to Happineſs. Never check a *Generous* Spirit; For ſuch are full of the *Divinity*. They are the *Eagles*, the *Lyons*, the *Kings* and *Princes* of the Earth. Their Veins flow with *Sacred Blood*; their Nerves ſtrut with the Milk of *Paradiſe*. A Thouſand Excellencies poſſeſs their Hearts, and Ten Thouſand Perfections take Root in their Brains. Whatever of Precious is ſcatter'd up and down in the *Elements*, meets in their Accompliſh'd Nature, as in an *Epitome*, or Rich *Compendium* of the Brighteſt *Eſſences*; an Extract of all that's Valuable, Good and Lovely in the *Univerſe*.

Be not diſcourag'd to ſee thy Son Amorous of Women: 'Tis a Sign of a Good Nature. And he is look'd upon as a Monſter, or Degenerate Perſon, who feels no Warmths or Paſſions for that Lovely Sex. *Women* are ſent into the World on purpoſe to blow up thoſe

Gentle

Gentle Flames within our Breasts, which sublimate our Grosser Mold, and make us more refin'd. *Love* is a Sacred Frensie of the Soul, a Divine Madness, Elevating a Man up to the Pitch of a *Santone*, and rendring him the Care of the Benigner *Daemons*. He is every where safe; having the Favour of *Gods* and *Men*, as the *Roman Poet* expresses it:

Quisquis amore tenetur, eat tutusque sacerque.

And had it not been for thy own Experience of this *Noble Passion*, thou hadst not had a Son to complain of.

Perhaps it makes him Expensive and Costly in his Manner of Living. He wou'd, no doubt, appear Gay and Polite in the Eyes of his *Mistresses*: He wou'd be Generous and Magnificent in his Entertainments, Liberal to his Friends and Acquaintance, Charitable to all Persons in Distress. And canst thou really blame him for putting in Practice so many Amiable Vertues? Is not this better than to see him of a Sneaking, Sordid Temper, addicted to Avarice, and other *Ignoble* Vices? Remember thy own *Genius*, when thou wert Young; what a Passionate Delight thou took'st in *Travelling*: Yet, this cou'd not be maintain'd without great Charges. Consider therefore, that it is thy own Blood, running in the Veins of thy *Son*, which prompts him to a Noble Way of Living. And do not thou imitate those Fathers, who by their Severity, teach their Children to degenerate, instead of

making

making them better, or more reform'd. They frighten them from the Paths of Innate Vertue, for the Lucre of their Gold, and Take Abundance of Pains to inſtruct them in the Methods of Covetouſneſs; as if that alone were the *Zenith* of Wiſdom and Vertue, whereas it is, in Truth, the very *Sink* and *Seminary* of all Vice.

I will relate to thee a Story which I have heard in *Paris*, which has ſomething in it very Singular and Remarkable, concerning the Affection and Care of a Father toward his *Extravagant* and *Prodigal Son*. This Old Gentleman had a Fair Seat, about Ten Leagues from this City, which had belong'd to his Family for the Space of Five Hundred Years. His Yearly Revenue was very conſiderable; and having only one *Son*, he gave him the Liberty of managing Half his Eſtate, when he came to the Age of One and Twenty Years.

This young Spark being of a High Spirit, was ſo far from harbouring any Thoughts of Frugality, that he cou'd hardly brook the Neceſſity of Living within the Compaſs of his Allowance. He addicted himſelf to *Gaming*, *Drinking*, and other Lewd Courſes, which in a ſhort Time conſum'd his Means, and reduc'd him to great Streights.

About the ſame Time his Father died, and left him the Remainder of his Eſtate, giving him all the Inſtructions that are uſual in ſuch Caſes; and, among the reſt of his Sage Counſels, he charg'd him, If it ſhou'd be

his

his Misfortune to become a *Bankrupt* again, so as to be forc'd to sell his Estate, that he wou'd at least not part with that House which had been so long in the Possession of their Family: Especially he conjur'd him to reserve one particular Chamber for himself as long as he liv'd, which was the same where he then lay a dying. *For this*, said he, *will be a Sanctuary for you, when you have no other Place of Refuge in the World.*

After the Old Mans Decease, his Son fell to his former Course of Life; and, to make short of it, in a few Years spent all his Patrimony; even that very House it self, which he was forc'd to sell at last for an under-price, to supply his present Necessities. However, he obey'd his Father's last Injunction; and in the Sale of the House, made *Articles* for the perpetual Claim and Use of that *Chamber* to himself.

It was not long before he had consum'd the Money which he receiv'd for the House: So that now his last Support was gone. He try'd to borrow some of his Friends and Acquaintance: And in Charity they supply'd him at first with small Sums: But when he often press'd them, they grew weary of him and deny'd to part with any more.

The Disconsolate Gentleman, over-whelm'd with Grief and Melancholy, returns to his *Chamber*, hoping to find some Ease in that private Recess; where he might at least

have the Privilege of venting his Sorrow in Sighs and Tears.

He pass'd away some time in this dejected Condition, when at length he cast his Eye on an old *Trunk* which stood in a corner of the Chamber, and which he had scarce ever regarded before. An odd Curiosity prompted him to rise and look into this Trunk, perhaps not so much in Hopes of finding any Relief there, as to divert himself and pass away the tedious Minutes. *And yet 'tis Natural for People in great Calamities and Misfortunes, to flatter themselves with the Imagination of unexpected Reliefs, and to catch at every the least Glimpse or Shadow, that seems to presage any Good.* Be it how it will, he fell to rifling the *Trunk*, but found nothing, save a Parcel of Old Rags and Papers, with other Remnants and Fragments of Silk, Linnen, and Velvet, the Reliques and Spoils of his Fathers Wardrobe. This was no Booty for him: However, he ceas'd not his Scrutiny, till he had quite empty'd the *Trunk*. When to his no small Astonishment he found these Words on the Bottom: *Ah Prodigal! hast thou spent All, and sold thy House? Now go and hang thy self. There's a Rope ready provided for thee in the Beam of the Chamber.*

The Young Gentleman looking up to the Cieling, and seeing a Halter hang there, being fasten'd to an Iron Ring, was struck with such a Damp, that concluding it was the *Will* of *Fate*, that he should fulfil the

VVords

Words he found on the Bottom of the *Trunk*; he immediately took a Chair, or Stool, and placing it just under the Rope, got up and rais'd himself upon it, that so he might the better reach the design'd Instrument of his Death.

He stood not long musing: For Life appear'd now Insupportable to him. Wherefore putting the Halter about his Neck, in the Height of Despair, he kick'd the Stool away. When behold, instead of hanging there, he fell to the Ground, the weighty Swing of his Body having pull'd out a Piece of Square Timber from the Beam, being that Part to which the Ring was fasten'd. Immediately he was like to be overwhelm'd, and buried alive in a great Heap of Gold, which came showring down upon him out of the Hollow Place, which his Father had contriv'd on Purpose in the Beam, to put this Kind *Saracism* on his Son, now sufficiently mortified by so many Sorrows.

In a word, this made so deep an Impression on him that he grew reform'd, buying all his Estate back again with Part of the Money; and employing the Rest in Merchandising, grew to be a Richer Man than his Father, or any of his *Progenitors*.

Dear *Pesteli*, thy Son is Generous and Witty: It is thy Part to reclaim him by Methods agreeable to his Nature. For Ruggedness and Austerity, will make him but the worse.

Paris, 5th. *of the* 11th. *Moon, of the Year* 1671.

LETTER II.

To Codorafrad Cheick, *a Man of the* Law.

HEre has happen'd an Accident of late, which testifies the Zeal of the *French* for their *Religion*, as well as it discovers the Rash and Unwarrantable Fury of a Bigotted *Desperado*. This Person was one of that *Sect* they call *Huguenots*, of whom there are great Multitudes in *France*; and they are Diametrically Opposite to those of the *Roman Faith* in their Principles, and the Manner of Worshipping *God*; yet are tolerated by the *State*, to prevent the Inconveniencies of a *Civil War*, and the Effusion of Humane Blood. The King chusing rather by Clemency to win them to his Party, than by a severe Execution of the Laws in Force against

againſt them, to compel their Conſciences in Matter relating to *God*.

Yet many Men are of Opinion, That this *Royal* Condeſcenſion will not have its deſir'd Effect, upon a Stubborn and Ungrateful ſort of People; who inſtead of being oblig'd to Fidelity and Obedience by ſuch Indulgent Favours, are apt to interpret them as Arguments of the *King*'s Importance and Diſability to puniſh thoſe that reſiſt his Authority, and to harden themſelves the more in their Factious Inſolence: As it will appear by what I am going to relate of a certain Religious *Furioſo*, a *Huguenot* by Profeſſion. This Fellow coming one Day into the Great *Temple* in *Paris*, which they call *Noſtre Dame*, makes up directly toward the *Prieſt* who was celebrating the *Maſs*; and waiting a convenient Seaſon to execute his Purpoſe, juſt as the *Prieſt* was elevating that which they eſteem the *Sacramental Body* of *Jeſus*, the *Meſſias*, above his Head, according to Cuſtom, that it might be Ador'd by all the Congregation; this Ruffian ſtept to him, and ſtriking the Wafer out of his Hand, trampl'd it under Foot, and then aſſaſſinated the *Prieſt* with his Dagger.

The whole Aſſembly were aſtoniſh'd at ſuch an unexampl'd Attempt. They ſtood ſtill like Statues for a while, and ſuffer'd the Villain to paſs through the Throng, till he came to the very Gate of the *Temple*: When beginning to rouze out of their Stupefaction, ſome run after him, and ſo he was ſiez'd,

and carried before the next *Cádi*, or *Judge of Criminal Cauſes*, who condemn'd him to have his Right Hand firſt cut off before the Gate of the ſame Temple, where he had been guilty of this Aſſaſſine and Prophanation, and his Body preſently afterwards to be burnt alive. Which was accordingly executed.

But not thinking this a ſufficient Expiation of the Diſhonour done to *God*, the *Archbiſhop* of *Paris* commanded Publick Prayers to be made which they call the *Oraiſons* of Forty Hours. He appointed alſo a Solemn Proceſſion of all the *Clergy* to the *Temple* of *Noſtre Dame*, to cleanſe it from the Defilement (which, according to their Belief) it had contracted by this Impious Action. The Soveraign Companies of the City likewiſe, attended theſe Ceremonies in their Robes of Honour, to teſtifie their Devotion.

Thou wilt not conclude me an *Infidel*, or ſay that I undertake the Patronage of the *Roman Religion*, if I condemn this Fellow as a *Martyr* to his own Preſumption and Arrogance. The *Romans* and *Huguenots* are all alike to me, ſo long as they are equally Enemies to the *Meſſenger* of *God*. But it is not decent or wiſe, neither Good Manners nor Policy to affront the Eſtabliſh'd *Religion* of the Country where a Man lives. 'Twas ſufficient that this Ruffian, and all his Brethren, had the Liberty of ſerving God after their own Way. It was an unpardonable

ble Immortality to disturb the lawful *Priests* of the Nation, especially in so barbarous a Manner, in the very Height of their Mysteries, the midst of their Daily Sacrifice at the *Altar* of their *God*, where they profess to immolate after a transcendent Manner, no less than the *Body* and *Blood* of the *Messias*.

Doubtless all *Nations* are Zealous for their *Religion*, and we *Mussulmans* shou'd not scruple to put to Death a Head-strong *Giaser*, who wou'd presume but to pollute our Sacred *Mosques* by his Uncircumcised Presence; much less should we spare him, if he attempted to offer any Violence to a *True Believer*, as he was Adoring the *Eternal Unity*, after the way observed by our *Fathers*, and commanded by the *Prophet*. And tho' these *Nazarenes* are Worshippers of *Images* and *Pictures*; tho' they Adore that, which to all outward Appearance is but a *Piece* of *Bread*; yet the Precept of *Moses* ought to be regarded, which says, *Ye shall not Blaspheme the* Gods *of the* Nations *whither ye go to dwell*.

Venerable Successor of *Moses* and the *Prophets*, vouchsafe to pray for *Mahmut*, that whilst he dwells among these *Infidels*, he may neither make Shipwreck of his *Faith*, by embracing their Vanities, nor yet forfeit his Discretion by any Rude, Unseemly, or Violent Carriage against them.

Paris *the* 23d. *of the* 12th *Moon*,
of the Year 1671.

LETTER III.

To Dgnet Oglou.

THere are a ſort of Men among the *Nazarene Eccleſiaſticks* whom they call *Caſuiſts*. Theſe are profoundly Vers'd in the Learning of the *Schools*, which (if thou remembreſt) Honeſt Father *Antonio*, the Old *Sicilian Prieſt*, our Friend, us'd to term *The Science of Husks*. A dry, chaffy Sort of Knowledge, conſiſting only of empty, vapid Notions, windy *Idea's*, Diſtinctions made in Sand, which may be effac'd, alter'd, or form'd at Pleaſure. The very Contemplation of theſe Metaphyſical Trifles, is enough to put one in a Fever; ſo ſubtle is the Poyſon they contain: a ſpiritual Venom, which darts like Lightning through ones Thoughts, and ſoon ferments the *Soul*, boiling our Reaſon up, to Scum and Froth it ſelf away in Divine Jargon, and *Religious* Nonſence.

Theſe Men will ſplit a Hair in Divinity to make a Scruple, or to diſannul it. They raiſe a Duſt in the Eyes of thoſe that give Heed to them, and play faſt and looſe with Human Reaſon, as it ſerves a Turn. They'll make a Hog of a Cuſhion, and turn an Elephant into a Coffee-Diſh, with their enchanting *Hæceities*, *Identities*, *Quatenus's*, and

and the Reſt of their Learned *Legerdemain*, the perfect *Hocus-Pocus* of the *Sorbonne*, by which they juggle Men out of their Senſes, and frame *Chimæra's* far more Monſtrous than thoſe in the Fictions of *Ovid*, or the more Early and Myſterious *Poems* of *Muſæus*, *Orpheus*, and *Heſiod*. They teach Men to ſtumble at a Feather in the way of a Religious Life, yet not to boggle at a Millſtone or a Mountain, where Intereſt calls for Reſolution and Speed. They ſtart more Difficulties than themſelves can anſwer in the Caſes of the Poor: But where Plenty of Gold appears, every Thing is made eaſie and plain. Mere Higglers in Religion; Quacks and Empiricks in Matters of Conſcience; murdering a Thouſand Diſtemper'd Souls, for one they Cure: Pretending to be Guides to *Paradiſe*, they lead *Men* through uncouth Paths, and intricate Windings, till they are loſt in Labyrinths of Error, bordering on the Confines of Hell. And then they leave 'em to themſelves; where, if they make One falſe Step, they go out of their Bounds, treſpaſs on the *Devil's* Frontiers, and ſo are either in Danger of a Precipice, or at leaſt of being taken Captives, by the out-lying Scouts of the *Infernal Kingdom*, from whom 'tis difficult to eſcape.

There were ſuch as theſe alſo among the *Jews* and *Gentiles* of Old, and ſo there are at this Day, in all Religions, Men who are ſevere in *Punctilio's*, and neglect the

more Important *Precepts* of the *Law*. Nor can the *Muſſulmans* themſelves be free from this Embaraſsment of the Faith and Truth brought down from Heaven.

If thou obſerveſt the grave and ſupercilious Looks of our *Imaum's Mollah's, Cadi's*, &c. Thou'lt take 'em for the Juſteſt Men, the Holyeſt Saints on Earth. Mark but their Diſcourſe, 'tis an Abridgment of the *Alcoran*. They're ſeen each Morning at the Firſt Hour of *Publick Prayer*, walking before the *Moſques*, or ſiting in the Royal *Cæmeteries*, under ſome Melancholly Cypreſs, reading the Book of *Aſſonah*, or ſome other Spiritual Treatiſe. With Eyes caſt up to *Heaven*, or humbly fix'd upon the Ground, and Miniek Poſtures of their Hands, they act Devotion to the Life: Yet, in their Hearts, perhaps, are ſtudying how to Circumvent their Neighbour.

Go to theſe Perſons for Inſtruction in any doubtful Caſe: They'll hamper thee with far-fetch'd Terms and crabbed Problems: with formal Aſpects, and tedious Circumlocutions, ſtroaking their Beards, and ſighing from Deceitful Breaſts, they'll Induſtriouſly amuſe thy Soul with Dark *Ænigma's*, and trapan thy Senſe in Snares of Inſignificant and Untelligible Words; ſtriving to make thee believe, they are the *Pick-Locks* of the *Eternal Cabinet*, if not the *Priny-Counſellors* of *Heaven*: Whereas, the way of Piety is plain, and circumſcrib'd with certain noted Boundaries. 'Tis hard indeed for a bewil-

der'd

der'd Traveller, to find the Narrow Gate and First Avenue of this Sacred Path, amongst so many Gorgeous, Glittering Portals, ever standing open, and inviting Men into the spacious Fields of Vice. But when he has once enter'd the obscurer Pass, he has nothing else to do, but go directly on, without turning to the Right Hand or the Left; only regarding the fix'd Landmarks of Eternal Truth, invariable Reason, and sound Morality. To speak plainly, A Man's Duty is comprehended in a few easie Rules. And he that goes to render 'em difficult, by knotty, thorny Glosses, throws Stumbling-Blocks before the Feet of *True Believers*, and interrupts their Pilgrimage to Heaven.

My Friend, if any Pious Scruples trouble thee or me, let us henceforth be our own *Casuists*; and not by blind implicite Faith, enslave our *Souls* to Men perhaps more Ignorant than our Selves. The *Law* is plain and positive, in necessary Matters. What need we seek to entangle our selves with more?

If we perform our *Oraisons* at the appointed Hours, What matter is it whether we observe the Six *Traditionary* Postures, or no? We that are Illuminated, I only speak of such. As for the Phlegmatick, Dull Multitude, 'tis fit they shou'd be curb'd with Discipline, and made to observe the nice *Punctilio's* of Obedience. What signifies the old Versatile Turn of th' Head,

from

from one ſide to th' other, as if we thought to catch the *Prophet* peeping o'er our Shoulders? Or, Where's the Senſe of the profounder Myſtery, of poring on our Fingers with extended Palms, as if we were at *School*, and learning our *Alphabet*; or imitated the clowniſh Ruſticks of *Armenia*, who as they work i'th' Fields and Vineyards, will make a Dyal of their Hand, a *Gnomon* of a Straw, and loſe an Hour in ſtedfaſt gazing on their dirty Fiſts, to know what Time of Day 'tis? Then the Myſterious Reſting of our Hands upon our Knees, with other Formal Ceremonies; What are they all, but an External Diſcipline, confirm'd by Ancient Cuſtom, and obſer'vd for Order's Sake? This need not trouble thee or me, when e're we have Occaſion to retrench ſuch Indifferent Niceties.

Nay, to go farther; if we ſhould neglect the ſtated Periods of Solemn Adoration, compell'd thereto by Sickneſs, Travelling, or any other Neceſſity; Be not diſconſolate, as if thou hadſt been guilty of a Mortal Sin. Some ſuperogating Work of Charity, will cancel Ten ſuch Faults as that: Or at leaſt, thou may'ſt look boldly in the Face of *God*, when at another Seaſon, on thy Knees, thou makeſt ample Compenſation; Or by ſacred Abſtinence and Faſting, diſperſeſt all the Miſts and Clouds of Guilt, that fate ſo heavy on thy Soul. The Times are all alike to him who is *Eternal*. There's no Diſtinction of Day or Night, with that Immor-

tal

tal Essence, who made the Sun and Stars, and is himself th' unchangeable Source of Light.

So, if we shou'd address our Selves to *Heaven*, without the usual Forms of Prayer, or any words at all; we have no Reason to be sad, as if our *Oraisons* were Ineffectual and Unheard. In the Eternal High Recess, our silent Vows and softest Whispers of the Soul, Eccho as loud as the most bold and noisy Clamour of the Tongue. There is a Rank of *Spirits* among the Rest Above, on purpose made to waft the Secret Thoughts of Mortal Men to *Heaven*. We cannot fail of Audience there, when e're we send the least Ejaculation up, with firm *Credentials* from the Heart.

In a word, believe my *Dgnet*, That the *Supremely Intelligent* and *Wise*, chiefly regards the Intention and Fervour of our Minds, the Habitual Bent of our Souls, with the Innocent and Pious Actions of our Lives. He is not to be mov'd (unless to Indignation) by the vain Tautologies of our Verbal *Oraisons*, the nauseating *Crambe* of devouteſt Words, common to Hypocrites and Persons of Sincerity, to the most Incorrigible Sinners, and the Greateſt *Saints*: The humble Silence of a Heart resign'd to Destiny, is a Pacifick Sacrifice, attoning for the greateſt Sins, attracting choiceſt Favours, Smiles and Benedictions from the *Eternal*. This is the Discipline of Sacred Love; the Rule of perfect Life, the Secret Chart of the

Elect,

Elect, whereby they steer their Course to *Paradise*.

Which of the *Prophets* was a formal *Beadsman*, to number out his *Oraisons* at Finger's End, and offer up to *God* a short and vain Retail of Words, in Recompence of Infinite Bounties Past, and in Hopes of more to Come?

When *Mahomet* was pursu'd by cruel *Infidels*, and forc'd to make the Wilderness his Sanctuary, and hid himself within the Hollow of an Aged Oak, He did not seek to amuse th' *Eternal* with studied Forms of Speech and Humane Eloquence, or tire th' Immortal Ears with a Religious long Harangue; as if he thought to ensnare the General Mercy of the *Holy One*, in Trains of Artificial and Elaborate Language, or catch his more particular Indulgence, in a Trap of Subtile Rhetorick. The harmless *Saint*, with Heart and Face, compos'd with Self-denying Thoughts and Looks, stood like a Statue in the Bless'd *Asylum*: While gentle Rivolets of Compassionate Tears trill'd down his Cheeks, His Soul was pierc'd with Sacred Pity to his Enemies. He sigh'd, and wish'd, in short, whatever Blameless Piety cou'd suggest for him and them. *Angels* immediately carried the Prophetick Vows to *Heaven*. His silent passionate Prayer was heard. The Cruel Persecutors, blinded with Impious Fury, rush'd into the Desart; they spread themselves abroad and rode at large: One Traytor spurr'd his Horse through thickest

thickest VVebs of low entangl'd Thorns and Underwoods, greedy of the Royal and Majestick Prey; whilst others took the open Paths, hoping to overtake the *Prophet* on the Flight. They seem'd to swim or fly, rather than ride, such was the Swiftness of their Course, Fierce was the Cry, re-eccho'd from the Hollows of the Rocks, and Valleys, [*Mecca, for the Head of Mahomet.*] Some stumbled at the out-creeping Roots of Trees, and broke a Leg or Arm, by a Precipitate Fall from off their Beasts; whilst others had their Eyes struck Blind by Interfering Twigs. One had his Turbant rudely brush'd off, and Scalp severely shav'd, by broken Stumps of Boughs, and Rows of Knotty Branches, plac'd and bent down by *Fate*, on Purpose to revenge th' *Apostle*'s Cause on such a Miscreant as this. Another could not curb his Horse from jumping down into a deep blind Quarrey, dugg i'th' midst oth' VVood, where the proud Heretick dash'd his Skull and Brains upon the Marble Pavement at the Bottom. So Sensible and Vindictive are Inanimate Creatures, when a Good Man, a Saint, a Friend of *God* is wrong'd. The very Stocks and Stones, and all the *Elements* are touch'd with Sacred Sympathies at such a Time. The Frame of *Nature* feels strange tender Passions, Fits, and Qualms of Amorous Regard: And *God* himself, if I may so express my self, is rowz'd as from a Trance, and snatching up the VVeapons of his Power

and

and Wrath, runs like a Champion to defend the Cauſe of injur'd Innocence.

But, I forget that I am writing a Letter, and therefore ought to be Brief. Beſides, what I have ſaid, is ſufficient to convince thee, That I have an *Idea* of *Religion*, far different from that which the *Caſuiſts*, whether *Muſſulmans* or *Chriſtians*, would Imprint in Men's Minds.

If thou canſt not think as I do, I condemn thee not. Uſe thy Native Freedom; but remember, That tho' Men's Reaſons and Opinions vary as do their Faces; yet Truth is *Homogeneous*, Uniform, and ever of the ſame Complexion, in all Ages and Nations.

Paris, 1ſt. of the 2d. *Moon*,
of the Year 1672.

LETTER

LETTER IV.

To the Kaimacham.

THE *King* of *France* has lately made a *League* with the *King* of *England*. Whereupon the People, by way of *Proverb*, ſay, That *Mars* and *Jupiter* are now in *Conjunction*: Reflecting thereby on the different Tempers of theſe Two *Princes*. The One, Debonaire and Jovial, Exceſſively addicted to Women and Wine, yet not forgetting or declining *Martial* Affairs, when his Honour or Intereſt invites him to take up Arms: The Other ſeeming wholly taken up with the Thoughts of Conqueſt, and enlarging his Dominions; yet ſparing ſome Time for the Enjoyment of himſelf, and Proſecution of his Amours.

However, both of them now have proclaim'd Open War againſt the *Hollanders*, by Sea and Land. The *King* of *Sweden*, who was before an *Allie* of the *Dutch*, has of late declar'd himſelf a *Neuter*. And the *Biſhop* of *Munſter*, who is one of the *Electors* of the *German Empire*, is engag'd in the *French* Intereſt.

Thus are ſome of the *Princes* and *States* in *Europe* divided already; and *God* knows how far the Breach may extend in Time.

'Tis not altogether unworthy of Remark, what different Factions there were of Late amongſt

amongſt the *Hollanders* themſelves, tho' a *Republick* pretending to greater and faſter Union of Intereſts, than what can be found in any *Monarchy*. Yet this *Common-wealth* was rent into Three ſeveral Parties: VVhereof One was headed by the *Prince* of *Orange*: the Other by *John De-Wit*; and the Third was compos'd of the *Commons*, without any *Chief* of Note.

I will not trouble thee with a Character of the *Prince* of *Orange*. He is already known by Fame at the *Sublime Port*. As to *John De-Wit*, I can give no other Account at preſent, but that he was a Perſon whom Fortune had rais'd to ſuch an Eminence in the *Common-wealth*, as made him the *Prince* of *Orange*'s Rival, and Competitor for the Supremacy. Therefore he ſought to exclude him from all Employments and Offices of Truſt, that he might eſtabliſh himſelf in his Place.

The Third Party, whom we may call *Republicans*, were of Opinion, That it was not for the Honour of the *Common-wealth* to acknowledge any *Head*; judging that the Eſtabliſhment or Excluſion, the Riſe or Fall of the *Prince* or *De-Wit*, ought to be a Thing Indifferent to the *States*. In regard the *Common-wealth* appear'd in their ſight ſufficiently to flouriſh, under the Protection of her own Arms and Riches, without having any Need of either the *Prince* of *Orange*'s Aſſiſtance, or *De-Wit*'s.

However,

However, notwithstanding these Animosities of the *Hollanders* among themselves; as soon as they found themselves engag'd in a War with Two such Potent *Monarchs*, They all Unanimously chose the *Prince* of *Orange*, as *General* of their *Army*; Remembring the Famous Actions of his *Fathers*, the *Princes* of the *House* of *Nassaw*; by whose Valour and Conduct, they had gain'd and conserv'd their Liberties. On the other side, *De-Witt* having rendred himself Odious to the Vulgar, was by them torn in pieces: Such a Destiny oft happening to those who aspire to rise themselves by Unlawful Methods, and who are Ambitious to be the *Ringleaders* of a *Faction*.

The *French* call the *Prince* of *Orange*, a *General* without an Army; In Regard, the *Hollanders* being as yet only upon the Defensive, and their Towns wanting strong Garrisons; their Souldiers are all dispos'd of this Way, so that there is little or no Appearance of a Field-Army.

This is Certain, the *King* of *France* is the most Gallant *Prince* in *Europe*. He passes from Divertisements to the Toils of War; and from the Champaign returns to his Pleasures again. Thus, 'tis difficult to distinguish between his Labours and Recreations; his Pleasures and his Business. They seem to be near of Kin, that he takes equal Pleasure in both.

'Twas but a little before the first Appearances of this War, That he and his Queen

were

were revelling in the Gardens of *Chantilly*, where a *Royal* Entertainment was prepar'd for them by Night. The *Court* attended them thither; and there the *Roman* Luxury was ſeen in Royal Miniature. As ſoon as the Gates were open'd, there appear'd an Artificial Day; ſo light was the Place made with Flambeau's and Lamps: Which being well plac'd among the Trees, with other refin'd Illuminations, adorn'd with Chaplets of Flowers, which preſented the Eye with a pleaſing Medly of Colours, interſpers'd with Oranges, Citrons, and other agreeable Fruits, tranſported the Company with exquiſite Delight. All together pretty well reſembl'd a Foreſt in a Chamber: For the Walls not being far from the Place where the *King* ſate, were hung with Arras, with a Multitude of Lights burning near the Hangings: And there was a Spring of Water in the Middle of the Garden, raiſing it ſelf after a wonderful Manner into the Form of a High Pyramid; and falling again into Three Baſons of *Marble* ſucceſſively from one to the other, made a pleaſant Spectacle to the Courtiers.

Then a moſt Magnificent Collation was ſerv'd up with Vocal and Inſtrumental Muſick, ſo ſoft and fine, with a ſudden Dew cooling the Air, which had a Smell like Sweet-Bryars, as render'd the Place a perfect *Paradiſe*. After which followed the *King*'s Supper, far ſurpaſſing the other Banquet in all Manner of Delicacy and Politeneſs,

neſs, as well as the ſtupendious Abundance of Diſhes. When Supper was ended, they were entertain'd with a Show of Something Admirable and New in Fire-Works. But, tho' it be ſo to them, I will not trouble thee with a Deſcription of it, ſince thou haſt ſeen far Finer and more Coſty at *Conſtantinople*, or where-ever the Great *Sultan* kept his Reſidence at the Time of a *Dunahma*.

After this, the *King* went to ſee the New Fortifications of *Dunkirk*, which he had order'd not long before. And in a little time, follow'd this *Declaration* of *War* againſt *Holland*.

So things go in a Circle; from *War* to *Peace*; from *Peace* to *War* again. However, thou wilt the better know by what I have ſaid, how to comport thy ſelf, in Caſe of any Difference between the *Engliſh*, *French*, and *Hollanders* at the *Sublime Port*. *God* inſpire thee with *Climacterical* Wiſdom, to adjuſt all Difficulties in their Stated Periods.

Paris, 26th, *of the* 3d. *Moon*, *of the Year* 1672.

LETTER

LETTER V.

To Cara Hali, Physician *to the* Grand Signior.

THou haſt born with a Thouſand Impertinencies in my Letters; and I know not, whether what I'm now going to write, will deſerve a better Character. However, I feel a Spirit within me, checking my Stupid Mind, in that I was not before ſenſible of my Error, but muſt make ſo late a Recantation. It is impoſſible for me to reflect on the vain and trifling Subjects I have all along entertain'd thee with, and not to bluſh at ſo grand an Overſight; Since I then ſeem'd not ſo much as to regard thy Knowledge and Practice in *Medicines*, which has exalted thee to the Honour of being plac'd in the Front of thoſe who take Care of the *Grand Signior*'s Health. Much leſs did I preſent thee with Matters ſuitable to thy more Interiour Knowledge, and that hidden Wiſdom, which deſervedly ranks thee among the moſt Perfect and Accompliſh'd *Mortals*.

In Ancient Times, *Theology* and *Phyſick* were counted *Sciences* of ſuch a near Relation and mutual Dependance, that one cou'd not ſubſiſt without the other. By *Phyſick* they meant the General *Science* of *Nature*,

Nature, otherwiſe termed *Magick*: Which comprehended under it the Knowledge of the *Heavens*, the *Elements*, and every *Being* within their vaſt Circumference; The Motions of *Sun*, *Moon*, and *Stars*, their various *Aſpects*, *Influences*, and *Dominions* in this Lower World: The Nature of the *Winds* and *Meteors*, with their Effects; The Virtues of all *Plants*, and *Living Creatures*; as alſo of *Inſenſible Things*, the *Metals*, *Minerals*, and other Subſtances found both on the Surface of the Earth, within its Concave, and in the Sea.

Such as theſe of Old, were *Apollonius Tyanæus*, with the *Magi* of *Perſia* and *Chaldæa*. Such was *Hierarchas* among the *Brachmans*; *Teſpion* the *Gymnoſophiſt*; *Budda* the *Babylonian*; *Numa Pompilius* at *Rome*; *Zamolxides* of *Thrace*; *Abbaris* the *Hyperborian*; *Hermes Triſmegiſtus* of *Egypt*; *Zoroaſter* the Son of *Oromaſes*, King of *Bactria*; *Evantes*, *an Arabian* King; *Zacharias* a *Babylonian*; *Joſeph* a *Hebrew*: With many others of different Nations; as, *Zenotenus*, *Kirannides*, *Almadal*, *Thetel*, *Alchind*, *Abel*, *Ptolomy*, *Geber*, *Zahel*, *Nazabarub*, *Tebiti Aerith*, *Salomon*, *Aſtrophon*, *Hipparchus*, *Alcmeon*, &c. And of later Date, *Albertus*, Surnam'd *the Great*, *Arnoldus de Villa Nova*, *Cardan*, *Raymund Lullius*: With a few more, not worth the Naming.

Theſe contemplated the Secret Force and Virtue of *Celeſtial* and *Sublunary* Things; the

the hidden Sympathy between them, and the *Myſterious Powers* of Nature. Then having by a curious and painful Scrutiny trac'd out the true *Genealogies* of Things, caſt their *Nativities*; and diſcover'd all their Kindred, Allies, Friends and Enemies; knew by applying in due Seaſons, *Actives* to proper *Paſſives*, how to produce Effects appearing ſtupendious Prodigies to the Vulgar, and no leſs then *Miracles*: Whereas, all this is but a pure Reſult of Nature, help'd by Humane Art. So Watches, Dyals, Clocks, and Mirrours, appear'd at firſt to th' Ignorant World, the Effects of *Magick*: Eſpecially the Simple Natives of *America*, ſhew'd little more Wit than Apes or Cats, which look behind the Glaſs, to find the Active Figure of themſelves, that they ſaw in it.

And now I'm got amongſt thoſe poor *Barbarians*, I can't forget a Paſſage of a *Peruvian* Slave, who being ſent by his *Spaniſh* Maſter with a Basket of choice Fruit and a Letter to his Friend; The ſilly *Ignoramus* being faint, by Reaſon of the exceſſive Heat; his Journey being alſo tedious, from the Town of *Lima* to a Village near the Mountains of *Potoſi*, eat up the Fruit by the way, to Allay his Hungry Thirſt. However, not having ſo good a Stomach to the Letter, he deliver'd it ſafe to the Perſon to whom it was addreſs'd; never once dreaming, that an Inſenſible Piece of Paper cou'd tell Tales. But, that diſcovering his Crime when he came home, his Maſter order'd him to the *Baſtinado*,

Baſtinado, to make him ſenſible of it. Then he was ſent again one the ſame Errand with *Oranges* and a Letter, and meeting with the ſame Temptation, he knew not what to do. At laſt, he hid the Letter under a Heap of Sand; wiſely concluding, That if it ſaw him not, it cou'd ne'er betray his Fact. However to ſecure it from all Means of peeping, he ſpread his Mantle o'er the Place; and then fell roundly to his Banquet; thinking he ſhou'd now have no Accuſer. In fine, he eat up all the *Oranges*, and was worſe bang'd for his Pains than the time before.

Generous *Hali*, thou ſeeſt I'm fall'n into the ſame Error for which I made Apology at the Beginning of this Letter: But thou canſt eaſily forgive ſuch Crimes as theſe. Suffer me only to relapſe thus far, That I may mention the *Mathematical Magicians*; ſuch as *Archytas*, who made a *Wooden Pigeon* to fly; and *Albert the Great*, who taught a *Brazen Head* to ſpeak: not forgetting him unknown by Name, who gave to the Statues of *Mercury*, *Voluble Tongues*, and *Elegant Language*; by whoſe *Mechanick* Art, a *Brazen Serpent* learnt to hiſs; and Birds of the ſame Metal, with other Helps, outvy'd the Nightingales and Thruſhes in their Melody.

I will not omit the Execrable Practices of *Necromancers*, or ſuch as Invocate the Dead, and with nefandous Ceremonies, Rites and Sacrifice, call to their Aid *Infernal Spirits*; bind them in Cryſtals, or ſome other Vehicle; and then Adore them, as the Ancient

Romans did their *Lares* and *Penates*. These are their Oracles which they consult in all Emergencies; and by their Help, work Wonders in the World, foretel Things Future, and reveal the most remote and hidden Secrets, whether Past or Present. Nor is this a Fable or an Old Wives Tale; for, unless the experienc'd Nations of the Earth had found some real Evils, from Wizards, Magicians and Witches; they wou'd not have made so severe Laws against them, as to aim at their Extermination from the Earth.

Neither need we admire, that Women are as much addicted to these curs'd Vanities as Men; since they are naturally more inquisitive into Secrets, and less cautious of being impos'd upon: They're prone to Superstition; and, from their Infancy, bred up to observe their *Dreams*, their *Moles*, and other *Marks* upon their Bodies. They cover all the Depth of *Palmistry* and *Physiognomy*; besides a thousand other little Follies.

If they meet a Man i'th' street at first going out, they are encourag'd, and take it for a Sign of their good Fortune: but, if one of their own Sex encounters them, they curse the undesigning Female, and return home again. They observe *Fatal Days*, and *Nights*, and certain *Critical Hours*, wherein they try Experiments to know their Future Husbands. They brew Enchanting *Philters* for their Lovers, and Intoxicate them with Liquors, wherein young Human *Cupids* have been boil'd, with Herbs as powerful to effect

their

their Wish, as those that *Circe* or *Medea* knew. In short, there is no *Species* of *Sortilegy*, or *Divination*, which vain young Maidens are not practis'd in. Which is a fair Disposition, or Introduction, to the *Blackest* kind of *Magick*.

But blessed are they, O Pious and most learned *Hali*, who being profoundly skill'd, and daily conversant in the *Science* of *Nature*, have never yet tainted themselves by any unlawful Commerce with *Spirits* Unclean, Infernal, and Enemies to *God*. They are Divine *Magicians*, having *Celestial* Characters, the Hidden Name of *God* imprinted on their *Souls*; whereby they are able to attract the *Angels*, and make the Highest *Spirits* obey him.

Hali, *God* grant that thou may'st be one of this Venerable and Happy Number. Farewell.

Paris, *the* 5th. *of the* 4th. *Moon*, *of the Year* 1672.

LETTER VI.

To Orchan Cabet, Student *of the* Sciences, *and* Penſioner *to the* Grand Signior.

IT has been a long time ſince the *Chriſtians* have openly publiſh'd Libels againſt our *Holy Lawgiver*, and the *Book* which he received from the Hands of *Gabriel*, one of the Chief Princes of *Heaven*: They affirm, for an undoubted Truth, That *Mahomet* himſelf compos'd that *Volume* of *Light*, by the Help of *Neſtorius* a *Chriſtian Monk*, and *Abdalla*, a *Jew*: And that it is but an *Artificial Medly*, a *Hotch-potch*, or *Gallimaufry* of *Pagan*, *Jewiſh* and *Chriſtian* Principles; cunningly ſuited and blended together, in order to gain *Proſelytes* of all Religions.

I proteſt by the Veneration I owe to the *Eternal God* of *Heaven*, That I really believe the *Alcoran* to be of *Divine* Original. Such is the inimitable Elegance of the Style, the Brightneſs and Force of its Reaſons and Arguments the wonderful and charming Contexture of Things *Hiſtorical*, *Moral* and *Divine*; That all the Writings in the World beſide, ſeem to me flat and inſipid, compar'd with this Sacred and Stupendous *Pandect* of Wiſdom. Yet, I muſt confeſs, I know not how to anſwer

swer the Accusation of the *Nazarenes*, because I have never read any *Mussulman* Treatise, that undertook to refute these Calumnies: Which makes me apt to think, there is none such extant. For, I have made diligent Enquiry, discours'd with several Learned Doctors of our *Law*; but can gain no Satisfaction in that Point.

Perhaps, our Fathers in former Ages, were ignorant how the *Messenger of God* had been traduc'd by the *Christians*: or if they knew it, yet they disdain'd to answer such Malicious Lyes. And as for these Modern Times, the Zeal of Religion is grown too Cold among the *True Believers*. Every one is carryed away with Self-Love, whilst no Man will be at the Pains to defend the Truth, or manifest the Errors of our Enemies. Besides, it is now impossible to disprove what they say concerning *Nestorius* and *Abdalla*; unless we cou'd produce Authors of unquestionable Authority, who liv'd in *Mahomet's* Time, and so could give a more exact Account of his Life, than those that came after them.

However, if we consult common Reason we shall find it very improbable, That Three Men of such Contrary Principles, as a *Jew*, a *Christian* and a *Pagan*, should all voluntarily agree and jump in one Design of brewing their several *Religions* together, and drawing such an Extract from them as could suit with neither of their Parties singly, and was like to have all of them together for its Enemies

and Perſecutors: There was no Ground for them to expect the Converſion of any *Jews*, ſo long as the *Alcoran* aſſerts *Jeſus the Son of Mary* to be *the True Meſſias*, *the Word and Breath of God*, *Worker of Miracles*, *Healer of Diſeaſes*, *Preacher of Heavenly Doctrin*, and *Exemplary Pattern of a perfect Life*; denying that he was *Crucify'd*, but affirming that he *Aſcended into Paradiſe*. Whereas the *Jews* call him an *Execrable Impoſtor*, *Magician*, *Seducer* of the *Nations*; and finally, by way of extreme Deriſion, they term him *the Man that was hang'd on a Tree*.

Neither was the *Alcoran* like to find any better Entertainment among the *Chriſtians*, for this laſt Reaſon; In that it denies the *Crucifixion* of the *Meſſias*, which is the *Baſis* whereon all the Superſtructure of their *Religion* is built: 'tis the Angular Stone of *Chriſtianity*. Beſides, they cou'd never be reconcil'd to *Polygamy*, *Circumciſion*, aboliſhing of *Images* and *Pictures*, nor to a great many other Things which the *Muſſulman* Law enjoyns. Eſpecially, they could never brook the Denial of the *Trinity*.

And for the ſame Reaſon, this ſuppos'd patch'd Form of Religion would have been as little welcom to the *Gentiles*, in that it took from them the Multitude of their *Gods*, and aſſerted the *Unity* of the *Divine Eſſence*. So that all Circumſtances being weigh'd, it appears that the *Alcoran*, ſince it has had ſuch Succeſs in the World, could not be forg'd by thoſe Three, nor compos'd by any Humane Pen;

Pen; but is of Divine Original. Besides had there been such a Triumvirate known in the Case, the *Coraï's* of *Mecca*, and other Mortal Enemies of *Mahomet* and his Doctrin, would not have spar'd to upbraid him with it: And if they were not known to the *Arabians* who were conversant with him, how came the *Christians* to be inform'd of this private *Cabal*, who were altogether Strangers to *Mahomet* at that Time?

Consider well these Things, and thou wilt have no Reason to give Credit to the Calumnies and lying Aspersions cast on *the Apostle of God*, by *Unbelievers*; but being more and more confirm'd in the *Undefiled Faith*, wilt glorifie *God*, who has guided thee into the Right Way, and not into the Way of *Infidels*, and those with whom he is displeased.

Orchan, as thou art endu'd with great Learning, I counsel thee to employ it in defending the Cause of the *Prophet*, who cou'd neither Write nor Read.

Paris, 15th. *of the* 6th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1692.

LETTER VII.

To Hamet, Reis Effendi, Principal Secretary *of the* Ottoman Empire.

HEre has been hot VVork this Summer in the *West*. The *King* of *France* has made such swift and large Conquests on the *Hollanders*, that they have hardly had Time to consider their Losses, and the Number of their Towns fallen into their Enemies Hands.

It always falls out so, when this *Monarch* goes in Person to the Campaign as he did this Year. In a very little Time he took *Burich*, *Orsoy*, *Rimberg*, *Vezel*, *Rees*, *Emmerick*, and many other Places. Yet this Success was allay'd with the Death of the *Duke* of *Longueville*, who fell a Victim, either to his Dullness or Temerity, in not hearing or not receiving the Cries of the Enemy, who demanded Quarter as the *French* were passing the *Rhine*. He was shot with a Musket-Bullet: And the *Duke* of *Enguien*, his Cousin, very narrowly escap'd; for they were both jointly engag'd in the same Action.

The Death of this *Prince* is much lamented, not only by those of his *Family*, but by the whole *Court* and City, as being the Flower

Flower of his Time; having ſignaliz'd his Valour at the Siege of *Candie*, the Conqueſt of the *Franche-Compte*, and other VVarlike Expeditions. And they diſcourſe, as if he had been deſign'd to ſtand *Candidate* for the *Poliſh* Crown.

I am the more particular in this Relation, becauſe the Enterprize of the *French King* in paſſing the *Rhine*, is look'd upon as one of the moſt hardy and bold, that ever was taken in Hand. In all the Hiſtories of theſe Parts, there is not one Example of ſo ſurprizing an Expedition. And the Succeſs anſwer'd their Expectations: For the *Hollanders* were extreamly daunted and diſheartned by the News of theſe Exploits. In a little Time *Arnheim* and *Nimeghen*, were reduc'd to the *King*'s Obedience; with the Fort of *Skin*, and Towns of *D' Oesburg*, *Bomel*, *Zuthen*; *Deventer*, the *Metropolis* of a *Province*; with *Weifet*, *Tougres*, *Maſeick Dortemein*; *Elbourgh*, *Woerden*, *Arnham*, another *Capital* City, with many more Places, too tedious to be rehears'd.

In a Word, ſuch are his Expeditions, Marches, his Sage Counſels, his Never-failing Succeſs, That the People think it no Flattery to call him a Second *Alexander* the *Great*, *Timurleng*, *Scanderbeg*, *Scipio*, *Hannibal*, and all the Great Heroick Names in the World.

To ſpeak the Truth, the *King* of *France* hath all along made an Illuſtrious Figure in the World. And their Famous Exploits in

VVar, with their Heroick Actions in Time of Peace, afford ſufficient Matter for the higheſt *Panegyricks*, without an occaſion of *Hyperbole's*. Which made one of the *Roman Muſti's* in a Letter to the *King* of *France*, thus expreſs himſelf: "By how much the "*Royal* Dignity tranſcends the State of "other Men, ſo far is the *Monarchy* of "*France* exalted above all the *Kingdoms* in "the World. *Pope Urban* IV. ſaid, That the *King* of *France* was as the *Morning Star* in the *Firmament* of *Princes*; brighter than all other *Kings*, a perfect *God* on Earth. 'Tis aſſerted by another Author, That by the *King* of *France's* Shadow, the whole VVorld is ruled. And ſuch was the Eſteem which *Pope Clement* had for this *Monarchy*, that he granted a Hundred Days Indulgence to every one that pray'd for the *King* of *France*; to which *Pope Innocent* IV. added Ten Days more.

'Tis a *Maxim* in the *Salick-Law*, That the *King* of *France* never dies. But this indeed is altogether as True in *Spain*, *Great-Brittain*, and other *Hereditary Kingdoms*, till the Succeſſion fails. For then it degenerates to an *Elective Monarchy*, or otherwiſe into *Ariſtocracy*; or laſt of all into *Democracy*, or a *Republick*.

But *France* is yet free from theſe painted Forms of Slavery. Her *Kings* are Maſculine and Vigorous; her Queens Chaſt and Fruitfull. There never wants an Heir apparent to the *Crown*. And this ſecures the Nation from

from a Thouſand Calamities, which attend *Elective Monarchies*, and more Popular Forms of Government.

What Injuſtices, Cruelties, Maſſacres, and all manner of Publick Grievances were complain'd of in *Rome*, after *Claudius Cæſar* had brought the *Empire* of his Souldiers? What Bickerings between the *Senate*, the *People*, and the *Armies*? Each Party would have an *Emperor* of their own chuſing, one *Province* was Emulous of another: So that ſometimes there have been Twenty or Thirty *Emperors* together, all claiming the *Sovereignty*. And when there were but Two, ſuch was the Obſtinate and Strong Diſpute between them, That they have been forc'd to ſhare the *Empire* equally, as the only Means to prevent its utter Diſſolution. Hence ſprung the Firſt Inſtitution of Colleagues in the *Empire*. And this was the Root of thoſe Factions and Diviſions, which encreaſing and growing up with Time, branch'd forth into ſmaller Schiſms; till at length, by the Ambition of ſome, the Misfortune or Careleſsneſs of others, or at leaſt their want of Power and Courage; that Mighty *Empire* was Cantoniz'd, rent in Pieces, and dwindl'd into that narrow Dominion which it now poſſeſſes under the *Tutelage* of the *Houſe* of *Auſtria*. And there appear no hopes of its ever being reſtor'd again to its priſtine Grandeur, unleſs the *Bourbons*, with their growing Fortune, ſhall Crown the *Eagle* with a Chaplet of *Flower-de-Lys's*,

and

and change the Seat of the *Western Monarchy*, from Improsperous *Vienna*, to All-conquering *Paris*.

In a VVord, *Henry* IV. began the Design; *Lewis* XIII. carried it on; and this present King has so far improv'd it, by his Matchless Fortune and Courage, that in all Probability, this or the next Age will see it brought to Perfection.

Accomplish'd Minister, I bow my self with Abundance of Interior Veneration, to the Dust of thy Feet: I affectionately kiss the Border of thy Robe, and bid thee a devout Adieu.

Paris, 14th. *of the* 8th. *Moon, of the Year*, 1672.

LETTER

LETTER VIII.

To William Voſpel, a Recluſe of Auſtria.

THY Letters make me very reſtleſs and inquiſitive; They awaken New Doubts and Scruples in my Breaſt, inſtead of removing or ſatisfying the Old Ones. Freſh *Queries* ſtart in my Mind; and the more thou laboureſt to faſten me in thy narrow Superſtition, and bigotted Zeal for the *Infallibility* of the *Pope* and the *Roman Church*, the looſer I grow. My *Soul* is like a VVild *Colt* of the VVilderneſs, that toſſes up his Head, ſnuffs the Air in Indignation, and ſcorning the Bridle of Servitude, neighs for Joy at his Native Liberty, ſcampering at large through the ſolitary VVaſte; nor can he be wheeld'd by Humane Craft, to loſe his beloved Freedom, or change it for a Tame Captivity.

I have revolv'd in my Mind the Ages that are Paſt, and the Years of Untraceable Origin. I have examin'd the Times and Seaſons of the VVorld, recorded in Hiſtory; from *Adam* to *Moſes*, from *Moſes* to *Jeſus*, and from *Jeſus* to theſe preſent Days wherein we live. After all, I find that the *Memoirs* of Former Tranſactions are cover'd with great Darkneſs; yet there are not wanting ſome Glimmerings of Light, to direct a dili-

a diligent Mind, an Impartial Lover of Truth.

Jesus the Son of *Mary*, was of the *Stock* of *Abraham*, *Isaac*, and *Jacob*. He was educated in the *Law* of *Moses*, which he observ'd in all Things to a Tittle: And in his Life time he said, *Think not that I come to destroy the Law, but to perfect it.* His *Apostles* observ'd the same Rule, and in all Things were strict Observers of the *Stated Precepts*. So were the *Primitive Christians*, even to the keeping of the *Jewish Sabbath*; besides the *First Day* of the *Week*, appointed for the *Publick Celebration* of their own *Mysteries*. They abstain'd from *Blood*, and from *Things strangl'd*, and from all *Unclean Meats*, and such as were *Sacrific'd* to *Idols*. They had no *Images* or *Pictures* in their *Churches*, *Chapels*, or *Oratories*. In fine, they observ'd all the Necessary *Purifications*, and Ador'd *One God* with Unity of Heart, and Lively Faith, and Good Works. Whereas thou seest, the present *Roman Church* follows quite contrary *Maxims*. They give the Lye to our *Lord's own Declaration*; and positively say, That he came on purpose to Abolish the *Law*, and introduce an *Universal Liberty*; That we may now as freely banquet on the *Blood* of *slain Beasts*, as on the *Milk* of the *Living*; and Eat of Swines Flesh, and other Abominable Food; with as little Detriment to our Souls, as on the Flesh of Lambs, or other clean Creatures allow'd by the *Law* of *God*.

How

How can this hang together, or be credited by any Rational Man? 'Tis no wonder there are so many *Libertines* and *Atheists* in the World, when they find *Christianity* to be a mere Head of palpable Contradictions.

To this thou wilt answer, according to the common Rule of *Divines*, That during the *Primitive Times*, the *Apostles* and all other *Christians* observ'd the *Law* of *Moses*, for fear of giving Scandal to the *Jews*, of whom great Numbers were converted to the *Christian Faith*, when they saw that the *Followers* of *Jesus* did not deviate from the *Institutions* of the *Seniors*, the *Statutes* of the *House* of *Jacob*: But that afterwards, when the *Gospel* was *preach'd* far and wide on the Face of the Earth, and that many of the *Gentile* Nations were brought over to the *Church*; it was no longer necessary, for the sake of so Contemptible a People as the *Jews*, to scandalize all the Rest of the World, and impose on them a Yoke which they were not accustom'd to bear, and which wou'd tempt them to shake off *Christianity* it self, rather than submit to so Intolerable a Burden. Therefore the *Church*, to facilitate as much as in her lay, the *Conversion* of the *Roman Empire*, which then extended it self over the Greatest Part of the Earth; accommodated her Injunctions, Precepts, Manners, and Ceremonies of *Religion*, to the present Humour and Mode of those Times. And whereas the *Gentiles* eat

of

of all Meats Indifferent; ſo they were taught, that this was agreeable to the Will of our *Lord Jeſus*, who came to reſcue Men from the Slavery and Bondage of *Moſaick Superſtitions*.

By the very ſame Rule, they introduc'd the Uſage of *Images* and *Pictures* in their *Churches*: And the *Veſtments* of the *Prieſts*, the *Ornaments* of the *Altar*, the *Tapers*, *Lamps*, *Incenſe*, *Flower-pots*, and other *Religious* Gayeties; were faſhion'd according to the Patterns they receiv'd from the *Prieſts* of *Jupiter*, *Apollo*, *Venus*, *Diana*, and the reſt of the *Heathen Deities*. Hence the *Feſtivals* of the *Gods* and *Goddeſſes*, were turn'd to *Holy-days* of *Saints*; and *Temples* before Conſecrated to the *Sun*, *Moon*, and *Stars*, were a-freſh Dedicated to the *Apoſtles* and *Martyrs*. Thus the very *Pantheon* it ſelf in *Rome*, or *Temple* of *All the Gods*, in Proceſs of *Time*, by an *Eccleſiaſtick* Dexterity, was Converted to the *Church* of *All-Saints*. In a word, *Chriſtianity* in all Things ſeem'd no other than *Gentiliſm* in Diſguiſe. And it muſt be thought a *Pious Fraud*, thus to wheedle ſo many Millions of Sinners into the Boſom of the *Church*, whether they wou'd or no.

Oh! *Father William*, doſt thou not bluſh at theſe Trivial Excuſes, for the manifeſt Violation of the *Laws* of *God*? Can *Man* be wiſer than the *Omnipotent*? Or will he preſume to correct the Ways of *Him* that is *Perfect* in *Knowledg*? Is the *True Religion* to be propagated by imitating the *Idolatrous*

Rites

Rites of *Infidels*? Or by proſtituting the *Sacred Injunctions* of *Heaven*, to the *Caprices* of *Humane Policy*? Did ever any wiſe *Law-giver* condeſcend to alter and new-model his Laws, to humour a peeviſh captious *Subject*? VVou'd he add or diminiſh any Thing for the Sake of gaining a Faction or Party? And can we think, that *God* ever deſign'd, or can be pleas'd to have his *Divine Laws* garbl'd and mix'd with prophane *Indulgences*, *Diſpenſations* and Amendments of *Mortals*? As if he had been Ignorant what he did, when he divulg'd his *Statutes*, and wanted the *Counſel* of his *Creatures* to help him out at a dead Lift.

VVas that Tenderneſs to be only ſhew'd to the *Jews* for a Time? And were they for ever afterwards to be ſcandaliz'd? In vain do's the *Church* daily pray for the Converſion of that People, whilſt by her Doctrines and daily Practices, ſhe hardens them more in their Infidelity. The *Ethiopian Church* is a ſtanding VVitneſs againſt her to this Day, where the *Chriſtians* from all Antiquity, even from the Times of the *Apoſtles*, have kept that Part of the *Law* of *Moſes*, which relates to *Cleanneſs* and *Uncleanneſs*, and preſcribes the Choice we are to make of *Meats* allow'd to be *Eaten*, forbidding thoſe that are Execrable, and an Abomination. Hence it is, that there are more *Jews* Converted to the *Chriſtian Belief* in that Country, than in any other Part of the VVorld beſide.

It

It was, in my Opinion, to begin at the wrong End, thus to neglect the *Salvation* of the *Jews*, our Elder Brethren, from whom we receiv'd the *Oracles* of *God*, and run to proselyte the *Gentiles* by such preposterous Methods, as render'd us in a manner as much Their *Converts*, as them Ours: Since we shuffl'd our Religions together at Random, and made a Lottery of *Divine* and *Humane* Institutions; exchanging one *Species* of *Superstition* and *Idolatry* for another; bartering *Jupiter* for *Peter*; and *Mars* for *Paul*; *Venus* and her *Cupid*, for the *Virgin Mary*, and her Child *Jesus*: A *God* for an *Apostle*; and a *Demy-God* for a *Martyr*: VVhilst the *Law* it self, which is the Foundation and Main Prop of *True Religion*, lies neglected and trampled under Foot.

The *Christians* of the *East*, seem more Excusable than we: For, tho' they are not so punctual in observing all the Niceties of *Cleanness* and *Uncleanness*, *Meats* and *Drinks*, &c. as those of *Ethiopia*: Yet they will not taste of *Blood*, or any Thing *Strangl'd*. And their *Ecclesiastick*s abstain from all Manner of *Flesh*, during the whole Course of their Lives. They observe also many *Purifications*, and wholsome Rules of Life. VVhereas we of the *Latin Church*, wallow in all Manner of Filthiness like *Swine*, and bless our selves, as if we were the Only True *Catholicks*, the *Elect* of *God*, in the *High Road* to *Heaven*. I am at a Loss what to think of these Things, Neither

can

can I ever hope to see the *Jews* converted, till these Offences are remov'd.

There is a Rumour spread up and down, of the *Wandring Jew*. I suppose thou hast heard of such a Man. He is now at *Astracan*, and Preaches every where that there will be a *Reformation* of *Christianity*, after the Year 1700. That the *Jews* shall be Converted, and all this to be perform'd by the Admiral Gifts of an *English* Man, who shall restore Truth to its Primitive Lustre and Integrity. They say, He will cause the *Images* and *Pictures* to be utterly destroy'd, and the *Law* of *Moses* to be kept, so far as relates to *Cleanness* and *Uncleanness*, &c. That in his Days, the *Temple* of *Solomon*, shall be rebuilt, and the World shall put on a new Face.

Father William, I wou'd not have thee despise these Things, since they have been long foretold by *Joachim* the Abbot, by *St. Methodius*, by *Nostredamus* the *French Prophet*, and by many other Eminent Persons, whose *Writings* are extant, and many of their *Predictions* are already come to pass. The *Roman Church* manifestly stands in Need of a Reformation: And since the Governours of it cannot be prevail'd on to set their Hands to so Pious a Work, we know not but *God* may effect it by the means of a Stranger, some Obscure Person at present, but whose Light may shine hereafter through all Generations.

Father

Father William, thou wilt pardon the Liberty I take in discoursing about these Things, and remember, that 'tis a Work of Charity to bear with the Impertinencies of others. However, I thank *God* I'm out of the *Parlies* of the *Spanish Inquisition*.

Paris, 1st. *of the* 10th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1672.

LETTER IX.

To Codabafrad Cheik, *a Man of the* Law.

I Have a Kinsman by *Blood*, residing at *Astracan*, in the Parts of *Moscovy*. His Name is *Isouf*, a Man of an ardent Spirit; and active Wit; a great Traveller, and one who makes good that Character by the solid Remarks he has made on the most Important Things in his Way; through *Asia*, *Africk*, and *Europe*. For he is not in the Number of those who come home from Foreign Countries, only laden with Vanities and Trifles.

From him I receive frequent *Dispatches*, since his being setled at *Astracan*, in Quality of a *Merchant*; where he improves his Estate to great Advantage, enjoys the Inno-

cent

cent Pleasures of Humane Life, without suffering himself to be tainted with the Vices which are unprofitable, troublesome, and bring Scandal to a Man's Reputation. For some Vices, thou know'st, pass into the Predicament of Vertues, when Interest or Necessity give an Indulgence.

There is a mutual Intercourse between my Cousin and me: And among other Letters which he sends me, I receiv'd one lately; wherein he informs me, that he whom they call the *Wandring Jew*, of whom I made mention formerly in one of my *Dispaches* to the Sublime Port, is now at *Astracan*; That he preaches openly in the *Markets*, and at the *Bourse* or *Exchange*; not refusing private Conversation with any that desire it.

There is a great Conflux of People from all Nations, and of all Religions to that City. He carries himself with an equal Indifference to every various *Sect*, and they all seem mightily taken with his Doctrines. The Chief Thing he aims at in all his Discourses, is, That there will e'er long be an Universal Change of *Religion* over all the Earth; and that every Nation on the Globe shall worship *One God*, obey the *Law* of *Jesus* the *Son* of *Mary*, and embrace One *Faith*. When he insists on this, he seems to be void of all Doubts and Hesitations; speaks Magisterially, like a *Prophet*, who has receiv'd a sure and certain Revelation of the Thing he foretells. But when any

Dispute

Diſpute with him, not in a Spirit of Captiouſneſs, but to ſift the Truth; he freely condeſcends to anſwer all their Objections with ſolid Reaſons, and to convince them by their own Principles, that it muſt be ſo.

He ſays, That about the Year 1700 of the *Chriſtians Hegira*, the Invincible *Oſmani* ſhall break down the Fences of *Europe*, and ſhall overflow all *Chriſtendom* like a mighty Torrent, that has over-top'd its Banks. In thoſe Days there ſhall be great Deſolation in *Hungary*, *Poland*, *Germany*, *France*, and other Regions of the *Weſt*. Only *Denmark*, *Sweden*, *Muſcovy*, and other Countries of the *North* ſhall remain untouch'd. But above all other Nations, he ſays, *Italy* will be made a perfect Wilderneſs, her Cities laid in Aſhes, her Immenſe Wealth plunder'd and carried away by the greedy *Tartars*, *Arabians* and *Turks*; who will ſpare neither Age nor Sex, putting all to the Sword, eſpecially the *Eccleſiaſticks*, none of which ſhall eſcape the Publick Vengeance, ſave Three *Cardinals*, ſincere and Holy Perſons, who ſhall fly into *England* for Sanctuary by the way of the Sea.

That Iſland, he ſays, ſhall become the Refuge of all ſuch who can eſcape the Calamities involving the adjacent Countries. Thither they ſhall flock with their Wives and Children and all their Wealth, when they ſhall hear of the approaching Terrors, the preſent Devaſtation of *Italy*, and the Univerſal

Universal Conquests of the *Ottomans*. The King of the Country shall receive those distress'd Fugitives with open Arms, and shall assign them certain Portions of Land, where they may build Houses and Habitations for themselves and their Families; there being Abundance of waste Ground in that Island, which they may manure and improve to their Own and the Publick Advantage.

After this, says he, shall arise a certain Man in *England* from his Obscure Center; a Person fill'd with all Manner of Divine Knowledge and Wisdom, endu'd with the Spirit of *Prophecy*, of a Graceful Aspect, and Elegant Speech, of a Compos'd Gravity, and Calm Address, a Man Mild, Innocent, Temperate, Chaste and Merciful above the Rest of Humane Race. People shall let their Eyes fall on the Ground, when they meet him in the Streets, even before they know what he is; overcome by the Lustre of Modesty, Grace and Vertue which shines in his Countenance. A Person highly beloved of *God* and *Man*.

This Man shall meet the Three Fugitive *Cardinals* in an Hour of Destiny. Then that which lay long smothering, shall suddenly burst forth into a Flame. The Light of *God* shall be diffus'd through his Soul; his Heart shall be like a Lamp, and his Tongue shall utter marvellous Things. When he opens his Mouth in divulging the Mysteries of *God*, his Words shall be like

the

the Sparks of an Eternal Fire, kindling Flames of Love in the Breasts of the Hearers. The *Cardinals* shall rise from their Places and run to embrace him. A Council of the Chief *Bishops* and *Priests* of the Land shall be assembled by the Kings Order, where the Three *Cardinals* also shall be present; and after mature Deliberation, with Unanimous Consent, they shall call for the Holy Oyl of Consecration, and shall anoint him: They shall proclaim him the Great *Father*, and *Patriarch* of the *Faithful*; The *Director* of such as would go to *Paradise*.

He shall shew them a new Pattern of the *Law* of *Jesus* the Son of *Mary*; or rather the Old and True One, freed from the Corruptions and Errors which have been superinduc'd for many Ages. Their Hearts shall yield as to an Oracle, and the King of the Country shall approve of their Council. So shall all those of the Noble and the Vulgar, whose good Fate is written in their Foreheads. As for the Rest, they shall remain in their Incredulity.

This Holy Person shall reform the Errors of all the *Christian* Churches, utterly abolish the Use of *Images* and *Pictures*, convince the *Jews* of their *Infidelity*, and chase away the Darkness of *Superstition* from Earth. He shall argue with Reasons so forcible and cogent, so clear and demonstrative, that none but the wilfully obstinate, will resist the Truth which he divulges, or

oppose

oppose his Authentick Missions. Thousands shall be converted by the Dint of his Word, and Ten Thousands by his Exemplary Life. For he shall go up and down preaching and doing Good Works throughout *Great Britain*, till the Number of his Proselytes is compleat. Then he shall send *Apostles* and *Messengers* into *Swedeland*, *Denmark*, *Moscovy*, and other Parts of *Europe*, who shall likewise convert an Innumerable Multitude to his Law. Foreign *Princes* shall send their Embassadors to the King of *Great Britain* and to him; for he shall be at the King's Right Hand. They shall enter into *Leagues* and *Covenants*, and all the *Christian* Princes shall be at Unity. Mighty Armies shall be rais'd in the *North*, who shall come down and give new Courage to the oppress'd *Nazarenes* of the *West*. They shall all take up Arms, and chase the *Osmans* back again to their own Country, recovering the Wealth which they had taken from them.

After this, by an Universal Agreement of the *Christians*, this Holy Person shall be proclaim'd the *Great Pastor* of the *Church*. A prodigious Army shall be gather'd together out of all the *Christian* Nations, to conduct him to the *Holy Land*, and to crown him in *Jerusalem*. They shall vanquish and exterminate the *Osmans* out of *Palestine*, and all the adjacent Regions. Then shall *Jerusalem* be re-built Gloriously, and the Temple of *Solomon* with *Saphires* and *Emeralds*. That City shall be the Seat of the

Christian Mufti's, this New *Patriarch*, and his *Successors*, to the Day of *Doom*. Then shall the Eyes of the *Jews* be open'd: They shall acknowledge *Jesus* the Son of *Mary* to be the *True Messias*, whom they have so frequently Curs'ed. In a word, he says, Both *Jews* and *Gentiles*, People of all Nations, shall resort to *Jerusalem*, or send thither their Gifts and Presents. It shall become the Mistress of the whole Earth.

Sage *Cheik*, This is the Substance of what my Cousin *Iosef* acquaints me with concerning the Wandring *Jew*, and his New Doctrine. The Censure of which I leave to thee, who hast a discerning Spirit, and art able to distinguish Truth from an Imposture. *God* only knows what is hid in the Womb of *Futurity*. Every Age is pregnant, and brings forth strange Events. Yet when 'tis over, all sounds like a *Dream*. The World it self is no better; and I that write this, am but methinks the Shadow of a *Vision* or *Trance*. I hardly know whether I'm asleep or awake whilst my Pen seems to move. Therefore, it being very late, I lay it aside, and bid thee adieu: Praying that thou and I may have the Happiness, even in this Life, to taste the Sweet Slumbers of *Paradise*.

Paris, *the* 7th. *of the* 12th. *Moon*, *of the Year* 1672.

LETTER XIII.

To Hamet, Reis Effendi, Principal Secretary *of the* Ottoman Empire.

I Think all the ſenſible World are inquiſitive into the *Life* of *Cardinal Richlieu*. He was the Pole-Star of Stateſmen, whilſt living; and now he is dead, his *Memoirs* and *Maxims* ſerve as a Chart and Compaſs, by which the Politicians ſteer their Courſe, to avoid the Rocks and Shelves which threaten a Kingdom, or Commonwealth, both in the Tempeſts of War, and the Serene Calms of Peace.

Thou haſt formerly received ſome Remarks from me on the Life of this Great Miniſter: Yet I am not ſurprized at the Contents of thy laſt *Diſpatch*, which require a farther Account of him. No body can know too much of a Man who was the Miracle of his Time; and not only ſtartled the wiſeſt of *Contemporaries*, by his Prodigious Actions; but has puzzled all that ſurvive him, to trace his Footſteps.

Undoubtedly, *France* owes to his Conduct, all her preſent Grandeur, with the Hopes ſhe has of encreaſing it. To him ſhe is indebted for her Conqueſts in *Flan-*

ders, *Sicily*, *Catalonia*, *Piedmont*, and the *German* Frontiers. 'Twas he firſt taught Her the compleat Way to Humble Her Inſolent Neighbours, and to ſuppreſs her Rebellious Domeſticks. He much abated the troubleſome Weight of a *Crown*, and made it ſit Lighter on the Head of *Lewis* XIII. Whilſt *Cardinal Mazarini*, his Succeſſor in the *Prime Miniſtry*, acting by the ſame Principles, render'd it as ſoft and eaſie to the preſent King, as the *Grand Signior*'s Turbant. In a Word, through the Efficacy of *Richlieu*'s *Politicks*, *Lewis* XIV. is become the moſt Abſolute *Monarch* in *Chriſtendom*. For he either undermines, or over-reaches his Enemies, by ſpecious Treaties of Peace, where he is ſure to have the better on it; or he runs them down with the Force of War. To conclude, he has a long Head, and a longer Sword, which all will confeſs that have to do with him. And this is the pure Reſult of *Richlieu*'s *Memoirs*.

Yet after all, that *Miniſter* had his blind ſide too, as well as other Mortals. Publick Vertues, and Private Vices; State-Perfections, and Perſonal Frailties. He ſerved his Maſter, with a Zeal and Fidelity, with a Wiſdom and Courage, difficult to be matched; but he ſerved himſelf after the Common Manner of Men. He indulged his Favourite Paſſions, which were Love, Jealouſie, and Revenge.

There

There is a Letter of mine, Regiſter'd in the *Archives* of the *Sacred Port*, wherein I mention'd a Particular Amour of this *Great Prelate*. Beſides that, he had ſeveral Intrigues with the Dutcheſs of *Elbeuf*, the Counteſs of *Soiſſons*, and other Ladies of Prime Quality. Nay, there are not wanting ſuch as confidently report, That he had Two Children by one of his own Nieces. And Verſes were ſpread about on that Subject.

As he cheriſh'd this Soft Inclination to Women, ſo he was naturally jealous of all Rivals, whether of his Love or Intereſt. He would never ſuffer any Man to live, whom he once ſuſpected to be in a Capacity, and to make the ſmalleſt Advances to thwart his Deſigns.

For this Reaſon, he gave the moſt Conſiderable Military Offices, both by Sea and Land, to *Eccleſiaſticks* who depended on him: Which occaſion'd a certain Waggiſh *Poet* to paſs this Jeſt on the Publick Adminiſtration:

Un Archevêque eſt Admiral,
Un Gros Evêque eſt Corporal,
Un Prelât Preſident aux Frontieres,
Un Autre a des Troupes guerrieres,
Un Capuchin penſe au Combat,
Un Cardinal a des Soldat,
Un autre eſt Generaliſſime;
France je croy qu'icy bas,

Ton Egliſe ſi Magnanime,
Milite & ne triomphe pas.

Reflecting hereby on the Archbiſhop of *Bourdeaux*, the Biſhop of *Chartres*, the Biſhop of *Nantes*, the Biſhop of *Maude*, Father *Joſeph*, a *Friar*, *Cardinal de Valette*, and *Cardinal Richlieu*; theſe being the Chief Commanders of the Land and Sea Forces.

It will make thee ſmile, perhaps, to read an *Epitaph* that was made on that Father *Joſeph* above-named; who being eſteem'd a very Infamous Man, and lying interr'd in the ſame Tomb with another Friar, named Father *Angel*, provok'd ſome Satyrical Wit to put this *Sarcaſm* on him:

Paſſant, neſt ce pas choſe étrange,
De voir un Diable auprès d'un Ange?

I believe Father *Joſeph* was the worſe belov'd for being *Cardinal Richlieu's Confeſſor*. It was obſerv'd that he died ſuddenly, without Confeſſing himſelf; which occaſion'd another *Epitaph* to be made on him:

Sous ce Tombeau gît un bon Pere,
Qui eut tant de Diſcretions
Que pour être bon Secrétaire,
Il mourut ſans Confeſſion.

Every

Every body ſuſpected the *Cardinal* had a Hand in his precipitate Death, to prevent his telling of Tales: For he knew all his Secrets; And the *Cardinal* was known to be with him when he died. It was during the Siege of *Briſac*, a City on the *Rhine*, which was then upon the Point of ſurrendring to the *French*: And the News coming to the *Cardinal*, juſt as Father *Joſeph* was in his laſt Agonies, he came to his Bed-ſide, and laying his Mouth cloſe to the poor Friar's Ear, cryed out as loud as he could, *Courage, Courage, mon Pere, Nous avons pris Briſac*. A ſtrange Cordial for a dying Man; and ſome body made theſe Verſes on it:

Ite Cucullati, vobis ſi Purpura ridet,
Fungitur Inferni Munere Pontificis.

There is another Inſtance of the *Cardinal's* Revengeful Temper and his Cruelty. One Day the Duke of *Orleans*, who hated him mortally, went to his Palace, under Pretence of giving him a Viſit, but really with a Deſign to Stab him. However, as ſoon as he came into the *Cardinal's* Preſence, his Noſe fell a-bleeding. Which appearing to him as an Ominous Preſage of what he was going about, he was ſtruck with ſome Remorſe; and frankly confeſſing his Deſign to the *Cardinal*, begg'd his Pardon. That cunning Miniſter diſſembled his Reſentments, knowing the Duke was not a Man of Reſo-

lution enough to undertake ſo bold an Action, unleſs he had been extremely animated by ſome body near him; he preſently reflected on Monſieur *Puylaurent*, the Duke's Chief Favourite. Immediately he decreed his Ruine; and to effect it with more Eaſe, he pretended an extraordinary Friendſhip to him, offering him one of his Nieces in Marriage. *Monſieur Puylaurent* who ſuſpected not the Train which was laid for him, embraced the Propoſal with much Joy, as hoping thereby to raiſe and eſtabliſh his Fortune under the Protection of his Potent Uncle. In fine, he marryed the *Cardinal's* Niece, but lived not to enjoy her; for on the very Nuptial Day, the *Cardinal* cauſed him to be arreſted and ſent Priſoner to the *Baſtile*; where he was poyſoned by a Friar, in a Glaſs of Wine. As ſoon as he had ſwallowed the Fatal Potion, the Friar told him, It was neceſſary for him to confeſs his Sins that very Moment, in Regard he had but a few Minutes to live. *Monſieur Puylaurent* threw the Glaſs at the Friar's Head, giving him Two or Three ſwinging Curſes, and then fell on his Knees, to Confeſſion; which being performed, he expired.

Sometimes the *Cardinal* was very ſingular and Ingenious in the Execution of his Revenge, as if he endeavoured to perſwade the World, That he fulfilled the *Law* of the *Talio*, which requires an Eye for an Eye, and puniſhes by an exact Kind of Proportion. As it happen'd in the Caſe of the

Dukes

Dukes of *Guize*, *Montmorency*, and Monſieur *de Baſſompierre*. Theſe were the Heads of a Faction, which Diametrically oppos'd the *Cardinal* and his Party. He was the Grand Eye-ſore, the Chief Obſtacle of their deſign'd Prevalence at the *Court*. Wherefore, if they cou'd but once remove him out of the Way, they thought themſelves ſure of the King's Ear in all Things. To effect this, they conſulted together, how to diſpoſe of him. The Duke of *Guize* was of Opinion, he ſhou'd not be kill'd, in regard he was a Prince of the Holy Church; but that he ſhou'd be ſent to *Rome*, there to attend the Proper Affairs of his *Eccleſiaſtick* Function, among the Reſt of his Purpl'd Brethren. The Duke of *Monmorency* was clearly for Taking off his Head. But Monſieur *de Baſſompierre* was againſt both theſe Methods: *For*, ſaid he, *if he be ſent to* Rome, *he will be always plotting of Miſchief againſt us. And it would be an Eternal Blemiſh to* France, *if the Purple of the Holy Church ſhould be ſtain'd with Blood. Let us ſend him Cloſe Priſoner to the* Baſtile, *where he may ſpend the Remainder of his Days in writing Learned Books.*

The *Cardinal*, who had his Agents buſie about in all Parts, ſoon was inform'd of this Conſult: and he retalliated every Man's Sentence upon its own Author. For he baniſh'd the Duke of *Guize*, confining him to *Rome*; he beheaded the Duke of *Montmorency*; and impriſon'd Monſieur *de Baſſompierre* in the *Baſtile*, where he lay till the *Cardinal*'s Death.

I cou'd inſert a great many more Remarks concerning *Cardinal Richlieu*: But I am afraid of Offending by Tediouſneſs. If thou commandeſt me, another Letter ſhall preſent thee with more Varieties.

In the mean Time, with humbleſt Obeyſance and Reſpect, I deſiſt, and take my *Conge*; wiſhing thee a long Life on Earth, full of Honour; and a Fame without Blemiſh when thou art tranſlated to *Heaven*.

Paris, 15th. *of the* 1ſt. *Moon*, *of the Year* 1673.

LET-TER

LETTER XIV.

To Musu Abu'l Yahyan, *Professor of* Philosophy *at* Fez.

THou hast laid a Grand Obligation on me by thy last *Dispatch*, whose Learned Contents have opened my Eyes; or rather drawn back the Veil which covered the Interiours of *Africk*, from the View of Strangers. Now I stand as it were on the Top of a high Mountain, from whence I take a clear Prospect of those fair Regions, Inhabited by *Blacks*. I survey the *Paradises* of the *Torrid Zone*, a most fertile and populous Climate; though blind *Antiquity* could not discern a Blade of Grass growing there, nor any of Humane Race fetching their Breath.

My Mind revels in perfect Voluptuousness, and all the Faculties of my Soul banquet on the Contemplation of that most Delectable Precinct of the World. Oh *Africk*! Thou may'st be called the *Bazar* or *Mercat*, where Nature exhibits all her choicest Wonders. Thy Mountains are higher than the Clouds; their Tops are inaccessible. They approach the Borders of *Paradise*. On them fall the Rivers of *Eden* in mighty Cataracts. The Noise of the Precipitate

Waters

Waters is heard afar off, like the Sound of Remote Thunders. It deafens the Ears, and aſtoniſhes the Minds of Mortals. The Ambitious undergrowing Rocks are proud of the Glorious Caſcade; and envy thoſe that ſhoot up above them which receive the *Sacred Flood* at the Firſt Hand, from the very Wings of *Gabriel*.

Happy are the Valleys which lie beneath, and are Yearly impregnated by the *Heavenly* Deluge. The grateful Fields and Plains in humble Acknowledgment, make their Returns of Corn and Fruits in due Seaſon. The Marſhes of *Egypt*, are as the Gardens of *Aſia*; the Banks of the *Nile*, as the Fenced Seminaries of *Babylon*, fragrant and abounding in all Sorts of Vegetable Delicacies.

My Heart is raviſh'd with the Speculation of theſe Things. I am full as the *Moon*, and cannot utter my Sentiments in Order. Viſions of *Æthiopia*, *Morocco*, *Fez*, and the *Land* of *Archers* invade my Eyes. I behold the Beautiful Provinces of the *South* in a Trance: I ſtand gazing in Extaſie on the ſhady Groves of *Benin* and *Arder*, the Haunts of lovely *Dæmons*, the *Genii* of the Upper Element; who daily deſcend to thoſe Refreſhing Solitudes, and converſe with their Younger Brethren, Incarnate Mortal *Dæmons*, the Sons of Men.

I conſider with Admiration the *Monſters* of *Africk*, the Creatures of the Sun and Slime.

Slime. With Contemplative Horror, I draw near the Dens of Dragons; the Purlieu of Crocodiles, and other Amphibious Animals, which lurk among the Reeds of *Nile* and *Niger*, to trapan with feigned Cries the Unwary Traveller.

In fine, I am mov'd with ſuperlative Devotion and Joy, when I peruſe thy accurate Deſcription of the Principal *Moſque* at *Fez*. Methinks I ſee the Stupendous Fabrick making its lofty Advances toward *Heaven*. My Eyes revere the Holy and Magnifick Structure, on the out-ſide adorn'd with ſtately Towers and Minarets, and covering Fifteen Hundred Paces in its Circuit. But when my Fancy enters in by any of the One and Thirty Gates by Night, I am dazl'd with the Inſupportable Splendor of ſo many Thouſand Lamps, as burn within that moſt Illuſtrious *Temple*. I admire with proportionate Veneration, the Character thou giveſt of all the other Magnificences in that Ancient and Noble City; with whatſoever elſe thou ſay'ſt of the whole *Kingdom*, and the Adjacent *Regions*.

In Anſwer to thy Requeſt, I will in another Letter ſend thee a ſhort Pourtraicture and Hiſtory of *Conſtantinople*; but now I am interrupted by Company. Beſides, my Letter would be too long.

I beſeech thee to cheriſh that Friendſhip which thou haſt hitherto ſhew'd me; and let me have the Honour of thy frequent

Con-

Converſation by Letters. For though I live in a Populous City, yet my Life ſeems like that of an *Owl* or a *Pelican* of the *Deſart*, or ſtream Solitary and Dejected.

Paris, 19th. *of the* 3d. *Moon, of the Year* 1673.

LETTER XV.

To the Same.

SUch is the Zeal I have to demonſtrate how highly I value thy Friendſhip, that I would not ſuffer this *Poſt* to eſcape without gratifying thy Expectations. I juſt now diſmiſs'd my Company, and having Time enough, will entertain thee with an Abſtract of what I know to be moſt Remarkable in the State of *Conſtantinople*, both at preſent and in Ancient Times.

In the firſt Place, it will be convenient for thee to know, That this City was formerly called *Byzantium*, from one *Byzas*, *Admiral* of the *Spartan* Fleet, under *Pauſanias* the *King* of *Sparta*, who laid the firſt Foundations of it. The Story is this:

In Old Time the *Græcians* having a Mind to build a New City in ſome Part of *Thrace*, and

and being at Odds about the Choice of a Spot of Ground ſuitable to ſo Great and Important an Undertaking, they at laſt agreed to conſult the *Oracle* of *Apollo*. They did ſo, and were anſwer'd, *That they ſhould lay the Foundations of the City right over againſt the Blind Men*: For ſo the Inhabitants of *Chalcedon* were call'd, becauſe when they were upon the ſame Deſign of Founding a New City, they cou'd not diſcern between the Fertility of the Soil on that Side the *Propontis*, where *Conſtantinople* now ſtands; and the Barrenneſs and Deſart-State of the Ground where they built, on the other Side.

Pauſanias therefore buſying his Mind about theſe Things, and pitching right upon the Senſe of the *Oracle*, caus'd the Foundations of the City to be laid exactly over againſt *Chalcedon*: And when it was finiſh'd it was call'd *Byzantium*, as I have ſaid, from *Byzas*, who had the Over-ſight of the Work.

It retain'd this Name many Years and Ages, flouriſhing in a high Degree among the other Cities of *Greece* and *Thrace*, being eſteem'd the Gate of *Europe* and *Aſia*, by which the Mutual Commerce of both thoſe Quarters of the Earth was interchangeably held up.

But after the Days of the *Meſſias*, there aroſe an *Emperor* of *Rome*, whoſe Name was *Conſtantine*. This Prince, as it is Recorded in *Roman* Hiſtories, ſaw a *Viſion* in the Air, when

when he was at the Head of his Army, marching againſt *Licinius*, and preparing to give Battle. He and all his Soldiers beheld the Figure of a Croſs, with theſe Words plainly engraven in the Firmament: *In hoc Signo vinces. Conſtantine* took this for a Good *Omen*, and caus'd a Standard of Silver to be made exactly after the ſame Form: To which he appointed Fifty Standard-bearers, to carry it by Turns, and to guard it: For it was exceeding Rich, being emboſs'd all over with Rubies, Diamonds, Pearls, and other Precious Jewels of the *Orient*. He built a Pavilion alſo for the Glorious Idol; and being inſtructed in the *Chriſtian Law* by *Euſebius Pamphilus*, and other Learned *Mollah's*, he was at laſt Baptiz'd by *Sylveſter* the *Pope*.

This Great *Monarch*, as the Story goes, being very Pious, and having conceiv'd a Profound Veneration for *Pope Sylveſter*, left him the *Dominion* of *Rome*, and a Great Part of *Italy*, whilſt he remov'd the *Imperial* Court to the *Eaſt*, and took up his Reſidence at *Byzantium*, which he augmented with Innumerable Stately Edifices; ſtriving, if poſſible, to equal it with the Majeſty and Grandeur of *Rome*. He collected whatſoever was Precious and Beautiful in all the *Eaſt*, to adorn the City withal: Witneſs the Palaces of Superb Architecture, the Admirable Heighth and Form of Diverſe Obelisks and Pillars, all made of Marble, Porphyry,

Porphyry, or Jaſper. Not to inſiſt on the Prodigious Strength and Firmneſs of the Walls, the Coſtly Aqueducts, with other Serviceable Things. At laſt, that he might conſecrate himſelf to Immortal Renown, he call'd this City by his own Name, *Conſtantinople*, or, the *City* of *Conſtantine*: By which Name it is known even to this Day. It was alſo called *New Rome*, after it once became the Seat of the *Chriſtian Emperours*: In whoſe Poſſeſſion it remain'd, till it was taken by *Mahomet* II. Invincible *Emperour* of the *Ottomans*, in the Year 1453, according to the *Epocha* of the *Nazarenes*; on the Third Day of the Week which they call *Pentecoſt*.

It had been a Grand Neglect and Overſight in any Prince ſo Potent and Politick as *Mahomet* was, to ſuffer ſuch an Opportunity to eſcape as Fortune offer'd him, of taking the moſt Opulent and Glorious City in the World: For there was an Irreconcilable *Schiſm* broke forth between the *Churches* of the *Eaſt* and *Weſt*. There were Two or Three *Popes* at the ſame time, quarrelling in *Rome* for the *Supremacy*; there was a War of Fifty Years ſtanding between the *French* and the *Engliſh*, which unhing'd all the *Courts* in *Europe*. The *Chriſtians* had long before, by dear-bought Experience, (the Loſs of many Hundred Thouſand Men, and Infinite Sums of Money, conſum'd in thoſe vain and raſh Expeditions, which they Sanctified with the ſpecious

cious Title of the *Holy War*;) found, that it was not eaſie to wreſt one Town of Strength out of the Hands of the Tenacious *Muſſulmans*; much leſs to defend it long, or ſave their moſt important Cities from the Fury of a *Turkiſh* Reprizal. They were ſick and ſurfeited with the Viſionary Stuff of *Peter* the *Hermit*; and all Illuminato's like him, grew out of Faſhion. Every Prince and State in *Weſtern Chriſtendom*, began to mind their own Intereſt. No more Enthuſiaſtick Tales of that Kind wou'd go down: The Great Ones had open'd their Eyes.

Beſides, he that was then *Emperor* of *Greece*, *Conſtantinus Paleologus*, was look'd upon by the *Chriſtians*, as a Tyrant, the Off-ſpring of Tyrants and Uſurpers. The *Grecians* ſtill retain'd the Black Memoirs of thoſe horrid and nefandous Tragedies, acted by *Michael Andronicus*, *John*, and *Manuel*, the Predeceſſors and Anceſtors of this *Conſtantine*. And they had ſuch a particular Averſion for his Government, that though there were Infinite Treaſures of Gold and Silver in the Hands of the Rich Citizens of *Conſtantinople*, when that City was beſieg'd by *Mahomet* II. yet no Man wou'd part with the leaſt Sum of Money, to ſupport the *Publick Cauſe*: But choſe rather in a kind of revengeful and deſperate Sullenneſs, to fall into the Hands of the Victorious *Oſmans*, than to afford their Hated *Sovereign* any Relief.

Thus

Thus fell that Queen of Cities, the Glory of all the East, under the Power of our Puissant Emperours, in whose Possession it remains to this Day; and may it so remain, till the Moon shall be in her last Wane, and the Sun shall cease to shine on the World.

In the mean Time, I will entertain thee *en Passant*, as the *French* call it, with a short View of the Chief Magnificences in *Constantinople*.

That which first draws the Admiration of Travellers, is the Glorious Structure of *Santa Sophia*, a Temple consecrated to the Eternal WISDOM, by which the Worlds were made: Built by the Emperour *Justinian* with inimitable Magnificence; though afterwards Spoil'd and Plunder'd of its chiefest Ornaments, by the greedy Soldiers of *Mahomet* II. whom I have so often mention'd; and Six Parts of it entirely subverted by succeeding Emperours.

Pity it was, if furious and ill-grounded Superstition was the Cause of such deplorable Ruines. What can be said of those who demolish'd the *Sub-Fana* of the Third Temple, celebrated in the Universal History of the World? That of *Diana* at *Ephesus*, 'tis true, was the Pattern; yet 'twas not much beyond it. *Schelomo*'s boasted *Fane* at *Jerusalem*, without Iron Pins or Nails, or other Work of the Hammer, excell'd but a little in the Artifice and Symmetry. Indeed, the Lustre of *Sion*'s *Moschi* was more Radiant and Glorious in Workmanship of Gold, the Walls and Floor being over-

over-laid with that Metal, and the Roof on the out-side was, as it were, ſtudded with Spikes of Beaten Gold ſo thick, that there was not Room for a Bird to perch between them. And this was done to prevent the Prophanation of the Temple by their muting on it.

When the *Sun* ſhone in his full ſtrength, the covering of the *Temple* thus adorn'd, look'd like a Firmament glittering with innumerable Stars.

But to return to the *Moſch* of *Santa Sophia*, let us conſider it in its Primitive State, and we ſhall find ſome Excellent Curioſities. Among the Reſt, there was a Candleſtick or Sconce of Beaten Gold, ſo admirably contriv'd, That it ſpontaneouſly fed the Bowls of Seven Branches with a conſtant Stream of Oil, which by equal Meaſures flow'd into them, from the Hollow of the Shaft. So that if the Flame but of one ſingle One, had wanted Aliment, all the Reſt muſt have been extinguiſh'd at the ſame Time.

The Walls of this Glorious *Moſch*, within and without, preſent the Eye with nothing but White Marble, Porphyry, and other Precious Stones. The Roof is of a Prodigious Height, cover'd with Lead without, but proudly Oſtentous of its inward Cieling, which is divided into Vaults and Arches richly adorn'd with Golden Fret-work; and ſupported by Pillars of *Cyprian* Jaſper, pureſt White Marble, and Porphyry. There

is

is a Marble Stone in the *Moſque*, had in great Reverence by the True Faithful, becauſe the Tradition goes, *That on it* Mary, *the Mother of* Jeſus, *waſh'd the Infant-Prophet's Linen.*

There are alſo under the *Moſque*, Innumerable Vaults or Oratories, full of Altars and Sepulchres: But there is no Acceſs to them, in Regard the Doors are walled up.

In a Place not far from theſe, you find Ten huge Veſſels full of Oyl, reſerv'd there ever ſince the Days of *Conſtantine the Great*, yet remains Uncorrupted, being of Colour White like Milk. It is an Inexpiable Crime for any, but the *Grand Signior's* Phyſicans or Surgeons, to uſe or touch it. And they compound certain Medicaments with it, for the Service of him and his *Serail.*

Now I remember what I have read in a very Authentick *Hiſtorian*, concerning an Oyl made by certain Holy Perſons who only had the Secret of it. As the Story goes, it was extracted from the Leaves and Chips of Wood which are found floating in the Rivers that deſcend out of *Paradiſe*. This Oyl they compounded with other Ingredients, and performed Cures therewith, which were eſteemed Miraculous. It was ſent from one Prince to another, as a Sacred and Invaluable Treaſure. Till at laſt it came into the Hands of the *Eaſtern Patriarchs*, who preſided over the *Chriſtians* of the *Greek*, *Armenian*, and *Egyptian Churches*: Who pretend to the only true Myſtery

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ftery and Power of making it at this very Day. And that though the Ancient Popes of *Rome*, were formerly presented with a Yearly Portion of it so long as they remained in Communion with the *Patriarchs* of the *East*; yet after *Victor* had once made the Fatal *Schism*, which never could be healed since, the Holy Favour was denyed to his Successors: Who instead of the Original Genuine Oil, were forc'd to counterfeit it using a Spurious Unguent, to preserve the Authority of their Religious Sacraments. And hence, they say, it comes to pass, that few or none are ever healed by the *Extreme Unction* of the Latin Church.

God knows, whether this be Truth or no. But I am apt to think, That the Ten Jarrs of Oil before-mentioned, which lie under the *Mosch* of *Aja-Sophian*, are Reliques of the Ancient *Patriarchs* of *Constantinople*; who had the Secret of compounding the Mysterious Extract.

From the Place where these Vessels are kept, you descend into the *Dormitories* of Royal *Ottoman* Carcasses, the Sons of our Renowned *Emperors*. From thence you pass into Two Caverns; One leading directly to the *Seraglio*, the Other extending it self under the Buildings of the City, by a vast long Tract of Ground. I know no Use there is at present of the Former Cave: But the Latter serves for a Work-Room, to certain poor Silk-Spinsters.

This

This Letter wou'd be too tedious, if I should describe all the other *Mosches*, and Buildings of Note in *Constantinople*. Wherefore not to tire thee, I will reserve what remains to be said of that Glorious City, for other *Dispatches*.

In the mean Time, with an Affectionate *Congé* of my Soul I bid thee Adieu: Praying *God* to let thee crop the choicest Flowers of Humane Happiness.

Paris, 14th. *of the* 5th. *Moon*, *of the Year* 1673.

LETTER

LETTER XVI.

To Hamet, Reis Effendi, Principal Secretary of the Ottoman Empire.

NOW I will perform the Promise I made thee long ago; which was, to present thee with an *Idea* of the different *Strength* and *Policies* of these *Nazarene Kingdoms* and *States*: Wherein, I will begin with *Germany*, which is, as it were, the last Retrenchment of the Declining *Roman Empire*.

The *Annals* affirm, That in the *Reign* of *Charles* V. when the *Musſulmans* Invaded *Austria* with Innumerable Forces, that *Emperor* oppos'd them with an Army of 90000 Foot, and 30000 Horse. *Maximilian* II. went beyond him, and rais'd 100000 Foot, and 35000 Horse. Neither was Corn dear in so vast an Army. It is certain, That the *German Emperour* can, upon Occasion, send into the Field 200000 expert Soldiers. It is moreover observ'd, That from the Year 1560 of the *Christians Hegyra*, even to these present Times, there has been no War between *France*, *Spain*, and the *Netherlands*, wherein many Thousands of *Germans* have not serv'd.

Their

Their Best Infantry is gather'd out of *Bavaria*, *Austria* and *Westphalia*: And their Choicest Cavalry come out of *Brunswick*, *Hesse* and *Franconia*. Both Foot and Horse fight better, and more successfully, in an Open Plain, or Field, than in Narrow, Close Places; such as Lanes, and Woods, &c. For they are not good at Taking Advantages of Ground, or at Politick Skirmishes, and Cunning Ambuscades. They have not Patience to lie long waiting the Enemy's Motions, neither care they to divide their Main Body into Fragments, or Detachments; but they love to wedge themselves all together, in form of a Triangle, and so march with Grave and Slow Pace, that so they may break through their Enemies, and confound their Order, which they esteem a certain Step to Victory. They fight better also under a Foreign Commander, than a General of their own Nation. They cannot endure the Hardships and Afflictions of a Long Siege; but when once they begin to smart for Want of Provisions, they soon Capitulate, and Surrender. Neither have they more Patience in a Camp, to bear the Injuries of Weather: But they make haste to set upon the Enemy, and decide the Quarrel in a Pitch'd Combat: Wherein, if their First On-set fail, they seem like Men Stupified, Astonish'd, or in a Trance; not knowing whether they had best to renew the Assault, or to fly: And, if they once fly, there is no Rallying them again. Yet these Armies are not rais'd without a vast Expence,

nor maintain'd without a greater, being cumber'd with a Train of Women, Children, and Servants; who consume the Provision of the Soldiers, so that many Times they starve for want of Common Artificial Bread.

Their Horses may be call'd rather Strong than Sprightly, and Bold; being, for the most part, taken from the Plough, or other Rural Drudgeries. In a Word, they are like their Riders, Phlegmatick and Dull; having this also peculiar in their Constitution, that at the Sight of Blood, they faint, and are ready to faint: Whereas, the *Spanish* Horse gather fresh Courage from this Spectacle.

The *Germans* also have considerable Forces by Sea; but they seldom make use of them, unless it be against the *Dane* and *Swede*. Besides all this, their Auxiliary Armies are not to be forgot, which they receive from *Italian* Princes, from the Dukes of *Savoy* and *Lorrain*, and sometimes from the Trusty *Suisses*.

But there are Two Things chiefly wanting in this *Empire*, amidst all its Numerous Forces: One is, Unity and Concord among the Subjects; Another is, a Fix'd Resolution and Readiness to enterprize any Thing of Moment. Their *Hans*-Towns are always Jealous of the Neighbouring Princes. And these again give 'em Occasion to suspect their Power, and hate their Interest, which they so often employ against them, by Increasing

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ing on their Privileges. Then the *Catholicks*, and *Protestants* are always quarrelling: And one Sect of *Protestants*, perpetually Persecuting another. Hence it falls out, That the Princes go so unwillingly and rarely to the *Diets*: And when they come there, they spin out so much Time in adjusting their private Pretensions, Claims, and Privileges; in performing of State-Ceremonies; and in deliberating concerning the Publick Good, whilst every one contradicts his Neighbour, and labours with all his Might to establish his own Opinion, and get it pass'd into a Decree, by the Sanction of the *Diet*; that before they come to any Resolves, an Expeditious and Potent Enemy might rush into the Heart of the Country, and even take all these *Northern* Blockheads Prisoners.

The *German Empire* is *Elective*; and the Power of chusing *Cæsar* is in the Hands of *Seven Princes*. These are First, the *Archbishop* of *Mentz*, *Grand Chancellor* of the *Empire*; in whose Custody are the *Archives* and *Decrees* of the *German Diets*. The Second is, the *Archbishop* of *Triers* or *Treves*, *Great Chancellor* of the *Empire* for *France*. The Third is, the *Archbishop* of *Colen*, Great Chancellor of the *Empire* for *Italy*. The Fourth is, the *King* of *Bohemia*, Cup-Bearer to the *Emperor*. The Fifth is, the *County Palatine* of the *Rhine*, *Master* of the *Imperial* Palace. The Sixth is, the *Duke* of *Saxony*, *Marshal* or *Sword-bearer* to the *Emperor*. The Seventh and last is, the *Mar-*

quis of *Brandenburg*, Great *Chamberlain* & *Treasurer* of the *Empire*.

There are reckon'd 25 *Politick Princes*, 9 *Dukes* in the *Empire*, 6 *Marquisses*, 9 *Landgraves*, 9 *Archbishops*, and *Bishops* 47, who enjoy the Title and Dignity of Princes, 22 *Abbots* of a Lower Degree 52, With innumerable Others, too tedious to be nam'd. They reckon also 82 *Counts* of Princely Note, besides many of a Meaner Figure. They number 49 Barons and Free Lords, 90 *Hans*-Towns, and 10 Circles of the Empire.

In the *German Diets*, this Order is observ'd: When the *Emperor* is plac'd in the *Throne*, the *Archbishop* of *Triers* takes his Place just over against him: He of *Mentz* sits next to the *Emperor*, on his Right Hand; the Second Place belongs to the *King* of *Bohemia*; and the Third to the *Count Palatine* of the *Rhine*. On the *Emperor*'s Left Hand, the *Archbishop* of *Colen* takes the First Place; the *Duke* of *Saxony* the Next; and the *Marquis* of *Brandenburg* the Third.

The *Hans*-Towns, which acknowledge no other *Lord* but the *Emperor*, are govern'd by their own Municipal *Laws* and *Privileges*. In some of them, the *Common People* bear Rule; in others, a Mixture of the *Commons* and *Nobles*; and many of them wholly obey the *Nobility*.

No Man salutes by the *Title* of *Emperor*, him whom the Princes have Elected to that Dignity, till he be Crown'd by the *Pope*, or

Mufti

Majesty of Rome. They call him *Cæsar*, or *King* of the *Romans*, or *King* of *Germany*; but not *Emperor*, 'till the *Coronation* is finish'd. Nor does the *Emperor*, even after he is Crown'd, and Establish'd in the *Throne*, exercise an *Absolute Power* in all Things; Affairs of Importance being generally refer'd to the *Publick Diets* or *Divans* of the *Empire*; where the *Electoral Princes* deliberate all Things: On whom the very Power of the the *Emperor* himself depends.

These *Diets* are very confus'd and tedious, in Regard the *Princes* seldom appear there in their own Persons, but send their *Embassadors* and *Deputies*, who yet have not Full Power to conclude any Thing without Particular Orders from their Respective Masters. So that a Prodigious Deal of Time is taken up in sending *Couriers* to inform the *Princes* of all Emergent Counsels and Transactions, and in waiting for their Express Instructions, and Answers again.

In a Word, Considering the Diversity of Interests carried on by the *Electoral Princes*, their Mutual Feuds and Dissentions, Domestick Animosities, and Foreign Engagements, both on *Religious* and *Politick* Accounts; 'tis a Miracle that this Tottering *Empire* stands so long, and does not fall to Ruin; Especially being environ'd and almost continually assaulted by Three Potent Enemies; the *King* of *Sueden*, the *King* of *France*, and our *Invincible Monarch*. Not to mention the Frequent Incursions of the *Moscovites*

and *Tartars*; the Revolts of the *Hungarians*, *Transilvanians*, *Bosnians*, *Croats*, and other Nations which are counted Members of the *German Empire*. But he abounds in Men and Money, with all other Neceſſaries to ſupport his Wars: There not being a more Rich and Populous Region on Earth than *Germany*.

Sage *Humet*, when the determined Period is come, *God* will abaſe the Pride of theſe *Infidels* by the Hands of the *True Believers*: The Riches of the *Weſt* ſhall become the Spoil of *Eaſtern Hero's*; and the *Poſterity* of *Shem* ſhall take Root in the Cities of *Japhet*.

May'ſt thou live till that Time, to triumph in the Glory of the *Houſe* of *Iſmael*, when they ſhall be exalted more than in the Ages that are paſt.

Paris, 9th. *of the* 7th. *Moon, of the Year* 1673.

LETTER

LETTER XVII.

To Cara Hali, Physician *to the* Grand Signior.

THY Memory is like the Smell of Incoule, refreshing as Wine of *Tenedos* in a Goblet of pure Gold. When my Heart is almost dead with Melancholy; when I can find no Pleasure in Company abroad, and the very Elements of which I am made, Frown upon me; when the Time of Night forces me to come home Sighing as to a Prison, and the Hangings of my Bed-Chamber look dull, and seem to be painted with horrid Tragedies. In a Word, when every Thing in Nature appears in an angry threatning Fit, then I think of thee, my Friend, and that Thought relieves me. Thy beloved *Idea* is a perfect *Talisman*, working Wonders in my Soul. It Charms or Countercharms, as my Occasions do require. No Fears, or Griefs, or other Melancholy Passions dare abide its Energy: As soon as it appears, each baneful Thought is gone; the Troops of sad *Chimera's* vanish like the Morning Mists before the Sun. Thou art as a strong Tower or Fortress, where I can take Sanctuary from my Enemies: An Impregnable Citradel seated on the Top of a high Rock: From whence

I can look down with Scorn on my Persecutors beneath? possessing my self in perfect Security.

I dare not so much as vent my Thoughts to another, tho' a *Mussulman*, for fear of some untoward Consequence; So Industrious is the Malice of most Men; so vigilant and studious for an Opportunity of doing Mischief. And as for these *Infidels*, my Conversation is, for the most part, *Hysterick*, I am constrain'd to act to the Life, a very Zealous *Christian*, and a *Catholick*: When, God knows, my Heart keeps not time with my Exterior Actions and Words. Not but that there are Scepticks among the *Christians*, as well as among the *True-Believers*: But they are generally very private and reserv'd: For open Blasphemy, or what is reputed so here, is certainly punish'd with Death.

I sometimes meet with Ingenious and Candid Souls, with whom I can discourse freely, and like a Man that doubts of many Things, which others currantly believe. Yet we dare not trust each other too far, nor the very Air into which our Words vanish, after it has help'd to form 'em; lest some sly envious *Dæmon* shou'd catch the transient sound, and reverbrate the yet articulated Body of Particles which made it, into some Inquisitive Ear, to ruin us. For there are certain busie Gossiping *Ecchoes*, scatter'd up and down the Elements, which are always listning to the Words of Mortals:

And

And if the *Spightful Elves* can but take Hold of any Syllable, to do a Man an Injury, they are big 'till they have vented it. Yet they make no Shew or Noise, but whisper out their Tales in Secret; sometimes in Dead of Night, when Men are fast asleep; at other Times when they are deeply musing on the hidden Things of Nature. For, 'tis only to the Wise, the Sage, the Noble, and the Great, that they reveal these Passages, because 'tis such alone have Ears to hear them. They haunt the Bed-Chambers of Kings and Princes, to tell them News in Dreams. They are the swiftest Couriers in the World: For they have Wings, and fly from *Court* to *Court*, and from one *Climate* to another, in a Moments Time. They are always buzzing in the Ears of *Statesmen* and great *Politicians*, to whom they shew the Dark Intrigues of Foreign and Domestick Enemies. Thus are Conspiracies and Plots of Rebels oft discover'd, though manag'd never so secretly. They visit now and then, the Closets of *Philosophers*, and such as love the Sciences: Men of abstracted Souls; whose Thoughts are volatile and pure, their fancies lively and vegete. To these they unfold the covert Mysteries of Nature, and shew them Things to come. They frame the *Ieda's* of remote unknown Event, which they imprint upon the Ductile Minds of *Prophets* and Holy Men: Inspiring them with strange and unaccountable Presages of what shall shortly happen

to themselves or others, whether it be Good or Evil. For these Busie-Bodies are the Daughters of the World's great Soul; and they inherit an Universal Sense and Feeling of whatsoever happens in the Elements. 'Tis true, some Knowledge they acquire by Study and Observation, even as we Mortals do; but at a far swifter Rate. Their Airy Bodies do not so oppress their Intellectual Faculties, as our gross Hulks of Flesh do ours. We're forc'd to Dig and Plough, to Sow and Harrow for small Returns of Science. Our Soil is barren, it must be manur'd and cultivated with Art and Cost, before it yields a tolerable Harvest of what deserves the Name of Solid Knowledge. But these defecate Tenants of the Air, have no more to do, but to be meerly passive, and they streight learn every thing: For the Eternal *Sapience* wanders through the Universe, to seek out such as will or can imbibe her free Impression. She voluntarily slides into receptive Souls, and fills them with her Rays. Thus the Sublimer *Genii* of the Air, bask in an open Orb of Intellectual Light, because they are embodied in the most refined and purest Matter: Whereas we Mortals must be thankful for her Illuminations by Retail. She only shines on us through Chincks and Cranies of our Dungeon Flesh: and yet but seldom so in direct Beams. Few Men can boast that Privilege. The greatest Part walk only in the Uncertain Twilight of Opinion; or at best in the faint languid Glimmerings

merings of Humane Reason, which like the *Moon*, conveys the Original Light of Science to us by Reflection, and at Second Hand. We're fain to learn from Books, from Conversation and Experience.

Courteous *Hali*, thou wilt pardon the Confusedness and want of Order in this Letter, when thou shalt consider the Force of Melancholy which first prompted me to write it. For, being very sad, and overcast with Clouds of dark and gloomy Thoughts, which different Passions caus'd to justle one against another in my troubl'd Mind; I knew not how to escape the Tempest better than by writing to thee, my Learned Friend, the only to express my Circumstances. For when I began, I knew not what to say; but 'twas an Ease to write at random, any Thing to breath my Heart, and ventilate my Spleen. But the Specifick Remedy of my Grief, consisted in addressing to thee, my Dear *Physician*, whose very Remembrance is a *Catholicon*, proof against all my Maladies.

Adieu, thou *Æsculapius* of the *Ottomans*, and live for ever.

Paris, *the* 15th. *of the* 8th. *Moon*, *of the Year* 1673.

LETTER

LETTER XVIII.

To Musu Abu'l Yahyan, Professor of Philosophy at Fez.

THou shalt see, That I am a Man of my Word, and will keep my Promise: For this *Dispatch* contains a farther Description of *Constantinople*, which I engag'd to present thee with in my last.

This Famous City is Sixteen Miles in Circuit, and contains Nine Hundred Thousand Inhabitants. 'Tis divided into Three Parts, by the Intercourse of certain Arms of the Sea; and almost forms the Figure of a Triangle. The Walls are of an Incredible Height, and encompass Seven Hills within their Extent. One is near the *Grand Signior's Serail*: Another is in the Opposite Corner of the City, which leads to *Adrianople*. Between Two others, there lies a Plain, which is call'd the Great Valley. In this is to be seen an Aqueduct of Admirable Contrivance and Structure, the Work of *Constantine* the *Great*, who by this convey'd Water to the City from Seven Miles distance. *Solyman* II. augmented it, by opening a Current of Waters Two Miles beyond the Source of *Constantinople*, which run through

through Seven Hundred and Forty Pipes into the City; besides those which serve the *Mosques*, the *Baths*, and Houses of *Purification*.

At the Extremity of the Town is seen the Antique Building of a Fortress, which is call'd, the *Castle of the Seven Towers*; a Work of Inimitable Architecture. There is a Garrison in it of Two Hundred and Fifty Soldiers, not one of which dares to set his Foot out of the Castle-Gates, without the Leave of the *Kizir Agasi*, unless it be on Two certain Days in the Year; That is, the First of *Beiram*, and *Ramazan*.

In this Place formerly the *Ottoman Emperours* us'd to lay their Treasures of Gold and Silver, their Arms and Ammunition, their Books, and whatsoever they esteem'd Precious. But *Amurat* the Son of *Selymus* II. translated all these Things into the *Serrail*; where they have been kept ever since: And this Castle is turn'd into a Prison for Kings and *Princes* taken *Captives* by the *True Faithful*; as also for Rebellious *Bassa's*, and other Persons of Quality. Here *Gregory Voyvod* of *Moldavia*, was shut up in the Year 1617. of the *Christians Æra*. And in the Year 1622. of the same Date, the Rebellious *Janizaries* Imprisoned their Sovereign Lord, *Sultan Osman*, whom afterwards they strangl'd in the same Place.

There are above Two Thousand Mosques, Oratories and Sepulchres within the Walls of

of *Constantinople*. I have already described that of *Aia Sophia*, in my last; it remains now, that I speak of Four others, built by some of our former *Emperors*. The First and Chiefest, was built by *Sultan Mahomet* II. to express his Gratitude to God for the Taking of *Constantinople*. It is a Magnificent Structure, Frain'd according to the Pattern of *Santta Sophia*. He caus'd a Hundred stately Chambers to be built round about it, both for the Service of the *Imaum's* and *Mollah's* who belong to the *Mesch*; and for the Entertainment of Strangers, let them be of what *Nation* or *Religion* soever. He caus'd also Fifty other Chambers without these, for the Use of the Poor: And endowed the *Mosque* with Sixty Thousand Duckats of Yearly Revenue.

The Second *Mosque* was built by *Bajazet* II. the Son of this *Mahomet*. The Third was built by *Selymus* I. The Fourth by *Solyman the Magnificent*. The Three last of these Princes lie buried each in his own Mosch, under Monuments of a Superb Figure: Innumerable Lamps burning over them and round about them, Night and Day, whilst certain *Mollah's* pray by Turns, without ceasing, for the Health of the Departed *Royal Souls*.

But the last of these *Moschs* which was built, as I have said, by *Sultan Solyman*, far exceeds all the rest, and comes not short of *Santta Sophia*, in the Richness of Marble,

Por-

Porphyry, and other excellent Materials.

The *Greeks* have Forty Churches and Chapels in *Constantinople*, where they perform the *Nazarene* Worship. The *Armenians* have Four. Those of the *Latin* Communion have with a College annexed to it for a certain Number of *Jesuits*. This is seated in *Pera*, which is a kind of *Suburb* to *Constantinople*.

The *Jews* have great Liberty in the *Imperial* City. Their Habitations are Contiguous, taking up Nine Principal Streets, and they have Eight and Thirty *Synagogues*.

The Walls of the City remain very entire, and are double toward the Land. There are Nineteen Gates in them; one of which is call'd the *Holy Gate*, in respect of a vast Multitude of *Christian* Saints who lie buried in a Chapel hard by it. It was through this Gate that *Mahomet* II. made his Triumphant Entry into *Constantinople*, on Purpose, as it were, to prophane the reputed Sanctity of the Place, and insult o'er their *False Gods*; whilst he came to establish the *Law* and *Worship* of the *Only True God*, Creator of *Heaven* and *Earth*.

There are Abundance of Antique Monuments in the City, as Pyramids and Obelisks of Admirable Figure and Contrivance. In one Place, there are Three Serpents of Marble, stretching themselves to the Height of Two Men, and mutually twisting about each

each other. The Report goes, That they were erected by a *Magician*, at a Time when the Citizens were much infested with Living Serpents, and that by this Enchantment they were freed.

One of these has a Wound in the Neck, which was given it by *Mahomet* II. when he rode into the Vanquish'd City, Pale, beholding the Horrid *Idol*, and guessing right, that it was the Work of some *Magician*, was mov'd with Holy Zeal and Indignation. Wherefore, couching his Spear, and giving Spurs to his Horse, he ran full Tilt against it, and wounded one of the Serpents in the Neck, which is seen to this Day.

In the same Pavement there stands a very Elegant Column of Rustick Workmanship, as they call it: The Marbles of which it consists, being fastned together without the Intervention of Mortar, Bitumen, or any other Cement. It has within, a winding Stair-Case, by which one may go up to the Top.

In this Place, which is call'd the *Hippodrome*, the *Ottoman Grandees* exercise themselves on Horseback, and sometimes the *Grand Signior* himself: Especially on great *Festivals*.

Round about it, there are above Two Thousand little Shops of Taylors or Botchers, for the Use of those who would have their Garments mended, scowr'd and polish'd at a small Price. And yet out of this

so

so contemptible a Trade, the *Grand Signior* receives a Yearly Custom of Eleven Thousand Zequins. By this thou may'st take an Estimate of his other Revenues, which flow into his Coffers from all Parts of so vast an Empire.

There are above Fourty thousand Ware-Houses and Shops of Merchants, Brokers, Pedlers, Huckstars, and such like Callings; Each Trade having their proper *Bazar*, or Market, according to the Quality of the Goods they sell. But there is one more Eminent than all the rest, which is called *Bestin*; where be Goldsmiths, Jewellers and such as deal in any manner of fine and costly Things. This place is environ'd with very strong Walls, Six Foot Thick, and is shut up every Night by Four double Gates, and at other Times, as Occasion requires. So that it looks like a Little well fortified Town.

In this wealthy Market, there is a Gallery or *Piazza* neatly arch'd and supported by Twenty Four Pillars. Under this, there are abundance of little Shops, Six Foot long, and Four in Breadth. Here all these precious Commodities are expos'd to Sale on Tables or Counters, and with their Lustre dazle the Eyes of such as pass by.

Thou may'st also conjecture at the vast Gains of these Merchants, by the Rents which they pay to the *Grand Signior*, only for their License to sell in this Place. I have known one Man, that was my particular

cular Acquaintance, give Yearly Two Thousand Franks for this Liberty; and the Reason is, That no Man could enjoy the Freedom of the Place under that Price, unless he had great Favour shewn him, which is very rare, and even then it would not be much abated.

As one passes from this Market one meets there arises a stately Column of Porphyry, girt in many Places with Iron Hoops; and a little distant you see another more lofty than this. It is call'd the Historical Column, being engraven all over with the Figures of Men. In this also, there is a Stair-Case to the Top, but much broken, and in Danger of falling, if it were not strengthen'd and held together with vast Hoops of Iron.

The next Thing worth to be seen, is the Old Palace of *Constantine the Great*: Worthy I say to be seen, only for its Antiquity; for it is no very Elegant Building; yet it has this Commendation, That it stands in the purest and most wholsome Air of the whole City.

There is another Market also wall'd in, besides that of the Goldsmiths, *&c.* Which has a *Piazza* supported by Sixteen Pillars. In this are sold all manner of Silks. And a little way off from this, is the *Bezar*, where they sell Slaves. So great are the Gains of this Traffick, that those who use it, pay to the *Grand Signior*, by way of *Custom*, the Yearly Sum of Sixteen Thousand *Zequins*.

The

The Victuallers, Victualling and Sutling who sell Wine to the *Christians* and *Jews*, and privately to the *Mussulmans*, pay Yearly Fifty Eight Thousand, Seven Hundred and Eighty Eight *Zequins*. The very Fishermen of *Constantinople* who live along the *Streights*, pay the Yearly Sum of Twenty Nine Thousand Three Hundred Ninety Four *Zequins*. The Corn-Market, where all Sorts of Grain, Pulse, Meal and Flower are sold, pays Yearly into the Treasury 14 Purses of Money, each Purse being worth a Thousand, Six Hundred, Thirty and Three *Zequins*. The *Egyptian Merchants*, who bring their Goods from *Alexandria* to sell them at *Constantinople*, pay 24 Purses. The Fraught of all Foreign Merchant Ships, makes up 180 Purses of Gold. I have mention'd the Value of each Purse before. The Great *Shambles* without the City, pays 32 Purses. There serve in this Place 200 Butchers, over whom there is a *Prefect* or *Master*, without whose Consent no Man can kill any Beast, unless it be in the Case of *Corban*. Nay, so great is the Authority of this *Prefect*, that the *Jews* themselves are forc'd to ask his Leave to kill their Beasts after their own Fashion. The Reason why the *Shambles* is without the City is for *Purity* sake, lest the City be polluted with *Blood*.

It is Impossible to cast up the prodigious *Revenue* which arises to the *Grand Signior* from the Sale of *Hungarian* Sheep and Oxen in the 10th. and 11th. *Moons*. But thou

may'st

Grand Signior, that it is very Customary sometimes in one Day's Time there are Sold 2000 Oxen, and 40000 Sheep.

Neither is it more ease to reckon up all Incomes from the Sale of Houses, Skiffs, Gallays, Saicks, and bigger Vessels. Besides, it would be too tedious for one to count what shall arise of the *Tributes* which the *Jews* and *Christians* pay, amounting Yearly to a Prodigious Sum of Money: Time, Paper, Ink, and Human Patience it self would fail, in rehearsing so many Particularities.

But thou mayest frame a Regular Judgment of the Immense Riches which the *Grand Signior* is possessed of; when thou shalt know, that there is a *Mint* in the *Imperial* City where Four Hundred Men perpetually labour in coining new Money, having a *President* or *Overseer* who supervises the Work, who must be a *Grecian*, by a special Privilege granted to that *Nation* by our *Munificent Emperors*; because the Mines of Silver and Gold, are within the Limits of the *Grecian Empire*. So that none but *Greeks* are admitted to assist at this curious Artifice.

The *President* is oblig'd every *New Moon* to send into the *Serail* Ten Thousand *Zequins* of Gold, and Twenty Thousand in Silver. For such is the Pleasure of the *Great Sultan*, that the *Royal Palace* should always abound with fair New Money.

Sage

assure thy self, that Confusion reigns in the Grand Treasury, Exchequer, or Bank of the whole Earth: where all the Riches of the *East*, *West*, *North* and *South*, and of the *Seven Climates*, are refunded, and laid up like in their proper Centre. But I have more to say in another Letter concerning this Glorious City: Only *Time* just now gave me a Prick with the End of his Scythe, to put me in mind of an Urgent Affair, not to be neglected this Moment, Wherefore, in Haste, Adieu.

Paris, the [illegible] of the Moon, of the Year 1679.

THE END.

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Mahmut the Turkish Spy

Ætatis suæ 72.

The EIGHTH and

LAST Volume

OF

LETTERS

Writ by a

Turkish Spy,

Who liv'd Five and Forty Years, Undiscover'd at

PARIS:

Giving an Impartial Account to the *Divan* at *Constantinople*, of the most Remarkable Transactions of *Europe*; And discovering several *Intrigues* and *Secrets* of the *Christian* Courts (especially of that of *France*) continued from the Year 1673, to the Year 1682.

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TO THE READER.

AT Length, after tedious Expectation, you have this long wish'd-for Work brought to an End. There remains nothing now, but to answer a few Objections, which may be made against the Contents of some *Letters* in all these *Volumes*, and particularly in the Two Last: As also, to give you an Account of what this *Last Volume* contains of Remarkable, more than was mention'd in the *Preface* to the *Seventh*: Some Things being therein omitted through Haste and Forgetfulness.

As to the Objections; Some People, more precise than they need to be, find Fault with our *Arabian*, for the seeming Lewdness of his Senti-

ments, and profane Expreſſions of *God* and his *Works*; ſaying, That he writes more like a *Diſciple* of *Carneades* and *Epicurus*, than of *Mahomet*; who taught his *Followers* to Think and Speak with profound Veneration of the *God-Head*, and of all *Saints* and *Prophets*. They add, That in ſome of his *Letters* he ſeems to Banter all *Religion*; whilſt in others, he appears like a *Hypocrite*, extravagantly Devout and Zealous, even to the Heighth of *Enthuſiaſm* and *Divine* Madneſs.

In Anſwer to this; 'Tis deſir'd, That theſe Gentlemen will pleaſe to conſider, That our *Author*, tho a profeſs'd *Mahometan*, yet is a Man endu'd with Senſe and Reaſon, which he had much improv'd by Reading of *Hiſtories*, by the Studies of *Natural*, *Moral*, and *Political* Things, and by his own Experimental Obſervations in the World. That therefore, when he ſeems to deſcant with an unwarrantable Libertiniſm, profanely Glancing with a *Religious* Kind of Wantonneſs on *Divine* Matters; it ought not to be taken ſo much for his own proper direct Thoughts, as the Reſult of other Mens

Mens Errors, and the *Epidemical Miſtakes* and *Superſtitions* which have infected the World. So that he rather hints at what may be ſaid by Way of Inference from the Groundleſs Opinions of Men; than to aſſert any Thing poſitively himſelf in Diſhonour of the *Deity*, or True *Religion*. And he banters the *Abuſes* that are every where found in the *Service* of *God*, not the *Service* it ſelf. In a Word, he appears, in all his Letters, a *Deiſt* rather than an *Atheiſt*; as ſome would repreſent him. And it is well enough known, to thoſe who Travel in *Turkey*, and Converſe with Men of Senſe there, That there are Abundance of *Deiſts* among the *Mahometans*, as well as among us *Chriſtians*: And our *Arabian* demonſtrates, that he is one of theſe, in thoſe very *Letters*, or Periods of *Letters*, where they tax him with *Hypocriſie* and Extravagant *Devotion*. For, being as it were, abſorp'd and ſwallow'd up in the profound Contemplation of the *Divine* Majeſty, it is no wonder, that he breaks forth into Raptures of Love, and Extaſies of Admiration; his Thoughts being

all over irradiated with the Incomprehenſible and Eternal Splendors. And 'tis theſe tranſcendent Elevations of the *Soul*, which are the Cauſe of that Contempt and low Eſteem he ſhews toward the flat and inſipid Notions and *Idea*'s which the Generality of Men have of the *Creator* of *All Things*. 'Tis this provokes him to mock and deride the Vanity of *Human Traditions* and *Ceremonies*, the ridiculous Pomp and Pageantry of *External Religion*, which is apt to exhauſt the Vitals of true Genuine Piety, Devotion, and Virtue.

Others are, or may be offended, at his *Hiſtorical Letters* of the *Four Monarchies*; alledging, that theſe are foreign to his Buſineſs, as an *Agent incognito* for the *Grand Signior*. The ſame Fault they find with his Deſcriptions, Characters, and Hiſtories of the preſent *Commonwealths* in *Europe*: His Province being to watch the Motions, Counſels, and Tranſactions of the *Living*, and not to rehearſe the Facts and Exploits of the *Dead*.

In Anſwer to this; It ought to be conſider'd, That tho the Primary Deſign

ſign of the *Ottoman Port* in ſending this *Arabian* to *Paris*, was, to penetrate into the *Secrets* of our *Chriſtian Princes* and *States*, and to return conſtant Intelligence thereof to the *Divan*; yet this did not hinder, but that he might hold a Correſpondence with his Private Friends in *Turkey*, and ſend them frequent Letters on what Subjects he pleas'd, or as he thought would moſt oblige them. Much leſs cou'd he be excus'd from obeying the Orders he expreſly receiv'd from the *Mufti*, or any other *Principal Miniſter* of *State*, who ſhould require him, at his Hours of Leiſure, to tranſcribe either *Ancient* or *Modern Hiſtories*; or to draw Collections out of the moſt Eminent *Greek* and *Roman Authors*; knowing him to be skill'd in thoſe Obſolete *Languages*; and that ſuch Books were rare among the *Turks*, by reaſon that *Printing* is forbid throughout the *Ottoman Empire*. Therefore he cou'd do no leſs, in Duty and Common Civility, than Oblige the *Mufti* with an Abſtract of the *Four Monarchies*, which he himſelf had offer'd of his own Accord; and likewiſe gratifie

the Expectations of *Hamet* the *Secretary* of *State*, who desir'd to be informed of the *Governments*, *Laws*, *Religion*, *Customs*, *Manners*, and *Characters* of us *Europeans*; which our *Arabian* perform'd as well as he could, during his Life: And had he liv'd longer, there is no Doubt but he would have proceeded in Describing *England*, *Denmark*, *Swedeland*, *Russia*, *Poland*, *Hungary*, and all the other *Countries* which he had not touch'd upon. But it seems, he was snatch'd away by some sudden and surprising *Fate*, tho not altogether unforeseen. For he all along intimates, that he had some Presages of being made a *Sacrifice*; especially, when he heard of the sudden Death, or Disappearance at least, of his *Correspondent*, *Nathan Ben Saddi*, the *Jew* at *Vienna*. For then he plainly tells his Friend *Ogloo* in a Letter, that he suspected he was made a-way by an Order from the *Port*, and that he expected to be served so himself in a little Time. And it is possible it might be so; it being usual with the *Turkish Court*, thus to reward the Merits of their most faith-

faithful *Miniſters*, and crown all their Services with *Martyrdom* to the *State*.

As to what this laſt *Volume* contains more than was expreſs'd in the *Preface* to the *Seventh*. Here you have an Account of the horrid *Poyſoning* Trade that was practis'd in *France*, in the Year 1681 and 1682; as alſo ſome Remarks on our *Popiſh Plot*; on the Great *Comet* that appear'd about that Time; with a particular Abſtract of the *Life*, and an Account of the Barbarous Murder of Dr. *Sharp*, Archbiſhop of St. *Andrews*, and *Primate* of *Scotland*. He alſo touches upon the *Perſecution* of the *Huguenots* in *France*.

But that which ought to be moſt taken notice of, is, a Letter of his to *Nathan Ben Saddi*; wherein he highly extols the *Journal* of *Garcoa*, *Nathan's Predeceſſor* in that *Poſt*: Which *Journal*, the Tranſlator of theſe *Volumes* underſtanding to be in the Hands of the *Italian* who firſt found our *Arabian*'s Papers, and with whom he has ſince contracted a Correſpondence; he has endeavour'd to prevail with him

to

to communicate it to the Publiſher hereof. Wherein if he ſhall be ſo Happy as to ſucceed, he will in due Time tranſmit it to the World in our *Mother-Tongue*, to the Satisfaction and Benefit of the Publick.

Reader, Farewel; and envy not the Induſtrious.

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LET-

LETTERS

Writ by

A Spy at *PARIS.*

VOL. VIII.

BOOK I.

LETTER I.

Mahmut *the* Arabian *at* Paris; *to* Mehemet, *an Exil'd* Eunuch, *at* Grand Caire *in* Egypt.

WHether it be an Effect of thy Melancholy Letter, or of my own ugly Constitution, I know not; but I am lately grown very Desperate, and resolv'd upon *Death*. I am tir'd with whatso-

ever I have yet enjoy'd in this World; and I expect no greater ſatisfaction, ſhould I live a Thouſand Years. Every Pleaſure appears but the ſame in different Forms; and they all agree, in leaving us afflicted with the ſame or greater Pain than they found us in: Which is a ſufficient Argument to a *Man of Spirit*, that he ought to die, in purſuit of his own Eaſe.

We walk here on Earth in an Enchanted Circle of Shadows and Mockeries: Our whole Life is full of Vanity and Miſtake. Every Man's Fortune is but a Repetition of *Ixion*'s: We court *Clouds* inſtead of *Divinities*; and our moſt charming Fruitions conſiſt in Emptineſs.

Indeed, all this Viſible World is but a Mighty *Pageant*, a Pompous *Emblem*, a Gaudy *Type* of that *Inviſible Region* which is the *Mother of Spirits*. Oh! that it were lawful for a Mortal, to releaſe his *Soul* from its long irkſom Exile here Below, and ſend it Home to its Native Country, the *Kingdom* of *Divine Ideas*! Then wou'd I ſoon launch forth into the unknown Abyſs. But we muſt be reſign'd, and not think much to bear our ſeveral *Deſtinies*; and patiently wait for the appointed Hour of *Tranſmigration*: For it is in vain to think of haſtning or delaying our *Fate*. Beſides, for ought we know, the *next* Station may be worſe than *this*: Every thing is full of Myſterious Darkneſs. And therefore, prithee *Mahomet*, let thou and I lay aſide all fruitleſs Care and Sadneſs; be as

merry

merry as will consist with the Wisdom of a Man; and when thou findest this black Distemper approaching thee, run away from it, and shelter thy self in good Company. Arm thy self with *Wine* and *Musick* against the sullen *Dæmon* of *Melancholy*. But I counsel thee, to avoid *Women*, for they'l but encrease thy *Malady*.

'Tis one of that *Sex* has given me this fit of Grief, a *Woman* that I have loved too much: But she's Ingrateful, False and Cruel; she takes a singular delight in cheating me with false shews of Love and Friendship; and then in undeceiving me again. The same Tongue which at some times will drop soft kind obliging Words, at another Season shall utter nothing but Contempts, Defiances and Scorns.

Thou wilt wonder that a Man of my Age should be concern'd with any Passion for *Women*. I tell thee, *My Friend*, it is impossible for me to banish from my Heart, an Affection which has possessed it for above these Thirty Years. The Love of *that Sex* is riveted in our Nature, and our Blood must first grow Cold and be congeal'd by *Death*, before this Flame can be extinguish'd: Nay, many times it is more fervent, though of a short duration in our Latest Hours than in our *Prime*. As when the Oyl which feeds a Lamp is almost spent, the startled Flame begins to rouze it self, and burn afresh, as if 'twou'd fain subsist a little longer, tho on the very Dregs of its accustomed Fuel; it crackles and flashes

with greater Noiſe and Luſtre than before; but preſently expires. So does this *Amorous Fire*, when we are neareſt to our Diſſolution, begin to trouble us moſt, and makes our *Soul* to blaze with *Fevers* of *Deſire* and *Grief*, knowing its Period is near.

Mehemet, Let thou and I keep our Affections for the Beautiful and Conſtant *Daughters* of *Paradiſe*, who will never caſt an Eye on any Man beſide their own. Doubtleſs, this is part of Supream Felicity.

Paris, 14th. *of the* 10th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1673.

LETTER II.

To the Selictar Aga, *or* Sword-Bearer *to the* Sultan.

THis has been a Terrible Campagne to the *Germans* and their *Confederates*: For when they firſt took the Field in the *Spring*, their Forces amounted to Sixty Thouſand Men, but now at the breaking up, and going to their *Winter* Quarters, they could not number above Twenty Thouſand. So that they have loſt Two Parts in Three of their Army. Whilſt the *French* proſper and are victorious; taking their Towns and Caſtles, ſubduing whole Provinces to the Obedience

of

of this *Invincible Monarch*, and extending his Conqueſts far and wide through the *Franche-Comptè*, *Lorrain*, *Alſace*, *Brabant*, *Flanders*, *Catalonia*, and even to the *Iſles* of the *Sea*.

I have formerly given an Account to the *Miniſters* of the *Port*, of all the moſt Remarkable Actions perform'd in theſe ſeveral Quarters; there remains only a late famous Victory gain'd by the *Mareſchal de Turenne*, near *Strasbourg*, of which I cannot give thee the Particulars, neither is it very Material. But, in brief I ſhall acquaint thee, that through the Connivance of the *Elector* of *Mayence*, and the Citizens of *Strasbourg*, the *Confederate* Forces, amounting to Forty Thouſand Men, got paſſage over the *Rhine*, and had like to have ſurpriz'd the *French*, who were not above Twenty Five Thouſand ſtrong. But the Vigilance and good Conduct of *Monſieur Turenne*, prevented their Deſign, and turn'd the Fortune of War to his own ſide. This *Wiſe General* conſidering the unequal Numbers of his Enemies, did not think it fit to engage his whole Army at once with theirs, leſt he ſhould be oppreſſed with their Multitude, being almoſt double in number to his. But he fought them by Detachments, ſetting upon them in their March: And this ſucceeded very fortunately, for he was in poſſeſſion of the moſt advantagious Poſts and Paſſes of the Country. He lined the Hedges with ſome of his Men, who gall'd the Enemies as they marched along the Roads. He planted others on the *Declive* of Hills, under

the Covert of Thickets which grew on each ſide of deep Ways, through which the Enemy muſt paſs; theſe annoy'd them ſorely from their ſhady Heights, whilſt ſome attack'd them in the Front. Thus by gradual Skirmiſhes, he cut off many Thouſands, and ſtraw'd the Roads with Dead Bodies: 'Till the Confederates perceiving how they were embaraſs'd on all Hands, took the Advantage of a certain Wood, where they retrench'd themſelves, and ſtood in their own defence a long time. But the *French* at length forc'd them from this ſhelter, and then began a formal Battel, which prov'd bloody to the *Imperialiſts*: For they had above Three Thouſand of their Men killed upon the Spot, beſides thoſe that were wounded and taken Priſoners. They loſt alſo Ten Pieces of their Cannon, and the Ground was cover'd with *Cuiraſſes*, *Halberds*, *Pikes*, *Muskets*, *Swords*, and all ſorts of Arms, which the Confederates left behind in their precipitate Retreat by Night. For ſo general a Conſternation had ſeiz'd the Minds of the Souldiery, that all the Rhetorick of the Officers was not ſufficient to ſtop their Flight. In this Battel the *Mareſchal de Turenne* had his Horſe kill'd under him by a Musket Shot, but he receiv'd no Hurt himſelf.

He is a *Fortunate* and *Wiſe General*, knowing how to ſerve himſelf of all Opportunities and Advantages of Time, Place, and other Circumſtances which offer themſelves to a Man's Conſideration in time of War.

He

He never attacques an Enemy, without being sure of getting the Victory, or at least of retiring securely and honourably from the Combat. The *French* use to say, *That if the Prince of* Conde *had an Alloy of* Turenne's *Earth in his Temper, and* Turenne *had the Prince of* Conde's *Fire, there would not be Two such other Generals in the whole World.*

Sereno Aga, Nature has dispens'd her Gifts in thrifty Parcels: Every Man has his *Genial* Excellency; and 'tis rare to find one whose Faults do not counterpoise his Perfections. May *Heaven* turn the right Scale for thee and me.

Paris, 2d. *of the* 1st. *Moon,*
of the Year 1674.

LETTER III.

To Mirmadolin, Santone *of the* Vale *of* Sidon.

NOW I will indulge sacred Thoughts, and follow the Motions of Wisdom; I will obey the Inspirations of my better *Genius*, and discourse of things not fit for Vulgar Ears. I will not cast my *Holy* things to *Dogs*, nor expose that which is precious to the *Feet* of *Swine*. Let the *Smith* labour at his Anvil, and Hammer the Mettal into what Form he

pleaſes; his Eye is waſted with the perpetual Vapour of the Fire; and as to Intellectual things, he is ſtark Blind. So is the *Carpenter* who works in Timber, and hews away the Knobs and Roughneſſes with his Axe; he ſaws it into Planks, and afterwards ſmooths it with his Plane; he marks out his Work with *Line* and *Plummet*, and meaſures it with *Rule* and *Compaſs*; he fits one Piece to another, and when all is poliſh'd and prepar'd to his Mind, he joyns them together in a Frame, and rejoyces in the ſucceſs of his Induſtry and Skill.

Theſe and all other Mechanicks bend their Mind to their Work; that is the ſcope of their Ambition; and when they have done, they eat and drink the fruit of their Labours. They ſtudy not the *Sayings of Famous Men*, nor penetrate into the *Miſteries of Dark Parables*; they have no Inclination to ſeek out the *wiſdom* of the *Ancients*, or to meditate on the *Inſtructions* of *Sages*. Therefore with ſuch as theſe I will not converſe, or talk of the way of *Perfection*: Nor yet with *Wreſtlers*, *Fencers* or *Soldiers*: I have as little hopes to prevail on *Mariners*, *Lawyers* and *Courtiers*, or on any that are entangled in Worldly Affairs. But I addreſs my ſelf to a Good and knowing Man, who underſtands himſelf, and what his Buſineſs is in this World; who comprehends the force of the Chains which intangle his *Soul* in this Mortal Life, and is inſtructed in the Method of diſingaging himſelf. To ſuch an one I ſpeak, and not to others, who

lye

lye snoring in their *Lethargy*, and will not be wak'd.

Certainly 'tis as impossible, that one and the same Rule of Life, should fit the various Tempers and Conditions of Men, as that one and the same course should be taken, effectually to dispose a Man to Sleep, and violently to keep him Awake. For he that would sleep out his whole Life, if any be so sottish, it behoves him to procure a constant supply of things which create Sleep. Whereas he that designs to be Vigilant and Active, must furnish himself with such things as chase away Sleep, and incline to Watchfulness. The former therefore ought to give himself up to *Gluttony*, *Drunkenness* and *Surfeiting*: He should have a dark House, a soft and large Bed: And should use all manner of Applications that cause Drowsiness; as Soporiferous Perfumes, Potions, *&c.* Whereas the latter ought to be always Sober, to Drink moderately, and Eat a slender Diet; to have a light House, a serene Air, a sense of Pain, a streight and hard Bed, little fitted for Mans Repose.

But whether we Mortals are in a Place where we ought perpetually to be upon our Watch; or whether our whole Life ought to be but one Night of Sleep, is known only to such as thee, who hast discover'd the Prestigious *Magick* of the *Body*, and how the Soul is enchanted in this World; who hast found out the Native Activity of the *Mind*, and how it comes to be stupified by the

hidden *Opiates* that lie lurking in the Flesh.

Holy *Santone*, whilst we are in this World of Shadows, we are perfect Exiles, banish'd from our Native Country, which is the World of *Real Substances*: The more we are drench'd in *Matter*, the farther do we straggle from Home, wandring in foreign Desarts of Enchanted Ground, where we converse with none but empty *Spectres*, *Fairies*, *Dæmons*, *Elfs*, and cheating Apparitions. For all that's in this Outward World, is but a false Delusion, the *Mimickry* of *Nature*; a heap of Shadows revers'd and tinctur'd with a faint Projection from the *World* of *Light*.

Knowing therefore these things, let us make haste to return to our Native Seats again; let us divest our selves of the strange Habits we have taken up by Imitation in this our Pilgrimage, and Purge our Minds of all the Ill Qualities we have Imbib'd on Earth: Let us cast off corrupt Affections, Appetites and Inclinations, with every vain and false Opinion. When we are free'd from all these Weights, our *Souls* will easily mount aloft, their Wings never flagging, 'till they perch upon the Trees of *Paradise*. What is more Generous than the *Mind* of Man, when once awaken'd from the Slumbers of this Mortal Life? How it despises these *Terrene* Enjoyments, and only pants and thirsts for the Supream Delights *Above*! As Iron turns it self, and makes its Amorous Approaches to the *Magnet*; so is the Soul attracted by the Original Essence which is its Source and Center.

There

There are *Two Species* of Chains which tye the *Soul* down to this Earth, and cause her to grow dull and torpid, as if she were inebriated with deadly Poison, forgetting her very Native Faculty of *Contemplation*. These are *Pleasure* and *Pain*, of which our Sense is the Author, with the Prepossessions, Phantasies, Opinions, Memories and Appetites which accompany our Sense. These hurry and precipitate the *Soul* down from her proper Mansion, and alienate her from the Love of the only true Substantial *Being*: Therefore we ought to abstain from Sensible Things as much as in us lies; and shun all Objects that stir up Irregular Appetites, and produce Absurdities in our Reason.

How many strange Affections flow from our Taste, binding fast the Soul with a double Cord; whilst the high Relish and Gust of Savoury Meats, ensnare her in the Palate as in a Net. and the load of indigested Crudities weighs and sinks her down into the Belly, where she's kept as in a Dungeon, till Sacred Abstinence releases her again?

The Sense of *Touch* does often draw the Unwary *Soul* forth from her Fastnesses within, trepanning her with soft Allurements and sly Promises of Pleasure to take the Air o'th' Body. Thus having got her into the open Field, an Ambuscade of Lusts, Concupiscences, Perturbations, Fears, Cares, Love, Joy, Grief, and other Passions rush upon her on a sudden, and take her Captive. How necessary therefore is it to be always on our

Guard,

Guard, and not to lull our ſelves in dangerous Security? Nor ought we to be raſh and fool-hardy, in venturing on a Combat; where 'tis better to decline it, leſt inſtead of victory, we betray the Weakneſs of our Arms, and Want of Proper Conduct.

O *Perfect Man*! Thou ſeeſt theſe things in clearer Light than I; 'tis not to inform thee, that I write, but to confirm my ſelf, whilſt I collect my ſcatter'd Thoughts and put 'em into Order. If thou ſhalt vouchſafe to ſend me thy Conceptions on this Subject, I will revere the bleſſed *Diſpatch*, as tho it were an *Oracle*.

In the mean while, may *Heaven* regard thy Innocent Life, and ſtill protect thee from the Caſualties that threaten all of Mortal Race. May thy Prayers be heard, and thy *Good Works rewarded*. Finally, may thy End be like that of *Enoch*, who never ſaw *Death*, but was tranſlated alive to *Paradiſe*.

Paris, 9th. *of the* 2d. *Moon*,
of the Year 1674.

LET-

LETTER IV.

To Ali, Baſſa.

IT is evident, That *the French Arms are deſtin'd not to ruſt*: One Provocation or other always keeps them in Action. The Neighbouring *Princes* and *States* take their Turns to affront and injure this *Monarch*, and ſometimes they ſet upon him all together. Surely, they Envy and Fear the riſing Fortune of *France*, and therefore ſtrive by Stratagems and Force to check its Growth.

There having been ſeveral Acts of Hoſtility done by the *Governour* of the *Spaniſh Netherlands*, without any Hopes of a fair Redreſs, *this King* found himſelf oblig'd to declare open War againſt *Spain*.

This was done very lately, and at the ſame time the *Duke de Navailles* was ſent with an Army into *Flanders*; where he ſoon took the Town and Caſtle of *Aubeſpine*; the Towns of *Peſme* and *Mornais*; the Caſtle of *Oigny*, with the Towns of *Gray* and *Vezont*.

This laſt is a Place of conſiderable Importance, being called the *Gate of Lorrain*, and the Poſtern of the *Franche Comté*. Whereby this *Monarch* is become actual Maſter of the *Baillage* of *Amont*, which comprehends above Five Hundred Villages.

The *Spaniards* ſeeing him thus Succeſsful, and that they could not by open Reſiſtance

ſtop

ſtop the courſe of his Victories, took another Method, and ſought to undermine him by Plots, and Confederacies with ſome of his Subjects.

They had agreed with the *Chevalier de Rohan*, to ſettle on him a Penſion of Eight Thouſand Livres a Year, and to preſent him out of Hand, with Five Thouſand Piſtoles, if he would put them in Poſſeſſion of *Quillebeuf*, a ſtrong Place in the Province of *Normandy*.

The *Chevalier de Rohan* had made himſelf and them believe, that it was in his Power with much Eaſe to perform this: But he was miſtaken. Some of his Friends ſay, he never thought of accompliſhing his Bargain, his Credit being too ſmall in that Place; and that he only aim'd to repair his Fortune, by cheating the *Spaniards* of their Five Thouſand Piſtoles. However, the Plot was diſcover'd to the *French King*, who has his Spies in all Corners of the Kingdom. The unfortunate *Chevalier* was ſeiz'd, and brought to the *Baſtille*, and being convicted of Treaſon, was condemn'd to loſe his Head, which was accordingly Executed.

The *Marquis* of *Villars*, and the *Sieur de Pereau*, ſuffer'd the ſame Puniſhment, as Accomplices in the Treaſon. Another *French Lord* of the Party, was Kill'd in defending himſelf againſt thoſe who were order'd to arreſt him. Theſe had undertaken to deliver other Places of Strength into the Hands of the *Hollanders* who firſt begun the War.

Had

Had their Conſpiracy taken Effect; it would have been no difficult matter to corrupt other *Grandees* with the *Spaniſh* Gold, and ſo a Third Part of *France* might have been ſold for a Price not allowable in the *Mercats* of *Kings*. For it ſeems the *Hollanders* and *Spaniards*, were upon the Point of making their Deſcents in *Normandy* and *Bretagne*, being invited thereto by the large Promiſes of the Perſons before-named, and their Confederates, who made them believe, that a great Part of the Nobility and Gentry of thoſe Provinces wou'd come over to them, as ſoon as they ſaw them Landed; and there was no need to fear any oppoſition from the Vulgar, who are bound to follow the Fortune of their Lords. Beſides they are always deſirous of Novelty and Change.

There is nothing ſo Abject, Poor and Contemptible, as the Peaſantry of *France*, who labour only for others, whilſt they can hardly get Bread for themſelves out of all their Toil. In a word, they are abſolute Slaves to them whoſe Tenants they are, and whoſe Lands they farm. They are not more oppreſſed by the Publick Taxes and *Gabels*, than they are by the Private Impoſitions of their Country Lords, beſide the unreaſonable Demands of the *Prieſts*. Theſe Sufferings diſpoſe them to wiſh for any Revolution in the Government, from which they might hope to receive gentler Uſage.

'Twas this partly which encourag'd the *Hollanders* and *Spaniards* to think of invading *France*:

France: Otherwiſe, they had only been upon the Defenſive. This King has to do with a great many Potent Enemies. The *Emperor* holds him play on the *Rhine*; the *Duke* of *Lorrain* gives him Diverſion in his New Conqueſts on that ſide. The *King* of *Spain* puts him to a great Expence of Men and Mony in *Flanders*. The *Hollanders* infeſt him by Sea, and would do by Land, if they knew which way. Yet this *Monarch* copes with 'em all; baffles their Plots and Intrigues, foils their Arms, daily gains Ground; and by a continued Series of Conqueſts, makes it apparent, that *his* is the only flouriſhing Fortune in the *Weſt*.

The *King* of *Sweden* had made certain Propoſals of Peace between the *Emperor*, the *King* of *France*, the *King* of *Spain*, the *States* of *Holland*, and ſome of the *Electoral Princes*. In order to which, he offer'd himſelf to become a Mediator between them. He ſent his Embaſſadors accordingly, to a Place agreed upon by all Parties, as the moſt convenient for Conferences of this Nature. So did all the other Princes and States concern'd in the War. But it ſeems there was a groſs Affront put upon *Guillaume de Furſtemberg*, Plenipotentiary to the *Elector* of *Cologne*, by the *Marquis de Grana*, Embaſſador to the *Emperor*.

This was deeply reſented at the *French* Court, as being a Notorious Breach of the Law of Nations; and the *King* publiſhed a *Manifeſto*, wherein he charg'd the *Emperor* with

with giving Order for this Insult; declaring also, that unless due Satisfaction were made, he would withdraw his Embassadors from the Place of Conference, and seek Justice with Sword in Hand.

He complain'd to the *King* of *Swedeland* of this Violence, and enter'd into a close and strict League with him. *Gustavus* presently recalls his Embassadors from the publick Meeting, commanding them to protest against the Action of the *Marquis de Grana*, as a Violation of the Civil Laws. The *French King* has done the same, and all Things seem to portend a general Distraction in *Europe*.

Those of the *Roman Church* fight against one another, as well as they combine against the *Protestants*, whom they esteem as the Common Enemy, and have little beter Regard for them, than we *Moselmans* have for the *Persian Kyzilbaschi*, whom we execrate as abominable Hereticks. One sort of *Protestants* also cabal against another; the *Lutherans* hate and persecute the *Calvinists*; which the Latter return with equal Animosity. These Infidels are caught in the Devil's Snare, where they bite and devour one another. They are in egregious Darkness, tos'd about in the Tempest of Errors. They are surrounded with Enchantments: Their Guides are Sorcerers and Magicians: *Hell* has a Hand in all their Devices.

O ye *True Believers*, lift up your Heads! For the Hour is approaching, wherein the Ancient

Ancient Prophecies must be fulfilled; That *the Dragon of the East, shall wage War with the Eagle of the West, and shall devour him Whole with all his Feathers.* Woe be to thee O *Land* of *Japhet*, in the Year 1700 of the Christians Style.

Mighty Bassa, thou who hast not number'd half my Years, mayst live to see these Things come to pass. As for me, I am hastning to the Spirits of my Fathers, to a Region of Silence, and Eternal Retirement, to a Place where all the Vanities of this *Earth* shall be forgotten.

In the Mean Time, live thou to be a Witness of the *Grand Revolution* which will astonish all the World.

Paris, 7th. *of the* 3d. *Moon, of the Year* 1674.

LETTER V.

To Cara Hali, Physician *to the* Grand Signior.

PRaise be to *God*, from whom alone proceed Health, Long Life, and Immortal Happiness: In the whole Family of *Fevers*, I never was much subject to any, except it were that of *Love*. This indeed is become Habitual to me; 'tis grown a perfect Hectick; sure-

ſurely 'tis more than Second Nature. I feel ſomething in the very Roots of my *Eſſence*, prompting me to Eternal Softneſſes, wild melting Fits of freſh Platonick tender Paſſions. Nothing can provoke my Hatred, but an Obdurate Surly-temper'd Fellow, who being the Offſpring of ſome Bloody Butcher, Poulterer, or Greaſy Cook, his very Face portends a preſent Maſſacre; and all his Words breath nothing elſe but a continued Train of Cruel Wrongs, and Violences againſt the Innocent. Pity to him, ſounds like the News of Famine, to a Starving Man. But if you'd make him ſmile, and put him in good Humour, tell him how he may get an Eſtate, by oppreſſing the Fatherleſs and Widows; or encreaſe his Wealth, by ruining whole Families. Tell him how he may overreach ſome Silly Credulous Young Heir, or outwit his Neighbour in a Bargain. He cheriſhes a *Spider* in his Brain, and his Heart is full of Webs. To ſuch a Temper as this, I cannot be reconciled; there is an Innate Antipathy, an Immortal Contrariety in our *Souls*. My Spirit is daunted, and retreats within me at the ſight of ſuch an one: A Languor and Faintneſs ſeizes my Limbs. I am like one that has touch'd a *Torpedo*.

Surely, there is no *Species* of Four-footed Beaſts, of Birds, of Fiſh, of Inſects, Reptiles or any other living Things, whoſe Nature is not found in Man. How exactly agreeable to the *Fox* are ſome Mens Tempers? Whilſt others are perfect *Bears* in Human Shape.

Shape. Here you ſhall meet a *Crocodile*, who ſeeks with feigned Tears to entrap you to your Ruin: There a ſly *Serpent* creeps and winds himſelf into your Affections; and when he is well-warm'd with Favours, on a ſudden he will bite and ſting you to Death. *Tygers*, *Lions*, *Leopards*, *Panthers*, *Wolves*, and all the Monſtrous Generations of *Africk*, may be ſeen Maſquerading in the Forms of Men. And 'tis not hard for an obſerving Mind to ſee their Natural Complexion, through the borrow'd Vizard. The *Phyſiognomy* of Vice and Vertue, are eaſily diſtinguiſh'd. There are ſome ſecret Characters in every Face, which ſpeak the Nature of the Perſon. So does *Platonick* Love, with Eagle Eyes ſoon trace the Signatures of what is Amiable in the *Soul*. We read the hidden Qualities of Men at the firſt Glance; and hence are laſting Friendſhips often contracted. I love my Friends without Reſerve; and becauſe thoſe are very few among our Mortal Race, I contract Familiarities with the Harmleſs *Animals*: I ſtudy like a Lover to oblige and win their Hearts, by all the tender Offices I can perform. I bear with Patience their wild froward Tricks, till conſtant Perſeverance vanquiſhes their ſtubborn Humours: Then when we once begin to underſtand each other aright, they make me a Thouſand ſweet Returns of Gratitude according to their Kind. When I am Melancholy, they'll ſoon divert me with

one

one pretty Trick or other, as if they were ſenſible of my Pain.

But becauſe my Love is large and ſtrong, ſtill ſeeking to dilate it ſelf, though ſtill recoyling from the degenerate Race of Men; I go into the Fields and Woods, and make my ſilent Court unto the Trees and Flowers, and ſometimes I converſe in Raillery with Eccho's. I languiſh on the Banks of Chryſtal Streams, and pine away for an old Moſſy Rock. The Oak enflames me with a Sacred Paſſion, when I behold her Venerable Bulk and Shade. I could almoſt turn *Druid* for her ſake, and take my Reſidence up for ever in her hollow Trunk; where the Kind *Genii* of the Air wou'd viſit me, and tell me Things to come, inſtructing me in all the Myſteries of *Nature*; for I'm in Love ev'n with thoſe *Inviſible Beings*; and often tell my Paſſion to 'em in the Woods, or on ſome Mountain, where the Courteous Winds tranſport my Words, and waft their ſecret Anſwers back again. Then is my *Soul* ſnatch'd up in Sacred Ecſtaſies, becauſe th'Immortals condeſcend to talk with me. I often fall into a Trance, and wake not till the *Sun* is got half way into t'other *Hemiſphere*. Then I reſolve to paſs away the Night in this ſweet Solitude.

Had I the Tongues, or Pens of *Cicero* and *Demoſthenes*, I could not to the Life expreſs the Pleaſures that I feel at ſuch a Time, when free and undiſturb'd I can for ſeveral Hours behold the Motions of the *Moon* and

Stars,

Stars. Oh *God*! What Thoughts, what Contemplations riſe within my Breaſt? My Raviſh'd *Soul* is ready to break Priſon for Joy, when 'tis inſpir'd with certain Demonſtrations of the World's Eternity. Methinks at ſuch a Time, I hear the Noiſe and Buſtle of the Worlds Above: Methinks I ſee the Active, Buſie Tenants of the *Moon* and *Stars*, trudging about their daily Buſineſs, even like us Mortals here Below. Then 'tis I nauſeate the narrow Principles of Ignorant, Superſtitious Men; I hate to think of e'er returning to the City again, there to prophane my Reaſon with the vain Diſcourſe of Self-conceited Fools and Idiots. I am cloy'd with Life, and wiſh to die amidſt theſe charming Speculations. Thus do I paſs the Time away, till fair *Aurora* uſhers in the Roſy-finger'd Morn. Then I begin to reflect on my Duty as a *Moſelman*, and Slave to the *Grand Signior*. I haſte to waſh my ſelf in the next Stream, and chearfully proſtrate my ſelf upon the Ground, adoring the *Eternal Source* of *all Things*. After which, abundantly ſatisfied with theſe Nocturnal Pleaſures, I return to the City and to my Buſineſs; conſidering, That I were not wholly born for Contemplation.

Learned *Hali*, I wiſh thee conſummate Happineſs in this Life, and fortunate *Tranſmigrations* after Death; praying alſo, that I may merit one Day to enjoy thy Company in *Paradiſe*, where we may diſcourſe theſe Things

Things more at large, and in a clearer Light than what this Earth affords. Adieu.

Paris, 2d. *of the* 5th. *Moon, of the Year* 1674.

LETTER VI.

To Kerker Haſſan, Baſſa.

TO what Purpoſe am I kept longer in *Paris*? Why do the *Miniſters* of the *Port*, put the *Grand Signior* to a needleſs Expence, in maintaining here an Old Superannuated Slave, not worth his daily Bread? And yet, *God* knows, I eat not much, neither can I taſte any Pleaſure in that little I eat. My Refections are like the Entertainments of Magical Tables, where the Eye is deluded with a fair ſhew of various Delicacies, but the Stomach is not ſatisfied with any real Food, nor the Body ſtrengthened by any ſubſtantial Nouriſhment. Only the languiſhing Imagination feeds on Phantaſtick Diſhes, mere Shadows, and Enchanted Reſemblances of Solid Meat; while the Man is ready to faint for Hunger. So I ſeem to my ſelf to Eat and Drink, but 'tis with ſo little guſt at preſent, and I receive ſo little benefit from it afterwards, that all appears no more than a Viſionary Feaſt, or a Collation in a Dream.

I have now pass'd the *Grand Climacter* of Human Life, being enter'd into the Sixty Fourth Year of my Age. My Senses droop, and all the Faculties of my *Soul* and *Body* decay apace. My Bones are weary of supporting their accustomed Burden. My *Sinews* and *Muscles* refuse to perform the Offices of Motion, at least their Vigor is much slacken'd and impair'd. In a Word, the Infirmities of my Body have rank'd me under a new *Predicament*; I am become a *Three-footed Animal*, being forced to walk with a Staff, to prevent the necessity of Metamorphosing my Hands to Feet, and crawling on all Four.

Judge now, *Illustrious Arab*, after what I have said, whether I am fitting to do the *Grand Signior* service in this Station. As for the Intrigues of the Court, I am quite tyr'd of them. Besides here are now no more *Richlieu*'s and *Mazarini*'s in Being, with whom I might insinuate on the score of Skill in translating *Greek*, *Sclavonick*, *Arabick*, and other Eastern Languages. *Osmin* the Dwarf is also Dead, from whom I us'd to learn many Secrets. *Fate* has also snatch'd away several *Courtiers* with whom I had intimate Converse. Add to this, that *Eliachim* grows Old and Crazy, who was once as my Right Hand: So prompt and dextrous in any Business of Difficulty; Faithful also as my own Heart, which never was tainted with the least Symptom of Disloyalty. So that all things consider'd, I cannot see what the

Sublime

Sublime Ministers can propose in retaining me at *Paris*.

I do not desire as formerly, to travel into *India*, or any other Region of the East: I do not so much as Covet to see my own Native Country, for which I have had such passionate Longings. No, every Place will be *Arabia* to me, where I may rest from Businesses of State, and shut up my latter Days in Quietness. It is Time for me to bid Adieu to the Active Life, and betake my self wholly to *Contemplation*. I would fain abandon not only the actual Vanities of this fading World, but the very remembrance and thoughts of them. My Mind is nauseated with the Idea's of past Folly, which Men falsly call *Pleasure*: And I find no gust in any thing but the Meditation of *Death*, and the unknown State of departed *Souls*. All other Things are uncertain Toys, and empty Trifles. But that great change, which no Mortal hath ever yet escap'd, is stable, permanent, and fix'd by *Destiny*. Fate has set the Period, which winds up the *Epocha* of every Mans Life in this visible State, and begins a new *Hejira*, whereof we have no Computation; in regard we have no Correspondence with that unknown World: Neither are there any certain Histories extant, which can rightly inform us. The Flight of the *Soul* from the *Body* begins the Mysterious Date; but where or when it will end, is not known to us that stay behind. This therefore alone is worthy of an Old

Man's Thoughts, how to prepare himself for *Death*, since he cannot protract the Term of his Life, beyond the Moment allotted by *Heaven*. Neither can he be assur'd what will become of him afterwards.

Think not, *Serene Bassa*, that I am going to lay a Train for the Reputation of a Saint, or wou'd set up all on a sudden for an extraordinary Pious Man. No, there's nothing of that in't. I hate the rigid Hypocrisie of forc'd Penance; and the Religious Lunacy of those, who never think they do enough to atone for their Sins, unless they outdo Humanity it self in their cruel Mortifications. These are Monsters in all good *Divinity*, and their Example is not to be followed.

What I aim at in this Discourse is, That as according to the Order of Nature, and Will of Destiny, we are born Men, so we should take care to *Live* and *Die*. And if we have suffer'd the former part of our Life to elapse without due Reflection on so important a Truth; 'tis but Reason, that when we approach near the Grave; when all our Senses, Faculties and Members do the part of *King Philip*'s Page, putting us *daily* and *hourly in Mind of our Mortality*: 'Tis but Reason, I say, that then we should begin to recollect our selves, and to think whereabouts we are; that we may not be surprized by the Inevitable Decree of Fate, when it comes to be put in Execution; nor die less than our selves.

Besides,

Beſides there is another advantage in being thus prepar'd for the laſt things; ſince it equally arms us againſt all intermediate Calamities, ſuppoſing we ſhou'd live longer than we reckon. He that can boldly ſtare Death in the Face, will not eaſily turn his Back upon any Misfortune of this Inconſtant Life. But receiving all things with an even Temper, renders himſelf happy in the midſt of Troubles, Loſſes, Diſgraces, Pains, Sickneſſes, and other Caſualties which aſſault all that live on Earth.

Magnificent Baſſa, all that I have ſaid, is but a Prologue to my main purpoſe, which is to deſire thy Mediation with the Firſt *Vizier*, that I may be recall'd from an Employment wherein I cannot be ſo ſerviceable as I have been; and which at the ſame Time, by impoſing on me a Thouſand Cares, takes from me the poſſibility of preparing as I ought to do, for that Tranſmigration, which in a little Time I muſt paſs through.

In a Word, *Right Noble Kerker*, I deſire the Privilege to end my Days in *Conſtantinople*, among the *Moſelmans*, under the Venerable Shade of *Moſks* and *Minarets*, conſecrated to the Service and Honour of the *Eternal Unity*. Let me not have worſe Uſage than the ancient *Roman* Souldiers had, who when they had ſerved in the Wars ſuch a certain number of Years, were diſcharg'd with an Honourable Penſion.

This is all the Favour I requeſt, who have ſerv'd the *Grand Signior* faithfully and with

Succeſs theſe Eight and Thirty Years, in a Country of *Infidels*. But if my Superiors ſhall determine otherwiſe, I am reſign'd to their Pleaſure, and to the Will of *Deſtiny*.

Paris, 22d. *of the* 6th. *Moon*, *of the Year* 1674.

LETTER VII.

To Ali Ruſtan Begh, Seraſquier *in* Dalmatia.

THou ſhalt hear how a famous *Chriſtian General*, the *Mareſchal de Turenne*, deported himſelf, when he was lately challeng'd to a ſingle Combat, by the *Prince Palatine* of the *Rhine*.

It ſeems, this later has been a great Sufferer by the preſent War between *France* and the *Confederate Princes*; for his Country lying near the *Rhine* was expos'd to both Parties, and the *French* firſt enter'd it.

There were ſome *Engliſh* Troops in the *French* Army, who had conceiv'd an Implacable Revenge againſt the Subjects of the *Palatine*, in regard many of their Comrades had been barbarouſly handled by them. Wherefore they made great Devaſtation where-

where-ever they came; burnt Five and Twenty great Villages to the Ground, and Five ſmall Cities. In a word, they quite ruin'd in Fifteen Days Time, the whole Country, which is eſteem'd the moſt pleaſant and agreeable Part of *Europe*.

This put the *Elector* all in Choler, and he wrote a ſharp Letter to the *Mareſchal Turenne*, threatning him in a furious Manner, and bidding him chuſe the Place, where he might fight with him in ſingle Duel. But the *Sage Mareſchal* retaining his uſual Moderation, and not at all mov'd at the *Palatines*, Letter, anſwer'd it in theſe or the like Terms; *That the Proceedings of the Engliſh Regiments were without his Order or Approbation; That he was infinitely troubled at the Violences which had been committed; and that the chief Authors had been puniſh'd: Nevertheleſs, he could not but Declare, That the cruel Treatment which the* Engliſh *had met with, had ſo exaſperated their Companions, that it was no wonder to ſee them execute their Revenge even on the very Inanimate Things. And that in the firſt heat and tranſport of their Fury, they had not leiſure to examine who were guilty and who not.* He added likewiſe, *That if the Poſt which the* King *his Maſter had appointed him, would permit him to accept of his Challenge, he would not refuſe it, counting it an Honour to meaſure his Arms with thoſe of ſo* Illuſtrious *a* Prince: *But that as things were, he deſir'd to be excus'd.*

In former Days ſuch an Anſwer as this, would have been taken for an Argument of Cowardiſe, in a Man profeſſing Arms. There was nothing more common among theſe *Infidels*, than to decide their private Controverſies, Grudges and Quarrels by the Sword; and their Laws allow'd it. If any Man had accus'd another wrongfully, or had done him any other injury, he did not run preſently to the *Cadi's* or Lawyers for Redreſs, but had Recourſe to his Arms: And whoſoever got the Victory, his Cauſe was pronounc'd juſt. But ſince the Commerce which has been eſtabliſh'd between the *Moſelmans* and the *Nazarens*, theſe later have learned to forſake ſo impious a Practice, being aſham'd that the Followers of *Mahomet*, whom they call *Infidels*, ſhou'd outſtrip them in the Peaceableneſs of their Temper, a Vertue ſo earneſtly recommended to the Practice of all Chriſtians by *Jeſus* the *Son* of *Mary*. Beſides, they have found the inconvenience of theſe private Combats, and they are generally forbidden now in moſt Countries of *Europe*. This is owing to the Examples of the *Moſelmans*, whoſe Anger againſt each other ſcarce ever proceeds to contumelious Words, much leſs to Blows, or any Attempt upon Life. For when a Diſpute ariſes between Two True *Believers*, and they become never ſo little paſſionate thereupon, 'tis but for a Third Perſon, one of the *Faithful*, to interpoſe himſelf, and reproach them with violating the Laws of the *Prophet*, and the Honour of

their

their Profeſſion, and they immediately are made Friends again. Such Magick there is in the Force of theſe Words; *Fie, Fie! What? Moſelmans, and Quarrel?* The uſual Reprimand of the By-Standers. Which is an evident Argument, That our *Holy Religion* has a greater Influence on the Hearts and Conſciences of thoſe that profeſs it, than has *that* of the *Nazarens*. For whilſt theſe pretend to believe and honour the *Meſſias* as their Lawgiver, they diſobey him in their daily Practice, and ſo give the Lye to their Faith, diſcovering that it has no Efficacy on their Morals. Doubtleſs, the *Meſſias* was *Holy, Chaſt, Peaceable, Humble* and *Harmleſs*. But it is rare to find any of theſe Virtues among *his* Followers. *He* bid them return *Good for Evil, Bleſſings for Curſes*, and *to ſuffer all Injuries patiently*, after *his* Example; but they invert the Order of *his* Precepts, and read them backward, as they ſay *Witches do the* Paſter-noſter.

When *Judas* came to Seize him in the Garden of *Gethſemani*, with a Train of Officers and Ruffians, one of *Jeſus's* Retinue drew his Whinnier, and cut off an Ear from the Servant of the *High Prieſt*. But the *Son* of *Mary* was ſo far from commending his Zeal in this, that *he* bid him *put up his Sword*, telling him withal, *That whoſoever draws the Sword, ſhall periſh by the Sword.* At the ſame Time, *he* reſtor'd the Fellows Ear again by a Miracle.

Magnanimous Seraſquier, what I have ſaid, entrenches not on the Right of Lawful War in Defence of ones Country, or of the *Volume* brought down from *Heaven*. The Sacred Combat was ever allowed of by *God* and *Man*.

Thou art now engag'd in this Cauſe againſt *Infidels*: Fight generouſly, and Vanquiſh. But enter not into private Duels with any Man, though he be a *Prince*, without the *Grand Signior*'s Conſent. For the Safety of *his Royal Perſon* depends upon the Preſervation of his Faithful, Valiant, and Wiſe *Generals*.

Paris, 25th. *of the* 8th. *Moon, of the Year* 1674.

LETTER

LETTER VIII.

To the ſame.

I Will now give thee a brief Account of the Famous Battel of *Senef*, which makes a great noiſe in *Europe*, and is reckon'd one of the moſt terrible that has been fought in theſe Parts for many Ages. For it will not be amiſs to let thee know the Particular Circumſtances of this Combat, the good Conduct of the *French* Generals, as alſo their Overſights and Errors: That thou mayſt make a right uſe of ſuch Examples, in the Difficulties which may environ thee through the Chance of War.

On the Ninth of this Inſtant *Moon*, the *Confederate* Forces amounting to Sixty Thouſand Men, march'd with their Left Wing to a Place call'd *Arken*, and their Right to the Foreſt of *Buſſeray*, where they encamp'd, having before them a Village call'd *Senef*, ſituated in *Brabant*. They tarried there on the Tenth Day, and next Morning parted from thence, Marching in Three Lines, counting the Baggage for One. Whilſt the *Prince de Vaudemont* commanded a Body of Six Thouſand Spaniſh Horſe, to cover their March, and to skirmiſh with the *French*, if there ſhou'd be occaſion, 'till the whole Army were in Order.

As ſoon as the *Prince of Conde* was advertis'd of theſe Motions, he was reſolv'd to take Advantage of their neceſſity, and to attack them, before they could poſſibly get together into a Body capable of ſuſtaining the Shock of the *French* Army, which was cloſely embattel'd. To this End he caus'd one Part of the Army with Four Pieces of Cannon, to paſs the River of *Pilton*, where unſuſpected, they might obſerve the Enemies Motions. Another part he poſted in a deep Valley, where the Confederates could not perceive them: And that nothing might be wanting to his full Information of their Advances, he caus'd the *Mareſchal* of the *Camp*, with a conſiderable Detachment, to gain a certain Hill, from whence lying under the Covert of thick Woods, he might attend every Step of the Enemy, without being diſcovered himſelf.

When the *Prince* had made all thoſe Preparations, he ſent the *Marquiſs de Rannes*, and the *Chevalier de Tillades*, with the Dragoons under their Command, to aſſault the Confederates not far from *Seuef*. This was perform'd with ſo much Vigor, that they drove them into the Village, with no little Slaughter of the *Spaniards*: But not ſatisfied with this, they attacqu'd them in the Village it ſelf; and after a long and bloody Conflict, the *French* beat 'em thence alſo, purſuing them into the Plain; till at laſt both the whole Armies were engag'd *pell-mell*. Then was the Fight Cruel and Fierce, the Officers

of

of both ſides behaving themſelves with ſurpaſſing Bravery, and the Souldiers not ſhrinking from their Valiant Leaders. But Fortune favour'd the *French*, who before they quitted the Plain, became Maſters of all the *Hollanders* Baggage, Ammunition, Powder and Mony which they brought with them to pay the Army. Then the *Prince* of *Conde* chac'd them into the Village of *Dufay*, where the Confederates retrench'd themſelves under the Covert of a Caſtle, and a ſtrong Church. But that Active General would not ſuffer them to reſt long there; he ſet upon them on all Hands ſo furiouſly, that they were forced to abandon the Place, and enter the Plain the Second Time. The Battel had now laſted Five Hours, and great was the Slaughter on both Sides. The *French* took almoſt Four Thouſand Priſoners, and kill'd as many upon the Spot, beſides thoſe that they left wounded. Which ſo weaken'd and diſcourag'd the *Confederates*, That the next Day they retir'd, and left the *French* Maſters of the Field.

Now I will tell thee, That had the Prince of *Conde* been contented with his Firſt Victory at *Senef*, he had ſav'd abundance of *French Blood*. For, in that Fight, the *Confederates* loſt above Two Thouſand Men, and the *French* ſcarce a Hundred. But the Fieryneſs of his Temper, carried him beyond his Judgment, to purſue them into difficult Places. So that in the winding up of the Matter, though the Victory was his, it coſt him

him above Fifteen Hundred Lives of his Souldiers, which might have been as well ſpar'd, and his Honour remain'd the ſame.

Valiant Seraſquier, I ſend thee this Narrative, as a Chart by which to ſteer thy Courſe in the like Emergencies; adviſing thee to temper thy Courage with ſage Conduct and Prudence, and not to ſacrifice thy Men to a Raſh Caprice of Martial Phrenſy.

Paris, 12th. *of the* 9th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1674.

LETTER

LETTER IX.

To Mehemet, *an Exil'd* Eunuch, *at* Al-Cairo *in* Egypt.

HOw changeable is the ſtate of Mortals; how inconſtant our Thoughts, Paſſions, Words and Actions! We are never fix'd long on any thing. If we are invited to caſt *Anchor* a while in ſome calm and ſerene Seaſon, whilſt we furl the Sails of Human Care and Anxiety; if we are permitted to careen and recruit our Weather-beaten Spirits, enjoying ſome ſhort interval of Reſt and Eaſe; the Indulgence ſoon expires, and we are forc'd to weigh and hoiſt with double Diligence, leſt we incur a Wreck. The Tempeſts rais'd by our Evil Stars, blow hard upon us; we run adrift, and are toſs'd up and down on the Billows of *Human Miſery*, without any approv'd Pilot, Chart or Compaſs to direct us in the uncertain Road of Life. We float at Random, in a Sea of perpetual Hazards and Difficulties.

O *Mehemet*! I will not now, as once formerly I did, wiſh my ſelf in one of the *Egyptian Pyramids*, or court the Society of Ghoſts and Dæmons: I will not take Sanctuary in thoſe Superannuated Priſons of *Royal Souls*; nor ſeek Diverſion among the Dead. Not the black Maſquerades of *Cheop's* Sepul-

Sepulcher, danc'd each Night by Antique Shadows, or wildeſt Meaſures of Hobgoblins in the Galleries of that horrid Pile, cou'd now relieve my Melancholy, or eaſe my Phrentick Pain: Becauſe the Entertainment is too narrow, cloſe and ſtale for ſuch a *Soul* as mine. I wou'd fain ramble through an Infinite Space, planted each Stage with Seminaries of new Idea's, uncouth Forms, and ſtrange *Chimeras*. I wou'd ſee the *Eſſence of all Beings* that I have already ſeen, revers'd, turn'd upſide down, or inſide out, or any way transform'd, ſo as I might not know 'em again. I wou'd have all the *Elements* change their Qualities; the *Fire* to loſe its Innate Heat, and *Water* to expunge its Moiſture; the *Earth* take *Fire*, and blow it ſelf up into the Ninth Sphere, whilſt the *Air* ſhall condenſe and cruſh it ſelf into a Solid Globe, producing a new Race of Minerals, Vegetables, and Living Creatures, which our Old Purblind World ne'er ſaw before. I wou'd have flying Trees, and Birds whoſe outſpread Claws take Rooting in the Air, and grow like *Baucis* and *Philemon*; their Wings to Branches turn'd, their Feathers into Leaves. Beſides a Thouſand Kinds of Monſters more than ever *Ovid* ſpoke of in his *Metamorphoſis*.

After all this, I would go up and view the *Orbs* above, reſtore the Rotten Corruptible *Heavens*, pull all the *Bulls* and *Bears*, the *Scorpions*, *Lions*, *Centaurs*, and other antiquated Beaſts out of the Sky; make the New

Star

Star of *Caſſiopeia* pay a Swinging Fine, for her damn'd late unmannerly Appearance in the *Senate* of the Stars.

Then wou'd I ſet up an Inquiſition for the *Comets*, to know from whence they are, and what their Buſineſs is, among the *Orbs* above. I wou'd examine all the *Conſtellations*, and know the meaning of their Names, and ill-ſhap'd Figures. And then I'd trace the *Milky Way*, mounting directly to the *Holieſt Heavens* of all.

There perhaps I ſhou'd begin to be Modeſt and Sober, conſidering that it is the *Preſence-Chamber* of the *Omnipotent*. I wou'd not broach Sedition, nor talk Factiouſly before the *King of all Things*. But behaving my ſelf like a Courtier during the Publick Audience, I wou'd afterwards retire, and ſcamper through the Endleſs Fields, beyond the *Cælum Empyræum*; where I wou'd either find out new Worlds, or Room for them. Nothing ſhou'd confine my Search, leſs than *Infinity*. Is not our Senſe, Fanſy and Reaſon without Bounds? Are not theſe Parts of the Univerſe? And has *God* made any Part greater than the Whole? This is a Contradiction in Nature. He has given us Faculties, which, if rightly us'd, cannot err. Our Conceptions are ſquar'd to his Eternal Model of the World, if we do not debauch our own Thoughts, or ſuffer 'em to be corrupted by others. He is the *Primitive* and *Original Reaſon*, the Everlaſting Common

Sen-

Senſorium of Nature, *in whom*, and *by whom* we all ſee that we have Eyes; hear that we have Ears; ſmell that we have Noſes; taſte that we have a Tongue; and feel that we are all over full of Senſible Spirits.

Oh *God*! thy Praiſes are without Beginning or End: Thou art an Eternal Circle of Wonders and Miracles. Thou ſurpaſſeſt all our Sublimeſt Thoughts; no Words can decypher the Skirts of *thy* Garment. On thee Infinite Worlds have reſted from Eternal Ages. Thou art no Niggard of thy Gifts. Why ſhou'd Infinite Goodneſs and Bounty be traduc'd by *Infidels*? They ſay the World is but ſo many Thouſand Years Old, perhaps Five or Six. It is a damn'd Blaſphemy, thus ſlily to Calumniate the *Omnipotent*, and to ſay by Craft he was not ſo early Gracious as he might have been. What ſhould ail the *Eternal*, that he was not in a Condition to produce the World before? Or was he in a ſullen Humour, that he ſhould ſuffer a lapſe of Indeterminate Ages, before he wou'd diſplay his Attributes?

Oh, No! Suffer not this Doctrin to take Root in thy *Soul*, My Dear *Mehmet*, but Remember, there is no Envy in the *Deity*. Doubtleſs he was as *Good*, *Powerful*, *Juſt*, and *Wiſe*, from all Eternity, as at *Moſes*'s Hour of the *Creation*, or as he is now, and ever will be *World without End*; *Amen*:

Amen: As the *Nazareens* have in their Prayers.

My *Mehmet*, let us ſhake off the Prejudices of Education, with all the Prepoſſeſſions and Falſe *Dogma's* of our Early Years, and adhere to firm Reaſon, and the Inſpirations that are from beyond the Viſible Frame.

Take this as my laſt Adieu, for I am juſt Equipping for the Unknown Eternal Voyage.

Paris, 5th. *of the* 11th. *Moon,*
of the Year 1674.

LET-

LETTER X.

To the Kaimacham.

THe Affairs of *France* ſeem to be in a very flouriſhing Condition. This Invincible *Monarch* not only conquers Cities and Provinces by Force, but ſome yield to him voluntarily, courting his Protection.

Here are arriv'd Deputies from the *Senate* of *Meſſina* in *Sicily*, to deſire the *King* to free that City and People from the Yoke of *Spaniſh* Tyranny, and to number them among *his* Subjects. They are receiv'd without much Ceremony on the part of this Court; which affects to appear Stately and Reſerv'd at ſuch a Juncture. However, there is no point of Humanity or Hoſpitable Uſage neglected toward theſe Strangers. In a word, they are entertain'd as Friends of a lower Degree; and they eſteem this a ſufficient Happineſs,

It ſeems the *Spaniſh* Government was very Severe and Cruel; laying inſupportable Taxes on the Inhabitants, and fleecing them of their Silver and Gold by a Thouſand Tricks and Inventions of State. It was a Crime to grow Rich, and no leſs to be ſo Poor as to deny the Payment of the *Gabels*. The one put a Man in danger of the Inquiſition; the other expos'd him to the Gal-

leys,

leys or ſome worſe Slavery in the Mines of *Peru*. On whomſoever the *Viceroy* or *his Officers* caſt an ill Eye, that Perſon was ſure to be ruin'd, if he did not make his Eſcape, or preſent his Enemy with the Value perhaps of half his Wealth; and he muſt take it as a Favour too, that they wou'd compound at ſuch eaſie Rates. For, theſe greedy *Harpies* are ſeldom contented with leſs than all a Man has.

Infinite other Oppreſſions the People ſuffer'd under, which at laſt ſo wearied their Patience, that they began to Cabal and form Conſpiracies againſt the *Viceroy*: And it was not only the Vulgar that thus ſought after Liberty, but the chief of the Citizens, and ſome of the *Senators*.

Theſe all unanimouſly agreed to treat underhand with the *French King*, to repreſent to him their Grievances, with the preſent ſtate of the whole Iſland: For they had heard the Fame and Character of his Perſon and Government: And they were well ſatisfied they could not ſubmit to a better or more generous Maſter than him. The *King* undertakes to reſcue them from the *Spaniſh* Bondage, provided they wou'd aſſiſt him with what Succours they could ſpare, and inſtruct his Officers in thoſe Things which would facilitate the Reduction of the Iſle.

He ſent Forces accordingly at the Beginning of the Year, under the Command of the *Chevalier de Valbelle*, who acquitted himſelf very

very ſucceſsfully, having perform'd many Conſiderable Exploits, and taken ſeveral Towns, Caſtles, and other ſtrong Places from the *Spaniards*.

The *Senate* of *Meſſina* being encouraged by theſe proſperous Beginnings, thought it high Time actually to ſurrender themſelves up to the *French King*: And 'tis on this Errand the Deputies are come.

The *King* being inform'd that the *Chevalier de Valbelle* wanted greater Forces to Conquer the Places which remain in the *Spaniards* Hands, immediately gave Orders for a certain Number of Veſſels to be Fitted and Mann'd under the Command of the *Duke of Vivonne*. He gave a Commiſſion alſo to the *Marquis de Velavoir*, with a conſiderable Army of Men; ordering him to make all ſpeed for *Sicily*, and to joyn the *Chevalier de Valbelle*, or to act ſeparately as occaſion offer'd.

They ſay, the *Duke of Vivonne* will ſet Sail with his Fleet about the Beginning of the Firſt Moon: He is eſteem'd a good Souldier, though ſome of the *Grandees* and *Peers* of the Realm envy him, in regard he was rais'd to the High Dignities he poſſeſſes, through the Mediation of his Siſter, *Madam de Monteſpan*, one of the *King*'s Concubines: For, he was before only *Count of Vivonne*; but now he is *Duke*, *Peer* and *Mareſchal* of *France*, as alſo Admiral of the *Mediterranean* Gallies.

The *Prince* of *Conde*, once in Company with ſome of the *Grandees*, and making a Com-

Compariſon between the *Mareſchals Feuillade* and *Vivonne*, he ſaid, that *Feuillade* got his Honour by the Sword, and *Vivonne* by the Scabbard, reflecting thereby on his Siſter.

It was not the Firſt Time that *Prince* us'd the Liberty of his Tongue in affronting People; he was always daring and bold in ſuch Caſes. When he was Young, and travelling through *Picardy*, he was to paſs by a certain *Convent* or *Religious Houſe* on the Road, where the *Superiour* with all his *Derviches* came out to meet him, and to pay him the Ceremonies and Acknowledgments due to his Quality. The *Superiour* was making a long Elaborate Harangue, in Compliment to the *Prince*, when he all in Frolick call'd aloud to know *what a Clock it was.* The poor *Derviches* ſtriving who ſhould moſt readily ſatisfie him, cry'd out all together, *It is Mid-day, My Lord*; when he made them this wild Anſwer, *Then get you all gone, and make an end of your Speech to the Devil by Midnight; for I'll hear no more of your Long-winded Flattery.*

Thou wilt ſay, This was an odd ſort of Expreſſion in a *Prince*: But it muſt be imputed to the Fieryneſs of his Conſtitution, which in his Youth ſpurr'd him on to a Thouſand Extravagancies. He corrected theſe in Time, and inſtead of ſuch vain Pranks and Flaſhes of his Sparkling Nature, he grew inflam'd with Noble Ardours for his *King* and *Country*. He was commonly call'd the *French Lion* and *Mars*, being eſteemed

the

the Boldeſt Man in the Kingdom. *Mareſchal Turenne*, who was no Stranger to his Genius, us'd to ſay, *That ſince the Brave* Horatius Curtius, *there never was a Man born of Woman ſo full of Fire and Spirit as the Prince of* Conde.

Yet, which is more to be admir'd, that Two ſuch Qualities ſhould meet in the ſame Genius, he is a great Stateſman, as well as a Valiant Souldier. He has a prodigious Aim at the Good or Ill Succeſs of Enterprizes, And his Counſels are generally Fortunate.

As theſe Accompliſhments have render'd him beloved by the Generality of the *French* Nation; ſo his Inconſtancy and ſiding with different Factions, have made him ſuſpected both by the Court and the Parliaments. All Sides are ſhy of him, and reſerv'd in their Addreſſes. Tho he has done Services enough one would think, to efface the Memory of his former Failings; yet the Civilities he receives from the *King*, are only the faint Sprinklings of *Court-Holy-Water*. *So hard a thing it is for an Eminent Perſon to recover the eſteem which he has once loſt by making falſe ſteps.*

This *Monarch* is obſerv'd to be very Conſtant to thoſe he Loves, never putting to Death any of his Favourites, tho he has often caus'd them to be Arreſted. He is very Affable, and of no difficult Acceſs: Civil and Courteous to the Pooreſt People, returning the Salutes of his Subjects with much Condeſcenſion. He is Amorous alſo, and indulges

that

that ſoft Paſſion in the midſt of all his glorious Enterprizes. He had once Three Miſtreſſes together, one whereof was of Vulgar Parentage, the other was a Noble-Woman, and the Third a Nun. Which occaſion'd this Jeſt to be put on him; *That he went about to unite the Three Eſtates, and faſten them to the Intereſt of the Crown.*

Among the other Diverſions of this great Prince, he takes a particular Pleaſure in Magnificent Buildings. And his new Palace at *Verſailles* is eſteem'd one of the Wonders of the World, for Beauty and Art. As ſoon as it was finiſh'd, a certain *Poet* preſented the *King* with this *Diſtich*,

Non Orbis Gentem, non Urbem Gens habet ulla
Urbſve Domum, Dominum nec Domus ulla parem.

Sage Miniſter, theſe *Infidels* flatter themſelves with a wrong *Idea* of their own Grandeur; not conſidering the Invincible *Oſmans* are by *Deſtiny* exalted above all other Nations; and that no City is comparable to *Conſtantinople* for Beauty and Riches; nor any Palace ſo Magnificent as the *Seraglio*, which is the Seat of the *Great Sultan*, *Lord of Aſia*, *Africa*, and *Europe*; *Arbitrator of the whole Earth.*

Paris, 17th. *of the* 12th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1674.

LETTER

LETTER XI.

To the Vizir Baſſa, *at* Conſtantinople.

I am Acquainted with a *French* Merchant in this City, who often trades to *Conſtantinople*, *Smyrna*, *Aleppo*, and other Cities of the *Levant*. He knows nothing of me or my Buſineſs at *Paris*, farther than other People, who take me for a Native of *Moldavia*, and one whom the Deſire of Knowledge has brought hither, where the *Sciences* have taken up *their Reſidence*. Beſides, they may imagin, that the Hopes of Preferment in the *Church*, were one Inducement to my Travelling thus far from the Place of my Nativity. Since I have all along profeſs'd my ſelf a *Student* and *Candidate* of the *Prieſthood*; and it is generally known how familiar I have been with *Cardinal Richlieu*, and his Succeſſor *Mazarini*. Whatever their Thoughts be, thou may'ſt aſſure thy ſelf, that in the Main, I have taken Care to conceal my True Circumſtances, and the Affairs of the *Grand Signior* entruſted to my Charge. But to come to the Buſineſs.

The Merchant of whom I ſpeak, is call'd *Monſieur de Vaubrun*; a Man of Generous Extraction, and by his Induſtry he has acquir'd a conſiderable Wealth. This Perſon not

not long since, came from *Constantinople*, and has made it his Business, ever since his Return, to extol the *singular Morality* and *Justice* of the *Mussulmans*. In all Companies where-ever he comes, 'tis usual with him to say, *The Turks are perfect Saints in Comparison with us.* And to confirm his Assertion, he relates many pretty Passages of Things happening whilst he resided at the Imperial City; all in Honour of the *True Believers*. Which has drawn upon him no small Hatred, Envy and Persecution from the *Priests*, and their more bigotted *Followers*. However, he shrinks not from his Word, but stoutly Maintains the Truth of his Assertions. And some Men of Sense who have heard the Stories he tells, and the Elegant Account he gives of our *Religion* and *Morals*, cannot forbear crying out, *They are almost proselyted to the Mahometan Faith.*

Among the rest, he recounts an Extraordinary Occurrence, which happen'd to himself at his parting from *Constantinople*; which I thought it worth while to acquaint thee with, in regard it is much taken notice of in *Paris* by all that hear it; and conduces not a little to raise in the *French*, an higher Esteem of the *Mussulmans* and our *Holy Faith*, than they were wont to have.

It seems *Monsieur de Vaubrun* had enter'd into a strict Partnership with *Mustapha Zari*, a Native of *Turcomania*, dwelling at *Constantinople*, and trading in Silks. Their mutual Traffick and Correspondence held for

the ſpace of Four Years; at the end of which, the *French-Man* being call'd Home to his Native Country, by Letters from ſome of his Friends, to take Poſſeſſion of an Eſtate newly fallen to him by the Death of an Uncle, he gave his Partner notice of it, telling him his Reſolution was fix'd to depart very ſpeedily from the *Port*, and take his Voyage for *France*; at the ſame Time deſiring, that the Accounts between them might be ſettled. Which was done accordingly; and in caſting them up, it was agreed upon by both, that this *Monſieur Vaubrun* remain'd indebted Nine Hundred *Zequins* to *Muſtapha Zari*. There was no Contention in the Caſe: *Monſieur* very readily gave him Five Bags Seal'd, and deſir'd him to tell the *Money*. *No*, replied *Muſtapha*, *We have dealt together thus long, and I have found you an honeſt Man; God forbid that I ſhould miſtruſt my Friend at our laſt parting.*

This was done the Day before *Monſieur de Vaubrun* was to take his Leave of *Conſtantinople*; for he had Hired Horſes to Travel by Land to *Smyrna*, his Buſineſs ſo requiring. Therefore both Parties being well ſatisfied, they bid Adieu to each other, wiſhing mutual Happineſs. The next Day *Monſieur de Vaubrun* took Horſe for *Smyrna*, having diſpatched all his Affairs at the *Imperial Port*.

It ſo happen'd, That as ſoon as he was gone, *Muſtapha* had occaſion to pay a Thouſand Five Hundred *Zequins* to a *Merchant* of *Holland*. Wherefore having newly received

thoſe

those Five Bags from his Partner, he with them, made up the Sum due to the *Dutchman*, saying withal, That he had not told the Money in those Five Bags, in regard he took them on the Credit of a very worthy and honest Man, who had been his Partner. But the Jealous *Christian* would not shew so much Generosity; for he presently broke up the Seals in the presence of *Mustapha*; and having told over the Money, said 'twas all right, and was very fairly putting it up again. But *Mustapha*, who had a quick Eye, and being well vers'd in telling of Money, perceiv'd there was a great Overplus above Nine Hundred *Zequins*. Wherefore he bid the *Dutchman* hold his Hand, till he had told the Bags over himself; for he suspected there was some mistake. The *Nazarene* durst not deny a *True Believer* this Priviledge, under the *Grand Signior*'s Protection, whatever he wou'd have done in his own Country. So that when *Mustapha* had run the Money over, he found Eleven Hundred and Fifty *Zequins* in Bags by themselves, and gave the rest to the *Hollander*. In a word, having dispatch'd that Payment, he sent an *Express* away immediately with the Two Hundred and Fifty *Zequins* to *Monsieur de Vaubrun*, who he knew was to tarry some Days at a Town on the Road, about Twenty Leagues from *Constantinople*, commanding the *Courier* to deliver him this Message in writing. *My Friend*, God *forbid that I shou'd detain any Thing beyond my Right, or deal with thee as a*

certain Frank *would have done by me? For, thou know'st that I took the Money on thy Credit without telling it, but being to pay it away this Day to a* Dutch Merchant, *he not having the same Faith, would tell it; and finding these Two Hundred and Fifty* Zequins *over and above the Sum supposed to be in the Bags, he would have smuggl'd them in his* Dutch *Conscience, had not I discern'd his Fraud, and prevented him. I send them to thee as thy Right, supposing 'twas some oversight.* God *prohibits all Injustice.*

This Relation I had from *Monsieur de Vantrin's* own Mouth: And I tell thee, it makes a great noise in *Paris.* I leave it to thy Mature Resolves, whether that honest *Mussulman* deserves not some particular and publick Honour to be done him, who by such a rare Action of Justice, has rais'd a Noble Character of the *Mussulmans* among the *Infidels.*

Most Illustrious and Serene *Bassa*, I pray the *Almighty* and *All-good God*, to have thee in his Holy Protection, and augment thy Vertues and Felicities.

Paris, 11th. *of the* 3d. *Moon, of the Year* 1675.

LETTER

LETTER XII.

To Ibrahim Eli Zeid, Hadgi, Effendi, Preacher *to the* Seraglio.

HEre has happen'd something of Late, which the *Priests* magnify as an Apparent *Miracle*; whilst, for ought I know, 'tis only a pure Effect of *Nature*. Thou art not to learn, that the *Nazarens* have their *Saints* in great Veneration: That they invoke them in their Necessities, set up their Images and Pictures in *Temples* to be ador'd: That they preserve their Bones, Ashes, Hair, Garments, or any Thing that deserves the Name of a Sacred Relique: That they enshrine these in Coffins, Urns, Chests, and other Vessels of Gold and Silver, adorn'd with Precious Stones: That they place them in their *Mosques*, as in Sanctuaries; sometimes under their *Altars*, at other Times upon them: Some in Particular *Oratories* or *Chapels*, others in the *Choirs*: That they carry them in Procession in Times of Publick Calamity, and on certain *Festivals*; thinking by this means to pacify the Wrath of *Heaven*, and draw down the Divine Benediction. Thou art not ignorant also, That they believe the *Saints* are *Guardians* of certain Kingdoms, Provinces, Cities,

ties, Families, and even of Private Persons.

Hence St. *Denis* is esteem'd the Patron of *France*; St. *James* of *Spain*; St. *George* of *England*; and so of other Nations. Each City also has its peculiar *Guardian Saint*. Hence St. *Anthony* is accounted the Patron of *Padua*; St. *Mark* of *Venice*; and, to come to the Purpose, St. *Geneviéve* is ador'd by the Citizens of *Paris*, as the Patroness of this Place.

There is a Beautiful *Temple* built in Honour of *her*, on the Highest Ground in the City, which also is call'd by *her* Name, the *Mountain of St. Geneviéve*. On the Decline of this, there is a Fountain of Delicate Water, which is called, *the Fountain of St. Geneviéve*.

They attribute many Miracles to this *Female Saint*, some of which she perform'd in her Life-time, others after her Death, if we may believe what the *Priests* affirm, and what is Recorded in the History of her Life, in the Annals of *Paris*, and the Archives of the *Convent* belonging to *her* Temple. For there is a certain number of *Dervishes*, of the chief Nobility in *Paris*, who consecrate themselves for ever to a Religious Life, in Honour of *this* Virgin.

They meet Twice a Day in the *Choire* of the *Church*, all array'd in long Robes of white Linnen, where they chant aloud the Praises of St. *Geneviéve*. As oft they assemble, at different Hours in a private Chappel in their Cloysters, to

perform the like Devotions. Those who are chosen into this Order, are all Persons of Sweet and Lovely Countenances, graceful Demeanour, and learned Education. One shall not see so much Regularity, Order, and devout Modesty, in any *Church* in *Paris*, as appears in this, at the Time of Celebrating their Divine Mysteries. Yet, for ought I know, all this may be but Hypocrisie and pious Artifice, to attract the greatest Reverence from the People, who are present at their Ceremonies. I my self was astonished once, when being there, I saw a Beautiful Youth approach the Altar with a Golden *Censer*, hanging at a Chain which he held in one Hand; whilst with the other he wafted the Rich Perfume toward the Statues, which stood on high behind the Altar. He had the very Signature of Vertue in his Face. Besides, a certain Lustre that seem'd to spring all on a sudden into his Eyes and Cheeks, discovering some inward Rapture of his *Soul*. Methought he look'd like one of the *Pages* of *Eden*, as they are described in the *Holy Alcoran*.

I protest it was impossible for me to fix my Eyes upon him, and not to feel the Passions of Platonick Love. He deported himself with a Grace which cannot be expressed.

Afterwards I contracted an intimate Familiarity with him on the account of *Arabick*, which he learns of me. He is a Person of excellent natural Abilities, and well

vers'd in Languages, and all manner of Divine and Human Learning.

Pardon this Digression, *Venerable Hadji*, in regard I could not forbear mentioning a Person of whom I have a great deal more to say, than can well be comprised in one Letter. Hereafter I will communicate a further Account of him, while I now return to the *Church* of St. *Geneviève*. In the upper part of the *Choire*, Four Pillars of *Jasper*, with Four Golden Images of *Angels* on the Tops, support the *Shrine* of this Saint, wherein lyes enclosed all that remains of her Body. Several Wax Tapers burn before it Day and Night. The Devouter sort of People kneel and kiss the Pillars which sustain the admirable Reliques. They bring their Linnen and other Vestments to the *Priest*, who is appointed for this Office. He fastens them in the Cleft of a long Pole, and then raises that End up to the *Shrine*, which is very near as high as the Roof of the *Church*. He touches the Shrine with the Linnen, &c. and having done so, he takes it down again; when pronouncing a Benediction on it, in the Name of the *Saint*, he restores it to the Party whose it is.

They believe that Linnen or any Thing else belonging to the Body, being so touch'd and bless'd, has Power to chase away Maladies, to preserve them from Dangers, to ease Women in Childbirth, and to make them prosper in all Things. So profound is the *Attach* which they have for this famous

Saint.

Saint. But whether there be any Thing more in it than Superstition and Bigotry, *God* only knows. However the Inhabitants of *Paris*, esteem this Shrine, as the *Trojans* did their *Palladium*, and the *Romans* their *Ancile*, which fell from *Heaven*, as *Numa Pompilius* made them believe.

When the City is threaten'd with any Publick Calamity, this *Shrine* is taken down with Abundance of Pomp and Solemnity, and carry'd in Procession through the Streets; thinking thereby to divert the Vengeance of *Heaven*, and appease the Anger of the *Omnipotent*.

Such was the Case here lately: There having fallen such an *Overplus* of continual Rains, as threaten'd to destroy all the Corn and Herbage, with the Fruits of the Earth; besides the Damage had been already done to Innumerable Persons in their Houses and Goods by the vast Inundations.

This occasion'd a Decree to come out for the taking down the Body of St. *Genevieve*, and carrying it in Solemn Procession to the Temple of *Nostre Dame*: Which was accordingly performed on the 17th. of this Moon. In the Procession were seen all the Religious Orders in this City, both of Men and Women; the Parliament of *Paris*, the Chamber of Accompts; the Court of Aydes; the Court of Moneys, with the whole Body of the Citizens.

But no sooner was the *Shrine* of St. *Genevieve* brought into the open Air, when the

Rain ceas'd, the Clouds dispers'd, and the Sky became Serene and Clear. And so it has continued ever since.

The *Priests* will have this to be an Effect of St. *Genevieve's* Intercession with *God* for the Province and City committed to *her* Patronage. And the People are willing enough to believe it. If this Shrine be as efficacious in causing Rain, when there is a Drought, as the Inhabitants of *Paris* affirm, it may not unfitly be compared to the *Lapis Manalis* of the Ancient *Romans*. This was a certain great Stone, which in Time of Excessive Dryness, the *Romans* us'd to draw into the City with vast Ropes, by the Gate *Capena*, whilst the *Priests* of the *God Mars*, danc'd before it, and all the *Vestals* left the Sacred Fire, to follow the Procession. They drew the Stone to the Temple of the *Goddess Ceres*, where they strew'd upon it a Handful of wither'd Flowers and Herbs. Then immediately it began to Rain, and they let the Stone lye there, as a Memorial before the Temple of the Goddess, till they had enough of that sort of Weather, to secure the Growth and Maturity of the Vegetables; and then they drew it back again in the same manner as before, only each *Vestal* now carried some of the Sacred Fire in an Earthen Vessel, whereas before they carried none.

Whether there be any real Efficacy in those Religious Ceremonies, or no, is not in my Power to determine: But 'tis certain, that every Nation confides much in the Invite-

ries taught them by their *Prieſts*. The Force of Education prevails on moſt Men even to old Age; in regard they think it an Impiety to examine or queſtion the Traditions of their Fathers, eſpecially when *Heaven* it ſelf confirms their Implicite Faith, by ſeeming to regard and anſwer their Religous Addreſſes, in ſo peculiar a Manner as theſe foremention'd Inſtances deſcribe.

Sage Effendi, Tell me whether it be Hereſie to affirm, That *God* has ſent *Prophets* into all Nations, each furniſh'd with Inſtructions and Doctrines agreeable to the *Genius* of the People whom they were to teach? And that he is not diſpleas'd at the various Rites and Ceremonies by which every diſtinct Region and Climate adore *his Divine Unity?*

Satisfy me in this, and then thou ſhalt be more than *Apollo* in my Eſteem; for, I am full of Doubts.

Paris, 10th. *of the* 6th. *Moon,*
of the Year 1675.

LET-

Paris, 10th of the 6th Moon
of the Year 1671.

LETTERS

Writ by

A Spy at *PARIS.*

VOL. VIII.

BOOK II.

LETTER I.

To Daniel Ogilvy.

SOmetimes I could wish my self without *Spleen*, or rather without deep Melancholies: Yet when I consider the same Vitals is a necessary Instrument of Mirth and Laughter, I reverse that Wish again. Not that I am fond of a Re-

ply

vity which makes us resemble Apes, rather than Men; tho the Philosophers say the contrary. But I correct my Partial Thoughts, which would lay the fault on my Body, when my *Mind* is chiefly to Blame. For, he that is Master of his Reason, need not fall into either Extreme, to be always a grinning like *Democritus*, or howling with *Heraclitus*. Resignation and Tranquility are the Golden Mean. And he that steps over this Line, on one side or other, falls into the same Vanity which he condemns or ridicules in the rest of Mortals.

I have studied to know this World, and the Nature of all Things, but am never the Wiser, after so many Years of search. I have perus'd many *Books*, and convers'd with more Men, yet none of them all can inform me of a certainty, *what I am my self*. How then should I be able to comprehend the *Essences* of *Other Things*? Henceforth, I'll lay aside this Inquisitive Folly, and be careless, till *Death* shall either quite extinguish so troublesome a Passion, or fully satisfy it with new Discoveries.

In that separate State, I hope to see in open Light, the Naked Forms of Things, without the Interposition of a Veil or Glass, to thicken and dusk the Prospect. Whereas in this Life, we are fain to peep into the World through the close Windows of our Senses, which are so cloy'd and darken'd with the Dust our Passions raise, besides their Natural Dullness of their Composition. That

we

we are fain to run from Pannel to Pannel, and use the Opticks of Philosophy to help our Sight. Met, after all, we still are purblind, and so are like to be during this Mortal Life. But when once this Prison of ours shall be demolish'd by a Tempest of Misfortune, or by some sudden Disaster; or it shall moulder away through Sickness, Age, and Native Weakness, thus crumbling to its primitive Dust; then shall the *Soul* expand itself, and fly at large in the open Firmament of *Wisdom, Light*, and *Science*.

My Dearest, Let thou and I be content to bear the Inconveniences of these Earthly Cages for a while; and in a little Time we shall be consign'd over to Eternal Liberty. I design'd to have said more; but I tell thee, I'm too Melancholy. Therefore, Adieu for the Present.

Paris, 19th. *of the* 8th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1675.

LETTER

LETTER II.

To Hamet, Reis Effendi, Principal Secretary of the Ottoman Empire.

IT is above Ten Years ago since I gave thee an Account of the Renowned *Mareschal de Turenne*: Wherein I did not pretend his compleat History, or present thee with his full Character; but only to inform thee of some remarkable Passages in his Life, and to draw an imperfect Idea of his Vertues. Which though they were very great, yet were not sufficient to skreen him from the Chance of War, and the Stroke of a Violent Death.

On the Six and Twentieth of the *Moon* of *July*, this *great General*, having given all necessary Orders for a Battel, with the Imperialists in *Alsatia*, was surveying a certain rais'd Ground near *Strasbourg*, on which he design'd to plant a Battery; when a Cannon Shot from the Town, guided by Fate more than by the Gunners Aim or Skill, came grazing along on the Earth, and in its Career gave this *Heroe* a Mortal Blow on the Breast, of which he instantly died, without speaking a Word.

There was an Officer of the Artillery in his Company, who spied the Course of the Bullet

Bullet at a Distance, and happily started out of the Way. He reports, that *Monsieur Turenne* saw the same, but whether out of the Greatness of his Spirit, which would not suffer him to appear timerous of *Death*, or whether his extream Thoughtfulness on the approaching Battel, kept him from providing for his own Safety; his certain he stood Immoveable, and sustain'd the Fatal Stroke which cost him his Life.

The Court of *France* laments his Death, with extraordinary Demonstrations of Sorrow: And so does all the Kingdom. Indeed they have Reason: *France* having never sent into the Field a Man more accomplished with all the Vertues and Heroick Qualities requisite in a *great General*.

They relate Two or Three remarkable Passages of his Life, which either happen'd since I wrote my former Letter to thee about him; or at least they came not to my knowledge at that Time.

One was a little after his Brother the *Duke of Bouillon's* Death, when he was seen to weep very affectionately, tho he endeavour'd to hide his Passion from the Observation of others. Which was taken notice of as an Argument of his Compassionate Temper; and that all the Blood which had been spilt in his sight, and under his Conduct, had not diminish'd his Natural Tenderness and Humanity.

He was sincerely Modest, without giving the World any occasion to judge, that he only

only affected to appear ſo. For when any of his Friends or Creatures would run into *Hyperboles*, in extolling his Actions, he would not by a feigned Humility, and denying all they ſaid, lay a Train for greater Flatteries; but he ſo diſcreetly moderated his Anſwers, that at the ſame Time he appeared ſenſible of his True Merit, without the leaſt Symptom of Arrogance or Vain-Glory.

So when ſome Lords came to condole the Loſs of his Brother, that they might comfort him, they turn'd the Diſcourſe to a Panegyrick on himſelf, highly extolling the whole Series of his Heroick Performances. But looking on them with a ſtedfaſt Gravity, and fetching a deep Sigh, he reply'd, *It is the Opinion of the World, that I am ſomething verſed in the Affairs of War: It would be an Ingrateful Preſumption to oppoſe the Publick Sentiment. But, I can aſſure you, there is nothing more certain, than that much of my Knowledge in this kind, is owing to my Deceas'd Brother, who by Rules taught me many advantagious Improvements of Martial Diſcipline. And I learned not a little from his own Exemplary Conduct.*

Another Remark they make, is on the Liberality of this General, and his Contempt of Riches: For he really impoveriſh'd himſelf to reward and gratify his Friends, It being a Word very common in his Mouth, *That he would love on the King's Pay, and his Friends ſhould live on his Eſtate.* Yet he was but

a

a Younger Brother. Which made his Wife often say, *That were it not for the King's Mony, her Husband entertain'd such a Retinue of Noble Beggars about him, That she fear'd both he and she must in a little Time, take up the same Trade, and turn Mendicants themselves.*

It is credibly reported of this great Man, that he set his Heart so little on Mony, as not to know one Piece of Coin from another, nor their different Value in Exchange.

Once he was heard to say these words, to some of the Nobles who were discoursing on Wealth, *I wonder*, said he, *what pleasure Men can take in hoarding up great Heaps of Mony: For my Part if, at the End of the Year, I should find in my Coffers, a great Treasure of Gold left, it would Nauseate me as much, as if just when I had made a full Dinner, I should be forc'd to sit still, and glut my self by eating of the same Dishes over again.*

And that which is most to be admir'd is, That even in his Old Age, to which Avarice is so Natural, his Purse was always open, and he gave away his Mony as Liberally as in his Youth. So that when he was Dead, they could find no more than Five Hundred Crowns in his Keeping. Besides, he died much in Debt, which he Contracted on the Armies Account, that they should not want their pay in due Season. But, 'tis said the *King* either has discharg'd these Debts, or will do it in a little Time.

He

He was a Man of no great Presence either for Tallness or graceful Features; being of an ordinary Size, and heavy Countenance. With a Mein and Air more like a Citizen or Mechanick, than a Souldier. Which justifies the old Proverb, *That the Face is not always the True Index of the Heart.* For all the World knows, that *he was a Man of Great Resolution and Bravery.*

They attribute many of his Victories to his Regular and Sage Conduct; others to his Fortune; whilst they cannot deny, That some were owing entirely to the Force of his Invincible Courage.

It were easie to relate many Instances of this kind. But, I will not tire thy Patience. My Letter is already stretch'd beyond its design'd Limits; yet it comes far short of reaching the Character of *this Prince.* However it would be Invidious not to inform thee of all I know concerning him, worth Observation.

In the Time of the Civil Wars, after he had abandon'd the Party of the Malecontents, and was made *General* of one of the *King*'s Armies, he gave an admirable proof of his undaunted Valour. For, when he had but Three Thousand Five Hundred Men with him, and those in a manner hemm'd in by Fourteen Thousand of the Rebels; so that there was but one Pass left, whereby he might escape, and he was strongly press'd to make use of that advantage: *No*, says he, *I will not any longer live to see my Soveraign shut out of his*

his own Cities; Orleans *barr'd her Gates against him, even whilst the* King's *Forces were entire, before they had receiv'd any Loss or Defeat, and can we expect they will any where be more favourable to him, when they shall behold us flying from our Victorious Enemies? No: This Fatal Day shall either put a Check to their Success, or give a Period to my Life.* And the Event answer'd his Expectation. For he enter'd into Battel with the *Prince of Conde*, and routed all his Forces. Ever since which, he has done the *French King* so many eminent Services, as Amply made Amends for his Two Years Revolt.

He is now gone to the other World, not as to a Campagne, but to Celebrate an Eternal Triumph among the Famous *Heroes* of the *Earth*. The *King* has in Honour of his Merits, caus'd his Body to be buried in the *Temple of St. Denis*, where all the *Blood Royal of France* is repolited. Shewing in this, how little difference he makes between him that sits on the Throne, and him that well supports it.

Illustrious Hamet, I pray *Heaven* inspire the *Sultan* to reward thee and all his Faithful Ministers, and *Valiant Generals*, with particular Honours, proportionate to every Mans distinct Merits, and Services. Adieu.

Paris, 4th. *of the* 9th. Moon,
of the Year 1675.

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LETTER VIII.

To the Kaimacham.

THere happen many remarkable Events in a year, which I cannot presently transmit an Account of, for want of Timely Intelligence. My Letters are often finish'd and seal'd, and sometimes sent away before I hear of the Taking of such a City, or Strong Hold; of this Victory on the *French* side, or that Success on the Part of their Enemies, the *Germans*, *Spaniards*, and *Hollanders*. And I do not think it worth while to trouble the Ministers of the *Port* with an After-Dispatch, only to inform them of some Siege, Battel, or other petty Occurrence, as oft as they come to my knowledge. Chusing rather to recapitulate in one Letter, at the end of the year, all such Passages as were omitted before, That so my Intelligence, however disjoynted and parcel'd out into Fragments, may yet at last be set together again, and made entire.

Thus the taking of *Bellegand* in *Roussillon* from the *Spaniards*, by the *Mareschal de Schomberg*, was not a matter of that Importance as to deserve a particular Letter on Purpose to keep Time with the Action. Yet it is convenient to insert it in this Summary of Transactions omitted in my former Letters; That so the *Ottoman* Register may not be imperfect and defective. This Fortress was taken about *Midsummer*,

Midſummer, after an Entrenchment of Seven Days.

But Fortune though ſhe ſeems to have declar'd in Favour of the *French* Arms, yet to ſhew her Inconſtancy, ſometimes turns her Smiles to Frowns, and ſeems for a While to leave them in the Lurch.

On the 11*th.* of the 8*th. Moon*, there happen'd an Accident at *Treves*, which occaſion'd the Loſs of that Town to the Confederate Enemies of *France*, and a little clouded the Glory of the *Mareſchal de Crequi*'s Arms, who had hitherto Fought Succeſsfully, and gain'd the Reputation of a very Wiſe and Prudent General.

It ſeems the Governour of *Treves*, whom they call the *Sieur Vignory* had Orders to come out of the Town that very Day, and joyn the *Mareſchal de Crequi* with Five Thouſand Men of the Garriſon, to put in Execution ſome Deſign they had upon the Confederate Forces, which lay not far off. The Governour in Complyance with the Order, was Marching his Men over a Bridge, when his Horſe ſuddenly ſtarting at the Diſcharge of a *Piſtol* fell with his Rider into the Ditch, where they both periſh'd. Now this unfortunate Gentleman not having diſcover'd his Secret Order to any Perſon Living; his Lieutenant being ignorant of the Deſign, and troubl'd at this unhappy Accident, caus'd the Five Thouſand Men to March back again into the Town. In the mean time the *Mareſchal de Crequi* in vain expected the coming of theſe Recruits, and

and finding himself too weak, to resist the more numerous Troops of his Enemies, was forc'd to give Way, whilst they advanc'd to besiege the Town, the main Thing which he aim'd to prevent. In this Streight he had nothing else to do but to throw himself with his Forces into the Town, that so his Presence might supply the Dead Governours Place, till the King's Pleasure were known. He defended the Place with much Resolution and Bravery: But by the Treachery of a certain Captain belonging to the Garrison, it was at length taken, after Abundance of Bloodshed. This Traitors Name was *Besejourdan*; he held a private Correspondence with the Enemy, inform'd them of the Disadvantages the Town lay under; corrupted several of the Garrison, and did all Things that might facilitate the Reduction of the Place. For which he was deservedly hang'd, having been deliver'd into the Hands of the *French*, by those; who, *though they made use of the Treason, yet could not but abhor the Traytor.*

The Imperialists took Courage upon this Success, and began to think, That since the Death of *Mareschal Turenne*, *Fortune had abandon'd the Interest of* France, *and enter'd into the Confederacy with them.* Hereupon *Count Montecuculi* on the 20th of the 8th. *Moon* invested *Haguenau*, a strong Place in the Hands of the *French*. But the Approach of the *Prince* of *Conde* soon made him raise the Siege. Since which there has been lit-

tle

tle of Action on either Side, ſave the taking of *Thuin*, a Town ſituated on the *Sambre*, and which commands all the Country between that River and the *Meuſe*. It was ſurrender'd to the *French* about the Beginning of the 11th. *Moon*, on Condition that the Priviledges of the Inhabitants ſhould be preſerv'd, and that they ſhould not be forc'd to maintain the *King*'s Garriſon.

There have been lately ſome Seditions in the *Provinces* of *Bretagne* and *Guienne*, ſaid to be ſecretly abetted by the Parliaments of *Bourdeaux* and *Rennes*. For which the *King* has ſignifyed his Diſpleaſure by removing thoſe Aſſemblies to other Places, after having inflicted ſevere and exemplary Puniſhments on the Ring-leaders of the Tumults.

And now this Monarch ſeems to be weary of the Fatigues of War, having publiſh'd a *Manifeſto, wherein he complains of the Injury done to* Prince William of Furſtemberg, *Plenipotentiary from the* Biſhop *of* Cologne; *Declares that he had reaſon to ſhew his Reſentments of an Affront given to his Allie, contrary to the Law of Nature; that nevertheleſs he had labour'd for the general Peace of* Chriſtendom: *And was now in the ſame Inclination.* On which Account he ſent the *Sieur Colbert* Maſter of the Requeſts, and the *Count d' Avaux* to *Nimeguen* there to aſſiſt at the Conferences of Peace.

Some ſay this Propenſion to Peace is the Effect of a Vow the *King* made, when he was lately afflicted with a violent Fever.

Be it how it will, the Captains and Soldiers on all Sides are agreed to ceaſe from Acts of Hoſtility, during this cold Seaſon: finding it much more comfortable to wallow in Beds of Down, than to lie abroad in the Snow; and to lay cloſe Siege to a good Fire, than to campagne it in Trenches full of Water and Ice.

Illuſtrious Miniſter, I pray *God* make thee happy all the Four Seaſons of the Year; but eſpecially to give thee his Winters Bleſſing, a Warm Houſe, an agreeable Bedfellow; Plenty of the Gifts of *Ceres* and *Bacchus*, a Merry Heart, and a Good Stomach.

Paris, 7th. *of the* 12th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1675.

LETTER

LETTER IV.

To Abdel Melec Muli Omar, Preſident *of the* Coll. *of* Sciences *at* Fez.

THY *Pacquet* came juſt now to my Hands, in an Hour of Felicities, under a Noble and Propitious *Aſterism.* The *Conſtellations* Above ſmile on *Mahmut* at this Seaſon. A Thouſand ſoft and Serene Pleaſures diſtill upon my *Soul*; a Pearl of *Heavenly* Dew lits on every blooming Thought. My Heart is like a Garden in the Mornings of an *Autumn-Solſtice*, freſh and fragrant, though drooping for Age.

I have ſpent the *Spring* and *Summer* of my *Life*, in Error, Ignorance and Vanity. 'Tis Time that I ſhould provide for the *Winter* of my *Age*, a Stock of Solid Wiſdom and Vertue. And *Heaven* to ſhew its Love and Care of Mortals, inſpir'd thee with the Generous Thoughts of aſſiſting me once more by thy *ſage* Inſtructions. Thy *Diſpatch* contains ſuch a Scheme of *Philoſophy* and *Reaſon*, as never can be refuted. Thou art the *Apollo* of the Age.

Glory be to God, Majeſtick, Living and *Strong, Eternal Father and Sourſe* of *Lights, Fountain* of *Intellectual Perfections, Original Treaſury of Reaſon*; with whom remain from *Everlaſting Ages*, the *Idea's of all Things paſt*, pre-

preſent and to come; the *Patterns* of *Things viſible* and *inviſible*, the Exemplars of every Thing that has had, ſhall, or can have Exiſtence in the Univerſe. Bleſſed be the *Word and Breath* of *God*, the *Spirit of Life and Underſtanding*, which in the determined Periods of Time, enters into *Holy Souls*, making them the *Favourites* of the *Moſt High*, and *Prophets*.

That *Spirit* deſcends ſometimes and on ſome Perſons, like a gentle Shower in *Harveſt*; but on thee it pours down like the Rivers from *Paradiſe*, in Vaſt and Mighty *Cataracts*. *Wiſdom* overflows thy *Soul*, as the *Nile*: The Streams thereof are ſtrong and rapid as the Currents of *Tygris* and *Euphrates*; Rich, and inebriating as the Waters of *Jordan*; thy Mind is cover'd with a Deluge of *Science*.

O! *Immarceſſible Wiſdom! Bleſſed is the Man that has thee for his Portion in this Life.* The *Gold* has no Value or Beauty when compar'd with thee: The *Diamond* and *Saphir* fade and look dull; and the choiceſt *Pearls* of the *Orient* loſe their Luſtre in thy Preſence. Doubtleſs, *Wiſdom* ſhines for ever, and is incorruptible. It is a pure reſplendent *Eſſence* flowing from the *Eternal Glory*; a ſincere Emanation from the *Divine Nature*; The Spotleſs Mirrour of *God*, wherein he beholds his own *Immortal Excellencies*. It is Ten Thouſand Times more ſerene than the Light it ſelf, brighter than the *Sun*, purer than the *Sky*, and more

more ſparkling than all the *Hoſt* of the *Stars*. The Glittering Crowd of *Angels* are eclips'd in her Preſence, and all the Radiant *Orders* of the *Bleſſed* Above, ſerve but as Foils to ſet forth her Superlative and all-penetrating Coruſcations.

God brought her forth from the *Womb* of his Unfathomable Depths, *ſhe* ſprang from the *Treaſures which cannot be exhauſted*. In the Morning of the *World*, ſhe rouz'd the benumm'd *Chaos* with her efficacious Beams. Her *Energy* gave Life and Form to the confus'd and dark Abyſs. *She* ſhines from one Extremity of the Univerſe to another, illuminating Infinite Spaces. *She* is a reſulgent Circle of Light, whoſe Center is every where, but whoſe Circumference is not to be found.

Ask thoſe who pitch their *Pavilions* above all Worlds, the outlying Camps of the *Omnipotent*, who guard the *Frontiers* of the *Bliſful Regions*, and walk the Rounds of our Remoteſt *Heaven*, the *Cœlum Empyræum*; to fire its Beacons on the Diſcovery of any foreign Invaſion threatn'd by ſome New *Upſtart Republick of Beings*, hatch'd in the cold and frozen Climates of the *Endleſs Expanſe*: Ask thoſe, I ſay, whether they e'er cou'd trace the *Eternal Wiſdom* in her Flights? Or find the Solitary Haunts of *Everlaſting Reaſon*? They may purſue the glorious Chace, o'er the Untrack'd Waſtes of the Unlimitted, Unform'd *Firſt Matter*, as well as through the Fenced Fields and Parks, the

enclos'd Land-mark'd Grounds of this known World: But all in vain. *There is no catching what is Infinite.* The Wings of all created Fancies are too short and weak. The *Cherubims* themselves and *Seraphims* are far too slow, to seize so swift a Prey. *Wisdom is wild as Chance, conceal'd as Nature, yet fix'd as Destiny.*

She dwells beyond the Highest *Heavens*; *her* Throne is inaccessible; yet she fills all Things with her Presence. *She* sought for a Place of Repose on *Earth* among the Sons of Men. *She* travers'd the Nations by Land, and visited the Isles of the Sea. *She* descended into the Abysses below, and made her Scrutiny in the Horrid Caverns of the *Globe*. At length *she* found Rest in *Abraham*; and pitch'd her Habitation in *Ismael*: Because it was so determin'd of old, from *Sempiternal Ages*, and recorded in the *Archives of Fate*. She was establish'd in *Mecca*, the Birth-place of the *Prophet*, and her Power is rooted in *Medina Telnabi*, the place of his Burial. The *Holy Cities* are ennobl'd by her Presence, and she shines in the midst of an Honourable Race, an Offspring born to Glory, *a Renowned People, a Sanctify'd Progeny; a Generation of Worthies; a Family of Hero's, a Lineage whereon rest the Favours and Smiles of the Omnipotent.*

Oh Arabia! Well may'st thou be call'd the *Happy*, since in thee is the Seat of the *Eternal Sapience*. *Go Mourn, ye Mountains of* Judæa! *and all ye desolated Valleys of* Palestine:

For

For the Dew and the Rain have forſaken you. Your Soil languiſhes for want of Moyſture, and your Glebe is dried up. Your Trees wither and fade; neither does the Ground bring forth any Graſs or Flowers. The Paſtures are become like a Wilderneſs, overrun with Bryars and Thorns, and your Arable Fields, are as the Lybian Waſtes, barren and unprofitable. The Land that was once call'd *Holy*, is now become *Execrable*, a Habitation of *Satyrs* and *Demons*: Becauſe *Wiſdom* has tranſlated her Reſidence from *Sion*, and the *Angels* have Decamp'd from the Climate of *Jeruſalem*.

Rejoyce, O Regions bordering on the Eaſt of the Red Sea! For with you is a Great Light, even the Law brought down from Heaven, and the Glory of the Moſt High overſhadows you.

Wiſdom is exalted in *Arabia*; ſhe lifts up her Head above the Top of Mount of *Uriel*: She flouriſhes like the *Palm-Tree*, and ſpreads her Boughs as the *Terebinth*: Many Nations reſt under the Shadow of her wide-ſpread Branches: Her Ways are Uniform and Beautiful, like an Alley of *Cypreſſes*; and all her Paths are ſweet as a Garden of *Cinnamon*, *Myrrh*, and *Roſes*. Her Fruit feeds the *Eaſt* and the *South*; her Saluti-ferous Leaves are ſcattered from *India*, to the Land of the *Moors*, where thou dwelleſt. Her fragrant Odour is diffus'd from *Pole* to *Pole*.

She is the Mother of *Science* and *Virtue*; in her Cuſtody are the *Springs* of *Life* and

Health, of *Honour* and *Riches*: *She* has in her Treaſures lock'd up Innumerable Kinds of Felicities, which *ſhe* plentifully pours forth on them that obey *her* Inſpirations. *She* appears chearfully to them that wait upon *her*; and no Man ever departed from her Preſence, but he fell into Sadneſs. For, a certain enlivening Influence flows from *her* Countenance; a Man is raviſh'd with *her* Converſation. *Her* Breath is ſweeter than *Ambroſia*, or the Vapour of *Eaſtern Incenſe*. Her Thoughts are fragrant, as the Aromatick Exhalations of *Nardus*, *Onyx*, and *Staëte*. All Words are too ſhort to expreſs her Praiſes, neither is there any Style or Language that can deſcribe her Incomparable Worth. Therefore with Reverence I deſiſt from ſaying any more at this Time, on ſo ſublime a Subject; leſt whilſt I am prolonging the Panegyrick of *Wiſdom*, I proclaim my own *Folly*, to a *Sage* who is familiar with *her*, and beſt knows *her Character*.

In the mean Time, Vouchſafe to accept of theſe Lines, as a Teſtimony of the profound *Veneration* I have for thee who art known through all *Africk*, and other Parts of the World, *to be One of the Firſt Rank among Wiſdom's Favourites*.

Adieu, *Great Lamp of Mauritania*, and believe, That *Mahmut* is no Flatterer.

Paris, 19th. *of the* 3d. *Moon, of the Year* 1676.

LETTER

LETTER V.

To the Captain Baſſa.

IF I write often to the *Baſſa's* of the *Land*, I do not forget the Duty I owe to *him* of the *Sea*. Only that Element has not been the Stage of ſo many Remarkable Actions as the other: There are no Forts, Caſtles, or ſtrong Ciries, built upon the Waves: No ſettled Camps, or formal Sieges, unleſs it be upon the Frozen Seas, within or near the *Artick Circle*. And there they only imitate the Trade of War to exerciſe their Youth.

However, on the other Parts of the Ocean, there are flying Campagnes, Battels *en Paſſant*; and this Year has afforded ſome Marine Engagements between the *French*, *Hollanders*, and *Spaniards*, not altogether unworthy of thy Knowledge.

On the 8th. of the 1ſt. *Moon*, there happened a Naval Fight between the *Sieur de Queſne*, Lieutenant General of the *French Fleets*, and *de Ruiter* Vice-Admiral of the *Dutch*. Wherein the later ſuffer'd conſiderable Damage. But far greater was their Loſs on the 22d. of the 4th. *Moon* following; when the famous *de Ruiter* was kill'd, and ſeveral of the *Dutch* Ships Sunk, Burnt, and taken, Yet, that which makes the greateſt

Noiſe, was a Battel fought on the 2d. of this preſent *Moon*, between the *Mareſchal de Vivonne*, *Commander* of the *French* Fleet, on the Coaſt of *Sicily*, and the United Naval Forces of *Spain* and *Holland*.

I have a Particular Account of this Combat; and becauſe I know thou delighteſt in Relations of this Nature, I will acquaint thee in ſhort, how they firſt encounter'd each other, and what Methods the *French* us'd to gain a glorious Victory over Two Fleets, much more numerous in Ships than their own.

It was not far from the Old dangerous Streight between *Charybdis* and *Scylla*, where the *Duke de Vivonne* deſcry'd the Hoſtile Navies making toward the Place where he lay with his Fleet at Anchor. The Alarm was quickly giv'n, and all Hands to the Cable: As ſoon as they had weigh'd, they made all the Sail they could toward the Enemy. The *Spaniards* and *Hollanders* had Twenty Seven Ships of *War*, Nineteen Gallies, and Four Fire Ships. The *French* had but Nineteen Ships of War, Seven Gallies, and Five Fire Ships. Theſe got the Wind of their Enemies, and attacqu'd them ſo fiercely, that they drove ſeveral of their Capital Veſſels on thoſe dangerous Rocks and Sands, where they were loſt; and they burnt Thirteen more of their Beſt Ships, among which were the Admiral of *Spain*, and the Vice-Admiral of *Holland*.

I ceaſe to ſay more of this remarkable Fight, ſave that it is eſteem'd only Second to the Famous Battel of *Lepanto*.

Prince of the *Sea*, I wiſh thee equal Succeſs, when ever thou fighteſt againſt the Enemies of *God* and his *Prophet*.

Paris, 14th. *of the* 6th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1676.

LETTER VI.

To the Sage *of* Sages, *the* Myſterious Eremite, *the* Great Mohammed, *of* Mount Uriel, *in* Arabia.

THere is no Man in this Mortal Life, who has not chang'd his Opinions one Time or other. And whether it be an Argument of Wiſdom or Folly, Knowledge or Ignorance, to be thus Mutable in our Thoughts; we find few tenacious in their *Old Age*, of the Notions they entertain'd in their *Youth*.

We have ſome Natural and *Proleptick Ideas* born with us; others impos'd upon us by our Parents, Nurſes and Tutors. Our Infant Fancies are tender, flexible, and receptive of any Impreſſions; like Gold that yields

yeilds to every Stamp and Coin, of a new Sovereign. So in the *Mint* of Human Converſation, our Thoughts are molded and form'd, by each prevailing *Genius* that keeps us Company. Nay, a New Book that we have an Inclination for, ſhall quite obliterate all that before was current Reaſon with us, and transform our Faculties into another Figure. So true it is, *That Mankind delights in Novelty.*

Whether it be an Effect of this General Weakneſs in Human Nature, or of my own particular Inconſtancy; or in fine, of more correct and mature Conſideration, I will not determine. But this I am ſure of, That I cannot think now of ſeveral things, as I have done formerly, without offering great Violence to my preſent Reaſon. I am as apt now to ſuſpect my ſelf of Dotage at theſe Years, as other Men are inclin'd to flatter themſelves into a Conceit of their own *Wiſdom*, and to boaſt of it to others at the ſame *Age*. However, it appears evident to me, *That every Man's Experience perfects his Speculations: And he who trafficks in the Mart of Philoſophy on the Stock of his own Diſcoveries, is in a fairer Way to improve himſelf, than a Man that trades altogether on the Credit of other Mens Conceptions.*

The latter is but *Wiſdom*'s *Factor*, or he may be call'd, *a Brother in the Sciences*, or a *Banquier of other Mens Imaginations*; He frequents the Common Exchange or *Burſe* of

of Learning; reads the Books of the Ancients; converſes with the Wits, and moſt accompliſh'd Spirits of the preſent Age. Yet after all, he has but a *Retail Profit*. Nor ſhall he ever have better, ſo long as he dares not venture ſomething of his own

Whereas the former is a Rich Subſtantial Merchant, dealing on his own Bottom. He ventures on the wide Ocean of the Worlds peeviſh cenſorious Humour; runs the Hazard of Shipwreck, and *Corſairs*. The Winds and Storms of human Malice do not fright him; nor all the Rocks of Superſtition eſtabliſh'd by the Laws of Nations. No Sands or Shelves, or any undermining private Intereſt, can baulk his Courage; whilſt he has the Gales of Truth, and Tide of Primitive Reaſon on his ſide. For then he knows the Common Fortune will be his Pilot, and ſteer him ſafe through all.

From what I have ſaid, thou wilt expect ſome new refin'd *Theſis* to drop from my Pen, ſome very ſolid *Dogma* to be broach'd, after ſuch a tedious *Prælude*. But I tell thee plainly, I hardly know what I'm to write next, ſave only that I have ſome general Notions different from what I had before, concerning the Eternity of the World.

It was formerly my Opinion, and I paſs'd it upon all my Friends; That not only the Matter of the *World is everlaſting*, but its *preſent Form alſo*. But now I believe the contrary, on more rational Grounds. It is not ſo perfect as I eſteem'd it. Every Year

of

of my Life convinces me of its Decaying State. It manifeſtly droops and crumbles away. Therefore by proportion of Argument, we ought to conclude, *It is corruptible in its firſt Principles, and conſequently had a Beginning, and ſhall have an End.*

I do not believe it ſhall be annihilated, or reduc'd to nothing; *Nature* abhors that Thought: But it ſhall be chang'd, *metamorphos'd*, and transform'd. *Una dies dabit exitio, One Day ſhall conſign it to Ruin*, as *Lucretius* ſays; and the ſame ſhall give it a brighter Form than ever it had; when the Earth ſhall become pure Cryſtal, and the Stars ſhall outſhine the *Sun*; and the *Sun* himſelf ſhall be diſſolv'd into his *Eternal Principles of Light*. The *Philoſophers* who have ſpoke of the *Laſt Day*, agree that the *World* ſhall be calcin'd by *Fire*; eſpecially thoſe of the *Eaſt* and *South*: for they poſitively aſſert, *That when the moiſture of the Univerſe ſhall be exhauſted and ſpent* [*The Elements will pour forth Flames*] ſays *Hermes Triſmegiſtus*, [*a Treaſury of Fire*] ſays *Sophocles*. And *Ovid* aſſerts, *That the Seas ſhall be dried up, and all the Firmament ſhall appear like a Furnace. Heaven and Earth ſhall be mingled Pell-mell together.* The *Greeks* ſay, *The World ſhall boil up and ſcum off its Impurities, ροιζηδὸν, with a Noiſe like that of a Tempeſt, or a Whirlwind.* The *Italians* expreſs it otherwiſe, *by the Sound a Clock makes juſt before it ſtrikes the Hour*; for it moves in

Πυρὸς ἔκπυσιν. *Scribitur in Fatis*, &c.

an

an even and regular Courſe, and has a ſteady *Pulſe* till then; but when the laſt Minute is expir'd, the Wheels ruſh all together with a louder Noiſe: So ſhall the Orbs above, and theſe inferiour Elements, when their Courſe is done, break all their Harmony, and with confuſed Cracks and Ratlings diſgorge their Eſſences into the Lap of their eternal Chaos, there to be renew'd and chang'd again into far nobler Forms, although the original Subſtance ſtill remains the ſame; for I believe the *firſt Matter* to be unchangeable and eternal, without *Beginning* or *End*. But there have paſs'd many Millions of Ages, in the Production of ſuch an infinite Variety of *Forms*. Perhaps the Grounds of *Aſtrology* are true, and that there were of old certain Periods of Time affix'd, firſt for the Product of the *Heavenly Signs and Conſtellations*, then for the *Planets*, and afterwards for the *Nativity* of all the other *Beings* below the *Moon*. But *Moyſes*, the *Law-giver and chief Philoſopher of the Jews*, is of a contrary Judgment; for he ſays, *The Vegetables had Exiſtence before the Stars*. And ſo one does not know what to think among 'em all. For ought I know, any Man's Reaſon might be received with as much Applauſe as that of *Moyſes*, who ſhould aſſert, *That there are certain Horſes formed of the pureſt Light, galloping up and down the infinite Expanſe for an indeterminate Series of Ages, the Duſt of whoſe Feet firſt raiſed the Elements out of Nothing, and then their Hoofs ſtriking againſt the original Flints of Nature, begat*

gat the Sparks which ſhall ſet the World a-fire at laſt. And *God* knows whether the late *Conflagration* at the *Imperial* City was not owing to a *Scratch* of one of thoſe *Horſes Nails*, though they are pleaſed to lay it on the *Giaurs* and *Kyſilbaſchi*.

By my Soul, I believe all Things proceed from *eternal Chance*. All that we admire ſo much in the World, is a mere *Higgle-de-Piggledy* of Things which may be or may not be, only they are; and ſo we muſt not quarrel with any Thing that has Exiſtence. We behold the *Sun*, *Moon*, and *Stars*, over our Heads; they give us their ſucceſſive Light by Night and Day. We trample upon the *Earth* under our Feet, and ſail on the open *Sea*, to which we can give no great Truſt. At the ſame time we know not the Natures of theſe different Beings: The *Sun* may be but an *eternal Carbuncle* for ought we know, and the *Moon* but a *creſted Saphir*; the reſt of the *Planets* but the Refractions of theſe bright Eſſences, and all the *Fixed Stars* but ſo many *Splinters* of the *eternal Torch* which lights the World. And after all the reſt, this *Earth* whereon we tread, may be but a *Wart* or *Mole*, *a little ſilly Excreſcence*, *or ſuperfluous Tumour of the Elements*, *if not a Gangrene in Nature*.

Oh *Mohammed!* I have ſaid too much to a Man of thy abſtruſe Speculations; but thou wilt pardon one that ſpeaks with Faith and Sincerity.

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Let me put in one Word more with thee, *Oh Chief of the Solitaries, Prince of the Sylvans, Glory of Arabia, Thou Hidden one of the East, Thou Phœnix of all Generations! No Body was born for himself, No Body is Wise at all Times.* And this is a particular Seaſon wherein the *Grand Signior*'s Service requires me to be, as it were, a little fooliſhly merry. Therefore, begging thy Pardon and Prayers, I bid thee Adieu.

Paris, 13th. *of the* 8th. *Moon, of the Year* 1676.

LET-

LETTER VII.

To Peſteli Hali, *his Brother*, Maſter *of the* Cuſtoms, *and* Superintendent *of the* Arſenal *at* Conſtantinople.

IT will do thee no hurt to carry the following News to *Hamet Reis Effendi*. I entrench on the Poſt's Time, and my own Health, it being very late in the Night, on purpoſe that the *Miniſters* of the *Port* may have the earlieſt Account of the Taking of *Philipsbourg* from the *French* by the *Confederate Princes* and *States*.

This is a Town of great Importance, and very ſtrong. The *Spaniards* became Maſters of it in the Year 1633, through the Treachery of the Governour. Next Year following the *Suedes* put it again in the *French* King's Hands: but that Monarch not being able to repair its Fortifications, by reaſon of the Winter, it was ſurpris'd by the *Imperialiſts* on the 23d of the firſt *Moon* 1635; in whoſe Hands it remained till the Year 1644; when in the 9th *Moon* it was taken by the Duke *Enguyen*, now Prince of *Conde*, after he had routed the Duke of *Bavaria* at *Friburgh*. The *French* have had it in Poſſeſſion ever ſince that time, till about four Days ago it was Surren-

Surrendred, upon Conditions, to the *Imperialists*, who had block'd it up above a Year, and formally Besieg'd it four *Moons*.

It is a Loss which this Court resents with no small Grief, *Philipsbourg* being a Town of more Value than twenty others in those Parts. The *French* have taken *Conde*, *Bouchain*, and *Aire*, but they do not think these an equivalent Reprizal; neither can this Campaign last long enough to give them an Opportunity of seeking farther Satisfaction.

Brother, I must conclude abruptly, because the Post tarries. *God* have thee in his Keeping, and preserve thee from the Snares and malicious Ambuscades of *Devils*, who are let loose from their Infernal Dens to range above ground, from this Hour, to the *Crowing of the Cocks*.

Paris, *12th of the 9th Moon of the Year* 1676.

LET-

LETTER VIII.

To Sephat Abercromil, Vanni, Effendi, *Preacher to the* Sultan.

ABout five Years ago I ſent thee a *Diſpatch*, containing an Account of the kind Reception thy *Doctrins* found in *Europe*, and of the ſwift Progreſs they made in Converting the honeſter ſort of *Nazarenes*. I alſo acquainted thee with the Oppoſition that was made againſt the Writings of *Francis Malevella*, by the *Jeſuits* and *Dominicans*. Now I ſhall inform thee farther of the prodigious Advances this *Sacred Inſtitution of Life* has made in *Italy*, *France*, and *Spain*, with *Germany*, and other Regions in the Weſt.

There is an eminent Man in *Rome*, whom they call Father *Petrucci*, a Perſon of great Learning, and conſpicuous Knowledge. His Piety indeed has been by him induſtriouſly concealed, as much as lay in's Power: But yet his moſt recluſe good Works took Air, and all Men of Integrity conceive a Veneration for him. He having read the Works of *Malevella*, grew enamour'd of ſo ſublime a Syſtem of ſpiritual Rules; and wrote to all his Friends by way of Recommendation of the Author and his Subject. Thoſe Letters afterwards were put in Print, and 'tis not to be expreſt, what powerful Influence they had

on

on all impartial Readers. He publiſhed alſo many learned Treatiſes, in the Defence and Praiſe of a Contemplative Life. And the Reputation of this refin'd *Theology* daily encreas'd, and ſpread abroad in every Corner of the Chriſtian World.

Among the reſt of learned Proſelytes, a certain *Spaniſh Prieſt*, and *Doctor* of the *Chriſtian Law*, whom they call *Michael de Molino*, appear'd upon the *Stage*; and the laſt Year publiſh'd a comprehenſive Treatiſe of Myſtical Religion. The Book was approv'd and Licens'd by the Archbiſhop of *Rheggio*, by the General of the *Franciſcans*, an Officer of the *Inquiſition*, and by *Martin de Eſparſa*, an eminent *Jeſuit* belonging to the ſame Court, and Profeſſor of *Theology* at *Rome*. The Preſs had no ſooner deliver'd this myſterious Treatiſe to the World, but every body catch'd it up. So that the firſt Edition being ſoon diſperſed in *Rome*, *Ferrara*, *Naples*, and other Cities of *Italy*, it was neceſſary to ſtart a new Impreſſion of ſo acceptable a Thing, that the remaining Provinces, States, and Principalities, might not want their ſhare of ſo *divine* a Copy; That *Spain* might be reformed by one of her own Natives; and *Generous France* forgetting her Averſions, might not diſdain the ſage Inſtructions of a hated *Spaniard*. In a word, *Molino*'s Book is had in ſecond Veneration with the *Goſpel*. His Friendſhip is coveted by the greateſt Men in *Rome*; eſpecially the Secular Clergy are ambitious to confirm the Honours, Dignities, and Benefices they

they already poſſeſs i'th' Church, by gaining the Favour of his Acquaintance. They conſult him as an Oracle in knotty *Problems* of *Divinity*; and many *Cardinals* court his Correſpondence, not valuing their Rank in the Red Liſt of Eccleſiaſtical Princes, unleſs they are alſo enrolled in the happy Number of *Molino's* Friends; ſuch are *Carpegna*, *Azolini*, *Caſſanta*, *Odeſcalchi*, and the *French* Cardinal *D'Eſtrees*.

This laſt is famous for his Learning and Accompliſhments, being Educated in the *Sorbonne*, and a Familiar of Monſieur *De Launay* a great Reformer of Errors in the Doctrin and Diſcipline of the *Roman* Church. Being thus prediſpos'd to favor any one who wou'd expoſe himſelf to ſtem the Torrent of Corruptions, the Tide of vain and ſuperſtitious Practices, advancing daily higher and higher, and threatning to overflow the Banks of ſolid Piety, ſincere Devotion, and all Moral Virtue, the Generous *Cardinal* appeared the publick Patron of *Molino*, and in private they had many Conferences. The *Spaniard* laid aſide his Native Jealouſie of Foreigners, and the *Frenchman* mortified his Pique againſt that Nation. They both convers'd with openneſs of Heart, and unreſerved Freedom.

The *Cardinal* alſo, after this, brought him acquainted with ſeveral Eminent Men in *France*, between whom and *Molino* was held a ſtrict Intelligence. The new *Pope*, who was before called Cardinal *Odeſcalchi*, has given him an Apartment in his own Palace, and

done

done him many other Honours. In a word, he is grown so considerable, that the greatest part of *Nazarenes* look upon him as *a Prophet sent from God.*

I take Complacency to see *Mahometanism* thus masquerade it in the Heart of *Christendom*; and the most refined Draught of our Religion copied in the Lives and Practices of the most Excellent among the *Nazarenes.* 'Tis a fair Sign, methinks, that by degrees they will enquire a little farther, and with more Humility, into our Sacred Law; that they will not stumble at Circumcision, Washing, and other Purifications and Ceremonies appointed by the *Prophet*; since they are all performed in Honour of the *eternal Unity*, and not to Images or Pictures. However at least, such pious and contemplative Men as these, will, by a necessary Consequence, raise up a secret Faction for us, and qualifie the bitter Zeal and Spight which Christians generally bear against the *True Believers.* For the Followers of *Malevella*, *Petrucci*, and *Molino*, are already branded, and distinguish'd from the rest of the *Nazarenes*, by the odious Names of *Hereticks*, which is next door to the more opprobrious Title of *Infidels*, the best and kindest *Epithet* they can afford the *faithful Mussulmans.*

To sum up all in brief, they reckon a hundred thousand of this new Sect in *Italy*, as many more in *France* and *Spain*, and not much fewer in *Germany*; besides *Poland*, *Hungary*, and other Regions. So that if an Army

my of *Muſſulmans* ſhould appear on the *Italian* Shore with *Vami Effendi* at the Head of them, and Declarations ſhould be ſpread about, containing that you aim at nothing but to propagate the Truth, and to protect the injur'd *Moliniſts* or *Quietiſts*, (for ſo they Nick-name this contemplative Sect) they would all riſe, and fly to the *Mahometan* Standard, as formerly the Malecontents of *Italy* did to the *Aſylum* of *Romulus*. *God's Will be done.*

Paris, 2d *of the* 12th *Moon*,
of the Year 1676.

LET-

LETTER IX.

To Mirmadolin, Santone of the Vale of Sidon.

BLeſſed are they who honour the Virtues of Holy Men, and ſtrive to imitate their Examples. The *Infidels* count them mad, whom *the great Lord of all things* has inſpired with his Love, which is the *Spirit* or *Breath* of the *Omnipotent*, giving *Life to all Things*. Their Souls are ſnatch'd away in ſacred Extaſies; they are carried to the bright ſhining Worlds, born up on the Wings of a Wind from *Paradiſe*. They behold marvellous Things, and the Wonders of the Sky: Waſted from Star to Star, they are raviſh'd with the Sight of ſo many radiant Splendors, and expire in Tranſports of Divine Pleaſure, when they conſider the beautiful Oeconomy of the Univerſe.

O Ariel! *Chief of the Choirs above; who ſetteſt the Tunes of the Spheres, and art Maſter of the eternal Muſick; who taughteſt Sultan* David *to play on the Harp, and learned'ſt him the Songs of Paradiſe: Send down ſome Azur'd Meſſenger, ſome purpl'd Poſt from* Eden, *to inſpire my Soul with divine Harmonies, whilſt I celebrate the Praiſes of* Alla, *the Firſt and the Laſt, whoſe Glory is expanded through the infinite Abyſs, and enlightens endleſs Spaces. The whole*

Universe is full of his Majesty, but the Place of his Retirement is above the Heaven of Heavens. There he keeps his Court, guarded by seventy times seven Millions of Angels; who always stand on their Watch, to prevent the Invasions of *Orosmades*, the *Prince* of *Darkness*, the *Root* and *Source* of all *Evil*.

God came from *Heaven* in the Days of *Moses*, with an Army not to be number'd: *Michael* was his Standard-Bearer, whose Chariot was a Carbuncle of *Paradise*. They march'd through the *Milky Way*, and made their Descent on the Rock of the Desart *Sina*. The Artillery of the Celestial Host was Thunder and Lightning: They were encompassed with thick Clouds of Smoak. The World was affrighted at the dreadful Noise, and *Orosmades* durst not appear, to abide the Battel, but fled into the Caverns of the *Earth* with all his Legions, where they are *barr'd up* to the *Day of Judgment*. They often strive to break loose, which occasions horrid Earthquakes: But the Chain which binds them is fasten'd to the Throne of *God*. He keeps the Keys of those Infernal Prisons, and bars up all the Avenues of *Hell*. There Darkness, Horror, and Pain, have taken up their Residence for ever. One Abyss supplies another with eternal Floods of Confusion and Misery. But above the Surface of the Earth, he has establish'd Light, Liberty, Joy and Peace to them that revolt not from his Love and Obedience.

God came from *Arval*, and the *Holy One* was ſeen to fly from the Thickets of *Schair* in the *Eaſt*. He bent his Courſe toward the *Red Sea*, and pitch'd his Tents in the *Meridian* of *Mecca*. On that Day the *Kebla* was turned toward the *South*; and the Faces of the Faithful, in time of Prayer, regarded the Houſe of *Abrahim*, the ſquare Temple, and the Place appointed by *Deſtiny* for the *Tomb* of the *Prophet*. Then *Medina Telnabi* became bright and illuſtrious: The Glory of *Jeruſalem* faded and was eclipſ'd at the Dawning Splendor of this New Sanctuary, a City ennobled by the Preſence of Deputies from *Heaven*, even *Gabriel* and *Iſraphiel*, who came down to viſit the determined Place of the Prophet's Reſt.

They brought with them, Rules and Models of *Divine* Architecture, that the *Dormitory* of the *Meſſenger* of *God* might be majeſtick and glorious. They diſcloſed their Errand to *Zaphid* and *Al Kepher*, two cunning Artificers in the City, and ſhew'd them the Celeſtial Pattern of the Sepulchre. Theſe kept ſecret the Matter, till the Time was accompliſh'd which the Angels enjoin'd them. Then they declared themſelves, and undertook the Building of a Fabrick, which has render'd *Medina* famous throughout the World.

Oh, *Medina Telnabi!* how ſweet is thy Name among the *Muſſulmans?* The Roads of *Aſia* and *Africk* are covered with the *Caravans* of ſuch as bring Preſents unto thee; the

Devout Pilgrims who travel from far to kiss the Pavement of the Temple, where the Bones of our *divine Lawgiver* is reposited.

I saw the *Elephants* and *Dromodaries* of the East, with Joy bow down and crouch to the *Earth*, whilst Sacred Burdens were laid on their Backs; the Camels also of the *South*; of *Egypt*, and the Land of *Moors*. They performed the Sacred Pilgrimage with Humility and Resignation: They Fasted 4, 5, 10, or 14 Days, each as they were able, in Token of their Devotion and Thankfulness; in that they were permitted the Honour of visiting the *Holy Region*, and the Sepulchre of *him* who taught the Dumb Beasts the Discipline of Wisdom, and the Way to *Paradise*.

Ever since that Time, the Animal Generations have instructed each other in the Precepts of the *Prophet* who could neither Write nor Read. In their Mute-Language they perform, Morning and Evening, the appointed Oraisons, and Preach to their Young Ones by Inarticulate Sounds, the Doctrins of Faith, clear and intelligible.

Oh *Mahomed!* Every Letter of thy mysterious Name is full of Benediction and Praise. Each Syllable is compounded of Secrets not to be reveal'd till the Consummation of all Things. Thou art a Treasury of Wonders which cannot be exhausted or valued.

I heard the *Eastern Wind* record thy Praise on a Flute, whilst gentle Zephyrs blew soft Vocal Harmonies, wherein were often celebrated the glorious Names of *Mahomet* and

Hali

Hali. To these, Great *Boreas* join'd in Consort with his *Deep-lung'd-Organ*; sweeten'd in Counter-Tenor by the Southern Wind. They Whistled, Sung, and Play'd in Parts, till all the Younger Sons of *Æolus* came in to fill the *Choir*. Then was the Musick loud and shrill: It awaken'd all the Woods and Forests on the *Earth*. The Trees and all the Vegetable Race, struck up in Union with the Winds; the Birds put in their cheatful Notes; the Streams and Rivers murmur'd grateful Airs: the Sea rais'd up her Billows to the Clouds, whilst Jovial *Tritons* sounded high Levets of the Marine, answer'd in Verse by rumbling Timbrels of the Sky. There was an universal Joy and Rant: *Nature* her self was in a Frolick, and kept Holiday.

Why did the *most High* decamp from *Arval*, and the *Eternal* remove his Residence from *Schair* in the *East*? Why did he cause his Armies to lie down in the South, and his Pavilions to cover the Regions of *Mecca*? Doubtless, he did all this in Honour of the Law which he sent from *Heaven*, and of the Birth-Place of his Favourite, that all Nations might know and confess, *That there is but one God, and* Mahomet *his Apostle*. The Beasts of the *Earth* acknowledge this; the Fowls also of the Air, and the Fish of the Sea. The Elements and Inanimate Beings are sensible of a Joy which they cannot express, and the Universe is all dissolv'd in Rapture, whilst it lies stretch'd out at large, unfolded

into endless Skirts, and rests for ever on the *All-propping Unity*.

Mirmadolin, I am part of the Universe, and therefore cannot but be touch'd with a Sense of the Bliss which at certain Seasons transports the Whole. Thou who art always in a *Divine* Extasie, wilt not wonder at the short Enthusiasms of thy Slave *Mahmut*, who covets nothing more ambitiously, than to imitate thy blameless Life.

Farewel, in *God*; for we cannot be out of him, so long as we are in our selves.

Paris, 17th. *of the* 2d. Moon,
of the Year 1677.

LETTER

LETTER X.

To the Kaimacham.

THE *French* are resolv'd to make bold Efforts this *Campaign*, to repair the Loss of *Philipsburg*, which was taken from them last Year. The *King* is impatient of any Check given to the Progress of his Arms, and spares neither Men nor Mony to keep up the Reputation and Fame of a *Conqueror*. And if this Character (grown familiar to him, as it were by Prescription, after a long and almost uninterrupted Series of Victories) happen'd at any Time to be lessens by some unsuccessful Attempt upon the Enemy, he cannot be at Rest till he has recover'd it again by such renown'd Exploits, as may be answerable to the Greatness of *his* Soul, and the Formidable Puissance of *his* Sword, known to all *Europe*.

He has many and great Armies in Pay; and whether it be an Effect of his Fortune, or his Judgment, 'tis observ'd, that he is always bless'd with the Ablest Generals in *Christendom*.

The First Thing he enterpriz'd was the Siege of *Valenciennes*, a City seated on the Frontiers of the *Spanish Netherlands*; a very important Place, and considerable for its Commerce; inhabited also by a Stout, Warlike People; and of very difficult Access, by

reaſon of a certain River, with whoſe Waters they can at Pleaſure drown all the Country round about. It was inveſted by the *Duke* of *Luxemburg* on the 28th of the 2d *Moon*, and formally beſieg'd on the 4th of the 3d. On the 17th there was a General Aſſault given, and the *French* enter'd the Town; which ſo terrified the Inhabitants, that they threw themſelves upon the King's Mercy. He accepted their Submiſſions, and ſo put a Stop to the common Violence in ſuch Caſes.

Another Time this had been enough to have Crown'd a whole *Campaign*, and ſatisfy'd the Ambition of the *French* Generals; but now, the Remembrance of laſt Year's Loſs and Diſgrace, ſpurs them on to New Revenges: And to convince the World that this *Monarch* is not eaſily to be daunted, but that he is jealous of his Glory, he has, ſince the Taking of *Valenciennes*, beſieg'd two Strong Cities, *Cambray* and *St. Omers*.

The Former of theſe, is eſteem'd one of the ſtrongeſt Places in all *Flanders*; it is ſituated on the River *Eſcaut*, and was the Ancient Patrimony of the *French* Crown, ever ſince the Reign of *Clodion* II. *King* of *France*, who made himſelf Maſter of it in the Year 445 of the *Chriſtians Hegira*. Afterwards it fell to the Share of *Charles the Bald*, in the Year 843; and in the Year 870, it became the Occaſion of a War between the *Kings* of *France*, the *Emperors*, and the *Counts* of *Flanders*. In which Conteſt, one of the *Baldwins* got it, and left it to his Son. But *Charles* V. over-

over-reach'd him; and, by Means of the *Biſhop*'s Correſpondence, took Poſſeſſion of the Place. He put a ſtrong Garriſon in it, and built a Citradel which render'd the Town almoſt Impregnable. In proceſs of Time it fell into the Hands of the *Duke of Alanſon*, Brother to *Henry* III. when he was made *Count* of *Flanders*, in the Year 1582. But in the Year 1595. the *Spaniards* took it, and have held it ever ſince, till the 6th of the 4th *Moon* of this preſent Year; when the Gates were ſet open, to let in the *French* Troops; and the 17th, the Citradel was ſurrender'd upon Articles.

As for *St. Omers*, it is a Great City, and well fortified; having on One Side the River *Aa*, with its Mariſhes; and on the Other, being defended by a Caſtle, flank'd with good Baſtions, and encompaſs'd with an extream broad and deep Ditch. About the Beginning of this *Moon* it was inveſted by the *French King*'s Forces, and within three or four Days it was formally Beſieg'd, but not gain'd without a Bloody Combat, fought between the *French* and the *Prince* of *Orange*, who came with a Conſiderable Army, deſigning to throw Succours into the Place. I will not trouble thee, by Reciting all the Particulars of the Fight; only be aſſur'd, that the *French* got the Victory, put the Others to Flight, remain'd Maſters of the Field, took Thirteen Pieces of Cannon, Seventeen Standards, all the Enemy's Baggage, and almoſt Three Thouſand Priſoners.

The Stage of this great Action was a Place call'd *Mont-Caſſel*, not far from *St. Omers*: A Spot of Ground obſerv'd to have once before been Propitious to the *French* Arms, when *Philip* of *Valois* fought there with the *Spaniards*, and gave 'em an entire Defeat. He was reckon'd the *Valianteſt Prince* of that Age.

The Inhabitants of *St. Omers* hearing of the Defeat that was given to the *Prince* of *Orange*, were in ſo great a Conſternation, that in few Days they voluntarily ſurrender'd to the *French King*.

Illuſtrious Kaimacham, this *Puiſſant Monarch* takes ſuch Wiſe Methods, as thou wilt ſay, cannot fail in the Ordinary Courſe of War, to bring him Succeſs. He is an Excellent Pay-maſter; and never gives Occaſion for his Soldiers to Repine or Murmur for want of their Daily Allowance, nor puts them upon impatient Expectations of their Arrears. On the Contrary, He is very Munificent and Liberal to all Men of Merit: And the meaneſt Soldier, who ſignalizes himſelf by any Notable Exploit, or Action of Bravery, is ſure to be diſtinguiſh'd from the Reſt by ſome Royal Reward in Mony, if he be not advanc'd to the Dignity of a Commander: And ſometimes they are honour'd with both. This Conduct makes his Men fight like Lyons, each being Emulous of his Fellows, and all freely hazarding their Lives, to gain their Maſter's Eſteem; counting that the moſt Glorious Poſt, which is moſt expos'd to Danger.

He

He is ſevere to thoſe Provinces and Towns which refuſe to ſubmit to his Arms, and full of Clemency to ſuch as willingly embrace his Government.

In a Word, His Donatives and Largeſſes to his own; his Condeſcenſions, and the Immunities he gives to others; together with the Exactneſs of his Juſtice to all, to facilitate the Progreſs of his Arms; increaſe his Conqueſts, and render *him* the *Greateſt Prince* in the *Weſtern* Parts.

Sage Miniſter, I kiſs the Hem of thy Veſt, and with Humble Obeiſances retire from thy Preſence.

Paris, 29th. *of the* 4th. *Moon, of the Year* 1679.

LET-

LETTER XI.

To Hamet, Reis Effendi, Principal Secretary *of the* Ottoman Empire.

THE Love of Women is Natural to our Sex; and there is no Man, who, at one Time or other, has not felt the Warmths of this Amorous Paſſion. But, it is ſtrange to obſerve, after what a different Manner this Flame diſcovers it ſelf in People of Various Nations, Ages, Qualities, Fortunes and Conſtitutions. *Young Men* are Laſcivious and Ardent in their Love: *Old Men* Ridiculous, and Formal. The *Poor Man* ſtudies to pleaſe his Miſtreſs by Abject Submiſſions, and Humble Obſequiouſneſs. The *Rich* ſtrives to win her by Munificent Gifts and Preſents. The *Vulgar* make their Court by Feaſting the Coy Damſel, and Regaling her with Junkets and Wine. The Noble entertain her with Plays, Maſquerades, Ballets, and other Pompous Divertiſements.

The *Ingenious Italian* ſets upon his Miſtreſs with a kind of Poliſh'd Wantonneſs; not making Romantick, Whining Addreſſes; but, with a Refin'd Impudence, his Eyes, his Hands, his Tongue, and all his Actions, ſoon make her ſenſible where his Pain lies. He celebrates her Praiſes in Verſe, and hires Muſick to *Serenade*

renade her. Finally, He never leaves till he Gains her, or Revenges himſelf on his Rival, by Sending him out of the World: And on her, by Turning all his Compliments into Curſes and Slanders. But if he gets her, he ſhuts her up for ever, and makes her Chamber her Priſon.

The *Headſtrong Spaniard*, burning with Deſire, and impatient of Delay, ſtung with *Reſtleſs Concupiſcence*, behaves himſelf like a Mad-Man: He ſtamps, ſtares, and raves; walks furiouſly backward and forward, rolls his Eyes after a hideous Manner; he ſtarts, ſtands ſtill, lais his Hand upon his Sword, looks up to *Heaven*, invokes the *Saints*, talks to himſelf, threatens the Diſſolution of all Things, if he be balk'd of his *Love*. In this Humour he runs to his *Miſtreſs*, falls at her Feet, makes Doleful and Paſſionate Complaints, throws himſelf upon her Mercy, adores her, and does all Things which are proper for a Deſperate Lover. If by this Means he enjoy her, he ſoon grows weary of her, and either kills her, or proſtitutes her ſecretly for Gold. But if he cannot obtain her, then he macerates and torments himſelf, and is reſolv'd to Die.

Different from both theſe is the *Wanton French-man*, who courts his *Miſtreſs* after a Jolly Faſhion, with Songs, Dances, Muſick and Jeſts. He is all Life and Mirth when in her Company, and abounds with a Thouſand Sorts of Comical Humours. If he gets her, after a little Time the Fickle Spark is cloy'd, and Falls in Love with Another. If he fail of

his

his Purpoſe, he is not much Concern'd; for all his *Love* was but Counterfeit: Yet he makes a Shew of Diſcontent, he threatens, and ſputters at her for a While; but this *Tongue-Tempeſt* is ſoon laid, and a new Face produces a Calm.

But the *Flegmatick German* is very hard to be kindl'd up to this Paſſion, and then needs a great deal of Art to blow him into a Flame. He is Cold and Wary, Thoughtful and Slow, Provident and Dull: Yet, when once touch'd with this Affection, he is very Liberal of his Gifts, which is the Maſter-piece of his Courtſhip. If he obtains his *Miſtreſs*, he ſoon returns to his Primitive Frigidity: And if he be fruſtrated, he is but where he was; far from Killing himſelf for a Peeviſh Female.

The *French-man* profeſſes more Love than he has: The *German* endeavours to hide the Fervour of his Paſſion: The *Spaniard* perſuades himſelf, that he is Belov'd by his Miſtreſs; Whilſt the *Italian* takes the neareſt Courſe to be Belov'd by her in Reality. The *French-man* loves a Pleaſant, Witty Maid, tho' ſhe be Deform'd: The *Spaniard* prefers Beauty to Wit and Good Humour: The *Italian* is for a Female of a Timorous Spirit: Whilſt the *German* adores a *Virago*. The *French-man*, by his Wandring Loves, of a Wiſe Man becomes a Fool; and exchanges his Health, for a Thouſand Maladies: The *German* having profuſely ſpent all in Amorous Liberalities, at length, from a Fool, tho late, becomes a Wiſe Man: The *Spaniard*, undertakes Heroick

roick Enterprizes, to pleaſe his Miſtreſs: Whilſt the *Italian* deſpiſes Honour, and every Thing elſe, that he may enjoy her.

Certainly the Greateſt Men in the World have been ſubject to this Soft Paſſion: And have ſacrific'd their Reputation, Glory and Vertue, with their very Reaſon, to the Regards of Love. How enſnar'd was *Mithridates*, in *Pontus*, by a Beautiful Woman? How did *Hannibal* ſuffer his Courage to be Enervated with the Luxuries of *Capua*? So *Hercules* of Old, left the Glorious Toils of War, and ſuffer'd his Arms to Ruſt, for the ſake of his *Iole*. So *Ulyſſes* was Captivated by *Circe*; *Achilles*, by *Briſeis*; and *Cæſar*, by *Cleopatra*. And thou know'ſt, that our *Annals* record ſtrange Things of the Amours of our *Glorious Monarchs*.

There is no Nation free from the Sentiments of Love: Yet every Age and Region vary in their Conduct toward Women. Here in the *Weſt*, they are all for Intriguing and Gallantry. They accuſe the *Muſſulmans* for having more Wives than one, and for Keeping as many Concubines as they pleaſe; whilſt they themſelves have their Wives almoſt in Common, and Lie with every Wench that comes in their Way. *Adultery* paſſes with 'em for Good Breeding, and *Fornication* is eſteem'd as Innocent an Action as Eating and Drinking: Whereas thou know'ſt, among the *True Believers*, theſe Crimes are puniſh'd with *Death*. *Promiſcuous Copulation* was forbid by *Moyſes*, *Jeſus*, and *Mahomet*; and, in General,

by

by all the *Prophets*. It is a sufficient Indulgence, That every Man may Marry four Wives, and enjoy as many other Women as he either Takes Captives from the Enemy in Wars, or purchases with his Money. But these *Infidels* had rather follow the Sentiments of the Old *Heathen Law-givers*, and the Examples of *Idolatrous Nations*, than obey *God* and his *Messengers*. They applaud *Solon*, the Great Law-giver of the *Athenians*, calling him a *Wise Man*, as he was pronounc'd by the *Delphick Oracle*; *and a Generous Patriot, for procuring Harlots to accompany the Youths of the City, and building a Temple to* Venus *out of the Money they got by Prostituting themselves.*

'Tis certain, Whores were much esteem'd in those Days, among the *Grecians*: For the Magistrates built them Publick Houses on purpose, and free for all Comers: They also made Laws, to protect them from Injuries. And so great was the Veneration that Besotted People had for them, that when *Perses* invaded *Greece*, the *Harlots* of *Corinth* undertook to intercede for their Country, in the Temple of *Venus*. Nay, whatsoever Extraordinary Favour they had to ask of that *Goddess*, it was done by the Mediation of the Whores. And there seems some Reason on their Side, since *Venus* her self was Translated to *Heaven*, and made a *Goddess*, for being the Greatest Whore and Bawd that ever liv'd. She first taught the *Cyprian* Women to prostitute their Bodies for Gain.

What

What a Work did *Aspasia* make, who fill'd all *Greece* with Whores? For the Love of her, and her Wenches, it was, that *Pericles* begun the *Peloponesian* War, that lasted so many Years, and is so much talk'd of in Ancient History. There were also Learned Whores; as, *Sappho*, the Mistress of *Phaon*, *Sempronia*, *Leena*, and *Leontium*: Who wrote publickly in Vindication of their Lewd Practice, and inveigh'd against *Marriage*. There were also Noble Whores; as, *Rhodope*, who built one of the *Egyptian Pyramids* with the Mony given her by the *King*. *Thais* the *Corinthian*, who was so surpassing Beautiful, that she scorn'd to Lie with any but *Kings* and *Princes*. But *Messalina*, the Wife of *Claudius Cæsar*, exceeded them all in the *Salaciousness* of her Temper. I will not omit to mention *Joan*, *Queen* of *Naples*, who caus'd her First Husband to be hang'd because he could not satisfie her Lust. His Name was *Andrew*, Son to *Elizabeth*, *Quen* of *Hungary*. Her Second Husband, to repair the Fault of the First, so wasted his Strength in the Conjugal Embraces, that in a little Time he kill'd himself. Her Third Husband was *James King* of *Majorca*, whom she Beheaded for Lying with another Woman. Her Fourth and Last Spouse was *Otho Duke* of *Brunswick*: He liv'd to see her hang'd in the same Place where her First Husband had, by her Order, suffer'd the same Fate. This was the Revenge of *Charles Prince* of *Dyrachium*, Cousin-German to *Andrew* before-mention'd. This *Lascivious Queen* would have

the

the Company of Ten or Twelve Young Men, one after another, the ſame Night.

What ſhall I ſay of *Semiramis*, *Empreſs* of the *Aſſyrians*? Of *Paſiphae*, Wife to *Minos* *King* of *Crete*; or of an Hundred other *Royal Whores*? When it is obſervable, that the moſt *Illuſtrious Heroes* on Earth have ſprung from *Adulterous Beds*. Witneſs *Hercules*, *Alexander*, *Clodoveus*, *King* of the *Franks*, *Theoderic* the *Goth*, *William* the *Norman*, *Raymir* of *Arragon*; and many more, too tedious to be recited. Nay, few *Kings* or *Princes* are born of Lawful Mothers.

Doubtleſs, the *Infidel*-Nations live in great Corruption of Manners; they confound and blend together *Divine* and *Profane* Maxims; from whence reſult Monſtrous and Abominable Practices, and a General Uncleanneſs of Life in all Things. But the Chaſte Followers of *Mahomet* have all Cuſtoms in Abomination, that defile the *Soul*, and rob it of its Native Purity. We obey the Traditions of *Abrahim*, *Iſmael*, and the reſt of the *Holy Line*; who never touch'd any Women, but their own Lawful Wives and Concubines; reſting contented with this Indulgence of the *Omnipotent*. We put in Practice the Law brought down from *Heaven*, and the Precepts of the *Prophet*; which forbid all *Adultery*, *Fornication* and *Inceſt*. We preſerve in our Veins the Pure and Unpolluted Blood of our Fathers, and tranſmit the ſame to our Children, and the Poſterity to come; That the Promiſes made to *Abrahim*, the Glorious *Patriarch* of the *Eaſt*, may

may not be disanull'd by the Sins of his Offspring; but may be verified till the Day when the Moon shall be cancell'd in the *Heavens*, and all the Stars be blotted out.

Oh *Sage Hamet!* We are of a Sacred Lineage, an Illustrious Pedigree. Our Progenitors were the Favourites of *Heaven*, and Lords of the *Earth*, by the Special Benediction of *God*. The Light of the *Eternal* shines upon the *Ottoman House*, and is reflected from thence on all the Empire. I pray *Heaven*, that we may not forfeit these Privileges by our own Folly, and cause an ill Report to be whisper'd of us among the *Angels*, *Saints* and *Prophets*, and throughout the Precincts of *Paradise*.

I consign thee to the Custody of *God* and thy *Guardian-Genius*; wishing thee all manner of Enjoyments that may consist with Purity and Innocence.

Paris, 7th. *of the* 5th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1677.

LET-

LETTER XII.

To the Captain Baſſa.

BY Ships newly arriv'd from *America*, Advice is brought to this Court of a ſignal Defeat given to a Squadron of *Dutch* Ships in thoſe Parts, and of the Taking the *Iſle Tabago* by the *French*. This Exploit was performed under the Conduct of the Count *D'Eſtrées*, an *Admiral* of riſing Fame here in the *Weſt*.

But, in my Opinion, the *French* magnifie this Enterprize beyond its true Value: for they loſt as many Ships and Men as the *Hollanders*; and all the Gain they can boaſt of is, a Place which will coſt them more to Defend than 'tis really worth.

I wonder this potent *Monarch* does not rather ſet out a Fleet of Ships well Mann'd, and provided of all Neceſſaries, to make ſome Diſcoveries in that vaſt Tract of Land, called by *Geographers*, the *Southern Unknown World*. It runs along from *Eaſt* to *Weſt*, between the *Tropick* of *Capricorn*, and the *Antartick Circle*; taking up the whole *Southern Temperate Zone*, or at leaſt the greateſt part of it. There have been many fabulous Relations of that diſtant Part of the *Globe*. Some of the Antients mention'd it, and modern Writers have utter'd various Conjectures about

about it. One will have it to be the Original *Paradise* of *Adam* and *Eve*. Another ſuppoſes it to be the Place whither the *Ten Tribes* of *Iſraelites* retir'd, that were carried away Captives by *Salmanaſſar*, King of *Aſſyria*. Which has occaſion'd ſo many Diſputes and Controverſies between different Hiſtorians.

Be it how it will, the delightful Situation of that Quarter, has given perhaps Encouragement for ſuch kind of Thoughts: which I ſhould think, were alſo Invitation ſufficient to draw thither the Arms of ſome magnanimous Prince; beſides the pure Novelty of the Deſign, and the Glory of making a Deſcent and Conqueſt, where no Mortals of our known World had ever ſet Foot before: Surely they are not afraid that it is enchanted Ground, or that they ſhall encounter an Army of Devils at their firſt Landing; that they ſhall be trepann'd into hidden Snares of Magick, or be ſurpris'd by ſome Infernal Ambuſh. What fatal Timorouſneſs, what panick Suſpicion is it that renders *Potentates* of the Earth thus ingloriouſly prudent, and wretchedly cautious, to ſpare their Men, their Ships, and Mony, when ſo noble an Undertaking ſeems to challenge their Courage, and awaken their utmoſt Reſolution, to combat a few Difficulties, which being once vanquiſhed, Eternal Honour and Renown follow?

What Diſcouragements, Lets, and Obſtacles, did not the brave *Columbus* meet with, when he ſought the Aſſiſtance of ſeveral *Princes* and *States*, to ſet him out to Sea, that he might

might discover the then unknown *Western World?* How coldly was his Project entertained at *Genoua*, his own Native Country? and at last, after long waiting, utterly rejected? No better Reception found he in the Court of *England*, though a Nation claiming the first Rank among Sea-faring People. What Fatigues did he not undergo in travelling up and down by Sea and Land from one Kingdom and Country to another? Neither rested he, till he had accomplish'd his Desire, and procur'd Vessels, Men, and Mony, from the King of *Spain*, to carry on his Enterprise.

Yet he had no other Ground to believe there was any Unknown Continent beyond the *Atlantick Sea*, save his own Conjecture, started from the Observations he had made on the Course of the Sun, and the Inequality of the known part of the Earth, compar'd with the vast Body of Waters which must be suppos'd necessary to make up an entire Globe, if there were not some Unknown Land extant to supply their Room, and prevent a *Vacuum* in Nature. For he consider'd, that though this unequal ballancing of the Globe might pass Mutter in the School of *Natural Philosophy*, yet it cou'd not answer the strict Scrutiny of the *Mathematicks*: But that there must be an even Counterpoise of Earth and Water, to keep this Ball fast in its *Vortex*, and regular in its Circulation. So that this Great Man, built all his well-pitch'd and happy Design upon a bare *Geometrical* Speculation:

on: whereas there is evident Matter of Fact, the Teſtimony of many Authentick Eye-witneſſes to prove, that there is ſuch a Land as what I have been ſpeaking of, and all that ever paſs'd the *Megellanick Streights* muſt have ſeen it if they were not blind.

I counſel thee therefore, *Mighty Baſſa*, to repreſent theſe Things effectually to the *Grand Signior*: It will be no Diſgrace if he hearken not to thy Propoſals. Shew him the Eaſineſs of the Undertaking, if a ſmall Fleet be fitted up and ſent by Way of the *Red Sea*, to make Diſcoveries toward the *South*. Let them be well Mann'd and Victuall'd; provided alſo with all ſorts of Arms and Ammunition in order to a Deſcent; with Materials and Inſtruments to raiſe a Fortreſs, if there be Occaſion. 'Tis a thouſand to one, if the Inhabitants of thoſe Unknown Regions have ever found out the Uſe of Guns; which will be a prodigious Advantage on our Side. The very Thunder of the *Muſſulman Artillery*, will terrifie them into Obedience. They will either Surrender, as to *Gods*; or fly, as from *Devils*, leaving all the Maritime Coaſts to the Invaders Poſſeſſion. Where Colonies of *True Believers* may be ſoon planted and eſtabliſhed, to the *Glory of God* and his *Prophet*, and the *Eternal Exaltation* of the *Ottoman Empire*.

Great Commander of the Marine, I deſire thee to pardon the Liberty I take in this Diſcourſe; and to eſteem what I have ſaid, only as the humble Suggeſtions of an honeſt Slave, who is zealous for his Maſter's Honour,

nour, the Glory of the *Osman House*, and the general Good of Mankind.

Paris, 14th. *of the* 6th. *Moon, of the Year* 1677.

LETTER XIII.

To Dgnet Oglou.

I Am convinc'd by long and manifold Experience, That *God* and the World, and every Thing appear to Man in what Figure he pleases. We may make our own Opticks, though the Generality of Men take up with those which are prepar'd for them by their Fathers and Tutors. We use the Prejudices and Prepossessions of Education, as the *Spaniards* wear their Spectacles, even at Dinner Time, for Fashions sake, Young and Old, that they may appear Grave and Regular. We adhere to the Opinions we received in our Infancy, with a partial Stiffness and Pride, that we may not seem to call in question the Wisdom of our Ancestors, or appear wavering or inconstant our Selves. So the *Christian Gallants* swallow down whole Dozens of venomous Oysters, without saying *Grace*, only because 'tis the mode: Though they will not venture on a Crust of wholsome Bread,

Bread, without conjuring a Bleſſing on it, by making the *Sign of the Croſs*, and ſquinting two or three magical Glances at *Heaven*, ſeconded by *Hocus-Pocus-Whiſpers*, to compleat the *Charm*.

But let thou and I be more rational in our Principles and Practice. There is no *God* that will be banter'd with vain *Mummery*, or by Muſick be melodiouſly wheadl'd out of his *Eternal Reaſon*; no *Incenſe* can be of Proof to Noſe the Senſe of the *Omniſcient*, nor the moſt elegant Words delude *him, who is perfect in Knowledge*. He takes no Delight in the pompous Addreſſes of the Great, nor is he to be mov'd by the multitude of Solemn Ceremonies. All that he requires of Man is, *a Heart conform to the Divine Will, and Actions void of Offence*.

But the Lawgivers and Governours of Nations obſerving, That there was a certain Religious Fear and Reverence of ſome Divine Power, as it were planted in the Natures of all Men; and conſidering that this might be improv'd, with good Management, to the Advantage and Intereſt of the Commonwealth; they invented ſet Forms of Diſcipline, and exteriour Offices of Worſhip, which they term'd Holy Rites and Myſteries. Theſe they fortified with ſevere Laws and Sanctions, inflicting grievous Penalties on the Contemners of the Publick Service perform'd to the *Gods*. So *Hermes Triſmegiſtus* firſt taught the *Egyptians*; *Meliſſus* the *Foſter-Father of Jupiter*, inſtructed the Inhabitants

of *Crete*; *Faunus* and *Janus*, the *Latins*; *Numa Pompilius*, the *Romans*; *Orpheus*, the *Grecians*; or, as some say, *Cadmus* the Son of *Agenor*, first instructed that Nation in the Solemnities which were counted *Divine*, and which he himself learn'd in *Phœnicia*. He instituted the Consecration of Images and Statues, the Burning of Incense, the Building of Temples and Altars, with the Hymns, Sacrifices, and other magnificent Rites, by which they honour'd the Powers Above.

Now that all this Religious Pageantry was establish'd only for the Ends of Policy and State, is evident from hence, That the Chief Magistrates took the Liberty of making what *Gods* they pleas'd; and of encreasing or diminishing their Number at Discretion. So that in Process of Time there were reckon'd no less than Thirty Thousand *Gods* in the *Roman* Catalogue, though at first their *Calendar* cou'd shew but Twenty Five *Divinities*. But when once they had found out a way to distinguish these *Divinities* into several Classes or Ranks, terming some *Gods* of the Greater Nations, others of the Lesser; having also their Tutelar *Genii*, their *Demigods*, their *Rural* and *Houshold Gods*, &c. there was no limning the crafty Devices of the *Priests* and *Rulers* in imposing; or the Superstition of the credulous People in believing and adoring an infinite Rabble of New, Young, and Unheard-of *Divinities*.

They took also the same Freedom to change and alter the establish'd Rites and Cere-

Ceremonies; ſometimes aboliſhing the old and Primitive Inſtitutions, and ſuperinducing new ones in their ſtead; or at leaſt adding to the Heap of inſignificant Ceremonies, in every Age, ſome myſterious Novelty, which might pleaſe the People, and faſten them in a devouter Obedience and Veneration of their Pious Guides and Leaders.

Hence ſprung the Dedication of Temples, Fanes, Chapels, Oratories, and certain Days in the Year to the Service of particular *Gods*; hence aroſe the Invention and Uſe of ſo many ſorts of Veſſels of Silver and Gold, and other Materials in their Sacrifices; of Lights, Flowers, and Perfumes; of Muſick, Pictures, and other Decorations; beſides the Rich and Majeſtick Veſtments of the *Prieſts*, their grave and compos'd Carriage, Looks and Geſtures: All deſign'd purely to catch the rude and unpoliſh'd Multitude in the Snares of Prieſt-craft; to ſtrike their unwary Minds with an Awe and profound *Attach* for Religion; that ſo being once made thus flexible, they might warp them to what *Bent* they pleas'd, and for ever lead 'em in a blind implicite Admiration of they knew not what.

'Tis certain, that *Religion* has this Effect on the Vulgar, to make them more Obedient to their *Governours*, Juſt to one another, and Zealous for the Publick Welfare: I mean the *Religion* allow'd by the *State*: For, where the *Subjects* dare to make Innovations and Schiſms, to ſet up new Sects and Parties; the greater Zeal each Faction has for their

own Way of Worship, the more cruel and tragical Disorders are generally committed. So fatal a Thing is it to be Opinionative in Religion, to invade the *Priests* Prerogative, and to disturb the quiet Stream of *Tradition* running in the Channel of Publick Faith from one Generation to another.

My *Dear Gnet*, let Thou and I shun the devout Superstition of Bigots, and the wanton Prophaneness of Libertines and Atheists, adoring One God with sincere Faith, and a Reason void of Error: Let us also keep our Lives free from all Injustice and Vice, which will be of more Comfort to us than if we had sacrific'd every Day a thousand Bulls.

Paris, 25th. *of the* 9th. *Moon*, *of the Year* 1677.

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LETTER XIV.

To Kerker Haſſan, Baſſa.

THE Subject of moſt Mens Diſcourſe at preſent in this City, is the Taking of *Friburgh* by the *French*. This is a City of *Germany*, whereof I made frequent mention in my Letters when I firſt came to *Paris*. It is ſituated on a certain Height near a ſmall River, and is encompaſs'd with two Walls. Strengthned alſo by a Citadel, four Baſtions, and other Fortifications. The Emperor has likewiſe a ſtrong Garriſon in it.

On the 10th of this *Moon* the *Mareſchal de Crequy* Beſieg'd it, and preſs'd it with ſuch vigorous Aſſaults, and continual Batteries, That the Governour found himſelf oblig'd to Surrender it on the 17th, when the *Mareſchal* took Poſſeſſion of it in the Name of the *French* King.

The *Imperialiſts* cannot boaſt of equal Succeſs when they Beſiege Towns or Fortreſſes in the Hands of the *French*. For not long before this, the *Prince* of *Orange*, General of the *Confederate* Armies in *Flanders*, undertook the Siege of *Charleroy*, a Place of Strength in thoſe Parts. But the Want of Proviſions, together with the ſtout Reſiſtance of the Inhabitants, and the Duke of *Luxemburgh*'s Approach with the *French* Army, forced him to decamp and retire.

The Duke of *Luxemburgh* is a *valiant* and *ſage General*, in high Eſteem with the *French*: But his Enemies ſay, he is a *Magician*, and deals with the *Devil*, becauſe of the good Succeſs which generally crowns all his Enterpriſes; *So impoſſible it is for a Man of extraordinary Virtues, and Heroick Endowments, to eſcape without Envy and ſcandalous Aſperſions.* 'Tis as natural for the Vulgar to inveigh againſt *Generous Souls*, as 'tis for *Dogs* to bark at the *Moon*. Yet that Planet appears impaſſible; and not being mov'd at the Snarles of invidious Animals, keeps on her *Heavenly* Courſe, in Majeſty and Silence. So do *Souls* that are truly Noble, contemn the Cenſures of the Inferiour Part of Men, and never ſtop till they arrive at the *Meridian* and *Zenith* of Perfection.

Moſt Serene and Illuſtrious Arab, thou art a lively Example of this, and I dare ſay no more, leſt I offend thy Modeſty. May perpetual Benediction and Glory crown thy Years that are yet to come.

Paris, 29th *of the* 11th *Moon*,
of the Year 1677.

LETTER

LETTERS

Writ by

A Spy at *PARIS.*

VOL. VIII.

BOOK III.

LETTER I.

To the Wiſeſt *of the* Wiſe, *the moſt Venerable* Muſti.

I Obey thy Commands without the leaſt Demur: And now proceed to write of the *Macedonian Empire.* I remember a *Diſpatch* of mine to thy Venerable *Predeceſſor* of Sacred Memory, wherein I touch'd upon

some Passages of the *Life* of that Heroick and Magnanimous *Prophet*, *Alexander the Great*. But now I will inform thee more at large concerning his Birth, Education, and Renowned Performances.

Alexander, as the *Greeks* and *Latins* call him, with all the *Nations* of the *West*; or *Scander*, *Ascander*, and *Zulkarnek*, according to the Style of the *Arabians*, *Persians*, *Indians*, *Tartars*, and other People of the *East*, was born in the CVIth *Olympiad*; 398 Years after the Building of *Rome*, and in the Year of the *World* 3628, on the 6th Day of the *Moon Loo*, or *Hecatombæon*, according to the Style of the *Grecians*. The same Night was the *Temple* of *Diana* at *Ephesus* set on Fire. And on the same Day two *Eagles* came and pearch'd on the Top of his Fathers House, where they sat all the Day; which was taken as an *Omen* of the *Double Empire* he was to have over *Europe* and *Asia*.

Philip King of *Macedon* and Husband to *Olympias*, was the Reputed Father of *Alexander*, as she was his Known Mother. But some *Historians* say, That a certain *Magician* call'd *Nectanebus*, by his Enchantments disguising himself in the Form of *Jupiter Ammon*, lay with *Olympias*, and begot *Alexander*. Others affirm, That *Olympias* her self confessed to *Philip*, That *Alexander* was not his Son, but that she had conceiv'd him of a prodigious great *Serpent*. Whence it came to pass, That *Philip* himself, a little before his Death, openly declar'd, That *Alexander* was

not

not his Son. And for the same Reason, he divorc'd *Olympias*, as an *Adultress*, by her own Confession.

These Reports were so common at that Time, That *Alexander* afterwards hearing the Story of his suppos'd *Serpentine Genealogy*, and that other of *Nectanebus* in the Masquerade of a *God*: When he march'd through *Egypt*, took Advantage of the latter, to impose upon the Credulity and Superstition of his Soldiers. For being to pass by the *Temple* of *Jupiter Ammon*, he made a Halt to visit the *Oracle*. But he had privately sent before some of his Trusty Friends to acquaint the *Priests* with his Design, and to tell them what manner of Words and Address they should use to him as he enter'd the *Temple*, in the Hearing of his *Followers*.

Having thus prepar'd those *Holy Cheats*, he with much Ceremony and seeming Devotion made his Approaches to the *Temple*. As soon as he set his Foot within the *Portico*, the *Seniors* of the *Priests* met him in their *Pontifical Robes*, with *Censers* in their Hands, and thus saluted him; *All Hail, Son of Jupiter Ammon.* *Alexander* being pleas'd at this, ask'd them farther, *If all his Fathers Murderers were punish'd*; or, *If any yet survived?* To which it was answer'd, *O Son of the Immortal Gods! Thy Father cannot be murder'd or dye. As for King* Philip, *his Blood is fully reveng'd on them that had a Hand in shedding it.* Then he added another Question concerning his future Success. To which the *Oracle* replied, *The*

Victory ſhall be thine in all Battels; Thou ſhalt become Lord of all the Eaſt. The ſame Mouth alſo gave in Charge to the Retinue of *Alexander*, *That they ſhould adore him not as a King, but as a God.* Returning from thence, he built *Alexandria*, calling it after his own Name.

I have not obſerv'd a due Method in relating this Story ſo ſoon; whilſt I was but repreſenting the New-born *Hero* in his Cradle. But I did it to convince thee, That the various Opinions concerning *Alexander*'s Father, are not the Fictions of Wanton *Writers*, but ſuch as Employ'd the Care and Diligence of *Alexander* himſelf to improve them to his own Intereſt, and his Mothers Honour: For it was accounted a Glorious Thing, to be Impregnate by a God.

To return therefore to the *Infant-Prophet*: He grew apace, and diſcover'd early Signs of a prodigious Wit and Courage. At the Age of fifteen Years, he was committed to the Care and Tutelage of *Ariſtotle*, under whom he ſtudied the *Sciences* five Years; and then his Father *Philip* being murder'd, he ſucceeded in the *Throne*. The ſame Year alſo *Darius Codomanus* obtained the *Empire* of *Perſia*. Againſt whom *Alexander*, with the Common Conſent of almoſt all *Greece*, prepared to go with a well-diſciplin'd Army, that he might carry on the *War* which his Father had begun. Only the *Lacedæmonians*, *Thebans*, and *Athenians* thwarted his Deſigns being corrupted by *Demoſthenes* the *Orator*, who

who for that purpose had received vast Sums of Gold from *Darius*. But *Alexander* soon reduc'd these Factious *States* and *Kingdoms* to their Duty; utterly destroying the City of *Thebes*, with the Slaughter of 90000 of the Citizens, besides 30000 Captives. This was executed on the 15th of the *Moon Boedromion*, in the 2d Year of the CXIth *Olympiad*. He only spar'd the *Host* of *Philip* his Father, when he was left as a Pledge in that City, whose House was left untouch'd, as also that of *Pindar*'s Posterity.

From thence passing the *Hellespont*, he march'd into *Asia*, in the Year of the *World* 3650; and in the 3d Year of his *Reign*. He had in his Army 30000 Foot and 4500 Horse. As soon as he set Foot on the Ground of *Asia*, he made the Royal *Corban* and *Vows* for *Victory*. Then he darted a Javelin into the Earth, in Token of Defiance. After which, when he came to *Troy*, he perform'd certain Holy *Rites* and *Mysteries* at the *Tombs* of Defunct *Heroes*, who fell in the *Trojan War*. When these *Ceremonies* were accomplish'd, he march'd directly against the *Persians*, who were in Number 600000 Fighting Men. I will not tire thee with all the Particularities that happen'd in their *March*. Suffice it to say, That *Alexander* with his Handful of *Macedonians*, after many Victories obtained of the *Persians*, at length quite Routed the Army of *Darius*, and took Possession of that Once Formidable *Empire*.

But there are some remarkable Passages in this Expedition, which deserve to be remembred: As, his wonderful Continence and Humanity toward the Mother, Wife and Daughters of *Darius*; whom he entertain'd in his Camp after they fell into his Hands, rather as the Kindred of some Beloved Friend, than of a Profess'd Enemy. The Story also of his loosing the *Gordian Knot*, is not unworthy thy Knowledge.

It seems, in former Times one *Gordius*, as he Plough'd the Fields, was surrounded with a Flight of Birds of all Kinds. Being troubled at this, he left his Work, and hasted to the next City, there to enquire of the *Augurs*, what the Meaning of this should be. As he entred the Gate of the City, he met a Virgin of Incomparable Beauty, of whom he ask'd, *Where he might find the most Skilful Sage, with whom he might consult about a Matter of some Importance.* Then he told the Inquisitive Damsel, what had happen'd to him in the Field. As soon as she heard this, being well vers'd in these *Mysterious* and *Prophetick Sciences*, she told him, *That he should be made a King.* And to confirm him in the Belief of what she said, she promis'd to become his Wife, that so she might be Partner of his Future Happiness. In a Word, they were Married; and soon after, there arose a Strife among the *Phrygians*, which was like to prove of dangerous Consequence. Therefore the People Consulted the *Oracle, What was to be done in this Case, to prevent the publick Desolation?*

tion? It was answer'd, *That the only Remedy for these Discords was, to chuse them a King.* And when they ask'd, *What Person they should chuse to this Dignity?* It was answer'd again, *That they should Elect that Man for their King, whom they first met with a Wagon, as they went thence to the Temple of Jupiter.* *Gordius* prov'd the Man, and they obey'd the *Oracle*, saluting him as their *Sovereign.* *Gordius*, as a Memorial of this Event, set up his *Wain* in the *Temple* of *Jupiter*, consecrating it to the *Royal* Majesty.

After him his Son *Midas* Reign'd, who filled *Phrygia* with *Religious* Observations. Whence arose the Common *Oracle*, *That whosoever should loose the Knot of the Thongs in the Wagon of* Gordius, *should obtain the Empire of all* Asia.

Alexander hearing this, and being spurr'd on by Ambition, Besieges *Gordia*; and having taken the City, makes haste to the *Temple* of *Jupiter*, where he understood the *Wagon* was laid up. As soon as he saw it, he try'd to find out the Ends of the Thongs, that so he might loose the Knot. But perceiving that it was impossible to come at them without using Violence, he interpreted the *Oracle* in the Sense of a Soldier, and cut the outermost Foldings of the Knot with his Sword. Upon which all the Ends of the Thongs appear'd, and so he easily perform'd the Fatal Task.

Yet this *Heroick Prophet*, as he had Great *Virtues*, so had he no Less *Vices*. He was very cruel to his Nearest Relations and Friends;

Friends; Killing *Caranus* his Brother by a Step-Mother; *Clitus* his old dear Friend; *Parmenio*, *Philotas*, *Aryntas*, *Attalus*, *Eurylochus*, *Pauſanias*, and many other *Macedonian Princes*, ſome of which were of his own *Blood*. Add to this, his barbarous Uſage of *Caliſthenes* the *Philoſopher*, who was brought up with him under *Ariſtotle*. This poor Unfortunate Man refuſing to flatter the *King*'s Pride in calling him a *God*; ſo diſguſted *Alexander*, that feigning himſelf very Angry, he charg'd him with being Acceſſary to the *Plots* and *Conſpiracies* that were formed againſt him. Then he caus'd all his Limbs to be mangl'd and chop'd, after an inhuman Faſhion. He commanded alſo his Ears, Noſe, and Lips, to be cut off; which not only gave the Poor Wretch infinite Torment, but alſo render'd him a moſt Deform'd and Miſerable Spectacle to others. And to compleat his Revenge, he caus'd him in this Doleful Plight to be ſhut up in a Cage with a Dog, and ſo to be carried about, to the Terror of others.

Then *Lyſimachus*, one of *Alexander's Generals*, and a *Diſciple* of *Caliſthenes*, taking Pity on ſo Great a *Sage*, who ſuffer'd all this barbarous Uſage, not for any real Crime that he had committed, but only for uſing that Freedom in his Words and Actions which becomes a *Philoſopher*, gave him Poyſon, to rid him at once of ſo many horrid Calamities.

But *Alexander* took this ſo heinouſly, That he commanded *Lyſimachus* to be thrown to a very

very fierce Lion. As ſoon as the Furious Beaſt ſaw him, he Roar'd and Paw'd the Ground for Joy, and ran upon him with an impetuous Force. But *Lyſimachus* not loſing his Courage, wrap'd his Hand in his Mantle, and thruſt it down the Lion's Throat; where laying faſt hold of his Tongue, he pull'd it out by the Roots, and left the Lion for dead.

When this was told the *King*, he admiring the Invincible Virtue of the Man, not only forgave him this Offence, but had him in Higher Eſteem all his Life afterwards.

We muſt not omit that Memorable Action of *Alexander*, when ſtomaching the Surrender of *Sidon* to his Victorious Arms, in that it was deliver'd up by the People, againſt the Will of *Strato* their *King*; the *Conqueror* pronouncing *Strato* unworthy of the *Crown*, bid *Hepheſtion* place him in the *Throne*, whom the *Sidonians* ſhould approve as *Strato*'s *Succeſſor*. *Hepheſtion* willing to prefer to that Dignity a Noble Young *Sidonian*, who was his Favourite, offer'd him the *Crown*. But the Generous Youth refus'd the Honour; alledging, that it was againſt the *Laws* of his Country, for any Man to Reign who was not of the *Royal Blood*. *Hepheſtion* admiring the Greatneſs of his Soul, ſaid, "*God* encreaſe your "Virtues and Graces, Illuſtrious Friend, who "are the firſt that ever underſtood how "much more Magnanimous it is to deſpiſe "than to accept a Crown. Be it therefore "in your Power to beſtow the *Kingdom* on

"any

" any Man of the *Royal Blood* whom you " think fit for ſo great a Charge. Then he pitch'd upon one *Abdolonymus*, a poor *Gardiner* in the *Suburbs of Sidon*; who was of the Race of *Sidonian* Kings, but through extreme Poverty was grown obſcure, and forced to take up that Employment to get his Bread. *Hepheſtion* approv'd the Choice: And this Noble Youth, with ſome of his Friends, immediately went with the *Royal Robes* and *Enſigns* of *Majeſty* to look out *Abdolonymus*, whom they found Weeding his Garden in a very dirty ſqualid Condition. Saluting him therefore *King* in the Name of *Alexander* the *Great*, they Waſh'd and Anointed him with Precious Oyls of the *Eaſt*; and having put on the *Robes* of *Soveraign Majeſty*, they Conducted him to the *Conqueror*: Who among other Diſcourſes, ask'd him, *How he was able ſo patiently to endure that extreme Poverty which had hitherto been his Lot?* To which he replied, *I wiſh I may endure the Burden of a Crown with the ſame Eaſe. Theſe Hands ſerved the Neceſſities of Life, and my Wants were anſwerable to my Poſſeſſions, even none at all.* *Alexander* perceiving by this Anſwer, the Greatneſs of his Spirit, gave him all the *Royal* Furniture of *Strato*, with much of the *Perſian* Booty, and added all the Countries round about *Sidon* to his Government.

Much about the ſame Time, *Alexander* going to *Jeruſalem*, was met by *Jaddus* the *High Prieſt* in his *Pontifical Habit*. Who falling at the *Conqueror*'s Feet, to implore

Favour

Favour and Mercy for his City and People; *Alexander* rais'd him up, and embracing him in his Arms, *Bid him fear nothing, for that God had appeared to him in* Macedonia, *in the same Figure and Form as the High-Priest made, exhorting him, to carry on the* Persian *War, and promising him certain Victory.* After this, the *High-Priest* conducted him into the *City* and *Temple*, where he Sacrific'd and made *Corban.* He also gave the *Jews* many ample Privileges.

There is one Thing more in the *Life* of *Alexander*, which because it has something very singular in it, I will insert in this *Dispatch.*

After the *Conquest* of *Persia*; as *Alexander* was marching forward, that he might extend his *Empire* through all the *East*; *Thalestris*, *Queen* of the *Amazons*, hearing of his Fame, took a Journey of five and twenty Days, through many populous Nations, attended only by three hundred Women, and came to his Camp, courting the Honour of his Bed. For she had conceived an insatiable Desire of having a Child by *Him*, whom all the *East* proclaimed the Greatest *Hero* in the World. *Alexander* granted her Request; and when she had enjoy'd his Company thirteen Days, she departed well satisfied to her own Country, promising, that if she brought forth a *Male*, she would send him to his Father, according to the manner of the *Amazons*; but if a *Female*, she wou'd keep it her self.

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From hence *Alexander* march'd againſt *Beſſus*, who had murder'd *Darius*, and cauſed himſelf to be proclaimed King of *Perſia* by the Name of *Artaxerxes*. Having overcome him, and puniſh'd his Treaſons, he proceeded, and ſubdu'd all the *Regions* running along the Foot of Mount *Caucaſus*. In fine, he extended his Conqueſts to the utmoſt Borders of *India*, even to the *Oriental* Sea; where he took Shipping and return'd to *Babylon*, partly by Sea and partly by Land. An *Aſtrologer* of great Reputation met him by the way, and diſſuaded him by all the Arguments he could uſe, from enring the City; aſſuring him, that Place would be Fatal to his Perſon. But though *Alexander* made ſome Demur at firſt, and ſeem'd to credit the Words of the *Sage*; yet being over-rul'd by the Counſel of *Anaxarchus* the *Philoſopher*, he enter'd *Babylon*, where he died; ſome ſay of Poyſon; others affirm, that he ſurfeited himſelf with too much Wine. This was in the 33d Year of his *Life*, and the 12th of his *Reign*.

There was a deep and melancholy Silence throughout *Babylon*, whon once it was known, *That the* Conqueror *of the World was dead*. Every one was poſſeſs'd with various Thoughts and Cares, according to their different Affections and Intereſts. The *Macedonians* inwardly rejoyc'd, as if they were now rid of ſome great and formidable Enemy; curſing his Severity and reſtleſs Temper, which had expos'd them to ſo many Toils and Perils of War. Beſides, the *Princes* flat-

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ter'd themſelves with a proſpect of enjoying every one his Share in ſo vaſt an *Empire*. And the private Soldiers had their Eyes intently fix'd hn the Immenſe Treaſures of Gold, which *Alexander* left behind him, and which they hop'd to ſhare among them. For there were at that time Fifty Thouſand Talents in Bank; and Three Hundred Thouſand coming in yearly by way of Tribute and Cuſtom.

On the other ſide, the Conquer'd *Nations* would not at firſt give Credit to the Report of thoſe, who carry'd the News of *Alexander*'s Fate. For they thought he muſt needs be *Immortal*, whom they had always found *Invincible*. But when *Couriers* upon *Couriers* had remov'd their Incredulity, bringing Freſh *Expreſſes* from *Babylon*; they Mourn'd for him, not with bare Outward Ceremonies, as for an *Enemy* that had ſubdu'd 'em; but with Real Sorrow, as for a *Father* that had protected and cheriſh'd 'em.

More eſpecially, the Grief of *Darius*'s Mother was remarkable; who, tho ſhe had loſt Eighty of her Brethren, with their Father, all cruelly Murder'd by *Ochus*, tho ſhe had loſt *Darius*, the only ſurviving of ſeven Sons; and was her ſelf caſt down from the Height of *Majeſty*, to the Abject State of a *Captive*; yet ſhe bore all with an Even Mind, till *Alexander's* Death; whoſe Indulgence alone whilſt living, had ſupported her under ſo many grievous Calamities. But as ſoon as he had forſaken the Earth, ſhe grew weary of tarrying any longer on it too. Not that ſhe eſteem-

ed

ed an Enemy above her Father, Brethren and her Son; but becauſe ſhe had experienc'd in him whom ſhe dreaded as an Enemy, the Goodneſs and Piety, the Modeſty and Regard of all theſe *Relations*.

This Great *Monarch* being Dead, and not having appointed a *Succeſſor*, there aroſe almoſt as many *Kings*, as there were *Governours* of *Provinces*, and *Leaders* in the *Army*. Hence ſprang Innumerable Confuſions, Wars and Diſorders in the *Empire*. There were Tumults and Inſurrections in *Greece*, eſpecially at *Athens*; where the Citizens under the Conduct of *Leoſthenes* their *Captain*, invited the Reſt of the *Grecians* to aſſert their Liberty by taking Arms. Nor was there leſs ſtirs in *Aſia* and *Egypt*. Every where Mens Minds were unſetled, and deſirous of Novelty. *Ptolomy* had *Egypt* for his Share of the Cantoniz'd *Empire*. There he eſtabliſh'd himſelf and his Poſterity by the Name of *Kings*. *Seleucus* took poſſeſſion of *Babylon* and *Syria*, with the ſame Title. *Caſſander* Reign'd over *Macedon* and *Greece*. *Antigonus* govern'd *Aſia*, and *Lyſimachus Thrace*. But as *Antigonus* ſoon loſt his *Empire*, being overcome and kill'd in a Battel by *Ptolomy* and his *Confederates*: So did the reſt either in their own Perſons, or in their Poſterity, yield to the prevailing Fortune of their Enemies; Till at length all theſe ſhatter'd Remains of the *Macedonian Empire*, became *Provinces* of the *Roman*. Of which I will ſay ſomething in my next.

In

In the mean while, I triumph to think that the *Ottoman Empire* now, is become more Formidable, Large and Victorious, than all that went before it. May *God* encreaſe the Felicities and Honours of *True Believers*, till the Day of the Final *Metamorphoſis*.

Paris, 12th. *of the* 4th. *Moon, of the Year* 1678.

LET-

LETTER II.

To Muſu Abul Yahyan, Profeſſor *of* Philoſophy *at* Fez.

I Received thy Venerable *Diſpatch* with great Satisfaction, and am glad to find thou art ſo far from being tir'd with what I have already ſaid concerning *Conſtantinople*, that thou challengeſt me with a Promiſe I formerly made thee, of giving thee a farther Account of what I have obſerved there moſt remarkable.

In deſcribing this Imperial City, I have imitated the Painters, who when they wou'd draw a Beauty to the Life, do not go *Arithmetically* to work, or obſerve any Order in their rough Draughts. But following the Conduct of a wild and ſtrong Fancy, they daſh their Pencil here and there, as that Volatile Faculty inſpires 'em; regarding only the Symmetry of the Picture, without preferring one Part to another, or being curious in deſineating every little Singularity. So I in pourtraying this Queen of Cities, this ſuperlative Beauty of the whole Earth, draw my Strokes at Random; not deſigning to preſent thee with an *Anatomy-Lecture* over her, or to unveil all her interior Secrets: But only to give thee a tranſient View of thoſe Parts which appear moſt Eminent, and attract the Eyes

Eyes of all Travellers. And this I do not perform all at once ('twere too great a Task) but even like them, by Fits and Starts, as I find my Opportunities.

I have hitherto presented thee with a Prospect of very magnificent and curious Objects; as Temples, Mosques, Aqueducts, Columns, Obelisks, Bazars, *&c.* Now prepare thine Eyes for an Entertainment of another Nature. I will shew thee Things, though perhaps not so illustrious to outward Appearance, or strutting with Royal Grandure, yet sufficiently Great and Splendid to perpetuate the Memory of the Founders, and to convey their Fame to all Generations. Things also of publick Use and Service; Designs of Charity, Policy, and generous Wisdom; Undertakings of a Noble and Heroick Character, as thou wilt perceive by the following Account.

No Traveller can survey the Streets of *Constantinople*, and not have his Eyes arrested here and there by most capacious and ample Carvansera's where all distressed Foreigners, and such as are destitute of a more convenient Lodging, may in any of these find a Shelter and Sanctuary from the Injuries of open Air, from Night-Robbers, and other Inconveniencies. These Carvansera's are in number Three Hundred and Three, built at the Expences of *Ottoman* Princes and Bassa's.

There are also in this City Ninety Hospitals, where the Poor are nourished, and the Sick attended with extraordinary Piety and Care.

Besides

Besides all these, there are Five Colleges, where the Sciences are publickly profess'd and taught, and where a certain Number of Young Men are educated and maintained at the *Grand Signior's* Cost, being constant Stipendaries to the *Sultan*. There are many such Colleges scatter'd up and down *Caramania*, *Natolia*, and throughout *Greece* and the *Lesser Asia*. So that the Number of Students in these Countries is computed to be above Nine Thousand; not reckoning those in *Arabia*, *Syria*, and *Egypt*, where flourish innumerable Seminaries of Divine and Human Wisdom.

But to return to *Constantinople*, the next Thing worthy of Observation is the *Serayon*, or House of Equipages, where are made all sorts of Trappings for Horses, especially Saddles of immense Cost, and admirable Workmanship. This Place is also environ'd with high Walls, and shut in with strong Gates. There cannot be a more agreeable Sight to such as take Pleasure in Horses and Riding, than to see Four Thousand Men here daily at Work in their Shops, each striving to excel the rest in the Curiosity of his Artifice. You shall see one busie in spangling a Saddle with great Oriental Pearls, and Unions intermix'd, for some *Arabian* Horse, belonging, perhaps, to the *Vizir Azem*. Another fitting a Curb or Bit of the purest Gold to a Bridle of most precious *Russian* Leather; some adorn their Trappings with choice *Phrygian* Work, others with Diamonds, Rubies, and the most costly Jewels of the East.

In

In a Word, there is ſo illuſtrious a Variety of theſe Accoutrements, that the Eye is aſtoniſh'd at the ſight of them: And I have heard many Travellers acknowledge, That the like is not to be ſeen in any City of the World beſide *Conſtantinople*. I know not what may be in your Cities of *Morocco* and *Fez*, in regard the *Moors* are great Cavaliers.

There are, moreover, two other Places in the City, encompaſs'd with peculiar Walls. In theſe the *Janizaries* are poſted, who are the *Guards du Corps* to the *Grand Signior*. They are under the Command of *Decurions*, without whoſe Leave no *Janizary* dare ſet a Foot out of the Place.

Next is the *Arſenal* of the City, built on the Sea-ſhore, containing a Hundred and Eighty Arches, under which are very elegant *Portico's* or *Piazza's*, where People walk. There are above Forty Thouſand Men daily at Work in this *Arſenal*; and Eighty great Gallies lie there always in Readineſs for any ſudden Expedition.

Beſides, there is another in the Suburbs, wherein there always lie a Hundred and Fifty great Gallies on the Stocks; and Sixty, fitted up with all Neceſſaries, conſtantly lie in the Water.

The Granaries or Store-Houſes for Corn preſent themſelves next. They are built in a Corner of the City toward *Pera*, where the Walls are far ſtronger than in any other Part, and the Gates are of Iron. Here is always laid up an immenſe Quantity of Wheat

and Barly, as alſo of other Grain, as if it were to ſerve for many Years. Yet 'tis changed for new Corn every Three Years. They ſay, That in the Reign of *Amurat* III. there was an incredible Abundance of *Millet* found there, whoſe Vertue was much admired, in that it had lain there Eighty Years ſound and free from any Corruption.

I have purpoſely omitted to ſpeak of the two *Royal Serails*, ſince the leaſt of them will require a large Letter by it ſelf, to be deſcribed exactly. Only this I will ſay in ſhort, That the leaſt is a *French League* in Circuit, or Three *Italian* Miles; and the biggeſt, wherein the *Grand Signior* dwells is a League and two Thirds or Five *Italian* Miles. The former is called *Eſchy Saray*, or the *Old Palace*; the latter is nam'd *Bryuch Saray*, or the *Great Serail*. If thou deſireſt a farther and more particular Deſcription of theſe Royal Courts, I will ſend it thee in future *Diſpatches*. For, it will be too large for one.

In the mean Time I muſt not forget the *Moſch* of *Jub*, where our *Sultans* receive the Sword when they firſt come to the Crown. This is a Building of great Antiquity, ſeated in the fartheſt Angle of the City near the Haven. Over againſt it are the *Sultan*'s Stables, having very fair Gardens adjoin'd to them. Not far from thence is the *Topana*, or *Gun-Yard*, where there lies a vaſt Number of Braſs Pieces of Ordnance without Carriages. Of which ſome are turn'd directly againſt the Haven.

As

As you pass from this Place, it is impossible to avoid the sight of a Pillar, which shoots up from the Top of a Rock at some distance from the City. This Column is all of White Marble, and was erected by *Cn. Pompey* as a Monument of his Victory over *Mithridates* the King of *Pontus*. On this side of the City there is nothing hardly to be seen for eight Miles together, but Houses built for Pleasure and Delight, with most beautiful Groves and Gardens.

Over against the City stands *Pera*, an Arm of the Sea coming between them. This Suburb or Borough is inhabited chiefly by *Græcians* and *Western Franks*.

Round about this Suburb are many pretty Country Houses, Farms, and Granges, most deliciously seated in the midst of high Tufts of Trees, with Green Fields, and Crystal Streams adjoining to them. Where the Embassadors of Foreign Princes make their Abode sometimes.

I will not carry thee from hence to *Scutari*, though a great and stately Village, within the Liberty also of the Imperial City. I will not detain thee with the Singularities of the *Thracian Chersonesus*, or drill thee along to *Calipoli*; though this were the first Town in *Europe*, which *Amurat* took in the Year 1363. My Design is altogether at *Constantinople*. Therefore having survey'd *Pera*, which is also call'd *Galata*, let us cross the Water, and return again to the Mother-City; that we may know what manner of Government

there is in it, and how the Laws are executed.

The *Chief Magiſtrate* is called *Stambol-Cadiſi*, or *Judge* of *Conſtantinople*. Before him are pleaded all Cauſes, both Criminal and Civil. He has four Deputies under him, who ſeparately govern the four chief Precincts of the City. There is likewiſe an Officer, called *Sabaſſi*, whoſe Buſineſs is to take Cognizance of every ones Crime that is ſeiſed in the Streets or Houſes, and to refer it to the *Supreme Vizir*. He has alſo four Deputies under him, and all Men are bound to aſſiſt him in Caſe of Difficulty.

The Common Priſon of *Conſtantinople* is divided into two Parts, the Upper and the Lower. The Upper is only for Civil Offences, and has an airy Green Court in the middle of it, with a Fountain continually ſpouting up Water; which ſomething diminiſhes the Squalidneſs of the Place. The Lower is for Capital Crimes, and is a very ſink of Horror and Loathſomneſs.

Flower of *Philoſophers*, I pray *God* who gave us our Senſes, always grant 'em agreeable Objects, and defend us from all noiſome Scents, eſpecially from the Peſtilential Fumes of *Hell*, which, they ſay, at certain Times tranſpire through the Chinks and Crannies of the Earth, infecting this upper World with deplorable Contagions. May the Odours of *Paradiſe* refreſh us for ever, O Senſible *Myſ-*

Paris, 19th. *of the* 4th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1678. LET-

LETTER III.

To Kerker Haſſan, Baſſa.

EVery Year the *French* gain Ground of their Enemies: They make proſperous Campaigns, and always come off Conquerors.

In the Beginning of the 3d *Moon* the *King* cauſed *Ghaunt* to be Beſieged by the *Mareſchal d' Humiers*. This City is the Capital of all *Flanders*, and is divided into ſeveral Quarters or Iſles; ſo is the Country round about it, by certain Rivers and Channels, which render it of extreme difficult Acceſs, and ſpoils all Communication. It is one of the greateſt Cities in *Europe*, and is defended by a Counterſcarp, a large Ditch, good Ramparts, and many Baſtions. The Inhabitants boaſt that it was Founded by *Julius Cæſar*. They have been able to raiſe an Army of Fifty Thouſand Men among themſelves, whenever they have been inclin'd to Revolt from their Soveraign. Yet they could not hold out above Ten Days againſt the preſent Arms of *France*; but ſeeing the Vigor with which they were attack'd on all ſides, and deſpairing of any Succors, they Surrender'd on Articles.

Next to this, the City of *Ypres* was Surrender'd to them on the 25th of the ſame

Moon, after a Siege of Eight Days. This is another conſiderable City in *Flanders*.

Nor have the *French* Arms been Unſucceſsful in *Catalonia* under the Command of the *Duke de Navailles*. This *General* having Taken *Puicerda* the Capital City of that Province, and a Place of great Strength, being ſeated on the Top of the *Pyrenean* Mountains, and defended by a Caſtle built on a Rock. The *Prince* of *Conde* won it in the Year 1654. But it was afterwards reſtor'd to the *Spaniards* again by the Treaty of the *Pyrene's*; who Fortified it a-new with all the Modern Forms. This City has under its Command above Eighty Villages, and draws Contributions from all the Province of *Cerdaigne*. It ſecures the Poſſeſſion of *Rouſſillon*, covers the Frontiers of *Languedoc*, and is eſteem'd ſecond only to *Barcelona*, of all the Cities in theſe Parts.

From *Germany* and the Provinces bordering on the *Rhine*, *Fame* tranſports hither ſucceſſive Relations of Battels fought between the *French* and the *Imperialiſts*, wherein the former always get the Victory. The *Mareſchal de Crequy* engag'd with him firſt near *Grotzingben*, where the *Prince* of *Baden* and Forty Officers of Note were Wounded on the Enemies ſide: The *Count* of *Liqueville*, a Commander under the *Duke* of *Lorrain*, with many others, were Taken Priſoners: The *French* Took from them a great Number of Standards, Kill'd Abundance of their Men, and in fine, remain'd Maſters of the Field.

No

No leſs Advantage had they in the 7th *Moon*, on the Plains of *Rheinfeldt*, near the River *Rhine*. Where they Killed above 800 *Imperialiſts* upon the Spot; and the Bridge of *Rheinfeldt* was ſo cramm'd with Dead Bodies, that they ſerv'd as a Barrier to ſtop the *French* from purſuing their Victory to the Gates of the City.

The *Mareſchal de Crequy* alſo defeated a Body of 6000 Horſe and Dragoons, Commanded by the *Duke* of *Lorrain*, near to *Offembourg*, which was followed by the Taking of *Ortambourg Caſtle*, and the Fort of *Kell*, which the *Mareſchal* raz'd to the Ground. He Took alſo the Fort of *Zolhauſten*; and encountring the *Duke* of *Lorrain* near a Place called *Lauterbourg*, he ſet upon him, and Kill'd 400 of his Men as they were paſſing a Bridge of the *Rhine*, and Took 300 Priſoners.

If they go on at this Rate Year after Year, it will be difficult to ſet the Limits of their continually growing Empire. Only we need not fear that they will ever be able to juſtle the *Faithful Oſmans* out of the Patrimony appointed them by *Deſtiny*.

Serene Miniſter, the *Creſcent* out-ſhines the *Croſs*, the *Alcoran* ſuperſedes the *Bible*, and *all Things yield to the Invincible Arms of True Believers.*

Paris, 19th. *of the* 8th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1678.

LETTER IV.

To Dalimalched, *the Widow of* Peſteli Hali, *his Brother*, Maſter *of the* Cuſtoms, *and* Superintendent *of the* Arſenal *at* Conſtantinople.

THou may'ſt be aſſured 'tis no Compliment, when I tell thee I condole thy Loſs. He that is Dead was my *Brother* as well as thy *Husband*. And the Friendſhip which was between us united us more cloſely than did our Blood. We never thought any Thing too much to perform in the Service of each other, provided it did not entrench upon our Honour, but we greedily ſnatch'd every Opportunity of demonſtrating our mutual Affections.

He is gone to infinite Joys, to a Place of Refreſhment, where he banquets on the Reverſion of his *Good Works* in this Life: He revels at large, and without Contradiction, or murmuring of *Women*, in full Bowls of the *Ambroſia* of *Paradiſe*. No peeviſh *Female* interrupts his Joy, or turns his Smiles to Frowns by her unworthy Carriage. He lies ſtretched out at Eaſe upon the *Crimſon Beds of Eden*, with *Pages* waiting on him, whoſe Eyes are like the poliſh'd *Pearl*. Each bears a Golden

Goblet

Goblet cruſted with *Saphires* in his Hand, full charg'd with Wine, which Mortal Kings would give their Kingdoms for. Thoſe *Heavenly Youths* perform their Parts with admirable Grace and dutiful Exactneſs. They wait the Minute of their Lords Deſire. With humble Reſignation the fair *Cupids* ſtand encompaſſing his Bed, each being emulous of the reſt, all ſtriving with an agreeable Generoſity who ſhall ſerve their Maſter firſt, and with the greateſt Promptneſs.

When *Peſteli* pleaſes to divert himſelf with *Women*, 'tis but to wiſh, and one more Fair than e'er *Apelles* drew, preſents her ſelf, chaſte as *Diana*, yet as kind as *Venus*. No coy Demurs protract the Enjoyment of his Wiſh, nor is there the leaſt Sign of Impudence to pall it. But in perfect Love they meet each other, and unite their Hearts: And ſo they paſs their Time, in conſtant unrepented Bliſs.

He traverſes the pleaſant Walks of *Eden*, and ſits him down upon the Banks of her *Immortal Rivers*: *Rivers* that ſtream with *Wine*, and *Milk*, and *Honey*. Under the Shade of happy Trees he lies upon the *Flowry Green*, in the Careſſes of ſome lovely Daughter of *Paradiſe*. Whilſt *Aromatick* Winds inſpire him with Diviner Paſſions than *Endymion* felt in the Embraces of *Diana*. *Oh happy State of ſeparate Souls that part from Earth in Purity! Their Pleaſures know no Bounds or End!*

For, what I've ſaid is only *Emblematical*, deſcribing in ſenſible ſhort Figures, thoſe Raptures and tranſcendent Joys, which cannot otherwiſe be expreſs'd. Whatever elevated Fancy can conceive of *Bliß*, is all by infinite Odds ſurpaſs'd in the Enjoyments of the *Happy Souls Above*. There is no Number, Weight, or Meaſure, of their *Eternal* and Superlative Felicities. *They paß from Joy to Joy, and ſport in endleß Circles of Beatitude. O Region ever to be deſired! O Gardens of Incomparable Beauty! where the Liberal Monarch of the Univerſe regales the wearied Souls of Mortals with Banquets of Ineſtimable Price, and Unmatch'd Delicacy, after their toilſome Pilgrimage on Earth.*

If *Peſteli* could hear, I would congratulate his Happineſs, inſtead of Condoling thy Misfortune, in loſing ſuch a *Huſband*. He has eſcap'd the Shipwracks of this Lower World; this Sea of Grief and Tragedies. He's got ſafe into the Harbour of *Eternal Reſt*, the Port of Peace, and Landed on the Strand of the *Omnipotents Serail*, where Guards of Angels waited on him to the Throne of *Allah*, with *Ten Thouſand Thouſand Flambeau's burning in the Walks of* Eden.

But, tell me, *Dalimalched*, were not you ſomething in the Fault, that the *Generous Peſteli* left us both ſo ſoon? Did you not fret and teize his High-born Soul with Words which might have well been

ſpar'd

ſpar'd to a Man of ſo quick Senſe? Doubtleſs he needed not your fuming Lectures, and more ſilent Diſcipline of Powts. If he committed Faults, (as, who does not?) he ſoon was Senſible without a *Reprimand*. There was no Occaſion to keep him half a *Moon* in *Paroxyſms* of Melancholy and Grief. This was too hard a *Penance* for his Spirit to bear. But, you *Women* have Ways by your Selves, unintelligible to our Sex. Your Windings and Turnings are intricate as thoſe of Serpents. *Dædalus* himſelf, were he now alive, though once the Glory of Labyrinth-Makers, yet wou'd be puzzl'd to trace your Sex, in all your ſecret, wild, unknown *Meanders*. Ye are all the very changeable Things of the *Earth*. *No body knows what to make of ye.*

Dalimalched, I tell thee, *A Woman never commands a Man, unleſs he be a Fool, but by her Obedience; that way ſhe wins his Heart, and makes a thorough Conqueſt of his Affections.* She wheadles him out of his Soveraignty by cunning Complaiſance and proper Capitulations, or at leaſt, by this Method, ſhe ſaves her ſelf. She will not thwart him in the Torrent of his Paſſion, but meekly yields to the mighty Stream, and will not ſuffer her Tongue to move but in the *Eddy* of his Wrath.

In a Word, *A good Woman conſults her Husband's Pleaſure in all Things*: And if thou haſt done ſo, the World has nothing to ſay to thee. But if otherwiſe, I adviſe thee to remain a *Widow*, leſt the next Man that mar-

marries thee, ſhould revenge the Injuries my Brother receiv'd at thy Hands: *For, this is one Way of Taming Shrews.*

Paris, 27th. *of the* 10th. *Moon, of the Year* 1678.

LETTER V.

To Hamet, Reis Effendi, Principal Secretary *of the* Ottoman Empire.

I Hope thou wilt pardon me, moſt Illuſtrious *Miniſter*, that I have thus long delay'd to give thee a farther Account of the *States of Europe*: But now I will proceed; and, according to thy Command, begin where I left off.

Having already diſcours'd of *Germany*, I will deſcend into the *Netherlands*: Which is as Natural, as for a Man that has Survey'd the *Upper Town* of *Buda*, or any other City ſeated like that, to fall into the *Lower*. For ſo the *Netherlands* ſeem to be a Kind of Outlying *Borough*, near the *Suburb*, to the *German Empire*.

They are call'd the *Netherlands*, by Reaſon of their Low Situation, near the Sea: Which makes the Country appear like a Mariſh, or Moor,

Moor. They contain Seventeen *Provinces*; Ten whereof are under the Juriſdiction of the *King* of *Spain*: The other Seven make up a Diſtinct and Independent *Republick*, among themſelves.

The Circumference of the Seventeen *Provinces*, is a Thouſand *Italian* Miles: And within that Compaſs, there are Two Hundred Wall'd Towns and Cities; an Hundred and Fifty other Places, which enjoy the ſame Priviſeges and Power as the Former: And there are Six Thouſand Villages.

In the Time of *Julius Cæſar*, this Tract of Ground was call'd *Belgick-Gaul* by the *Romans*. It was Inhabited by a Warlike People, impatient of Servitude, and Stout Aſſertors of their Native Liberty; as the ſame *Cæſar* found by Experience, when he Warr'd among them. Nay, and ſince that Time, the *Muſſulmans* themſelves have felt their Valour. Witneſs the Famous Expedition of *Godfrey* of *Bullen*, to recover the *Holy-Land*, out of the Hands of the *Saracens*: And that other of *Baldwin* the *Fleming*. who made himſelf Maſter of *Conſtantinople*, and the *Græcian Empire*.

The Ancient *Romans* us'd to ſay, *That the* Gauls *fought for their Liberty*; *the* Germans *for Booty*; *and the* Dutch *for Glory and Honour*. Hence it came to paſs, that the *Roman Emperors* in thoſe Days, had always a Select Guard about their Perſons, choſen out of theſe *Provinces*. Alſo the *Hollanders* and *Friz-*

landers

landers were call'd the Friends and Associates of the *Romans*.

But, tho' these *Provinces* formerly had each a distinct *Sovereign*, with a Peculiar *Government*, and *Laws*; yet, afterwards, they were all reduc'd under the *Dominion* of the *Dukes* of *Burgundy*: From whom, they devolv'd to the *Arch-Dukes* of *Austria*; and last of all, to the *Kings* of *Spain*; who claim a Title to Ten of them at this Day: But the *King* of *France* has Possession of a Great Part. As for the other Seven, they are quite Emancipated, and Free. It being an establish'd *Maxim* with them, That *the Longest Sword gives the Best Title to a Government*. And, for ought I see, this Principle is practis'd throughout the World.

The Inhabitants of the *Netherlands* are generally Tall, and Strong-body'd People; Comely, Civil, Open-hearted, Courteous, Prompt and Laborious: More addicted to Wine, than to Women: Equally forgetful of Benefits, and Injuries: Great Musicians, Expert Sea-men, Cunning Merchants, Accurate Painters, and very Ingenious in all Arts. They are not Jealous of their Women, as most other Nations are; but suffer them to Walk abroad openly, and Converse with Men in the Streets. Neither will any of these Females refuse an Invitation to a Bottle of Wine. As soon as you come into any House, the Daughter of the Family meets you, with a Bottle of Wine, or other Strong Beverage, in her Hand, and drinks it off to you: And if you

you do not very readily answer, and pledge her, it passes for a Sign of Rudeness, and Ill Manners.

These People are very Rich, by Reason of their Merchandize and Traffick with other Nations; for they Export the Product of their Soil, and their own Manufactures; Vending or Exchanging them, at a Prodigious Advantage, in the Remotest Regions of the Earth.

They have very strong Forts and Castles up and down the Country; with Cities which are, in a Manner, Inexpugnable. As for the *Religion* of the *Netherlanders*; The Ten *Provinces* which are subject to the *King* of *Spain*, or *France*, are called *Catholicks*. The other Seven represent the Celebrated *Tower* of *Babel*, where the *Languages* were first Confounded, as *Moses* relates: For, such is the Hotch-potch and Gallimaufrey of *Religions* tolerated in *Amsterdam*, *Leyden*, and other Cities of *Holland*; and, in General, throughout all the Seven *United States*. Neither have they much more Regularity and Order in other Matters. Wonder not therefore if my Pen observes no Method in Treating of a Country, which is the very *Emblem*, *Proverb*, and *Centre* of *Anaxy* and *Confusion*. However, I will now begin to make more Particular Distinctions, than in the Former Part of my Letter.

Zeland has a bad Air, especially in the Summer-time, when the Sun exhales Stinking and Infectious Vapours from the Lakes and

and Pools, of which there is a great Number in that *Province*: Yet it has an Excellent Soil, abounding with Wheat, and other Corn; alſo with good Paſturage, for Sheep and Cattel. There is little more to be ſaid of this *Province*.

Holland has this Obſervable in it, That frequently the *Earth* trembles there, under the Burden of Coaches, Wagons, Horſes, &c. Which is an Argument, that the Ground is hollow underneath, and full of Caverns. To confirm this Opinion, they ſay, *That a Cow once falling into a Gap or Chaſm in the Earth, was found dead three Days afterwards in the Sea, being known to the Owner to be the ſame.* Hence a Part of *Holland*, in the Language of the Country, is called *Waterland*: Which, at firſt Hearing, ſounds like a Contradiction: But they mean by it, *a Land ſituated in the Waters.* For, ſo, indeed, the whole *Province* appears to be divided into ſmall *Iſlands*, by Innumerable Canals, Lakes and Pools, that every where expoſe themſelves to your Eye. This *Province* deſerves moſt properly, of all the Reſt, the Appellation of *Netherland*; it being ſunk ſo very low, that, in many Places, the Sea riſes higher than it: Which compels the *Hollanders* to fortifie their Shores with High and Strong Banks; which, with great Coſt, they continually keep repair'd.

They have but little Corn, or Fruit, of their own Growth; being ſupply'd with thoſe Things from *Germany*, *Poland*, and other Countries. But there is an Immenſe Quantity

tity of Graſs, to nouriſh Millions of Sheep, Oxen, and Horſes. And, what I have ſaid of theſe two *Provinces*, may be, in ſome Degree, apply'd to all the Reſt, *Frizland* only excepted; which is more Fertile of Corn, yields Abundance of Pulſe and Salt, and is well cloath'd with Woods.

As to the Manners of theſe People: The *Zelanders* are of a Ready Wit, Provident, and Subtile: Of Stature, generally very tall; as will appear by a Woman of this *Province*, whom *William Count* of *Holland* ſent to the Nuptials of *Charles the Fair*, *King* of *France*. *She* was of ſo vaſt an Heighth and Bulk, that the *French* look'd like *Pigmies*, or *Dwarfs*, in Compariſon of *her*. And ſuch was *her* Strength, that *She* could lift from the Ground a Beam, and carry it on *her* Shoulders, which Eight Labouring Men cou'd hardly ſtir.

'Tis obſerv'd of *Geldres*, That it was the Firſt of theſe *Provinces*, which ſubmitted to the Riſing Fortune of the *Roman Empire*: And again, The Firſt that ſhook off the Yoke, when that *Empire* was in its Wane.

In *Utrecht* there are Abundance of *Nobles*; who are more Soft and Polite in their Converſation, than the Reſt of the *Hollanders*. The Women of Quality there go Veil'd.

The Publick Affairs of all theſe *Provinces*, are manag'd by thoſe whom they call the *States-General* of the *United Provinces*.

Theſe

These are a *Convention*, or *Assembly*, of the Chief *Nobles*, Principal *Magistrates*, and most Eminent *Citizens* in every *Province*.

Courteous Effendi, These are the Chief Things which I know of the *United Provinces*, unless thou wouldst have me write their Compleat *History*: Which wou'd be too tedious for Letters. Accept of my Labours, which, tho' Mean, yet are Voluntary, Chearful, and done at a Jerk.

Paris, 4th. *of the* 12th. Moon,
of the Year 1678.

LETTER

LETTER VI.

To the ſame.

THou wilt ſay, I'm all upon the Extremes. In my laſt I dragg'd thee through the moſt Dirty, Naſty, Abject Valley of all the *Earth*. I mean *Holland*, with the reſt of the *United Provinces*. Now I'm going to lead thee out of thoſe *Fenny Bogs*, and give thee a Breathing up the Salubrious Hills and Mountains of *Helvetia* or *Swiſſerland*. 'Tis true, this cannot be done without a conſiderable Leap over many *Provinces* of *Germany*, Part of *Lorrain* and *Alſace*. But, having ſpoken formerly of the *Empire*, and from thence in my next, by a kind of Natural Deſcent, fallen into the *Low Countries*; the Conſideration of their Form of Government, put me in mind of the other *Republicks* in *Europe*. Among which, that of *Switzerland* lying next to the *United States*, I choſe to make it the Subject of this Letter, deſigning to give thee an Account of *Venice*, *Genoua*, *Lucca*, and the Reſt in Order.

Know then, that *Helvetia* or *Swiſſerland* was once a *Province* of *Germany*, but now 'tis a *Commonwealth* ſubſiſting by it ſelf, and not ſubject to any Foreign Power. It is divided into Thirteen *Cantons* or *Provinces*. I will not trouble thee with the Names of each Diſtrich,

ſtrich, or with their ſeveral Characters. The whole Country in general looks like a great Bunch of Rocks and Mountains, ſeparated by ſmall but very pleaſant Valleys. And though the Mountains ſeem rough, yet their Tops and Brows flouriſh no leſs with all ſorts of Trees and Herbage, than the faireſt Plains. The Inhabitants nouriſh abundance of Sheep on them, beſides Goats, Hinds, Horſes, with many other Kinds of Beaſts. For there is great Plenty of Animals in this Country, both Wild and Tame. The Air is piercing and ſerene; the Soil though not of it ſelf fertile, yet is made ſo by Induſtry of the Inhabitants. In ſome Parts they have *Vineyards* which produce a *Grape* of wonderful Delicacy: The Wine of which is much eſteem'd in thoſe Parts. The Lakes alſo and Rivers abound with Fiſh of all ſorts. Neither is there any Scarcity of Fowls, or of any Thing elſe, which immediately ſerves the Neceſſities of Human Life. Only Things tending to Luxury, and other Kinds of Wantonneſs, are not to be found in this Happy Region. It is a ſecond *Scythia* or *Tartary*. And indeed the Inhabitants of *Swiſſerland* are thought to come out of thoſe more Northern Regions.

They have ever been Famous for their invincible Conſtancy and Valour in War. *Julius Cæſar* himſelf was afraid of them, and built a Wall to hinder them from going into *France* or *Gaul*; when he remember'd that *L. Caſſius* a *Roman Conſul* was Vanquiſh'd by them, and his whole Army routed. Some Au-

thors

thors affirm, that in the Times of Old, the Inhabitants of the North of *Europe*, were ſo prodigiouſly multiplied, that ſome of them were forced to ſeek new Seats. Wherefore ruſhing through *Germany* and paſſing the *Rhine*, they were met by the *Gauls*, whom they Overcame and Defeated. Upon which News the Neighbouring Nations being terrified, ſent *Embaſſadors* to them, deſiring Peace. The *Conquerors* replied, They came not to wage War, or diſturb the Peace of Mankind: That they only ſought a Place to live in quietly, where they might manure the Ground, without hurting any Body. Then *Helvetia* was granted to them, where their Poſterity live to this Day.

As to the Manners of the Modern *Swiſs*, they anſwer exactly the ancient Character; being wholly addicted to War; hardy to bear all Inconveniencies of Hunger, Thirſt, Cold, and other Afflictions of Nature, Providence, Deſtiny, or Chance. A little Money ſerves their Turn to defray the Expences of eating; their Diet being very plain and ordinary, conſiſting chiefly of Milk and Cheeſe. If they are chargeable in any Thing, 'tis in Wine and other ſtrong Liquors. For you ſhall find but mean and ſqualid Houſes and contemptible Furniture; and they wear Garments anſwerable to the Reſt: But they are given to Drinking above Meaſure. They will conſume whole Days and Nights ſucceſſively, without Intermiſſion, in their drunken Debauches. Nor can any Friendſhip be contracted

tracted among them, but over their Cups. For, he who drinks moſt, and is moſt Frolickſome and Debonaire, he is taken for a Man of Integrity. Whereas he that ſeems timorous of his Health, or makes any frivolous Excuſes, is look'd upon as a ſneaking Fellow, not worthy of ſuch good Company. Nay, ſometimes their Madneſs grows to that heighth, as to ſet a Dagger to his Throat, who refuſes to pledge in his Turn.

And yet after all this Reproach, it muſt be confeſs'd, That theſe People are very Prudent and Circumſpect, both in their Private and Publick Affairs. For, notwithſtanding the Pleaſure they take in liberal Compotations, yet every Man, when the Frolick is over, is intent on his Buſineſs, uſing double Induſtry and Diligence, to make good the Expences of his laſt Vanity. They Work to Drink, and Drink that they may better Work again. So in the Publick, 'tis evident, that they are not defective in Policy, ſince they have been able for ſo many Centuries of Years, to maintain their Union, and Confederated Liberties, againſt ſo many Princes, who have endeavour'd to bring them under a Foreign Yoke: And not only ſo, but ſuch is the Singularity of their Conduct, that the moſt mighty *Monarchs* in *Europe* are glad to enter into a League with them, and ſend Yearly vaſt Sums of Money.

Thou wilt not, after what I have ſaid, expect to find in *Swiſſerland* the Riches of *Arabia* and *Babylon*; nor the reſt of the Luxurious

xurious and Magnificent Superfluities of the *East*. The Situation of the Country, and Nature of the Soil, denies these glittering Vanities. It is sufficient that it brings forth enough to Nourish the Inhabitants.

They fear no Foreign Invasion, both on the Account of this National Poverty, and the Inaccessible Heights of the *Alpes*, with which they are on all sides environ'd as by a Wall. Add to this, the invincible Resolution of the People, who abhor and fear Subjection more than Death it self. So that no *Prince* in *Europe* dares, or thinks it worth his while to carry a War into this Country; knowing, that if he shou'd conquer it, the Revenues, with all the Spoil of his new-gotten Possessions, would not counterbalance the Expences of one short Campaign. Besides their Union is so strict and close, that it is almost impossible to break or dissolve it. Then, they have some very strong Cities, Castles, Forts, and other Places of Defence, which wou'd give no small Diversion and Incumbrance to him who should undertake such an Expedition. In fine, such are their Circumstances, That all the Courts round about them, think it safer to court this untameable Nation, than to threaten or huff them.

I will relate to thee a Story by way of Instance or Example. From whence thou may'st comprehend more clearly the Humour of this People.

In former Times, as I have already ſaid, *Swiſſerland* was a *Province* of the *German Empire*, or at leaſt reputed ſo. And there were certain *Prefects* or *Governours* ſet over them by *Cæſar*, one ſucceeding another. Some of theſe, for their Inſolence, were driven out of the Nation; others were kill'd by Reaſon of their Tyrannous and cruel Practices. Among the reſt, one of theſe *Governours*, being diſguſted at a certain *Swiß*, commanded him to be Yok'd with Oxen that drew Burdens in a Cart. But when neither by fair nor foul Means they could force him to this vile Condeſcenſion, he commanded his Eyes to be put out. Which was done accordingly. This was murmur'd at: But being the firſt Eſſay of his Cruel Diſpoſition, they wink'd at it.

A while after, the ſame *Governour* commanded a Woman, in her Husband's Abſence, to prepare a hot Bath for him. Which when the chaſte Matron refus'd to perform, till her Husband came home, he ſtruck her dead with an Axe. This alſo, though heightning the Choler of the *Swiß*, was paſs'd by, in Meditation of future Revenge.

At laſt he grew ſo fooliſhly proud and imperious, that walking one Day in the Streets of the City, he ſtuck his Cane in the Ground, and plac'd his *Turbant* or *Bonnet* thereon; commanding all that paſs'd by to give Honour to it. Which when a certain honeſt *Swiß* refus'd to do, he commanded him to ſtrike off an *Apple* from his Son's Head with a Shot from his Croſs-bow. The good Fa-

ther

ther for a long Time refuſed thus to hazard his Son's Life. But being overcome by the Tyrant's importunate Menaces, he rather ventur'd to truſt to Providence the Life of his Son, than to Sacrifice both that and his own to the Implacable Malice of a *Barbarian*. So he ſhot, and hit the *Apple* off without touching his Son's Head. The *Governour* ſeeing this, and taking notice that he brought two Arrows with him, asked him the Reaſon of it. To whom the *Swiſs* anſwered, *If I had ſhot amiſs and hurt my Son with the firſt Arrow, I was reſolved to have pierced thy Heart with the ſecond.* Upon this, all the People gave a Shout, and running together, ſeis'd upon the *Governour*, and tore him to Pieces. Neither would they ever afterwards endure or admit any Man into their Cities, from the *Emperor*, unleſs he came in the Quality of an *Embaſſador*.

Serene Miniſter, if theſe Memoirs are in the leaſt acceptable to thee, 'tis but to command, and thou ſhalt find I have a Stock not eaſie to be exhauſted.

Adieu, adieu, for the preſent. May the Curtains of *God's Pavilion* be unfurl'd about us, to skreen us from the Injuries of *Dæmons* who hunt by Night for Mortals: For, 'tis now their Hour.

Paris, 6th. *of the* 2d. *Moon*,
of the Year 1679.

LETTER VII.

To Dgnet Oglou, *at* Damaſcus.

I Could hardly believe my own Eyes, whe
I firſt read thy Letter, and underſtood tha
thou art turn'd *Husbandman* at laſt, and ſe
led in a Place the moſt delectable on Eart
the very Center and Rendezvouz of all Plea
ſures, and whatſoever is agreeable to Mo
tals. Thou art a wary Man, reſolved to h
ſure of one *Paradiſe* at leaſt, though it be b
Mortgaging thy Title to the other. Tho
wilt not ſuffer *God Almighty* to go upon Tr
with thee, nor truſt all his Promiſes for *Hea
ven* in Reverſion. Yet I cannot diſcommen
thy Cautiouſneſs. We know not what ſha
befall us after *Death*; and therefore Natur
prompts us to ſecure to our Selves ſom
ſhare of *Happineſs* in this Life, and to ant
date the Uncertainties of a Future Bliſs, b
carving out our *own Heaven* on this ſide t
Grave. However, I wiſh thou may'ſt n
ſurfeit on thy preſent Enjoyments, and
render thy *Soul* incapable of the Voyage
Eternal Beatitude. I tell thee, *My Dgn*
thou art a bold Man to venture on a Pla
by Choice which the *Meſſenger of God* pr
poſely ſhunn'd as the moſt dangerous
Earth. But I wou'd not diſcourage the
That City was then in the Hands of *Infide*
a Se

a *Seat of Profanation and Idolatry*; now 'tis ſanctified by the Preſence of *True Believers*, by the Preaching of the Law brought down from *Heaven*, and by the *Moſchs* of *perfect Holineſs*.

As for the Manner of Life thou haſt made Choice of, I highly applaud it, as the moſt Primitive, Innocent, Delightful, and Happy above all others. Many great *Princes* and *Kings* have exchanged the *Toilſome Glory and Royal Fatigues of Empire*, for the ſweet Tranquility and Eaſe of a Country Farm, and wholſome Exerciſes of Agriculture. Thus *Diocleſian* a *Roman Emperor* quitted his Throne for the ſake of a Private Life; and thoſe Hands which had been accuſtomed to weild the *Scepter*, became at laſt voluntarily familiar with the *Spade*, the *Plough*, and the *Harrow*. So the *Grand Cyrus*, *Monarch* of the *Perſians*, *uſed to boaſt of the Gardens planted and ſow'd with his own Hands*. And 'tis certain, that the *Fabii*, the *Lentuli*, the *Cicero's* the *Piſo's*, with many of the *Nobleſt Families* in Ancient *Rome*, derived their Names from thoſe Kind of *Vegetables* which they ſignifie, and which their *Fathers* took Delight in Planting.

How many Great Authors have writ in Praiſe of *Husbandry*? *Attalus* and *Archelaus*, Two *Kings*, extoll'd it: *Xenophon* and *Mago*, two Generals, patroniz'd it, and *Oppian* the Poet celebrates it in Verſe. Beſides *Cato*, *Varro*, *Pliny*, *Columella*, *Virgil*, and many others, Some have plac'd Supreme Felicity

in this kind of Life. *Virgil* pronounces Husbandmen Fortunate, and *Horace* calls them *Bleſſed.* Hence it was, that the *Delphick Oracle declar'd a certain Man nam'd* Aglaus *to be the happieſt of all Mortals, becauſe he was buſied in Nothing but manuring and cultivating a little Farm, never moleſting himſelf with vain Cares or Paſſions, nor encreaſing the Miſeries of Human Life by tampering with ſuperfluous and unneceſſary Pleaſures, which tho' full of Blandiſhments and ſweet in the Front, yet carry a Sting in their Tail, embittering all our Joys.*

Thou art ſituated in the moſt pleaſant Suburb of *Damaſcus*; for I have ſurvey'd the City, and all its Precincts, with no ſmall Curioſity. The Houſe is encompaſs'd with lovely Gardens and Meadows. It was formerly the Seat of *Abul Mecharib* the famous Shepherd, who took Sanctuary there from the Perſecution of *Iſmael Beglerbegh* of *Diarbehir*.

Thou know'ſt the Story, and I need ſay no more, than to wiſh thee as good Fortune in poſſeſſing that rich Spot of Ground, as he had, who, as 'tis recorded in the Regiſter of *Damaſcus*, died worth a Hundred Purſes of Gold, moſt of it got by the Encreaſe of his Cattel in thoſe *Lucky Fields.*

For my part, I cannot pretend to Skill in theſe Things; but it appears to me like a good *Omen*, that thy Predeceſſor was ſo proſperous in that Farm. I adviſe thee to take his Meaſures, and ſtock thy Ground with

Sheep

Sheep, Oxen, Camels, Horſes, and other Animals of Profit. Think no Scorn, to follow an Employment ennobled by the Examples of *Romulus* and *Rhemus*, the firſt Founders of the *Roman Empire*; of *Paris* the Son of *Priamus*; of *Anchiſes* the Father of *Æneas*; of *Endymion* the beloved of *Diana*, who were all Herdſmen or Shepherds. So was *Polyphemus* and *Argus*. So was *Apollo*, who tended the Flocks of *Admetus* King of *Theſſaly*. What ſhall I ſay of *Mercury* the firſt Inventer of *Hautboy*, and *Prince of Shepherds*, and of *Proteus* another *Divinity?* Was not *Abrahim*, the Father of *Muſſulmans*, a Herdſman, and *Moyſes* the *Prophet* familiar with *God*, and *David* the *Prince of Poets?* In a Word, *my Friend*, the moſt illuſtrious *Heroes* among the ancient *Greeks*, *Romans*, and other Nations, were all Keepers of Sheep, Goats, Oxen, *&c.* as the *Arabians* are at this Day with the *Tartars*, and other Nations of the *Eaſt*.

Doubtleſs, the Rural Life, as it is the moſt Ancient, ſo it affords the ſincereſt Pleaſures, and moſt unrepented Joys in Nature; provided a Man enjoys it with Innocence and Juſtice. But, I wou'd have thee avoid the common Temptations to which this Kind of Life is more expos'd than any other; that is, Hunting and Fowling. Theſe are really deteſtable Exerciſes, Tragical Sports, and altogether inhuman. It is a Labour unworthy of Men to watch from Day to Day, and and one Night after another, the Haunts of

our Fellow-Animals, that we may deſtroy them. It is a cruel Pleaſure that muſt be maintain'd at the Expence of ſo much Innocent Blood; and a barbarous Triumph, to inſult over a poor mangled Hare, or Hind, after you have haraſs'd them up and down the Country for many Hours together, with an Army of Dogs and Men.

'Tis recorded, that the *Thebans* were the firſt Inventers of this unhappy Sport; a Nation infamous for *Deceit*, *Thefts*, *Perjuries*, *Murders*, and *Inceſts*: From whom it paſs'd to the *Phrygians*, a People not leſs wicked, but more fooliſh and eaſie, light and credulous; and for that Reaſon they were deſpiſed by the *Athenians* and *Lacedemonians* at firſt: However, thoſe graver Nations in a little Time learn'd the Trade of Hunting of them: *So infectious is the Company and very Neighbourhood of ill Men; ſo prevalent the Examples of ſuch as are bold to lead the Way in new Paths of Vice.*

By the *God* whom I adore, *My Dgnet*, it appears to me ſo fooliſh a Paſtime, an Exerciſe ſo unbecoming the Majeſty of a *Rational Spirit*, to run *Yawling* with a Parcel of Hounds, perhaps a whole Day together, after ſome Timorous Animal, that I wonder Men are not aſham'd to practiſe it, eſpecially *Great Men* and *Princes*; who ſhou'd excel others in the Juſtice and Clemency of their Nature; yet theſe are moſt guilty of Rapine, Injuries, and Spoil.

My

My Dear Friend, imitate not their pernicious Examples, but tread in the Steps of *Juſt and Holy Men*, whom the *Birds* and *Beaſts* would obey at a Nod, becauſe they cou'd not ſmell the leaſt Odour of Evil in them. How many *Prophets* have been fed by *Ravens*, *Hinds*, *Cats*, and other Animals? Nay, the very *Serpents* and *Dragons* of the Deſart, with the *Amphibious Monſters* of *Egypt*, have quitted their Native Venom to ſerve an Innocent Man; and when *Omar* the *Cailiph* was hard purſu'd by a Troop of *Egyptian Idolaters*, even to the Banks of the *Nile*, he commanded a *Crocodile*, which he ſpy'd in the River, to come and Ferry him over on his Back; and the Pious Beaſt was Obedient to his Word. Doubtleſs this was a ſingular Grace in the Dumb Creature; and he was tranſlated to *Paradiſe*, if our Doctors ſay true.

Dgnet, I bid thee Adieu, and wiſh thee a plentiful *Harveſt*; which is the moſt ſeaſonable *Prayer* I can make for thee at this time of the Year.

Paris, 14th. *of the* 2d. *Moon*,
of the Year 1679.

LETTER VIII.

To Achmet Cupriogli, *the Most Exalted and Sage* Vizir Azem.

THE Face of Affairs here in the *West* is now quite changed. A *General Peace* is eſtabliſhed between the *Nazarene Princes* and *States*. *France*, which a while ago was at Mortal Jarrs with the *Hollanders*, *Spain*, and the *German Empire*, is lately reconcil'd to them; whilſt new Friendſhips and Alliances have baniſh'd all Thoughts of former Enmities and Feuds. *This Year commences a Civil Jubilee in* Europe.

There has been a *Treaty* of *Peace* in Agitation at *Nimeguen*, and Conferences held about it an y Time theſe Four or Five Years; whereof I formerly gave a Hint in one of my Letters to the *Port*. The Concluſion of it is owing to the *Powerful Mediation* of the *King* of *Great Britain*, who is made *Guarantee* of the *Articles*: And the Submiſſive Addreſſes of the *Biſhop* of *Strasburg* to the *King* of *France*, contributed not a little to the *Univerſal Agreement*. For, this *Great Monarch* is ſlow in his Advances toward an Accommodation with thoſe who have injur'd *Him* or his *Allies*. He affects to imitate the ſtately Reſervedneſs of the *Eaſtern Princes*, thinking *His Majeſty* would

would be violated, ſhou'd he condeſcend too ſoon, and on too eaſie Terms, to the Propoſals of his Neighbours. He has learn'd this from the *Maxims* of the *Sublime Port*, the *Refuge of Mankind*, whoſe Arms are ever open to receive and embrace all that ſue for the *Grand Signior*'s Friendſhip and Protection, in a Way not entrenching on the Glory of the *Ottoman Houſe*, a *Family* deſtin'd to Subdue the World.

This Temper of the *French King* is ſo well known and obſerved in theſe Parts, that he has got a new Character by it, both among Foreigners and thoſe of his own Nation. For they ſpare not to call him *The moſt Chriſtian Turk*, by way of Mockery; and this is the *Satyrical Style* even of his Subjects in their Seditious Cabals, when they are a little warm'd with Wine, and each Man as Great as a *King* himſelf, in his own Conceit.

By the ſwift Flaſhes of *Lightning*, which cauſe the Heart to pant, and dazle the Eyes of Mortals; by the aſtoniſhing Noiſe of *Thunder*, which raiſes the Vapours of the Spleen, and fills us with Hypocondriack Dread, I ſwear, the *King* of *France* is *a great Hero*, and deſerves the *Honour* which theſe *Infidels* have unfeignedly done him, in lik'ning him to the undoubted Arbiter of the Earth. He really determines the Differences and Quarrels of a great Part of it. And though he be a *Chriſtian* in *Profeſſion*, and ſtyl'd, *The Eldeſt*

Son

Son of the Church; yet he is no Enemy to the *Followers* of *Mahomet*, who vouchsafe him their Friendship. Thou know'st he is the most *Primitive Allie* of the *Ottoman Empire*, among the *Western Princes* of the *Law of Jesus*. He has establish'd a more remote Friendship, for the sake of Commerce, and spreading his Renown, with the *Grand Mogul*, and the *King* of *Persia*. His Fame strikes all the *East* with Admiration and Respect: For they have heard of his continual *Victories* and successful *Exploits* even to the utmost Borders of the *Continent*. Yet the same Fortune procures him only the *Spight* and *Envy* of the *Princes* in the *West*.

However, they are glad to dissemble their Malice at this Juncture, and enter into an Agreement with him, almost upon his own Terms.

The Treaty between *France* and *Holland* was publish'd in this City on the 1st of the 10th *Moon*, the Year precedent. Now to assure the World that there is a perfect Amity and Peace, the *Dutch* have sent their Embassadors Extraordinary to acknowledge, That the *King* has preferred the Repose of *Christendom* to the Glory which his Victorious Arms acquir'd him; and that the *United States of the Low-Countries* being the first who have felt the Effects of his Generosity, they thought themselves obliged to prevent others in the Earliness of their Application. Yesterday

was

was also publish'd the Peace between *France* and the *Emperor*.

I take my *Conge*, *most Magnanimous Vizir*, and *Friend* of *France*, in the humblest Posture of Adoration; wishing thee Honour, Riches, and Pleasures, which shall have no End.

Paris, 27th. *of the* 4th. *Moon*, *of the Year* 1679.

LET-

LETTER IX.

To Mehmet, *an* Exil'd Eunuch, *at* Al-Caire *in* Egypt.

THere are certain Critical Periods in our Lives, whether ordain'd by *Fate*, or falling out in an Eternal Circulation of *Chances*, I am not able to determine. But this I perceive, That at ſuch Seaſons, ſomething very ſtrange and unuſual happens to us, above, or beſide, the Ordinary Courſe of Nature; or, at leaſt, appearing ſo to me. I will not pretend to Unravel the *Web* of *Deſtiny*; or deſcribe the Incomprehenſible Fineneſs of that Artifice, which has fram'd the Worlds. I will not undertake to diſcover the *Secrets* of *God*, the *Myſteries* of *Nature*, and thoſe Things which are, under a Seal, ſhut up from Mortals, in Inſcrutable Darkneſs. I will not, by a Vain Preſumption, and Impious Arrogance, claim to my ſelf the Right of *Omniſcience*, and dive into other Men's Conſtitutions and Thoughts. Suffice it, that I comprehend my own.

Thou know'ſt, My *Mehmet*, that I have been a Man of many Circumſtances, ſubject to Various Changes and Viciſſitudes in this Mortal State. My Life has been Alternately Checquer'd with Good and Evil. Virtue and Vice have had their Turns in the *Series* of

of my Actions: Prosperity and Adversity in the Course of my Years. And I would fain find out the Man that can, with Truth, boast the Contrary. Doubtless, we are all born to the Adventures which happen in the Pell-mell of Human Conversation. *Fates-Errant* encounter one another: Sometimes they are Agreeable, and Complaisant: At other Seasons they will Clash and Tilt, break Lances, draw Swords; and all the Weapons of *Nature*'s Pride and Fury shall be us'd in mere Defence of Idiosyncrasies, Conceits, Antipathies, Self-Interest, Preservation; or any Thing, but what is Generous and Good.

O Horrid State of Men! A Life to be deplor'd, beyond the Salvage Course of Lyons, Tygers, Wolves, and other Beasts of Prey; who always, in Extreamest Hunger, spare their Proper *Species!* Yet Man, in Perfect Wantonness, devours his Brother, and glories in his Cruelty and Injustice.

As for me, I have not been guilty of any of these Black Crimes, which make a Riot in the Tranquility of the *Soul*, disturb its Peace, darken its Light, and cover it with a Cloud of Guilty, Desperate Thoughts. No: If I have been Enemy to any Body, it has been to my self. The very *Beasts* cannot challeng me with Oppression, or any Barbarous Usage: Much less wou'd I torment One *Individual* of our Humane Race. But I have had my Frailties, as well as other Men; and there's all can be said of it. Thou art acquainted with my Temper; and no Body

knows

knows any worse. 'Tis true, I have had to do with Abundance of People in my Life-Time. I have Bull'd it, Lyon'd, Lamb'd, and sometimes Fox'd it in the World. I have always pursu'd the Chace of *Nature*. Come Life, come Death, I have made no Baulks in the Appointments of *Fate*; or ever put the *Eternal Destiny* to a Stand. I never halted, boggl'd, or fram'd a Stumble, at a Generous and Noble Action, a Bold and *God*-like Enterprize. But, from my Cradle, I disdain'd and cherish'd Infant-Abhorrence for an Inhuman, Barbarous, Perfidious, Cowardly Thought.

Indeed, I have been too great a Lover of Good Company; too easie, flexible, and free in drinking Wine, and other Inebriating Liquors; whose Use is taught from *Heaven*, and is the Genuine Product of *Eternal Reason*. But the Excess is, sure, deriv'd from *Hell*, the Seat of *Everlasting Evil*, *Vanity*, and *Error*. And yet, to whom, or to what Cause, or Principles, shall I ascribe the many Extravagances of this Kind, that I have committed? If I that have suffer'd the *Thaws* of a Thousand *Putrid Fevers*; let all my Radical, Essential, Necessary Juices and Humours, (tho' never so well and firmly Congeal'd, by the Force of an Excellent and Happy Constitution of Body) melt and dissolve away, in Horrid Fluxes, Sweats, &c. rather than baulk my Friends, or the *Grand Signior*'s Cause; Rather than Sneak away from Boon Companions, in a Principle of Sordid Prudence!

To

To ſpeak all, I am no Starter from the Juice of the Grape, when 'tis handed to me by Men of Senſe, and a Good Humour: Eſpecially, when it is to ſerve my Sovereign. And I know not how to perform that Service better, at ſome Times, than by giving Nature an *Eſcapade*, as the *French* call it, from the too Severe Reſtraints of Conſtant Sobriety. I was not ſent to *Paris*, that I ſhould lead the Life of an *Hadgi*; But to dive into the Secrets of the *Infidels*: Which a Man cannot do better, than over a Glaſs of Generous Wine: For, that unlocks the Cabinets of the Heart, and reveals all Secrets.

I tell thee plainly, *Mehmet*; I drink Wine liberally, and frequently; finding no *Devil* in the Quality of it, but only in the Exceſs. And ſuch a *Devil* appear'd to me laſt Week, in the Night-Time. I had Carous'd it, like a *German*, for ſome whole Days together, in Order to the Carrying on an Intrigue of Moment: Yet I found my ſelf no Ways diſorder'd; neither cou'd any Body elſe perceive, by one falſe Step in my Carriage, that I was more than Civilly and Chearfully Elevated.

It was the Hotteſt Seaſon of all the Year; which prompted me, and Thoſe that kept me Company, to Regale our ſelves after the moſt Refreſhing Manner we could invent. Our Drink was an Artificial Mixture of the Wine, Water, the Juice of Limons, Odoriferous and Cephalick Herbs, Fruits, and whatſoever elſe could render it Cooling and

Delicious

Delicious to the Palate; Medicinal to the Brain, Heart, and Stomach.

I will not detain thee in Impatience, with any more Particularities. Only, I thought it neceſſary to acquaint thee with the Method of my Drinking; that thou may'ſt form the more Accurate Judgment on the Conſequence, which I am going to relate.

It was in the Evening of the Day dedicated to *Saturn* by the *Gentiles*, (which is the ſame as *Jews Sabbath:*) Our Drinking ended the Day before, and I, in a very Melancholy Humour, went to Bed. I ſlept till Mid-night profoundly; but then awaking, I was ſurpriz'd with the Apparition of an *Old Man*, much reſembling my ſelf. He ſeem'd to look very Studious, and full of Care; ſitting in a Chair, and leaning on the Table, in juſt ſuch an Habit as I wear, with ſuch a Beard, and every Thing that can be call'd my True Portraicture. I lay Muſing, and Gazing, for the Space of about Twenty Minutes, on this Amazing Object. I muſter'd up all that little *Philoſophy* I am Maſter of, to conſider the Nature of the *Phantaſm*. I argu'd with my ſelf, ſummon'd all my Reaſon, *Sub-pœna'd* my Senſes, ſate up in the Bed, took my *Polvita*, reach'd my Head as far as I could, without Tumbling out of the Bed; and the more I rouz'd my ſelf, the plainer did this Familiar Figure of my ſelf appear, by the Light of a Lamp, which always burns in my Chamber.

Yet

Yet, being Naturally Incredulous of the Common Stories of *Ghosts*, *Apparitions*, *Hobgoblins*, *&c.* I ſtill ſuſpected, that I was either, all this while, in a Dream; or, at leaſt, if awake, that my Imagination was Vitiated, and Impos'd upon. Wherefore, to ſatisfie my ſelf more throughly, I jump'd out of the Bed. No ſooner had my Feet touch'd the Floor of the Chamber, but a Sacred Horror poſſeſs'd my Nerves: I trembl'd at the now more Apparent *Viſion*. However, reſuming Courage, and reſigning my ſelf to *God*, I went forward, and approach'd ſo near the Uncouth *Spectre*, that it was within the Reach of my Hand, which I ſtretch'd forth, to touch it; thinking this Way to undeceive my ſelf. But, O my *Mehmet!* No Tongue, nor Pen, can e'er expreſs the Dreadful *Metamorphoſis* I ſaw. For, inſtead of the ſame Face which I ſaw before, my Eyes were now accoſted with the Dreadful Countenance of a *Lyon*, gnaſhing his Teeth, and darting perfect Sparks of Fire from his Looks; beſides the Horrid Twirling of his Head, and Manly Beard; with all the other Natural Motions of that Animal, in its Fierceneſs.

I know not what would have become of me, if a Good-natur'd *Ape* had not come in to my Relief; who peep'd and grinn'd upon me, over the *Lyon*'s Shoulders. Nay, thought I, if you are ſo Merry in ſuch Company, I will not diſturb you, Good Mr. *Ape!* And ſo I fairly took my Leave, turn'd my Back, and went to Bed again.

It is my Nature, not to be afraid, or ſhrink from the Imagination of a *Ghoſt*, or *Spectre*, or what you pleaſe to call it. (For, I am ſatisfied, there is no more than Pure Imagination in it.) But, I retir'd in Complaiſance to my own Fancy, which, I perciev'd, was upon the Creative Frolick. Had I ſtood ſtill, perhaps a *Dragon* had ſtarted next, or ſome more Dreadful Animal. Or, 'tis poſſible, I had been terrify'd with an Herd of *Lynxes*, *Leopards*, *Tygers*, *Bears*, and whatſoever elſe is Salvage and Moroſe in Nature. For, I tell thee, I was then in a Condition, to paint the Walls with any Figure, which ſhould riſe within my Over-heated Brains.

At ſuch a Time, there are Emiſſions from the Eyes, forcible as the Pencils of a Limner. A Man's Fermented Optick Nerve will draw the Portraicture of *Saints*, or *Devils*, or any Thing that can be nam'd, except the *Everlaſting SOURCE* of *All Things*.

HE, indeed, is altogether *Ineffable*; who cannot be expreſs'd by Tongue, or Pen, or by any other Way, but Humble *Negatives*. There runs a Silent Fountain by the Door of his Tremendous and Inviolate Receſs: Of which the Caſtrate Angel drinks, at a certain Set, Appointed Seaſons; and then the Univerſe is all Inebriated with the Reverſion of his Cup. For, it is the Ceremony of the *Court* Above, that he ſhould leave no Snuffs or *Supernaculums* behind him; but ſcatter 'em abroad, to treat the Thirſty World below.

Bleſſed

Bleſſed is the Man, who has a Share in this Celeſtial Compotation.

Pardon me, for thus Digreſſing in Perfect Piety. For, we ought not to Name the *High* and *Holy* ONE, without Additional Reverences.

In ſhort, I lay but the Space of Half an Hour, gazing on this Odd Kind of *Apparition*, which had now reſum'd my Phyſiognomy again. At laſt it vaniſh'd all on a Sudden, whil'ſt my Eyes were intently fix'd upon it. It is impoſſible to expreſs exactly, the Manner how it diſappear'd. But, according to the Beſt *Idea*, and Propereſt Form of Words I have, it ſeem'd to be diſpers'd, juſt as a Smoak or Vapour is Reſolv'd or Rarified into the Purer Air. Or, as the *Moon*'s Pale Light, which ſhines within your Chamber, is unawares extinguiſh'd, in Appearance, by ſome Intervening Cloud. So did this *Spectre* fade, and melt away.

If thou wilt have my Judgment in this Caſe, I think there was Nothing in it, but the Pure Force and Energy of my Over-agitated Spirits; which darted the Impreſſion of their own *Idea's* on the next Solid Body, that was within the Sphere of their Activity. The Air it ſelf, at ſuch a Time, is more than ordinarily Flexible, and Ductile: It yields by Sympathy, and is conformable to the Tranſient Image. It helps to patch up the Defects, and Ragged Forms of our Frail Fancies. Millions of Atoms run to relieve the Weaken'd, Half-ſpent Efflux of their Attractive

ctive and Magnetick Kindred-Particles. Pell-mell they ruſh together, yet fall into their Proper Ranks; without Diſorder, or Confuſion. Every one ſtops a Gap, prevents a *Vacuum*; and ſo the Abortive Figure is compleated. *Nature* is ſometimes pleas'd, thus to divert her ſelf with Strange *Chimæra's*. Even ſo this World of Ours was form'd, if we may believe *Democritus*, and *Epicurus*.

Thou and I, my Dear *Mehmet*, are but Two Different Lumps of Particles; Tack'd, and Stitch'd, and Glew'd together, by the Bird-lime of *Chance*.

I wiſh, when that Glew ſhall be diſſolv'd, we may ſcamper at Large, in the Endleſs Element of Light.

Paris, 3d. *of the* 7th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1679.

LET-

LETTER X.

To the Cadileſquer *of* Romeli.

MY Mind is at this Time in an *Aſtral* Diſpoſition, as they call it, Tender and Receptive of any Impreſſions. I am like a young *Libertine* newly converted from his lewd Courſes and Impiety; whoſe Heart, a devout Compunction and Remorſe of Sin, has ſoften'd, open'd, and as it were diſſolv'd like Wax: So that it becomes equally capable of any new Stamp, whether of Vice or Virtue. Thus pliable and ductile am I at preſent, through a kind of Fatal Supineneſs or Inactivity of Spirit, which takes from me the Power of forming one ſubſtantial, lively Thought of my own, or exerting any ſtrong and laborious Act of Reaſon; yet at the ſame Time lays me open to the Invaſion of all Foreign *Idea*'s, and expoſes me to be taken Captive by every bold Argument, or ſly Ambuſh of Human Sophiſtry. In a Word, I am of a ſudden ſo weak and unmortified, that I dare not enter the Field of Religious Controverſies, or ſo much as ſtand and behold the Battel between the different *Sects* that are perpetually diſputing againſt one another in the World; leſt a random Shot from one Party or other ſhould reach my unguarded Soul, and give my Intellect a Mortal Wound.

For-

Forbearing therefore to enlarge in giving thee a particular Account of all the Nice Differences that are of late Years ſprung up among theſe *Weſtern Infidels*, in matters of Opinion and *Church-Diſcipline*; I will only inform thee in ſhort, That thoſe who firſt Revolted from the *Biſhop* of *Rome*, ſtill retain'd an Inviolable *Attach* and Dutiful Reverence for their own *National Biſhops*; ſubmitting to their Conduct, and owning them as *Fathers* and Guides of their Reſpective *Churches*.

But as there is no End of Diviſions, when once the Unity of a People is broken, which is the only Cement that faſtens all Societies; ſo this firſt Separation from the *Roman Epiſcopacy*, ſoon begat another from all *Epiſcopacy* in general, through moſt of the *Reform'd* or *Proteſtant* Nations in *Europe*. Eſpecially in *Scotland*, the Theatre of many Bickerings and Animoſities on this Account, of bloody Combats and Civil Wars; and finally, now in this Year, the Stage of a *Barbarous Murder* committed on the Perſon of the *Chief Mufti* or *Archbiſhop* of that Nation.

He was a Man of an Accurate and Extraordinary Spirit, and in his very Youth gave early Marks of a refin'd *Genius*, in *Sciences*; to which he brought no ſmall Reputation and Honour, through the Vaſtneſs of his Abilities, his profound Judgment, and dexterous Sagacity in all Things that he undertook.

This

This is the Character given him by those of his Nation resident here in *Paris*, of whom there are always great Numbers; and the *Kings* of *France* were formerly never without a select Guard of *Scots* about their Persons: Which Custom had been observed ever since the Reigns of *Charles* the *Great*, and of *Achaius King* of the *Scots*; between whom this was agreed upon in a Solemn League, and was observed through the Reigns of One and Forty *Kings* of *France*, and Six and Forty of *Scotland*. The *Scots* also us'd to send 'em Auxiliary Forces in Time of War. Nay so great Affection and so constant the Fidelity of that People to the *French*, that when at one Time a War has threaten'd *France*, they have drawn it into their own Country, have suffer'd the Loss of Ten Thousand Men in one Battel, and seen their *King* taken Captive: At another Time, fighting for the *French* against the *English*, though inhabiting the same Island with themselves, they have had Fourteen Thousand of their Soldiers, with their *King*, kill'd upon the Spot.

And that Nothing might be wanting to confirm and establish the Friendship of Nations; it was customary to make reciprocal Marriages one with another, that so the *French* and *Scotch* Blood might be mutually mix'd in both Countries.

Thus *Lewis* XI. when he was *Dauphin* of *France* married *Margaret* the Daughter of *James* I. *King* of *Scotland*. At which Time, the *Grandees* and *Courtiers* of *France*, in Imitation

Fation of the *Dauphin*'s Example, (ſuch is the force of *French* Complaiſance) married above Hundred and Forty *Scotch* Ladies of Illuſtrious Birth and Quality; among whom were Two *Siſters* of the *Scotch Queen*; one becoming Wife to the *Duke* of *Little Bretagne*; the other to the *Count* of *Flanders*. The *Scotch Nobility* on the other Hand, married many *French Ladies* of great Extraction, tranſporting them to *Scotland*, where they ſetled and bore Children.

The *Kings* of *France* being mov'd with Gratitude for the frequent Aids and Good Offices they receiv'd from the *Scots*; as alſo regarding the Loſſes which the *Scots* had ſuſtained in their Quarrels, and the ſtrict Affinities that were made between the *Princes*, *Nobles*, and other People of both Nations; reſolved to teſtifie to the World, how acceptable this Obſequiouſneſs of the *Scots* was to them, by Honouring them with Benefits and Privileges above all other Nations.

Therefore ſome of the *Scotch Grandees* were made *Great Conſtables* of *France*; which is the greateſt Office and Dignity in the Kingdom, next to that of the *Soveraignty* it ſelf. Others were made *Marſhals*, *Dukes*, and *Peers* of *France*, *Generals* of the *French* Armies, *Vice-Roys* of Tributary *Provinces* and *Kingdoms*. All the *Scots* in general were had in high Honour and Eſteem at the *French Court*, and enjoy'd the ſame Rights and Immunities as the very Natives themſelves, by the ſpecial Grant of *Henry* II. But with this

this Condition, that they ſhould perſevere in their Fidelity and Friendſhip to the *French*: And that the *French* who dwelt in any Part of *Scotland* ſhould enjoy the ſame Rights and Privileges as the Natives of the Country. The *Parliament* of *Paris* ſubſcrib'd to this *Grant*; and it was confirm'd by *Henry* IV. about the year 1599.

Likewiſe *Charles* XI. confirmed to the *Scotch* Merchants all thoſe Privileges and Immunities which their Anceſtors had enjoy'd. That they ſhould be free from all Exactions, Impoſts and Cuſtoms which are uſually paid for Merchandiſes.

As to the Original Riſe of the *Scotch* Guards about the *French* King's Perſon; I will tell thee as briefly as I can.

Louis who acquir'd the Title of *Saint*, for Warring in Perſon againſt the *Muſſulmans*; when he march'd towards *Paleſtine*, appointed Four and Twenty *Scotch Soldiers* to have the Guard of his Perſon Night and Day. *Charles* V. augmented their Number to Seventy Six; yet ſtill reſerving this Honour for the Firſt Four and Twenty, That they ſhould have the Command of the Reſt.

Thus the Cuſtody of the *King's* Body remain'd with the *Scots* for the ſpace of Seventy Years, and upwards. But *Charles* VII. being willing to oblige the *French*, appointed a Guard of them to be about his Perſon, under one Standard; *Lewis* X. added another Standard; and *Francis* I. adjoyned a Third: Yet without entrenching on the Prerogatives

of the Twenty Four *Scots*, which they ſtill enjoy'd by Right of Antiquity and Preſcription; as alſo by the Sanction of St. *Louis*, for whom the *French* profeſs a great Veneration. Theſe Twenty Four *Scots* kept the Keys of the *Royal Palace* after Sun-ſet. They alone guarded the *King* when he was in the *Temple* at *Maſs*. They alone carried the *King*, when the *Laws* of the *Land*, and the *Ceremonies* of *State* requir'd him to be carried on Men's Shoulders. They guarded the Ships, when the *King* went by Water. And to them were the Keys of every Town deliver'd, through which the *King* paſs'd in his Travels by Land, with many other ſingular Honours.

But after the Death of *Henry* II. when the *Earl* of *Montgomery*, the laſt Commander of the *Scotch* Guards was remov'd from his Office, and a *French Officer* plac'd over them in his ſtead; that Command always fell into the Hands of *French-men*, who by degrees ſubſtituting thoſe of their own Nation in the Room of the *Scots* who died, it came to paſs at length, that there remain'd but a very few *Scots* in the Guards, and thoſe were bereft of all their ancient Privileges.

Pardon this tedious Digreſſion, *Great Patriarch* of the *Faithful*, ſince it contains ſome curious *Memoirs* in it, and I naturally fell into it by ſpeaking of the *Scots* who are very Numerous in *Paris* to this Day; and from whom I learn'd the foregoing Character of that Murder'd *Archbiſhop*, who was the *Prime Pa-*

triarch

triarch of all the Land; his Ordinary Title being, *Archbiſhop* of *St. Andrews*.

This great and higheſt *Eccleſiaſtical* Dignity was given him by the preſent King of *England*, at his Return from a Twelve Years *Exile*, as a Debt to his Great Abilities, and a Reward of his Merits and Services, in labouring might and main to effect the *King's Reſtauration*.

From the Moment that he acquir'd this Honour, ſuch as were equally Enemies to the Government of *King's* and *Biſhops*, perſecuted him with Slanders and Invectives. The Streets ſwarm'd with Libels againſt him, and Mens Tongues were as buſie as their Pens in Railing at him, becauſe he was reſolved to endeavour his utmoſt, that *Epiſcopacy* might be reſtor'd in *Scotland*, as it was in *England*; though it had been ſubverted in both Nations, during the *Uſurpation* of *Oliver* the *Tyrant*. 'Twas this drew upon him the Malice and Revenge of the *Seditious*; and they ſpar'd not in Publick to threaten his *Death*. Nay ſome Years before he was murder'd, one of theſe *Furioſo's* ſhot at him in the open Streets of *Edinburgh*, but miſs'd him. Then the *Seditious* publiſh'd *Libels*, wherein they gloried in the Attempt, and were only ſorry that it took not Effect. They alſo Prophecied, that he ſhould die a Violent Death; and it was eaſie for them to preſage this, which they were reſolv'd to execute themſelves.

Accordingly in the 3*d.* and 4*th. Moons* of this Year, they were ready to give the Fatal Blow, but his Watchfulneſs prevented them. However on the 3*d.* of the *Moon* of *May*, as he was Travelling with his *Eldeſt Daughter* in his Coach, with Two or Three Servants attending him, he was ſet upon at Mid-day by Nine of theſe *Religious Ruffians*; who having firſt wounded his beloved Daughter, to enhaunce his dying Grief; then hack'd and hew'd him in a Butcherly and Barbarous Manner, till at length they left him Dead on the Spot.

Venerable Cadileſquer, I pray *God* defend thee from Popular Envy, Malice, and Revenge; from the Wounds given by the Pens of *Libellers*, and the Tongues of the Spightful. But above all, I pray *Heaven* Guard thee from being Maſſacred by *Religious Aſſaſſines*, and *Bloody Zealots*.

Paris, 17th. *of the* 9th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1679.

LETTER

LETTER XI.

To Hebatolla Mir Argun, Superior of the Derviches *at* Cogni *in* Natolia.

DOubtleſs, there never was any Creature form'd of Fleſh and Blood, comparable to the *Meſſias*: No Mortal like the Son of *Mary*. Jeſus was repleniſh'd with all the Natural Excellencies and Perfections of the Univerſe.

I am not ſo profane or preſumptuous, as to think or ſay any Thing in Contempt of *Mahomet*; though I take the Liberty to Celebrate the high Praiſes of the WORD Incarnate, the Firſt-Born and moſt Illuſtrious of all Beings, *on this Side the Eternal Father. The Holy Ghoſt it ſelf comes behind him.*

When the Everlaſting Intellect had, from Indeterminate Ages, lain dreaming on the ſoft and downy Bed of CHAOS, or the *Firſt Matter*: In the Grand Cabin of uncircumciſed Darkneſs, and envelop'd with the ſhady Curtains of Old, Old NIGHT: When he had tumbl'd, toſs'd and rowl'd from ſide to ſide: When he had ſtretch'd his Endleſs Limbs for Eaſe, to ſeek one Corner of the Infinite Expanſe, where he might abate the Sempiternal Heat of Love. At laſt, he fix'd

his Foot upon the cool Idea of this World of ours.

Then ſprang the WORD, from the all-fertile WOMB. The Melancholy ſad *Abyſs* rejoyc'd; for, in the WORD was *Light* and *Life*; which darting through the *Eternal Heap* of *Sluggiſh* and *unactive* MATTER, with Divine *Chymiſtry* firſt drew an *Extract* of the pureſt Parts, which form'd the *Firmament*. Next, roſe the Sun, the Moon and Stars; and then the groſſer Elements, with all their different Productions.

Theſe are the Generations of the Univerſe; when God made the Heavens and the Earth, and the Angels ſtarted out of the Grand *Energy*, like *Volatile Spirits* from *Balneo Mariæ*.

All things Viſible and Inviſible proceed from the WORD, and the moſt excellent of created Beings owe their Original to HIM that was the only Inſtrument by which the Eternal Architect contriv'd and fram'd this vaſt Machine, ſo Incomprehenſible and Glorious.

O *Hebatolla*! Who can enough admire this mighty Product of the Eternal MIND? And yet the greateſt and moſt Excellent Theatre of Beings, is hid from Mortal Eyes. Therefore leaving thoſe high and lofty Speculations, let us deſcend to the WORD Incarnate, or the BREATH of *God* walking and converſing on Earth with Men in the Humble Diſguiſe of Fleſh and Blood. The ſame was the *Meſſias* of the Chriſtians, as the *Alcoran* in ſeveral Places aſſures us, And the Chriſtian Goſpel

Goſpel of the *Eagle* confirms it, where it ſays, *In the Beginning was the* WORD, *and the* WORD *was with God*, &c. *and the* WORD *became Fleſh, and pitch'd his Tent among us.*

Doubtleſs *he was conceived of the Virgin Mary*, by that Smell of a *Roſe* which the Angel *Gabriel* brought to her from *Paradiſe*. For, he was not begot by the Will of Man, or through the Luſt of Concupiſcence; but by a ſudden Infuſion of the Divine Virtue. The *Power of the Omnipotent overſhadow'd*, ſurpriz'd, and raviſh'd the *Holy Maid* in a Tranſport of Joy; ſhe took the *Flower* from the Hand of *Gabriel*, which ſhe had no ſooner ſmelt to, but ſhe was ready to diſſolve and faint away in an Extaſie of Love. But the Angel Cheriſh'd her with comfortable Words, and ſhe became reſign'd to the Will of the *All-merciful* and *Gracious*.

At the End of Nine Months *Jeſus* was Born of her, not after the Manner of other Children. For, as the Book of Myſterious Secrets tells us, *He came forth from between her Breaſts, wrapt up in a Mantle of Aromatick Roſes.*

The Daughters of Paradiſe came down and waited on the *Virgin Mother* at the Hour of her unſpeakable Child-birth. They took the *Holy Infant* in their Arms, and over the Veſture of his Nativity, they put on Garments brought from *Eden*: Robes of their own Handywork. And then they fed him with the Wine and Milk of Paradiſe. After they had perform'd what was Neceſſary to

the *Infant-Meſſias*, and his *Immaculate Mother*, the *Heavenly Maids* return'd to their Bliſsful Seats *above*, And ſent down *Ariel* with a *Choir* of *Angels* to declare the Birth of *Jeſus* to this World below, and to celebrate the high Praiſes of *God*. They were ſeen in the upper Regions of the Air, by certain Shepherds who watch'd their Flocks by Night. Their Voices were alſo heard from afar, chanting aloud the Hymns of *Eden*, and the Select Anthems of *Paradiſe*. Great was the aſtoniſhment of thoſe rude and ignorant Mortals; their Eyes were dazl'd at the Luſtre of the Heavenly Troop, and their Ears were Raviſh'd with the Superlative Sweetneſs of the Muſick. Thoſe that were upon the Roads of *Judæa*, the Caravans of *Arabia*, *Syria* and *Egypt*: The Travellers from *Damaſcus*, *Tyre* and *Sidon*, ſaw the Surprizing Viſion, they were equally ſeiz'd with Wonder and Joy. They heard the Harmonious Tongues of Angels, warbling forth Immortal Melodies. Then their Hearts melted within them, and they proſtrated themſelves on the Earth, and prais'd the *moſt High*, *the King of all Things*.

The Fame of ſuch extraordinary Events ſoon ſpread through the Adjacent Regions, and to the utmoſt Borders of the *South*. The *Magi* of *Perſia* made a Pilgrimage to *Bethlehem*, to Viſit the *Infant-Meſſias*. They fell down at the Feet of the *Holy Babe*, *preſenting him with Gifts*, *Gold*, *Incenſe and Myrrh*.

Thus *Jeſus grew up*, *increaſing in Wiſdom*, *Knowledge and Virtue*.

I will

I will not run over the Hiſtory of his Life, having done that already in one of my former Letters to thee. All that I aim at in this *Diſpatch*, is to teſtifie the Profound Veneration I have for that *Moſt Holy Prophet*, who was no other than the BREATH and WORD of *God* Incarnate. It becomes all Good *Muſſulmans* to ſpeak of him with Honour and Reverence; for he is ſeated on High, and in *Paradiſe* where are the Approaches to *God*.

O *Hebatolla!* pray for *Mahmut*, that the Entanglements of this Mortal Life may not hinder him from ſeeing with *Jeſus* and *Mahomet*, in the Kingdoms of Everlaſting Bliſs.

Paris, 15th. *of the* 10th. *Moon*, *of the Year* 1679.

LETTER XII.

To Kerker Haſſan, Baſſa.

THou requireſt an Account of the preſent State of *England*, with a Character of their *King*. In regard there are various Rumours among the Merchants at the Imperial City, of certain Commotions and Rebellious Eſſays of Malecontents in that Iſland.

The Name of the *King* who reigns there at preſent is *Charles* II. Eldeſt Son of *Char.* I. and Heir Apparent of the *Britiſh Crowns*. For, his *Empire* conſiſts of Three Kingdoms, which he has in actual Poſſeſſion; beſides many vaſt Territories and Dominions in *America*; not to inſiſt on his *Titular* Claim to the *Realm* of *France*.

He is a *Prince* of great Wit and Policy; nor of leſs Courage, where a juſt Occaſion requires the Diſcovery of that Vertue. He underwent innumerable Hardſhips and Miſfortunes, during his Twelve Years Exile from his Native Throne, forc'd to fly into Foreign Countries, by a prevailing Faction of Rebels, Tyrants, and Uſurpers. Of Humour, Debonaire and Amorous; much addicted to Wine and Women; munificent in his Gifts and Rewards to Perſons of Merit, and to thoſe who have the Happineſs to pleaſe him in his Recreations; eſpecially to his

his Concubines, who are moſt of them Nobly extracted. By theſe *Females* he has had ſeveral *Sons*, who are all *Dukes* and *Peers* of the *Realm*. He is in *Peace* with all the World Abroad, except the *Moors* of *Saily*. Yet this *Prince* cannot be call'd *Happy*, in that he is haraſs'd at Home by Domeſtick Seditions, Factions, Plots, and Conſpiracies of his own *Subjects*.

Here is a Report, That the *Roman Catholicks* of that *Nation* have lately attempted to take away the Life of this *Monarch*: Whilſt others ſay, this Accuſation is forg'd by their Enemies, to render them Odious; And that to this End, they have ſuborn'd Falſe Witneſſes to Swear againſt them. One does not know what to believe among ſo many contrary Rumors. Neither does it much concern us that are *Muſſulmans*, whether Party of theſe *Infidels* be Right or Wrong.

This *Prince*, as I have ſaid before, has ſeveral *Nations* under his Dominion; and 'tis thought, he ſcarce knows the juſt Extent of his *Territories* in *America*. There is a *Region* in that *Continent*, inhabited by a *People* whom they call *Tuſcorara's* and *Doegs*. Their *Language* is the ſame as is ſpoken by the *Britiſh* or *Welſh*; A *Nation* that formerly poſſeſs'd all the *Iſland* of *Great Britain*, but were by Degrees driven out of it into a Mountainous Corner of the *Iſland*, where their *Poſterity* remain to this Day.

Thoſe *Tuſcorara's* and *Doegs* of *America*, are thought to deſcend from them, being the *Poſte-*

Poſterity of ſuch as follow'd the Fortune of one *Madoc* a *Britiſh Prince*; who, about Five or Six Hundred Years ago being diſcontented at Home, reſolv'd to ſeek Adventures Abroad. Wherefore being provided with Ships, Men, and all other Neceſſaries, he made a Voyage toward the *Weſt*, over the *Atlantick* Ocean, not knowing what would be the Event of his Undertaking. However, the *Moon* had ſcarce Twice compleated *Her* Voyage through the *Zodiack*, when an End was put to *His* on the Sea, by Landing in *America*; where he planted a *Colony* of *Britains*, and then return'd to his Native *Country*. But ſoon after he put to Sea again, and ſailed directly to the ſame Place. What became of him afterwards is not certainly known. But the Inhabitants of that *Province* have a *Tradition*, *That he liv'd to a Great Age, and ſaw his People multiply'd to many Thouſands, before he died.* For in the Second Voyage he carried over *Britiſh* Women with him for the Sake of *Poſterity*. They ſhew his Tomb to this Day; with *Beads*, *Crucifixes*, and other *Reliques*.

It is certain, That when the *Spaniards* firſt Conquer'd *Mexico*, they were ſurpriz'd to hear the Inhabitants diſcourſe of a Strange People that formerly came thither in *Coraughs*, who taught them the Knowledge of *God*, and of *Immortality*; inſtructed them alſo in *Virtue* and *Morality*, and preſcribed *Holy Rites*, and *Ceremonies* of *Religion*. 'Tis remarkable alſo, what an *Indian* King ſaid to a *Spaniard*; *viz.* "That in Foregoing Ages,

"a

" a Strange People arriv'd there by Sea, to " whom his *Anceſtors* gave Hoſpitable Enter- " tainment; in regard they found them Men " of Wit and Courage, endued alſo with ma- " ny other Excellencies: But he could give " no Account of their Original or Name." And *Montezuma*, *Emperor* of *Mexico*, told *Fernando Cortez*, the *Spaniſh* King's *Ambaſſa- dor*, and *General* in thoſe *Parts*, " That his " own *Anceſtors* Landed there as Strangers, " being Conducted by a certain Great Man, " who tarried there a while, and then de- " parted, having left a conſiderable Number " of his *Followers* behind him. After a Year, " he return'd again with a greater Company; " and that from *Him* the *Emperors* of *Mexico* " deriv'd their *Pedigree*, and his *Subjects* from " the *Reſt*." The *Britiſh* Language is ſo prevalent here, that the very Towns, Bridg- es, Beaſts, Birds, Rivers, Hills, *&c.* are call- ed by *Britiſh* or *Welſh* Names. And a cer- tain Inhabitant of *Virginia*, a *Place* Subject to the *King* of *Great Britain*) ſtragling not long ago into the *Wilderneſs*, by Chance, fell a- mongſt a *People*, who, according to ſome *Law* or *Cuſtom* of theirs, condemn'd him to Death: When he in the Hearing of them, made his *Prayer* to *God* in the *Britiſh* Tongue; upon which he was Releas'd.

Who can tell the Various *Tranſmigrations* of Mortals on Earth, or trace out the *True Originals* of any *People*? The whole *Globe* has ſuffer'd divers Changes; and every par- ticular *Nation* has had its *Metempſychoſis*.

What

What grows Obsolete and Antiquated in *One* Country, becomes a New Discovery in *Another*. The Houses of the Living are built on the Bones of the Dead. Children lay the Foundation of their Grandeur, in the Ruin of their Fathers. And the Generations *to come*, will practise this *Chimistry* on *Our* Reliques, that are *now Living*: They will extract their Fortune out of our Ashes.

By the *White Stone* which *Adam* brought with him out of *Paradise*, and which fell by Inheritance to *Abraham*, *Ismael*, and his *Offspring* for ever; That *Stone* which at this Day lies under the *Mosch* at *Mecca*, and grows *Black* by the *Touch* of *Sinners*; I swear, the *Arabians* are an *Aboriginal* People, a *Nation* Establish'd from all *Antiquity*: a stay'd *Race*; not canted up and down, hither and thither, by every Caprice of Fortune.

Wherefore be assured, Noble *Arab*, That besides my particular Obligations, I honour thee for the sake of thy *Descent*, thy *Purify'd Blood*, and *Pacifick Temper*. Wishing for nothing more Ardently, than the Happiness of kissing the Border of thy *Vest* in *this Life*, or at least of seeing thee in the *Paradise* of *Perpetual Rest*, from whence there are no farther *Transmigrations*.

Paris, 2d. *of the* 11th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1682.

LETTER

LETTER XIII.

To the Moſt Magnanimous *and* Invincible Vizir Azem.

IN the 4th *Moon* of this Year I ſent thee an Account of the Treaties concluded and publiſh'd between *France* and the *Hollanders*, as alſo of a *Peace* eſtabliſh'd with the *German Empire*. Now I ſhall acquaint thee, That a like Agreement is publiſh'd with *Spain*. The two haughty *Monarchs* ſeem perfectly reconcil'd; and to convince the World that they are ſo really, the King of *Spain* has Married this *King*'s *Daughter*.

The *Marquis los Balbaſes* made his Publick Entry into *Paris* on the 11th of the 6th *Moon*, in Quality of *Embaſſador Extraordinary* from the *Catholick King*; and his chief Buſineſs was, *To teſtifie the ſincere Joy and Satisfaction his Maſter took in the Hopes he had of ſeeing a laſting Peace ſetled, not only between theſe two Crowns, but alſo throughout* Europe; *That ſo the Chriſtian Princes, whoſe Arms had been hitherto employed againſt one another, to the general Detriment of* Chriſtendom, *might now be United againſt the Common Enemy, by which he meant the Faithful Oſmans.* In order to this, *he deſired that the Daughter of* France *might be given to his Maſter in Marriage, as a Confirmation of the Peace between them.*

This

This was ſoon granted him, and the New. was no ſooner arriv'd at *Madrid*, but the *Spaniſh King* expreſs'd a more than common Complacency, *cauſing their TE DEUM to be publickly ſung to give God Thanks for ſo great a Happineſs.* The Streets of *Madrid* were illuminated alſo with all manner of Fire-works; but the Ceremony of Betrothing was not performed till the 8th *Moon*. It was done at *Fountainbleau*, the *Court* being there at that Time, and the *Marquis de los Balbaſes* was the *King* of *Spain's Proxy*. After which Time, *Madamoiſelle*, as they call'd her before, held her Rank at Court as the *Queen of Spain*. And in *that Quality* She receiv'd the Complements and Addreſſes of the *Archbiſhop of Paris*, at the *Head* of *His Chapter*; as alſo of the *Parliament*, the *Chamber of Accounts*, the *Court of Aids*, the *Court of Monies*, the *Univerſity*; and ſo of the *Great Council*, and the *French Academy*. Now this *Great Princeſs* is gone toward *Spain* to take Poſſeſſion of *Her New Royalty*; which is no better than a ſplendid Servitude, or glorious Impriſonment during her Life. For the Laws and Cuſtoms concerning *Women* are as ſeverely obſerved in the Court of *Spain*, as in any Part of that Country; and the *Queen* her ſelf is no more exempted from keeping them, than the meaneſt of *Her* Subjects. There are certain ſet Hours, out of which ſhe cannot ſee ſo much as the *King* himſelf. For his Time is parcell'd out, and divided between the Service of the Publick, and of his own

Perſonal

Perſonal Neceſſities; the Affairs of *State*, of *Religion*, and of *Nature*. So that the *Queen* muſt be altogether ſhut up from the Sight of Men, unleſs it be when any *Embaſſador* has *Audience* of her, or when *She* goes to *Church*, or to ſee the Publick Sport of *Bull-baiting*, with ſuch like Spectacles; or laſtly, when *Her* Confeſſor comes to viſit *Her*. At other Times *She* is only a Companion of *Women*, a *mere Recluſe*, chamber'd up in her own Melancholy Apartment, without the Liberty of ranging the *Palace*. Whereas in *France* the *Women* converſe with Men, and go abroad when they pleaſe, with an unreſtrain'd Freedom. They diſcourſe of State-Matters, and of *Religion*; they undertake to Cenſure both *Civil* and *Canon* Laws, correct *Philoſophy*, and reform the Morals of the *Ancients*: In a Word, the *French Ladies* take a particular Pride in appearing very Learned and Knowing, as if they had been educated in the *Academies*. They alſo go a Hunting, Hawking, Fiſhing, and Fowling, even as the Men. There is hardly any Game or Exerciſe, Study or Recreation, which is not common to both Sexes. Whereas the *Spaniſh Females* are kept in Ignorance, and have no more Liberty than Captives. Only, as I ſaid, the *Queen* is permitted to ſee the *Bull-baitings*, but it muſt be in Company with her *Husband* as well as other Ladies.

This celebrated Sport of *Baiting* or Courſing the *Bull* is ſo well known to thee, who haſt been an Eye-witneſs of it at *Tunis*, and other

other Cities of *Barbary*, that I need say no more of it but to observe, That the *Spaniards* first learn'd it from the *Moors*, when those *Africans* dwelt among them, having Conquered that Kingdom.

But to return to the Servile Life which the *Queens* of *Spain* lead; They are obliged to go to *Bed* at a certain precise Stroke of the Clock every Night, with this only Difference, *That it is an Hour later in Summer than in Winter.* Besides *Her*, there is no other Married Woman suffer'd to lie in the *King's* Palace; so that the *Queen* is attended only by *Virgins* or *Widows.* Neither can *She* her self ever Marry again after the *King's* Death. And so naturally Jealous are the *Spaniards* of their Wives, That if the *Queen* fall into any Disaster, by Chance or Conspiracy, as to be thrown down by her *Gennet*, even to the breaking of *Her* Limbs, and Hazard of *Her* Life, none of her *Pages*, or any other Man whatsoever, dares to lift her up, or any other Way assist her, nay, not so much as by stopping the Horse, if he should drag her in the Stirrup. Judge now, *Magnificent Vizir*, whether it be not a desirable Thing for a *French Princess* to be made *Queen* of *Spain*! A *Princess* bred up in a *Court* abounding with all sorts of *Gentillesses*, *Gallantines*, and *Delightful Liberties*; must needs think her self in a Monastery or some worse Place of Confinement, after she has been but a Day or Two in the Court of *Spain.* But Reasons of State supersede all these Inconveniences. 'Tis the

the peculiar Unhappineſs of the Princes here in the *Weſt*, that they Marry for Intereſt more than for Love.

There is another Match going forward between the *Dauphine* of *France*, and the *Princeſs Ann Marie Victoire, Siſter to the Duke of Bavaria*. Theſe *Infidels* are Uniting their ſcatter'd Strengths and Intereſts. It looks as if they had ſome Secret Deſign againſt the *True Believers*.

Illuſtrious Prince of the Princes, who ſerve the *Grand Signior*, I pray that the Empire of the *Faithful* may be Exalted, and ſtand firm till the *Angel of the Cave ſound his Trumpet*.

Paris, *10th of the 12th Moon of the Year* 1679.

LET-

LETTER XIV.

To the Venerable Mufti.

THat I may give thee a clearer *Idea* of *Rome*'s Original, it is neceſſary to go farther Backward in Antiquity; and caſt our Eyes on the Ruins of *Troy*, ſet on Fire by the *Greeks*, and laid in Aſhes, after a War of Ten Years, to Revenge the Rape of *Helena*, Wife to *Menelaus*, whom *Paris* the *Trojan* Prince and Gueſt to *Menelaus*, carried away with him by Force.

From the deplorable Flames of *Troy*, *Antenor* and *Æneas* eſcap'd, and got to Sea: The Former being forced by Diſtreſs of Weather on that Part of *Italy* which is now under the Dominion of *Venice*, where he built *Padua*. The Latter came with a Fleet of Two and Twenty Ships to *Latium*, now called *Campagna di Roma*, and *St. Peter*'s *Patrimony*, being the *Eſtate* of the *Church*.

At that Time *Latinus* the Son of *Faunus*, or as ſome ſay, of *Hercules*, Reign'd in *Latium*, before whom there had been but Four *Kings* in the *Country*. Thoſe were *Janus*, *Saturnus*, *Picus*, and *Faunus*. Whilſt *Janus* Reign'd, *Saturn* being expell'd by his Son *Jupiter*, fled to *Italy*; where being Hoſpitably receiv'd, he built a *Caſtle*, calling it after his own Name *Saturnia*. At length he obtained

rained the Kingdom of *Latium*; which he left to his Son *Picus*, and he to *Faunus*.

In his Time *Evander* ſailed out of *Arcadia*, and came to *Italy*, Sixty Years before the Deſtruction of *Troy*. He built a Town called *Pallantium*, where afterwards *Rome* was built. Much about the ſame Time, the *Pelagians* went out of *Theſſaly* into *Epirus* and *Dodona* firſt; and then paſſing over into *Italy*, join'd themſelves with the *Aboriginal Arcadians*, who were got thither before them. Theſe united their Forces, and expell'd the *Sicilians* from the *Country*: Who paſſing over to *Trinacria*, or the *Iſland* of *Three Capes*, gave to it the Name of *Sicilia*, which it retains to this Day. When *Evander* had been Five Years in *Italy*, *Hercules*, with a Company of *Greeks*, Landing on the ſame Shore, was kindly entertained by him.

At length the *Kingdom* of *Latium* fell to *Latinus*, in whoſe *Reign Æneas* came thither; and having enter'd into a League with *Latinus*, marry'd his Daughter *Lavinia*: From whoſe Name he called a *Town* which he built in thoſe parts, *Lavinium*. Then *Turnus* King of the *Rutuli*, being angry that *Latinus* had given his Daughter to a Stranger rather than to him, who was a Native, and to whom ſhe was before betroth'd, invaded his Country. But the *Rutuli* were overcome in Battel, and both *Turnus* and *Latinus* loſt their Lives: So that the *Kingdom* fell to *Æneas*. But he enjoy'd it not long: For the *Rutuli*, at Three Years End came againſt him, under the Conduct

duct of *Mezentius*, *King* of the *Tyrrhenians*, now call'd *Toscans*. And *Æneas* being kill'd in the Battel, his Son *Ascanius* took possession of the *Kingdom*. He having made Peace with *Mecentius*, and quell'd the Rest of his Enemies; built a *City* which he call'd *Long Alba*, the 30*th*. Year from the Building of *Lavinium*. In this *City* of *Long Alba*, there Reign'd after *Ascanius* Fourteen *Kings*, even to the Time of *Romulus*, and the Foundation of *Rome*. The Fourteenth of these *Kings* was *Amulius*, who over-reach'd his Brother *Numitor*, to whom the *Kingdom* belong'd by Right of *Primogeniture*. And to be secure of all Things, he made *Sylvia*, the only Daughter of *Numitor*, a *Vestal*; that he might have no Fear of *Numitor's* Posterity. Yet *Sylvia* was got with Child by Some-body, and brought forth *Twins*, who were called *Romulus* and *Remus*. These were expos'd to the wide World by the Command of *King Amulius*; and were privately Nourish'd by *Faustulus*, till they came of Years. Then being inform'd of their Birth and Extraction, with the true State of Things, they slew *Amulius*, and restor'd their Grandfather *Numitor* to his *Kingdom*. In the Second Year of whose *Reign*, *Romulus* built the *City* of *Rome*.

In the Eighteenth Year of his Age, *Romulus* was saluted *King*, when he had kill'd his Brother *Remus* for leaping in Contempt over the *Ditch* he had made round the *City*. Thus he Consecrated the Fortifications of the *City* with his own *Blood*. But all this while *Romulus*

mulus had Built but the Shadow of a City, since there were no Inhabitants to People and Defend it. However, he quickly pitch'd upon a Method to supply this Defect. There was a *Grove* hard by, which he made a *Sanctuary* for all Persons in Distress, and who were willing to make their Fortunes upon Hazard. This was proclaim'd in the Neighbouring Regions: And an Innumerable Multitude of Criminals, Debtors and Malecontents flock'd thither from all Parts; besides Shepherds and other Persons, who only through a Natural Inconstancy sought a Change of Life. So that there was a *Gallimaufry* of *Trojans* who came over with *Æneas*; of *Arcadians* who follow'd *Evander*; and of several other Nations; besides the Natives of *Tuscany* and *Latium*. Out of these, as out of so many *Elements*, *Romulus* extracted the *Body* of a *Commonwealth*. But he consider'd withal, that this New *Republick* could not subsist beyond the Age and Lives of those Men who form'd it; They being without Hopes of Posterity, as having no Women among them To provide for this Inconvenience, they treated with the Bordering People about Marriages; Which being denied them, they had Recourse to Stratagems and Violence. They invited the *Sabines* and other Neighbours, to come and see some *Plays* which they promis'd to exhibit in Honour of *Neptune*.

The Bait took; and Multitudes of both Sexes, especially the Younger Sort, throng'd thither

thither to be Spectators of the *Roman* Novelties. When on a ſudden a certain Signal being given, the *Romans* leap'd from their Places, and ruſhing among the Strangers, every Man ſeiz'd the Female that beſt pleas'd him, or that firſt came to Hand, and made her his Wife.

This was the Cauſe of ſpeedy Wars: For the Neighbouring People, who had been thus robb'd of their Women, took up Arms to revenge the Injury. But they were routed, put to Flight, and one of their Towns laid Waſte. The *Romans* alſo took Rich Spoils from them, which they Conſecrated to their *Gods*.

In the mean Time, the City of *Rome* was deliver'd into the Hands of the *Sabines*, by *Tarpeia* a Virgin: Who, as ſome ſay, was corrupted with Gold by *Tatius*, the *Captain* of the *Sabines*: Whilſt others affirm, That ſhe did it innocently, and with a Deſign to ſave the City, inſtead of betraying it. For ſhe ask'd as a Reward of her ſuppos'd Treaſon, the Shields of the *Sabines*; thinking that being thus in part diſarm'd, they might eaſily be overcome by the *Romans*. But they, ſenſible of her Stratagem, promis'd what ſhe demanded; and performed it accordingly; but in ſuch a manner, as plainly diſcover'd their Revenge of an Injury, rather than their Gratitude for a Kindneſs: For they threw their Sheilds ſo thick upon her, that they preſs'd her to Death.

Then

Then entring the City Pell-mell, there commenc'd a Furious Battle between the *Romans* and the *Sabines*. The Streets flowed with Blood, till the Wives of the *Romans*, for whose Sake this War began, came tearing their Hair; and running between the Two Armies, at length brought them to a Truce, and Agreement. Then a Solemn League was made between *Romulus* and *Tatius*. And, what is more Wonderful; the *Sabines*, leaving their Native Seats, came, with all their Wealth, to live in *Rome*; communicating Part of their Riches to their Sons-in-Law, by Way of Dowry.

The Forces of the *Romans* being thus increas'd, by the Accession of the *Sabines*, *Romulus* applied himself to the Publick Administration, with all Care and Policy. He appointed the Youth to be always in Arms, on Horseback; that they might be constantly upon their Guard, and ready equipp'd against the Surprizes of War: That the *Chief Council* of the *Commonwealth* should consist of the *Seniors*; who were called *Fathers* for their *Authority*, and *Senators* for their *Age*.

Affairs being thus dispos'd, One Day, when there was a Full *Senate*, *Romulus*, being present, was on a sudden taken from their Sight. Some think he was Murder'd by Conspiracy, and cut into Small Pieces by the *Senators*: Others say, he was Poyson'd. But the General Report was, that he was *Deified*. *Julius Proculus* was the Author of this; who taking Notice that there arose a Violent Tempest at the same Instant that *Romulus* disappear'd, and

that the Sun was just then Eclips'd, insinuated to the People, that *Romulus* was become a God. Nay, he took an Oath, That he saw him in a much more August Form, than whilst he was a *Mortal*: And that *Romulus* commanded them to Adore him for a *God*; affirming, that he was called *Quirinus* in *Heaven*; and assuring them, that *Rome* should conquer the *Whole Earth*.

Numa Pompilius succeeded *Romulus*, being invited to the *Kingdom* by the *Romans*, who had a Veneration for him on the bare Fame of his *Sanctity* and *Religion*. He taught them *Holy Rites* and *Ceremonies*, with whatsoever pertain'd to the Worship of the Immortal Gods. He divided the Year into Twelve Months, and appointed the *Holy-Days*. He ordain'd the *Pontifs*, *Augurs*, *Salii*, with other Ranks of *Priests*. He gave them the *Ancilia* and *Palladium*, which came down from *Heaven*: And he instituted the *Vestal Fire*. In a Word, He perswaded them, that whatsoever he taught them, he receiv'd from the Goddess *Ægeria*. And this wrought so Efficaciously on the Minds of the Rude and Ignorant People, that they came, at Length, to Govern that *Empire* with *Justice* and *Religion*, which they got by *Robbery* and *Oppression*.

Prince of the *Mufti*'s, I will reserve the Rest of the *Roman* History for another Dispatch.

Paris, 9th. *of the* 2d. *Moon*, *of the Year* 1680.

LETTER

LETTER XV.

To William Voſpel, *a* Recluſe *of* Auſtria.

THY Laſt Letter appears Magiſterial and Peremptory, like a Summons from the *Inquiſition*. Thou requireſt an Account of my *Faith*, and what *Idea* I have of *Religion*; ſuſpecting that I am inclin'd to *Hereſie*. This proceeds from the Freedom I formerly took, in Diſcourſing againſt the *Pope's Infallibility*, the Newly Canoniz'd *Saints*, and the *Doctrine* of *No Salvation out of the Roman Church*. I ſee, thy Zeal makes thee Peeviſh, and Moroſe. Indeed, it is a Grace that ſoon turns ſowr, if it be not kept in a Clean Heart, and a Temperate Air, free from the Vapours of *Superſtition*. However, I am willing to ſatisfie thy Demand, as well as I can; and tranſmit My Soul to thee *in Effigie*.

Tho' we cannot Pourtray Negatives, yet every Picture has its Back-ſide, whereon the Cunning *Painter* may draw the Reverſe of his Firſt Deſign; or, at leaſt, the Spectator's Imagination may ſupply the *Painter's* Office, and form *Idea's* quite contrary to the Original Piece. That thou may'ſt therefore the better comprehend what I am, in Point of *Religion* and *Faith*, I will firſt repreſent what I am not.

Conceive then, that I am no Narrow-Soul'd *Jew*, who confines *Salvation* to the *Lineage* of *Jacob*; and lays an Hereditary Claim to *Heaven*, becauſe, for the Wickedneſs of his Execrable Race, he is not allow'd to poſſeſs a Foot of Land on Earth: Who, to ſtrengthen his Title, produces the Scheme of his *Genealogy*; proving that he deſcended, in a *Right Line*, from one of thoſe *Parricides*, who murder'd the *Meſſias*: And, for that Reaſon, vouches, that *Paradiſe* is entail'd to him, among the reſt of his Brethren, on the Score of his *Fore-fathers* Merit.

Neither am I a *Chriſtian*-Hypocrite, who mocks himſelf, and All that ſee him, with his Empty Formalities: Who conſtantly calls upon *Jeſus* every Morning, to ſanctifie his Reſolution of Sinning againſt *God* before Night. Who tires out the Patience of the *Saints* and *Angels*, with the *Crambo* of his Vain Repetitions. His *Ave Maria's*, *Ora pro Nobis's*, and the reſt of his Religious *Jargon*. Who goes to *Church*, that he may get the Whip-hand of the *Devil*; and, meeting him on *Holy Ground*, may whiſper *Treaſon* againſt *God Almighty*, over his *Beeds*, or his *Prayer-Book*; as the *Germans* do againſt the *Emperor*, over their *Bottles*, *ſub Roſa*, without any *Obſervators*, or *Tell-tales*.

I am no Worſhipper of Images, Pictures, Old, Rotten, Worm-eaten Bits of Wood, or other Pretended Relicks of *Chriſt*, and his *Saints*. I cannot be perſuaded, that *God* is well pleas'd to ſee me make a Fool of myſelf,

and

and Trot up and down in *Pilgrimage*, to Honour Five or Six Sham-Heads of St. *John* the *Baptist*; for, in so many several Places do they pretend to shew that one *Sacred Relick*, which cannot be Multiplied. Neither can I believe the Miraculous Vegetation, and Constant Growth of the *Cross*; which they pretend to shew Whole and Entire at *Cæsarea*, whilst it is exhibited also in Millions of Pieces, throughout *Christendom*. So that there is scarce a *Christian Gentleman* of any Quality, in *Europe*, *Asia*, *Africa*, or *America*, who does not boast his Share of this Wonderful *Relick*. If all which Pieces were put together, they would, probably, make a Thousand such *Crosses*, as that which is kept in *Palestine*, for the supposed True *Cross* whereon *Jesus* suffer'd *Death*; and yet, they are all said to be cut off from That. Indeed, *Father William*, I have no Great Stomach to swallow down these Great Wooden *Fables*: The very Chips are enough to choak me. But then comes the *Milk* of the *Blessed Virgin* to my Relief, with which I may Rinse my Unbelieving Throat, almost in every *Parish*, or *Monastick Church*, I come at. For, I dare say, there's More of this to be found in such Places, than an *Hungarian* Cow would give in Seven Years together. But it Curdles in my Stomach, and makes me Sick. The very *Idea* of these Child-Absurdities is as Operative, as the Draught of an *Antimonial-Cup*.

It would be too tedious to turn up all the Negative Side of my Religion; and explain,

in an Hundred more Particulars, what I am not: Let us now therefore reverse the *Tables*, and see what I positively am.

And here I am at a Loss for a Compendious Title, or Name, to give my self, saving that of a *Christian*: For, I know not to what more Particular *Predicament* I belong. As for the Distinguishing Characteristicks of *Papist*, *Protestant*, *Lutheran*, *Calvinist*, *Socinian*, &c. I esteem 'em no otherwise, than the Brands of so many Religious Factions in the *Church*. And the Particular Title of *Roman-Catholick*, looks like a *Solœcism* in Common Sense. I would therefore be taken for a *Christian*, who neither makes Parties, nor sides with any. But, honouring *Jesus* as our Common Lord and Master, I endeavour to obey his Laws peaceably, and like a Loyal Subject.

I lay for a Foundation of all my Practice toward Men, this Golden Rule, which He gave us; *Not to do that to Another, which I would not have done to my Self.* Upon this *Basis* is built the whole Fabrick of Human Justice. I endeavour to regulate my own Passions, and to bear with those of Others. To be angry with my self, for the least *Peccadillo*; but to frame Excuses for the Errors and Offences which my Neighbour commits. Here rises the Superstructure of all Vertues, supported by *Patience*, *Hope*, and *Faith*; cemented by *Charity*, *Meekness*, and *Temperance*; and adorn'd all over with *Good Works*.

In

In a Word, *Father William*; The Sum and Substance of my Religion consists in these few Rules: *To Fear God, Serve my King, Honour and Obey my Parents, Love my Friends, and To do Justice to all Men:* Without troubling my self about Empty *Formalities*, and Needless *Ceremonies*: Or being concern'd, in what Nation, Climate, or Society of *Christians* I live; Since *God* regards not one Man more than another, for these Exterior Differences.

Reverend Monk, Adieu: And, from what I have said, conclude me a *Catholick* in the Propereſt Sense.

Paris, 26th. *of the* 2d. *Moon*, *of the Year* 1680.

LETTER XVI.

To Murat Baſſa.

THey are extremely Merry here in *Paris*. Nothing but Dancing, Singing, Roaring, Drinking, Ringing of Bells, making of Bonfires, and other Illuminations, Shooting of Guns, Flirting about Squibs, Crackers, Serpents, Rockets, and all manner of Gunpowder Compoſitions. If it ſhould hold but Two Hours longer, I believe they wou'd be in Danger of running all Mad. This is the Hour of Mid-night, and yet they are in the Height of their Jollity, which is not cuſtomary in theſe *Weſtern Parts*, tho no Wonder in the *Eaſt*. I wiſh there were an Army of *Ottomans* near us; I'd give 'em the Signal, and ſhew them the Way, when and how to enter the Town, and take Poſſeſſion of the Richeſt City in *France*: For they ſuſpect Nothing, and the very *Guards* themſelves are all drunk. 'Twere an eaſie Thing to Surprize 'em, and take 'em Napping. But there is a Time and a Chance for all Things under the Moon: And this is their lucky Seaſon.

Would'ſt thou know the Occaſion of all this Joy and Security? 'Tis double; On one Side the News comes rowling from *Spain* of the *New Queen* found there; and on the other Hand, they are tranſported with the Mar-

Marriage of *Monſeigneur the Dauphine of France* with the *Princeſs Ann Marie Victoire*, Siſter to the *Duke* of *Bavaria*.

I mention'd the Advances were made in Order to this *Match*, the latter End of the foregoing Year. The ſame was compleated in all its Ceremonies on this very Day.

The *French King* parted from *Verſailles* about the beginning of this *Moon*, with the *Dauphin*, *his Son*, to meet the *Princeſs*. Their firſt Interview was at a Place called *Vitry*. As ſoon as the *Dauphineſs* (for ſo we muſt call her now) ſaw the *King* alight from his Horſe, ſhe leap'd out of her Coach, and threw her ſelf upon her Knees. But he ſoon rais'd and embrac'd her with *Royal Careſſes*, expreſſing the mighty Joy he felt at this firſt Sight of her, on whom reſted the Hopes of *France*, for Heirs to the Crown. Then he preſented the *Dauphin* to *Her*, who alſo was not wanting on his Part to diſcover the Sentiments he had for a *Princeſs* of ſo *great Birth*, *Merits*, *Wit and Vertue*.

The *Queen* did not ſee her *Daughter-in-law* till they came to *Chalons*; and there ſhe careſſed her with all Tenderneſs imaginable, in outward Appearance. But *God knows* what's in the Hearts of theſe *Royal Souls*, or how long their Friendſhip may laſt.

The Ceremony of the *Eſpouſals* was performed at that Town, Yeſterday, by the *Cardinal* of *Bouillon*, *Grand Almoner of France*, in the *Chapel* of the *Biſhop's Palace*: And to Day, as I have ſaid, he finiſh'd the whole

Buſineſs in the *Temple* of the *Virgin Mary*, the *Chief Cathedral* of this *City*; in the Preſence of the *King* and *Queen*, with divers *Lords* and *Ladies* of the *Court*. There were other *Biſhops* to aſſiſt him, whoſe Titles I have forgot: But I think they were of *Orleans* and *Condom*. This laſt makes a conſiderable Figure in the Kingdom, and is created *First Almoner* to *Madam* the *Dauphineſs*. He appears very Zealous in Converting the *Huguenots*; and I have a great deal more to ſay of him, than I have Time to Write now.

Aſſure thy ſelf, That I cheriſh a profound Reſpect for thee; and that as I never was ſo I never will be defective or tardy in ſending thee thy Proportion of *Weſtern Intelligence*: For I muſt divide it among the *Baſſa's* and other *Miniſters* of the *Port*.

Reſt contented with thy Share, and in the Name of *God* Farewel.

Paris, 8th. *of the* 3d. *Moon*,
of the Year 1680.

LET.

LETTERS

Writ by

A Spy at *PARIS.*

VOL. VIII.

BOOK IV.

LETTER I.

To Hamet, Reis Effendi, Principal Secretary *of the* Ottoman Empire.

BY the *Mosch* of *Sultan Zub*, I swear, these petty *Republicks* of the *Franks* are not worth a *Mussulman's* Thought. However, to satisfie thy Curious and Inquisitive

ſitive *Genius*, I will ſay ſomething of each, as briefly and compendiouſly as I can.

In my Two laſt, I diſcours'd of the *United Netherlands*, and the *Swiß Cantons*. Now I will ferry thee over the *Leman Lake*, and Land thee in *Geneva*, the Mother, Nurſe, and Center of the *Calviniſts*. Theſe are a ſort of *Proteſtants*, diſſenting from the Opinions of *Luther* and his Aſſociates; who was the Firſt Author of what they call the Reformation here in *Europe*.

The City of *Geneva* is very *Ancient*; and was not *Young* in the Time of *Julius Cæſar*, as appears by his *Commentaries*; where he makes mention of its being ſeated on the River *Rhoſne*, juſt at the Entrance of the *Leman Lake*. It ſtands very pleaſantly, and has a fertile Soil round about it: where *Ceres* ſtrives to out-do *Bacchus* in her Liberalities. For though there be very good Vineyards in theſe Parts, yet not in ſo great Plenty, as to match the Abundance of *Corn*, *Pulſe*, *Hay*, *Oats*, *Melons*, and all manner of *Herbs* and *Fruits* that the Climate uſually bears.

The Air is pure and wholſome; the *Winters* not ſo cold as in *Germany*, nor the *Summers* ſo hot as in ſome Parts of *France*.

The People are generally Corpulent, Moroſe, Inhoſpitable to Strangers, eſpecially to thoſe of the *Roman Church*, whom they always ſuſpect as Spies. They are very Frugal, Continent, and Sober. And above all Things they affect a ſingular Gravity in their Carriage and Garb.

As

As for Riches, they can boast but little; and were it not for their Art in making Silks, and printing Books, of which infinite Quantities and Numbers are Exported to other Nations, this *Commonwealth* cou'd not support its own Charges.

Indeed their Military Strength is considerable for Bigness of the Place: the City being fenc'd by Nature, as well as Art, with impregnable Fortifications. They keep an exquisite Watch on the Walls; and at the Gates: Neither can any Foreigner have Entrance or Lodging there, without undergoing a severe Scrutiny. They have a Magazine in the City, furnish'd with all sorts of Arms, and with every Thing that is necessary to sustain a long Siege. Add to this, the Friendship and Patronage of the *French Kings*, who have for many Years sheltered this little *Republick* from the Invasions and Encroachments of the *Dukes* of *Savoy*, who claim a Title to it.

There were formerly Three Forts near the Town, in the Possession of the *Savoyards*, which much annoy'd the Inhabitants, and threaten'd the Ruin of the City it self with the Shot of great Brass Ordnance, which were plac'd there for that Purpose. But *Henry* IV. of *France* Took it from the *Duke* of *Savoy*, and Demolish'd it, in the Year 1600. He also caus'd another to be pull'd down, which equally endamag'd the Opposite side of the City. And a Third the Inhabitants themselves laid even with the Ground, being aided by the *French*.

If

If thou would'ſt know, by what Title the *Dukes* of *Savoy* pretend a Right to *Geneva*; I'll tell thee in few Words. In former Times there was a Feud between the *Counts* of *Geneva*, and her *Biſhops*, about the Government, each claiming it as his Due. At length a certain *Biſhop* procur'd the Principality of *Geneva*, from *Frederic* I. Emperor of *Germany*. This occaſion'd a Civil War between him and the *Count* of *Geneva*, which laſting many Years, and conſuming the Money and Forces of the Town; the Inhabitants, with the Conſent of the *Biſhop*, implor'd the Protection of the *Count* of *Savoy*. He rais'd an Army, and march'd againſt the Count of *Geneva*; taking many Towns and Fortreſſes from him, which belong'd to the *Republick*. Then he advanc'd with the Army near to the Walls of *Geneva*, more like an Enemy than a Friend to the *Biſhop* and People. For not content with his new Conqueſts, he demanded as much Money as wou'd quit the Charges he had been at in this Expedition. The *Biſhop* repreſented to him, "That he ought "to be content with thoſe Places he had "won, and that they ſhould be acknowledg'd "Feudatories of *Savoy*. But this did not ſatisfie the greedy *Count*, who threaten'd the City, if they wou'd not reimburſe him with Money. The Inhabitants being poor, and fearing worſe Conſequences, ſhou'd they provoke this *Prince* too far, at laſt agreed with him, "That he ſhou'd poſſeſs as much Right "in the City, as the Counts of *Geneva* had

"done

" done before this War begun. And this was done by way of Pledge or Mortgage. The *Savoyard* therefore entring the City with his Forces, oppreſſed the Inhabitants with cruel Tyranny. So that being provok'd to deſperate Courſes, they conſpir'd together, and choſe rather to call back the *Count* of *Geneva* to his Native Poſſeſſion, from which he had been violently caſt out by the Uſurping *Biſhop*, than to ſubmit to a Foreign Juriſdiction, which began ſo early to afflict them with inſupportable Calamities.

But this, inſtead of a Remedy, prov'd an Aggravation of their Misfortunes. For the *Count* of *Geneva*, coming againſt him of *Savoy*, with ſome Forces, was overcome in Battel, and ſo *Geneva* was reduc'd to greater Streights than before. For the *Savoyards* entring the Houſes of the Citizens, drew the Conſpirators from their lurking Holes, and kill'd them, committing a Thouſand other Inſolencies againſt the Inhabitants. Nor did this ceaſe, till the whole Race of the *Counts* of *Geneva* was quite extinct. Then *Amadeus*, the *Count* of *Savoy*, finding that ſtill the *Biſhop* of *Geneva* gave him as much Trouble as the *Counts* had done before, obtain'd of the *Emperor Charles* IV. to be made *Vicar* of the *Empire* in his *Provinces*; thinking by the Greatneſs of this Title and Authority to ſuppreſs the Power of the *Biſhop*. But the *Eccleſiaſtick Prince* ſo ſtrongly oppoſed the *Seculars*, That he maintain'd his own Juriſdiction, and the Liberty of the People, till the Time of

Ama-

Amadeus VIII. who was his Succeſſor, and the Firſt who was created *Duke* of *Savoy*, being afterwards Elected to the Papacy, which he enjoy'd by the Name of *Felix*. Before his Aſſumption to this Height of *Eccleſiaſtick* Dignity, he had obtain'd of *Pope Martin*, the Juriſdiction of *Geneva* in Temporal Matters. But he found as much trouble in it, as his Predeceſſors had done before. And ſo have all his Succeſſors, to this very Day. For, though they boaſt of the Title, yet they have no more Authority in the Town than the *King* of *Bantam*.

This City is govern'd by a *Syndick* and Twenty Five *Senators*, who meet every Day to conſult about the Affairs of the *Commonwealth*, and to decide all Cauſes, whether Criminal or Civil.

It is their Chief Intereſt to hold a good Correſpondence with *France*, without whoſe Protection they would ſuffer many Injuries. Therefore the better ſort, as it were by way of Flattery and Complaiſance, dreſs themſelves after the *French* Faſhions, and make uſe of that Language, though imperfectly, in all their Letters, and Converſation. But the *Vernacular* is the ſame with that of *Savoy*.

Accompliſh'd *Miniſter*, in Regard thou complaineſt of the Length of my Letters, I will hereafter be more conciſe; and refreſh thee often with Brief Accounts of the *States* in *Europe*, yet remaining to be ſpoke of.

In

In the mean time, think of doing poor *Mahmut* ſome kind Office in the *Divan*: For I am macerated with Zeal, Care, Sickneſs, and Old Age. Surely I cannot live much longer, or rather, I ſhall not be much longer a dying. *For this Mortal Life is but Death in Maſquerade.*

Paris, 4th. *of the* 6th. *Moon, of the Year* 1680.

LET-

LETTER II.

To Achmet Baſſa.

SOme *Maxims* of *State* or *Religion*, which you pleaſe, for they are much one, have mov'd the *King* of *France* to publiſh a *Decree*, which they call a *Regulation*. Whereby he reſtrains the *Huguenots* from certain Liberties and Privileges which they enjoy'd before.

If thou would'ſt know the Character of theſe *Huguenots*, I will give it thee as well as I can: not perfect and full, thou may'ſt ſwear, but true as far as it goes.

In the firſt Place, therefore, it is neceſſary for thee to know, That about Two Hundred Years paſt, a certain *Fryar*, or *Devich* in our Style, nam'd *Martin Luther*, being offended at his *Lord* and *Maſter* the *Pope*, or *Biſhop of Rome*, ſet up for himſelf, as the only *Preacher*, *Doctor*, *Reformer*, and *Apoſtle* of that Age. He drew Abundance of People after him, and not a few *Princes* and *Nobles*. The known ſcandalous Vices of the *Roman Clergy* on one ſide, and the *Epidemical* Inclination which Mortals have for Novelty on the other, facilitated his Innovation. He grew famous in *Wirtemberg*, *Ausburgh*, and other Parts of *Germany*, where he liv'd. In a Word, his *New Doctrines* were like an *Earthquake* to the whole Empire. He ſtagger'd many

many *Wise* and *Honest* Men, and overthrew whole *Thousands* of *Fools* and *Knaves*.

Among the Rest of the Last Gange, one *Calvin* embrac'd *Luther*'s *Tenets*, a very *Learned Man*, and of great *Abilities*; but very partial, revengeful, and austere in his Humour. At first he was very Zealous and Uniform in all Things, according to the Model of his *Upstart Master*. But upon some Dispute between them, he takes Snuff, flings off the Yoke, and revolts from his *New Director*. There have been several such *Hotheaded* Sparks since that Time, every one aspiring at the Character of an *Apostle* or *Prophet*: *Zuinglius*, *Oecolampadius*, *Melancthon*, *Bucer*, *Beza*, and a Rabble of other New Lights and Saviours of the World.

Now the *Huguenots*, as I am inform'd, are the *Disciples* of *Calvin*; so is the *Commonwealth* of *Geneva*; with some Parts of *Switzerland*, *Holland*, and the Country of the *Grisons*. As for *England*, *Swedeland*, *Denmark*, *Norway*, *Saxony*, *Brandenburg*, and *Hess-Cassel*, they are all *Lutherans*. Saving that the *English*, whom I first mention'd, have made Twelve several Alterations in their *Religion*, since the Days of *Luther*.

It is observable of *that Nation*, that they are flexible, and receptive of any Foreign Impression. The *French* say, *The* English *would as soon embrace Mahometanism as any other Religion, could ye but once get the length of their Foot.* (This is an *English Adage*.) 'Tis certain they are a very Mutable, Inconstant, Rebel-

Rebellious People. They ſurfeit on the Plenty which Nature has giv'n 'em. Which makes them ſtill uneaſie, diſcontented, and delicate. They ſpew out their own Happineſs, to eaſe the Stomach of that intemperate Nation, and prepare it for Foreign *Sham-Banquets* of *Magicians*. Of Old they were Brave, and ſtedfaſt to their Principles: Then their Renown was ſpread far and wide. *When a Baronet of* England (as 'tis recorded in the Hiſtories of *France*, which muſt be impartial in this Point) *kill'd Five and Twenty* French-men, *among whom were Two Marquiſes, Four Knights, and Nine Nobles of the Leſſer Order.*

But now they have quite loſt their ancient *Fame* and *Valour*. They are corrupted with a thouſand Debaucheries. They are as fickle as the Wind, and as moveable as the Duſt it raiſes in the Streets. In fine, They are nothing at all, but the Obloquy and Scorn of other Nations.

But to return to the *French Huguenots*, and *Calvin* their Maſter. I was once acquainted with a very ancient *Dervich* or *Fryar*, when I firſt came to *Paris*, who confidently affirm'd, That he had often heard his own Father ſay, "That *Calvin*, in his Preſence, once thruſt "his Right-Hand into the Fire, wiſhing it "had been burn'd to Aſhes when it directed "his Pen in writing againſt the Real Preſence "of the *Body of Jeſus the Meſſias, in the Sa-* "*crament of the Altar*. But ſince he had writ "that fatal Treatiſe, he cou'd do no leſs in "Honour than defend it to the laſt. And

yet

yet this is one of the *Cardinal* and moſt important Points in Controverſie between the *Catholicks* and the *Huguenots*; whereon the whole Body of *Religion* depends, and turn'd to the Right-Hand or to the Left. So that in the main, the *Huguenots* have no other Ground for their Separation from the *Roman Church*, than the confeſs'd Obſtinacy of their Ringleader. And I tell thee plainly, they are the Diſciples of his Humour, as well as of his Doctrins. There is not ſuch a pertinacious ſort of People living; ſo ſingular, partial, ſelf-conceited, wilful and incorrigible. We muſt always except out of this Character, ſome of the *Gentry*, moſt of the *Nobles*, and all the *Beaux Eſprits* of that *Profeſſion*, as they call 'em; that is, the Men of Senſe. For, they deſpiſe the *Bigotry* of their Brethren, and go to their *Publick Aſſemblies*, rather in Complaiſance to their Parents, Friends, and Kindred, or for the ſake of Intereſt, than out of any real Regards for a Religion of ſo *young a Date*, ſo mean and contemptible a Figure, and which is ſhut up within ſuch narrow Limits.

They are, in ſhort, ſo bad, or at leaſt grown ſo odious at the Court, That the *King* is quite Angry with 'em, and reſolved to extirpate them and their *New-fangl'd Hereſie*, out of the Nation. In order to this, he proceeds gradually, like a *Politician*; being not willing to tempt them to a general *Revolt*, by provoking the whole Party at once, and rendring 'em deſperate. No, no, he's cunninger than to draw a *Civil War* upon

on himself and his Kingdom, by giving so loud an *Alarm*, to a People who are very Rich, Potent, and whose Interest is much interwoven with that of the *Catholicks*. I believe, to speak modestly, they are able to keep *Fifty Thousand Men* of *Arms* in Pay, as they can contrive the Business among themselves. Therefore knowing, that though the *Preachers* all profess the same *Religion*, yet every one is not so zealous as another in defending and propagating it; he has made such a Politick Decree, as only touches those particular *Mollahs* (or Ministers as they call them here) who are convicted of Proselyting any *Catholick* to their Heresie. Whereby also is threaten'd to the *Catholicks* themselves who shall forsake the *Religion* of their Fathers; perpetual Banishment, the Loss of their *Right Hand*, which was lifted up in their Abjuration, and other grievous Penalties.

In the mean Time, the *Bishops* and inferiour *Priests* are very industrious to confirm the *Catholicks* in their Native Faith and Obedience, and to Convert the *Huguenots* from their supposed Errors. I call them supposed Errors, because it is much one to us that are *Mussulmans* and Followers of *Mahomet*, whether one Party of the *Nazarenes* be in the right of it, or t'other. Only we must regard the Interest of the *Ottoman Empire*. They are all equally Hereticks and Infidels, so long as they are Enemies to the *Messenger of God*, the Seal of the Prophets.

He

He that is the most Vigorous, and takes the greatest Pains in Converting the *Huguenots*, is the *Bishop* of *Meaux*; a *Man* of prodigious *Eloquence*, *Sense*, and *Wit*. This Age does not afford his Equal, in the Perfections of the *Mind* and *Intellect*: He is profoundly Learned, a Man of Universal Reading, skilful in most Languages: an Oracle in *Philosophy*, *Astronomy*, and the other *Sciences* of Nature. He is the *Laureat* among the *Poets*, the *Crown* of *Orators*; the very *Encyclopedia* of *Human Knowledge*.

'Tis true, he is very zealous for the *Authority and infallible Veracity* of the *Roman Church*. But, he asserts these Things with so much *Grace* and *Moderation*; with such a *Masculine Reason*, and with all the Symptoms of a *Sincere Piety*; That I who regard no one *Sect* of the *Franks* more than another, cannot but admire the Natural Abilities and Perfections of his *Soul*. He's *Learned*, as *Abdel Melec*, *Muli Omar*, at *Fez*; *Pious*, as *Hebatolla Mir Argun*, at *Cogni* in *Natolia*; *Abstinent*, as *Mohammed*, in *Arabia*; *Holy*, as the abstracted *Mirmadoline*, *Santone* of the *Vale* of *Sidon*. A Man every Ways accomplish'd, and inspir'd with *Divine Munificences*.

O *Great Bassa*, accuse me not for this *Eulogy* of a *Christian*. But let Thou and I, and all *True Believers*, profit by the best Examples, wherever, or in whatsoever *Religion* we find 'em, whether they be *Giaurs* or *Mussulmans*.

Paris, 13th *of the* 8th *Moon*, *of the Year* 1680.

LET-

LETTER III.

To the Venerable Mufti.

SO long as thou doſt not complain of my too frequent Letters, I ſhall not murmur at the Pains of writing them. 'Tis a Pleaſure thus to revolve the *Hiſtories* of paſt Ages. And whilſt I with my own Hand conſign them to Paper, they adhere the faſter to my Memory. I ſhou'd not be ſorry, if I were to ſpend the Remainder of my Days in Epitomizing all the Authentick *Records* and *Memoirs* that are extant in the World. Such an Exerciſe would be a conſtant Relief of Melancholy by lighting Abundance of *Flambeaux* and *Lamps* in the Soul, to diſperſe the Miſts and Darkneſs which naturally make it ſad. I ended my laſt Letter with the *Reign* of *Numa Pompilius* over the *Romans*. Who, as if he had made the Kingdom Hereditary only to Men of Virtue, was no ſooner dead, but the People elected *Tullus Hoſtilius* for their King; in Conſideration of his excellent Endowments and Merits.

He inſtructed the *Romans* in a more perfect Military Diſcipline, and improv'd the Art of War. So that having train'd up the Youth to a wonderful Promptneſs and Skill in Arms, he ventur'd to ſend a Defiance to the *Albans*, and invade their Territories, the

they

they were a ſtout People, and who had Lorded it a long Time in *Italy*. But when many Battels had been Fought between them, with equal Damage to both ſides; at length to put an End to the War, and make the Loſſes of the Vanquiſhed more Compendious, they mutually agreed to decide the Victory by a Combat of Three Brothers on one ſide, againſt as many on the other. Thoſe on the *Roman* part were call'd *Horatii*; the *Alban* Brothers, *Curiatii*.

The Fight was Fair and Dubious, and had an Admirable Event: For all the Three *Curiatii* were Wounded, and Two of the *Horatii* Killed. So that it ſeemed difficult to determine which had the Advantage; One ſound and untouch'd *Roman*, or Three faint and weaken'd *Albans*: However, the ſurviving *Horatius* not preſuming too much on his own Strength againſt ſuch an Unequal Number of Enemies, added Policy to his Courage, and made uſe of this Stratagem:

He counterfeited a Flight, that ſo he might ſeparate his Adverſaries, and Engage with them Singly, one after another, according as they overtook him. His Plot took, and he Vanquiſh'd all Three. But he ſullied his Victory with the Blood of his Siſter; whom at his return he killed, becauſe ſhe met him not with Joy and Triumph, but with Grief and Tears, for the Loſs of her Spouſe, who was one of the Three *Alban*-Brethren. He was call'd in queſtion for the Bloody Fact: But his Merit ſuperſeded his Crime; and the

Fact which would at another time have cut him his Head, now ſerved but to Augment his Glory.

Not long after this, there broke out a War between the *Romans* and the *Fidenates*, a People of *Latium*, or *Toſcany*. The *Albans*, according to their late *League*, were obliged to Aid the *Romans* in their Wars. Wherefore they ſent Auxiliary Forces, under the Command of *Metius Tufetius*. But this Captain prov'd Treacherous: For, juſt as the Two Armies were going to enter into Battel, he withdrew his *Albans* to the Top of an Hill, where they ſtood *Neuters*, to behold the Fortune of the Fight, that ſo they might joyn the Strongeſt Party. Which, when *Tullus* perceiv'd, he politickly cried out, with a Loud Voice, in the Hearing of both Armies, That Metius *had done this by his Command*. Then the *Romans* took Courage, and their Enemies being ſtruck with Terrour, were ſoon Routed, and Overcome. After which, the *Roman King* cauſed the Traytor *Metius Tufetius* to be tied with Cords to Two Chariots, and torn in Pieces by Wild Horſes. He alſo ruin'd, and quite demoliſh'd *Alba*; not looking on that City now, as the *Patent*, but the *Rival* of *Rome*. However, he firſt tranſported to *Rome* all the Riches of *Alba*, with the Inhabitants; that ſo that City might not ſeem to periſh, but only to remove its Situation, and be Incorporated with *Rome*.

Ancus Marcius ſucceeded *Tullus Hoſtilius*, being the Grandchild of *Numa*, by his Daugh-

ter. He inherited his Qualities alſo, as well as his Blood. He encompaſs'd the City with Walls, and joyn'd the Banks of *Tyber*, which ran through the Middle of it, with a Bridge. He likewiſe built the Port *Oſtia*, juſt by the Mouth of the River, where it flows into the Sea; planting there a Colony of *Romans*, as if he had then Preſag'd what afterwards came to paſs; That the Merchandizes of the World ſhould be brought in thither, as into the Maritime Store-houſe of the City deſtin'd to conquer all Things.

Him ſucceeded *Tarquinius*, afterwards ſurnam'd *Priſcus*. He was of Foreign Extraction, yet obtain'd the Sovereignty by his Elegance and Wit. For, being the Son of *Lucumo*, a *Corinthian*, who abandon'd his Country, and fled into *Toſcany*, where he was made *King*; this *Tarquinius*, poliſhing his *Greek* Nature with *Italian* Arts, inſinuated ſo far with the *Romans*, that they choſe him for their *King*. He augmented the Number of *Senators*, and added Three Hundred Soldiers to the Troops that were already eſtabliſh'd: Which was all he durſt do, in Regard *Attius Navius*, an *Augur*, in High Requeſt among the *Romans*, had forbid any greater Number to be added. Theſe *Augurs* were a ſort of *Diviners*, who foretold Things to come, from the Chirping, Flying, Feeding, and other Actions of Birds. *Tarquinius*, one Day, ask'd this *Attius Navius*, *Whether the Thing could poſſibly be done, which he had then thought upon?* The *Augur*

consulting his Art, answer'd, *It might be done*. Then said the *King*, *I was considering, whether I could cut this Whet-stone with a Razor*. *Ye you may*; replied *Attius*. And the *King* did it. From that Time, the College of *Augurs*, first Founded by *Romulus*, was had in Sacred Esteem by the *Romans*. I should have called them the *Triumvirate* of *Augurs*; for, there were but Three at first, one out of every *Tribe*. But *Servius Tullius*, the next King, added a Fourth. These were all Noble. But afterwards, they were increas'd to Nine, and last of all, to Fifteen, in the *Dictatorship* of *Silla*.

To return to *Tarquinius*: He was no less prosperous in War, than in Peace; for, he subdued Twelve Cities of the *Toscans*, with the Territories belonging to them. He invented Robes, and Ensigns of State; the Ivory-Seats of Chariots, wherein the *Senators* were carried to the *Council*; the Gold-Rings, and Magnificent Horse-Trappings, which were given to the *Roman Knights*, as Badges of Honour: Also, the Purple and Scarlet Robes; the Triumphal Chariot of Gold, the Painted *Phrygian* Robe, worn by a Victorious *General*, when he celebrated a Triumph. With many other Ornaments, and Publick Decorations, to set forth the Majesty and Grandeur of the *Roman* State.

Tarquinius being mortally wounded, his Wife *Tanaquil* persuaded the People, that all was well with him; that his Wounds were not dangerous; that he was only laid in a Slum-

ber,

ber, and that in a little Time they ſhould ſee him Well again: In the Mean while, ſhe ſaid, it was his Will and Pleaſure, that they ſhould obey *Servius Tullius*, a Favourite of hers; who would adminiſter Juſtice, and govern the People wiſely, during the *King*'s Illneſs.

This *Servius Tullius* was the Son of a *Prince* in *Latium*; who being kill'd in a Battel with the *Romans*, his Wife was carried Captive to *Rome*; and being preſented to *Queen Tanaquil*, liv'd free from Servitude, under her Protection: And, being with Child, was deliver'd of *Servius Tullius*, in *Tanaquil*'s Palace. The *Queen* took a Singular Fancy to the Noble Infant, and gave him Royal Education; preſaging, from a Flame which ſhe ſaw environing his Head, that he would be a Famous Man in Time. 'Twas for this Reaſon, ſhe perſuaded the People to receive him as the King's Subſtitute, or Deputy, for a While: Not doubting, but that after they had taſted the Sweetneſs of his Government, and the Death of *Tarquin* ſhould be known, they would eaſily ſubmit to him, as *Tarquin*'s Succeſſor. Her Stratagem had its deſir'd Effect: For, *Servius Tullius* improv'd his Time ſo well in pleaſing the People, that the *Kingdom*, which he obtain'd by Craft, was acknowledg'd by all, as due to his Merits and Vertues. He firſt brought the People of *Rome* under an *Aſſeſſment*, whereby every Man's Eſtate was valu'd: He divided them into Claſſes, Wards, and Colleges. And the *Commonwealth* was brought into ſuch Order,

by the Exquisite Policy of this Wise *King*, that the Difference of every Man's Patrimony, Dignity, Age, Trade, and Office, was Regist'red in Publick Tables; Which render'd the Oeconomy of this Great State as regular and easie, as that of a Private Family, or House.

The Last of all the *Kings*, was *Tarquinius* Surnam'd *The Proud*, for the Morose and Disdainful Haughtiness of his Temper. He married the Daughter of *Servius Tullius*, in Hopes of Succeeding in the *Kingdom*. But he not having Patience to wait for the Natural Death of his *Father-in-Law*, hired Ruffians to Murder him, and then seiz'd upon the *Kingdom* by Violence. Neither did he govern the *State* with less Wickedness and Cruelty, than that by which he obtain'd it: For, he denied Burial to his Murder'd *Father-in-Law*; Saying, *That he deserv'd not Better Usage than* Romulus, *who perish'd without a Sepulchre*. He also slew the *Chiefs* of the *Nobles*, whom he Suspected to be of *Servius*'s Interest. And his Wife *Tullia* was as bad as he: For, as soon as she had saluted her Husband by the Title of *King*, she caus'd her self to be driven in a Chariot, over the Dead Carcase of her Father. Both of them exercis'd Great Cruelty, and massacred many of the *Senators*. But the Pride of *Tarquin* was intolerable to all. Till at Length, when he had spent enough of his Rage at Home, he turn'd it against his Foreign Enemies Abroad; and took many Strong Towns in *Latium*. However, Notwithstanding

ing all his Vices, he gave the World this Proof of his Piety; That out of the Spoils which he took from his Enemies, he rais'd Mony, and finish'd therewith the Temple of *Jupiter* in the *Capitol*, which his Father, *Tarquinius Priscus*, had begun. The Story says, That, as they were Laying the Foundations of this *Temple*, they found the Head of a Man; which they interpreted as a Good *Omen*, That *Rome* should be the Seat of a Vast Empire, and *Mistress* of the whole Earth; as it afterwards came to pass.

The People of *Rome* bore with the Pride of *Tarquin*, but would not bear with the Lust and Tyranny of his Sons; one of which ravish'd *Lucretia*, a Woman of Admirable Beauty and Vertue. The Chaste Matron expiated the Disgrace, by Stabbing her self: And, as she breath'd her Last, she charg'd *Brutus* and *Collatinus*, Two Princes, to revenge her Cause. Wherefore they stir'd up the People to assert their Liberty, and abrogate the *Kingly* Government: Which was as readily done, as mention'd. And here was an End put to the Tyranny of *Kings*.

In my Next I will relate the Increase and Progress of the *Roman State*, under the *Government* of *Consuls*, and *Emperors*: Which will comprehend the most Memorable Events of Peace and War, even to the *Catastrophe* of the *Empire*.

Paris, 22d *of the* 9th *Moon*,
of the Year 1680.

LETTER IV.

To Orchan Çabet, Student *in the* Sciences, *and* Penſioner *to the* Sultan.

ABout the Soul: That's the Thought I'm upon. That's the Word I'm going to write. Whether it ſhall, after the grand Divorce from the Body, go to Heaven or Hell (as they are commonly repreſented) or whether it ſhall not rather be more happily or miſerably diſpos'd of: Or, if leſs, yet at leaſt in a more proportionate Order of Eternal Juſtice. Methinks, I taſte and feel the Original Meaning of the Word *Nemeſis*: Which, though it paſs for *Primitive* Greek among the moſt Learned of the *Weſtern* Scholars, yet I can prove it to be a *Phœnician Derivative* from the *Chineſe*. And I can demonſtrate likewiſe, That it is full of Myſteries.

Every Syllable of it, is Sacred and Myſterious, as the Mene Mene, Tekel Upharſin, of *Beltſchatzar*. *Numeravit, Numeravit, Appendit, Diviſit*. That's the Senſe of it. So are Words become the Eternal Mind.

The very Letters which compoſe Words (I ſhould have ſaid the *Syllables* firſt, in good Manners) are all the Products of the *Mathe-*

maticks;

*matick*s; I mean, of the Original *Science*; not of thoſe paultry *Fragments*, *Scraps*, and *Offals*, that are taught in *Schools* and *Academies*: Such as the *Elements* of *Euclid*, the *Rudiments* of *Algebra*, *Benazer*, *Ki-ſlud*, or any other Learned *Pen*. There's ſomething more within the Verge of Human Science, than what has been divulg'd hitherto in the *World*; or at leaſt, more than what is now extant, and has eſcap'd the Ruin of Fires, Floods, Earthquakes, and the Jaws of all-devouring Time.

Learned *Orchan*, I will not be prolix: but anſwer me one Queſtion about the Soul. Can'ſt thou believe the Stories of the Prieſts concerning Purgatory, Hell, and the two other Limbo's? Haſt thou Faith enough to ſwallow the ridiculous Figments of the Book entitled *Speculum Exemplorum*; a Tract ſo highly celebrated and magnified among the Superſtitious *Nazarenes* of the *Roman* Church? Believe me, theſe Doctrins are the pure Effects of *Anthropomorphiſm*, or the Religion of thoſe who repreſent God under the Form of a Mortal Man. For they, poor Souls, are ſo incapable of riſing above this groſs and Earthly Thought, that they even preſume to draw and paint the Effigies of the Eternal Divinity, which has no Figure or Reſemblance. They pourtray him like a very Old Man, with Gray Hairs on his Head and Beard; and then they ſet the Idol up in Temples, to be ador'd. The rude and ignorant Vulgar dare not contradict their Guides,

whom they revere as Oracles. They bow before the ſacred Vanity, paying Divine Honours to the Work of Human Art. Thus Superſtition and Error ſpread abroad, and take firm Root in the World. From hence the duller Part of Men derive their Notions of Man's Soul.

They cannot conceive how it ſhou'd ſubſiſt after Death, without juſt ſuch a Body of Flesh and Blood, as it has in this Life: And yet they contradict that very Opinion, by aſſerting, that it cannot have ſuch a Body till the General Reſurrection; whilſt at the ſame time they aſſert, That it ſhall enjoy all the Pleaſures, or ſuffer all the Pains, which none but Corporeal Beings are capable of. Doubleſs, the *Infidels* are involv'd in a Labyrinth of Hereſies.

We *Mortals* know not the State of Departed Souls; whether they go upwards, or downwards; to the *Eaſt* or *Weſt*, *North* or *South*. We are wholly ignorant of the Climates wherein the *Bleſſed* and the *Damn'd* are ſeparately diſpos'd of. Perhaps the Doctrine of Tranſmigration, taught by *Pythagoras*, *Empedocles*, and all the *Eaſtern Indians*, may be true: From which Belief, few *Muſſulmans* do diſſent. Or it may be, we ſhall, as the Gentile Poets wrote myſteriouſly, fall into *Lethe*'s Lake, into the Region of Forgetfulneſs, where we ſhall be, as though we'd never been. This is the Souls unactive State, if any ſuch there be in Nature for an Incorporeal Spirit. And then the *Millenaries* or *Chi-*

Chiliasts among the Christians may be much i'th' Right on't, who taught the Sleep of the Soul until the Resurrection. Indeed, in my Opinion, this Life it self, wherein we think our selves so much Awake; to Hear, See, Taste, Smell, Feel, and Revel in the Pleasures of the Universe; is but a Dream or Trance: A grand *Deliquium* of the Soul: The Universal Apoplexy of Human Nature. For the true Genuine Life is only to be found *Above*, in the pure Regions of the Air, or more refined Skies: or if not there, at least and lowest Rate, in the superlative Heights beyond the Stars, remote from narrow and polluted Matter, where perfect Essences do bask Eternally in the Grand *Halo* of the *Godhead*; or shroud and cool themselves under the shady Trees of Paradise, whose Roots spring from the deep Abysses of Eternity; and are wash'd by Springs and Streams warbling along the verdant Banks of sweet *Chioschi*, and elegant Borders of the Groves in *Eden*.

Such are the Pleasures, which *God*, the Fountain of Munificence, is pleased to treat his Creatures with. He studies to Regale his Favourites, with infinite Beatitudes.

There are in *Paradise*, Rivers, broad and long as the *Danube*, *Volga*, *Niger*, *Nilus*, or any other noted Current upon Earth. Their Streams run all with Honey, Wine, and Milk, or more delicious Liquors, if any such there be.

They are not deep, that timorous Men need fear to Drown themselves; yet deep enough

enough for foreign Earthly Souls to ſwim in Everlaſting Pleaſures. Moreover, thou knoweſt the Saying of the *Prophet*; *That we ſhall have Women there, whoſe Beauty no Painters Art can e're expreſs; who ſhall not glance a Look upon another Man beſide their own.* Women, whoſe Beauty ſhall exceed the Luſtre of *Diamonds*, *Rubies*, *Hyacinths*, and whatſoever is precious in the *Eaſt*.

He promiſes likewiſe, *That we ſhall be ſtretch'd out at perfect Eaſe, on ſtately Beds, under Pavilions of Magnifick Structure.* Where *Pages* fair and beautiful as Pearls, ſhall wait upon us; whilſt Gentle *Zephirs* fan the ambient Air, with their Immortal Breezes, making a ſoft and grateful Sound among the Leaves and Boughs of thoſe tall Verdant Copſes, Woods, and Thickets, which are planted here and there throughout the Fields of *Paradiſe*.

O *Orchan!* by all theſe *Allegories* we are to underſtand the Supreme Felicity of Virtuous Souls, who die in Faith and Love. This is a certain Rule; That, *whatſoever is pleaſant and agreeable to any Good Man upon Earth, ſhall be either ſuperlatively augmented in Specie, or improv'd by an infinitely more pleaſant Change in Heaven.* So that no Man that dies well, can poſſibly be baulk'd of his Full of Happineſs.

Shall I diſcourſe frankly and after the manner of Friends? I think, when *Atropos* has done her Buſineſs and ours, when ſhe has cut the Thread of Earthly Life; Our Souls will

then

then awake as from a tedious Slumber mix'd of Joys and Griefs, of Fears and Hopes, Pleasures and Pains. And we shall soon experiment the Truth of all our anxious Forecasts. Every Man shall be dispos'd of, according to his Rank in the Heraldry of Fate. I will not presume to calculate particularly, where or how: Only in general, this is my Faith, That there are *Paradises* of all Sorts and Degrees prepar'd with exquisite Proportion for the various Kinds of Men: And *Hell*'s as accurately fitted and equally adjusted, for the Punishment of the *Wicked*, to whatsoever Class or Order. For it appears to me a grand *Solœcism*, a perfect Blunder in Divinity and Reason, to assert or imagine, That as soon as the Breath is out of the Body, our Souls must either swiftly post through all the Elements and Orbs *Above*, and in a Moments Time be seated in the *Cœlum Empyræum*; or else must tumble head-long, in an instant, to the lowest Hell. Methinks, if I were to go upwards, I wou'd tarry by the Way, and divert my self awhile in the upper Region of Serene and Balmy Air; there to Converse with courteous *Demons*, and perhaps with *Souls* of *Gentile* Old Philosophers and Poets. I wou'd enquire at least for *Orpheus*, *Homer*, *Virgil*, *Ovid*, and *Lucretius*; for *Pindar*, *Epictetus*, and by the bye for *Sappho*. I shou'd be ambitious also to see or hear of *Pythagoras*, *Plato*, *Plotinus*, *Porphyry*, and some other of the *Grecian Sages*. Neither wou'd I forget the Name of any renowned Wise Man of

past

past Ages; for I think the Earth has born but few of late, that deserve to be mention'd. But above all, I shou'd be diligent and curious to find out the Thrice-great *Hermes*, Father of Wisdom and Science. 'Tis Ten to One, but I shou'd visit *Horace*, and ask for a Bottle of his Beloved *Campagne Muscadine*, if he has any there.

When I had thus refresh'd my self in the *Paradises* of this Sublunary World, I wou'd take my *Congé*, and travel to the Orb of the *Moon*. I wou'd kiss the Hand of *Menarchus*, who rules all the Inhabitants of that Planet. If I found him in a good Humour, I would humbly beg his Pardon, and intercede for the silly *Arcadians*, who boasted, *That their Country was Older than the Moon*. I wou'd represent their Case as favourably as I cou'd; putting him in Mind, That they were only a Company of poor ignorant Shepherds, who first broach'd that Blasphemous Libel; and that their Nation is quite extinct on Earth: therefore they are not worthy of his farther Revenge or Anger; since every *Arcadian* who had asserted this in his Life-time, has for his Penance, been forc'd to dig in the Mines of the *Moon*, from the Hour of his Death. Perhaps these poor Fellows might fare the better for my Apology: Who knows? But, if I found that my Request was granted, and these unfortunate *Arcadians* being releas'd from the *Sub-Cynthian* Dungeons, were permitted to return to Earth again; I would charge them to have a Care how they affronted

fronted such a Potent Neighbour next Time.

Having done so good a Work, I wou'd slip through the Orb of *Mercury* as nimbly as I could, lest that cunning Thief shou'd steal the Teeth out of my Head. And just paying my Respects to Lady *Venus en passant*, I would shut my Eyes, and glide in a Trice through the scorching Sphere of the *Sun*. As for *Mars*, *Jupiter*, and *Saturn*, I have nothing to do with 'em. But what Work wou'd I make with the Beasts and Monsters of the 8th Sphere? I'd certainly fleece the * *Ram*, and make the † *Bull* run mad. If I pass'd by the ‡ *Twins* in Pity, I'd eat the ‖ *Crab* for a *Viaticum*. The Shell I'd throw to the * *Lyon* to stop his Mouth, lest he shou'd serve me in the same manner. But what a confounded Stop and Pause shou'd I make when I came to the *Virgin*? What Qualms of Love shou'd I have? Till weighing her in the *Balance* of Reason, I shou'd find her too light. And shou'd rather venture on the *Scorpion*: But I'd first charm him with the Mysterious Verficle of the *Alcoran*: And to make sure of him, I'd pray for *Noah* and all his Posterity, according to the Old Rule of the *Arabians*: And then I might safely pass by, without being stung. Had rash *Phaeton* been acquainted with these Secrets, when he drove the Chariot of the *Sun* so madly, he might have rid

* *Aries*.
† *Taurus*.
‡ *Gemini*.
‖ *Cancer*.
* *Leo*.
Virgo.
Libra.
Scorpio.

over

over the *Scorpion*, without danger of Burning the World. Neither had he been Thunderstruck by *Jupiter*, and Drown'd in the River *Po*, nor his poor Sisters been turn'd into *Poplars*. However, as he fell out of the Coach-Box, he drop'd his Turbant on the Frontiers of *Sagitary*; which I would take up to shield from the Shafts of that spightful Archer. As for *Capricorn*, he's a good harmless Monster; and any Body may pass by him without Danger. Then I'd quench my Thirst with *Aquarius*, after eating the *Crab*, and so prepare for another Banquet on *Pisces*.

Sagittarius.

Capricornus.

Aquarius.

Pisces.

If thou thinkest, I am too much in jest with the Heavenly Signs, I tell thee there is nothing in Nature more Ridiculous than these Fictitious Forms and Names assign'd them by the Ancient Poets.

However, my Soul begins to be tir'd with thus pursuing those Beasts of the Sky. So I'll put an End to the Chace, wishing thee and my self a good Repose: For it is above an Hour past Midnight. Adieu.

Paris, 17th. *of the* 10th. *Moon, of the Year* 1680.

LETTER

LETTER V.

To Hamet, Reis Effendi, Principal Secretary *of the* Ottoman Empire.

IF thou wilt turn over the *Regiſter* of the *Empire*, thou wilt find ſome of my *Letters*, wherein I have deſcrib'd the City of *Venice*, according to the Beſt Information I had from *Adonai*, a *Jew*, Reſiding there as a Private Agent for the *Grand Signior*. Therefore, avoiding all Particularities concerning the Incredible Magnificence of the *Palaces*, *Temples*, *Bridges*, *Colleges*, and other Publick Buildings; where nothing is to be ſeen, but *Marble*, *Jaſper*, *Porphyry*, *Silver*, *Gold*, and other Precious Ornaments, which every where dazzle the Eyes of Strangers: I will only take Notice of ſuch Things relating to this *City* and *Republick*, as I formerly omitted.

The *Venetians* poſſeſs ſeveral moſt Ample, Rich, and Flouriſhing Cities in *Italy*; beſides Abundance of Smaller Towns, Caſtles, and Fortreſſes. The Names of thoſe Cities which are of Chiefeſt Note, are, *Bergamo*, *Crema*, *Brixia*, *Verona*, *Trent*, *Aquileia*, *Vicenza*, *Padua*, and *Terviſo*. As for the Towns, they are too many to inſert in a Letter.

Toward

Toward the North of their *City*, they are Masters of almost all *Friuli*; with *Istria*, which is the Utmost *Province* of *Italy*, on that Side. They are also Lords of the Greatest Part of *Dalmatia*, with the *Isles* belonging to it. In the Mouth of the *Adriatick Sea*, they possess *Corfu*, *Cephalonia*, *Zante*, *Cerigo*; with many more of Less Note. Not to speak of *Candia*, so well known to the *Mussulmans*.

From all these Territories, the *Republick* has a Yearly Income of Two Millions in Gold: Which is not treasur'd up for any long Time, but is employ'd in the Publick Expences; as, in Maintaining Military Forces, by Sea and Land; in Building and Rigging up their Fleets; in Raising and Repairing Forts and Castles; in Paying the Stipends of Magistrates, and Publick Ministers; with other Expences too tedious to be nam'd.

They have other Ways to raise Money in Extraordinary Cases; as, in Time of War, or the like. For, then they double or treble the Taxes, Tythes, and Imposts. And All are liable to answer the Demands of the *Republick*; the Noble, as well as the Vulgar. Neither do they seem unwilling, when the Extream Necessities of the State require it. But, if this be not sufficient, to defray the Publick Charges; then the Magistrates, and Publick Ministers, are oblig'd to wait for their Salaries and Stipends, till the *Commonwealth* is in a Condition to pay them. They also, at such a Time, are used to sell the Places of Great Trust and Honour to the Nobles;

bles; who, at other Times, enjoy them *Gratis*, as a Reward of their Merits.

If all this will not do the Busmeſs, and they find themſelves reduc'd to great Extremities; then they borrow of Private Perſons, ſuch Sums as they want, on the Publick Faith. And if any *Wealthy Citizen* refuſe, or appear unwilling to lend his Mony, they uſe Force and Violence; Seizing his Goods, whether Moveable, or Immoveable, and ſell them for Ready Mony. At the ſame Time, the *Republick* declares her ſelf a Debtor to theſe Men; and pawns her Faith to pay them, with Intereſt, after a certain Number of Years, or when the War is finiſh'd, according as ſhe is able. And that which is moſt admirable is, that all this is done without the leaſt Tumult or Sedition, or any Exterior Symptoms of Diſcontent. Nay, This People are ſo prompt and ready to aſſiſt the State in ſuch Exigencies, that it is common for many of the *Nobles*, and *Wealthy Citizens*, to make a Voluntary Tender of their Mony to the *Senate*: And, Some will ſell their Plate, of their own Accord; with all their Wives Jewels, and other Ornaments; turning them into Mony, for the Service of the *Commonwealth*.

Beſides, Not only the Inhabitants of *Venice* contribute thus to the Publick Treaſury, but alſo the other Cities and Towns under their Juriſdiction; each according to their Ability. Therefore it matters not much, whether the *Republick* have any Bank of Mony by her, or no;

no; since her Private Subjects are rich enough, and she can make use of their Wealth, without any Difficulty, or Ill Consequences, when-ever she has Occasion.

As for the Strength, and Military Forces of the *Venetians*, it may be said, That there is scarce a *Prince* in *Europe*, who has Better and Larger Fortifications than this *Republick*. To defend which, and all her other Possessions, she makes use of the Inhabitants; every *Province* being oblig'd to furnish so many Thousand Soldiers, as are sufficient to fill the Garisons, and guard the Country from Foreign Invasion. Thus, in the *Province* of *Lombardy* alone, there are Twenty Five Thousand Foot kept constantly in Arms. Besides these, in Time of War they raise Extraordinary Armies, both in their own Territories, and in *Germany*, or among the *Swiss-Cantons*: From which Last, they generally have an Aid of Thirty or Five and Thirty Thousand Mercenaries: Who are partly bestow'd on Board their Fleet, and partly in their Forts and Castles; whilst some of them guard the Bridges, and other Passes of the Country. As for the Cavalry of this *Commonwealth*, it is very small and inconsiderable for their Number: But being, most of them the Sons of Nobles, they are valued for their Blood; which inspires them with Heroick Resolution and Bravery.

When they are to wage War by Land, they usually invite some Foreign, Petty *Prince*, to be *Generalissimo* of their Armies: Him

Him they endear with moſt Ample Gifts and Honours; giving him Two *Senators* for his Collegues, Men who have been Signally Faithful and Serviceable to the *Commonwealth*. Theſe are call'd *Proveditori*, or *Superviſors-General*. Without whoſe Conſent, and Approbation, this *Generaliſſimo* cannot Give Battel, or do any Thing elſe of Moment, from which the *Commonwealth* may receive Profit, or Damage.

I forbear to ſpeak of the Arſenal of *Venice* which is one of the Wonders of the World; in regard I have already given a Deſcription of it to the Miniſters of the *Port* in one of my former Letters, which thou wilt find Regiſter'd.

Illuſtrious Scribe, I aim at Brevity in all my *Diſpatches*, that I may not weary out thy Patience: But ſometimes my Subject carries me beyond my Limits; otherwiſe I ſhould be forc'd to conclude ſome of my Letters in the midſt of a Relation, which in my Opinion looks like a Botch.

Therefore to avoid this *Soleciſm*, I muſt not cloſe up my *Diſpatch* till I have given thee an Account what Rites and Ceremonies are us'd in Electing the *Dukes* of *Venice*. Which take as follows:

The Day of Election being appointed, all the *Venetian Senators* that are Thirty Years of Age, meet together in the Palace, where the Gates being ſhut, an *Urn* or *Cheſt* is plac'd in the Middle of the *Aſſembly*. Into which are thrown as many little *Balls*, as there be *Senators*

nators present. These *Balls* are of Two Colours: For, Thirty of them are *Gilt*, the Rest are *White*. Every one of the *Senators* takes a *Ball* out of the *Urn*. Those who get the Thirty Gilt Ones are carried into another *Conclave*; whilst those who have the White Ones, remain in the same Place. In the Second *Conclave* is also plac'd an *Urn*, into which Thirty *Balls* are cast. Among which Nine are *Gilt*, the Rest *White*. Those who get the Nine Gilt ones, name Forty Men, who are call'd, *Electors of the First Election*. These Forty Men, throw into the Urn Forty Balls; of which Twelve are *Gilt*, the Rest *White*. Those who get the Twelve *Gilt Balls*, are call'd, *Electors of the Second Election*: For they name Five and Twenty other Men. These Five and Twenty, throw into the *Urn* Five and Twenty Balls, of which Nine are *Gilt*, and they who get them are call'd *Electors of the Third Election*. For these name One and Forty Men, in whose Power it is to Create a *Duke* or *Prince* of the *Republick*. And they do it after this manner:

They chuse from among themselves Three *Senators* more *Venerable* than the Rest, whom they call the *Chiefs of the Congregation*, and Two *Secretaries*. Then there remain Six and Thirty, who give in their Votes after this manner:

The Three *Chiefs* sit in so many Seats, more eminent than the Rest: Then the *Secretaries* call the Six and Thirty others in Order before them, where every one Throws

into

into a Box, in Presence of the *Chiefs*, a little piece of Wood, on which is written the Name of him whom he would have to be *Duke*. Then every one of the Six and Thirty, retires to his Place: Whilst the *Secretaries* read the Schedules before the *Chiefs*. And as many as they find there nam'd for *Dukes*, so many new Schedules do they make. These are thrown promiscuously into a *Cap*, or *Bonnet*; from whence after a shake or Two, to mingle 'em, they are drawn out, and laid in order on a Table. But before they draw 'em all out, the First Schedule is read; and he whose Name is written on it, is bid to go into the next *Conclave*. Then the *Chiefs of the Congregation*, as they're called, ask the Rest, If any Body there can object against the Election of this Man? For if they can, and he does not give a Satisfactory Answer, he is excluded from all Possibility of being *Duke*. But if he acquits himself well, he is acknowledged, and has the *Ducal* Crown put on his Head. The present *Duke* of *Venice* is the Hundred and ******* inclusively from *Paulutius Anafestus*, the First that ever had that Honour; being Elected in the City *Heraclea*, in the Year 697 of the Christians *Hejira*.

The *Venetians* are in all their Actions very Grave, using few Words, especially when they are at Table. If they are not so lively and inventive as some other People of *Italy*, yet they perform all Things with mature Deliberation and Judgment; which is the Cause,

That

That their Affairs for the most part succeed very happily.

The *Italians* have a Common *By-word* current among them; That the *Venetians* are *Magnificent, Crafty, and Discreet*; Those of *Verona, are studious and faithful*; Those of *Padua, light and fickle*; those of *Vicenza, revengeful*. Again they say, the *Venetians bring Mony*; *Treviso, Swords*; and *Brixia, Pioneers to the Wars*. And that the *Venetians are good Seamen*; the *Paduans, good Horsemen*; and those of *Bergamo, excellent at an Ambush*.

Of the *Women* they have another *Proverb*, That those of *Crema are fraudulent*; they of *Vicenza, constant*; they of *Venice, proud and insolent*; they of *Verona, gracious*; those of *Brixia, diligent*: Those of *Treviso, jealous*; and those of *Bergamo, crafty*. They say likewise, that *Bergamo has many Slanderers*; *Padua, many good Soldiers*; *Vicenza many Counts*; and *Brixia, many obdurate Misers*.

Courteous Minister, thou wilt bear, I hope, with my tediousness in discoursing of this Great *Republick*; Which cannot be handled in a few Words.

As to the Manner of their Government, it is admirably mild and gentle, wise and just, seeking Peace, but not refusing War, when they have a just Provocation. It is worthy of any Mans Consideration, how this *Commonwealth* has stood firm and unshaken for above Twelve Hundred Years, amidst so many Cruel Wars, and Potent Enemies; so that her Subjects, if they be compar'd with other,

may be ſaid to enjoy the Golden Age, ſince they live in continual Eaſe and Tranquility, encreaſing daily in Riches, Honours, and every kind of Proſperity.

This is to be aſcribed in the Firſt Place, to the moſt excellent Laws and Rules of Policy left them by Men of ſingular Prudence and Wiſdom, who had they lived in the Times of the Ancient Greeks, might well have been liſted among the moſt famous *Philoſophers* and *Law-givers*.

The *Duke*, in the Gravity of his Port, the Splendor of his Robes, and the Magnificence of his Palace, ſeems to exhibit the *Majeſty* of an *Emperour*. And yet he has no more Authority, than any one of the *Senators*, who created him. For, he has but one Vote in the *Senate*, as all the Nobles have. Only it lies upon him to give Audience to Foreign *Embaſſadors*, in the Name of the *Senate*. He can do nothing without the Conſent of the *Senate* either in Peace or War. The Senate firſt decrees, and he confirms their Edicts. Which are alſo publiſhed in his Name. It is lawful for him to go into all the Courts of *Juſtice*, and Publick *Tribunals*, where he may paſs his *Verdict* in any dubious Caſe, yet ſo as any of the *Senators* may contradict him if they pleaſe.

The Form of Government therefore in this *Republick* appears to be an *Ariſtocracy*, or the Government of a Few; not the Richeſt or the moſt Powerful, but the Wiſeſt and the Beſt, ſuch as by a long Series of Faithful Services,

have merited well of the Commonwealth.

These make up the *College* or *Council* of *Ten*, which being joyn'd with Fifteen others, and Six Counsellors, the *Duke* being President, has Power of Deliberating and Decreeing Things tending to the Safety of the Commonwealth; neither can these Decrees be repeal'd. This is properly the *Divan* or *Privy-Council*. There is besides this a *Council* or *Diet* of Two Hundred and Twenty Five Citizens, who are properly called *Senators*, and very much resemble those of *Ancient Rome*. For none are permitted to enter this *Senate*, but *Nobles*, or the Sons of such. They must also be above Five and Twenty Years of Age. The Third and last *Senate* consists of Two Thousand Five Hundred Men. But in regard a great part of these have some Offices and Honours abroad, there seldom meet above a Thousand Six Hundred, when the House is fullest.

These meet once every Week, that is, on the First Day, as also on some of their more solemn Festivals. Here *Magistrates* are created, and Publick Offices distributed with admirable Order. From hence are chosen the Two Hundred and Twenty Five, who make up the foregoing *Senate*, as being the most prudent, expert, and conversant in the Affairs of State. These decide all Controversies of greater Moment. As the Affairs of *Peace* and *War*, the Care of fortifying their *Cities* and *Castles*, of creating *Generals* and *Captains*, of sending *Embassies* to Foreign *Princes*

Princes: Here alſo are read all the Letters, *Diſpatches*, and *Expreſſes*, which are addreſs'd to the *Republick* from other Parts. In a word, whatſoever is of more material Conſideration, is handled in this *Senate*.

Impartial Effendi, thou wilt not condemn me as an *Infidel*, or an Enemy of the *Muſſulmans*, in that I repreſent to thee in its true Colours, the preſent State of *Venice*. If we ought to *give the Devil his due*, as the *Chriſtians* ſay, In *God's Name*, let us not rob Men of theirs, though they be our Enemies.

Magnificent and *Learned Hamet*, Adieu for this Time.

Paris, 4th. *of the* 11th. *Moon*, *of the Year* 1680.

LETTER VI.

To Osman Adrooneth, Astrologer in Ordinary *to the* Sultan.

THE Inhabitants of these *Western* Parts are in a great and general Consternation, at the Appearance of a *New Comet*, or *Blazing-Star*. It rises much about the Time the *Sun* Sets, and in the same *Quarter* of the *Heavens*. The Body of it looks no bigger than a *Star* of the First Magnitude, from whence springs a Pyramid of Light, extending it self to the Cusp of the *Mid-Heaven*, where its Cone seems to terminate.

The Superstitious call it *the Sword of God*, because of its Form, being not much unlike an *Old Two-edg'd Rapier*. I am sure it does not resemble a *Turkish Cymeter*, for those thou knowest are Oblique in their Figure, and this is Streight.

They are full of Melancholy Presages, and the *Astrologers* themselves give out, That this *Comet* portends dreadful Calamities to *Europe*, which may not discover themselves, perhaps these many Yeass; Nay they affirm, *That this Generation shall be quite extinct, before the Effects of this Tremendous Apparition shall seize on Earth.*

I have a great Veneration for the Science of the *Stars*, and even for *Judicial Astrology*, though

though I cannot pretend to any Skill in any of them. I have ſtudied them both till I was weary, being diſcouraged by the Difference of Mens Opinions, and the Uncertainty of their Concluſions in matters of ſo remote, ſublime, and myſterious a Nature. Beſides, I fainted under the Burden of ſuch vaſt Speculations, whilſt I found my ſelf ſtill wandring not only in the Blindneſs of my own proper Intellect, but alſo in the General Darkneſs of Human Reaſon.

I conſider'd the Birth-place of theſe *Sciences* which all will confeſs to be the *Eaſt*. And there I found the *Chaldæans* differing from the *Gymnoſophiſts* of *India*: Theſe again contradicting my Countrymen, the *Arabians*. To paſs from thence into *Africa*. I perceived the *Egyptians* were of one Sentiment, the *Ethiopians* of another, and the *Moors* of a Third. Neither could I diſcern any Agreement between the *Greeks* and *Romans*. As for the *Jews* they claſh'd with all.

Plato, *Proclus*, *Ariſtotle*, *Averroes*, and many other Sages, aſſert there are but *Eight Spheres*. Yet *Hermes Trismegiſtus*, with ſome of the *Perſian Magi* addeth a *Ninth*. So did *Azarchel* the *Moor*, and his Countryman *Tebith*. Of the ſame Opinion was *Albert* the Great. Whilſt there are ſome who tax theſe with making a *Decimation* in the Orbs, and taking a Tyth from *Heaven*; for they aſſert the Number of the Spheres to be Ten.

They not only thus differ from one another, but through that Inconſtancy which is inſeparable from the Minds of Mortals, they vary even from themſelves. One Day of one Opinion, the next of a contrary. So *Alphonſus* one while aſſerted *Nine Spheres*, and a few Years after retrench'd himſelf to *Eight*. This is a Vanity from which the greateſt and moſt Eminent Writers in the World have not been free. Indeed, this Mutability of Opinion is Natural to all Men. As if our Minds were ſubject to the Laws of Generation and Corruption, like our Bodies, or as if there were a continual Flux and Reflux of our Thoughts, as there is of our Corporeal *Atoms*.

Theſe Authors not only vary about the Number of the *Celeſtial Orbs*, but alſo concerning their Motion, eſpecially that of the *Eighth*, which is called the Sphere of the fixed Stars. For, the *Chaldæans* and *Egyptians* held, it had but one Motion, others affirm'd it had no more. The *Talmudiſts* aſſign it two, whilſt ſome modern *Aſtronomers* among the *Chriſtians* are more liberal, and allow it Three diſtinct Motions. One, of *Trepidation*, as they call it: And this is its own proper Courſe; which it performs, they ſay in *Seven Thouſand Years*. A Second of *Gyration*, which it derives from the *Ninth Sphere*, as one Wheel is rowl'd about by another. And this Circuit according to their Opinion is not finiſh'd in leſs than *Forty Nine Thouſand Years*. And if that be true, we muſt

not

not expect the Diſſolution of the World before that Term is expir'd. For it wou'd be Impious to Suppoſe, That the *Eternal Architect*, having made this Sphere for a Circuit of ſo long a Duration, wou'd ſtop it before its Race were fully run; much leſs in the midſt of its Carieer; or by that Time it had accompliſh'd a Sixth Part of its Revolution; as the *Jews* and *Chriſtians* believe. The Third Motion of this Sphere, is called *Rapid* and *Diurnal*; for which they ſay, 'tis obliged to the *Tenth Orb*, or *Primum Mobile*.

Then again they differ in the Meaſure of the Time they allow for the Motion of the *Fixed Stars*. One will have them to ſpend a Hundred Years in Travelling *One Degree*. Another brings them to this Station, in *Sixty Six Years*. A Third, in *Seventy Five*; a Fourth, in *Seventy Eight*. The *Jews*, in *Seventy*; the *Chriſtians*, in *Eighty*; whilſt the *Indians* go beyond them all; aſſerting that there are *Two Stars* in the *Eighth Sphere*, Diametrically oppoſite to each other; which do not ſupply each others Place in the *Zodiack*, in leſs than a *Hundred and Forty Four Thouſand Years*. They affirm alſo, that there are many Motions of the *Spheres* above; which are yet unknown to Mortals.

If this be ſo, there may be, for ought we know, other *Stars* and Bodies alſo, to which theſe Motions may agree, though we cannot diſcern either the one or the other, becauſe of the Superlative Vaſtneſs of the Height,

and the Imperfection of Human Art. Of this Opinion were *Alpetrag*, *Phavorinus* the Philosopher, and others.

By all that I have said, I do not pretend to instruct thee in Things whereof thou wert Ignorant. I know thee, by general Fame, and the Character of Men of Judgment, to be an Accomplish'd Master in this Mysterious Science. But I reflect thus on the Inconstancy and Doubtfulness of Mens Reason in these Matters, as an Introduction to the Liberty I will take, of telling thee once again my own Thoughts concerning Comets; which first suggested the Trouble I now give thee in this Letter, as I did once before, on the like Occasion.

Suffer me to be a little Prolix and Tedious; for these Speculations are Strong, and not handled with Ease; or in a few words, I wou'd fain see the *Astronomer* that has been in *Heaven*, and can give me an Account, what is the True Motion of the *Planet Mars*; or that has discovered the exact Ingress of the *Sun* into the *Equinoctial Points*. Let him also reveal to me the Nature of the *Galaxy*; and what Substances, or Qualities they are, which compose the *Milky Way*. These are Subjects which have puzzl'd all Antiquity: And the Wisest of these Modern Times, are as much to seek as their Fathers. O Fatal Darkness of this Mortal State! What Mists of Ignorance and Errour are our Minds envelop'd with? We are perpetually bewilder'd in a Labyrinth and Circle of *Scepticisms* and *Ambiguities*.

biguities. The *Sun* by Day diſcloſes to us the outward Features and Lineaments of theſe Lower Elements: The *Moon and Stars* are not backward to ſhew us the Face of the *Heavens* by Night: Unleſs ſometimes the Envious Spirits of the Air draw a Veil of thick black Clouds before the Lovely *Pichine*, and leave us all in Darkneſs. But Fate has hidden from us the Interiour Parts of *Heaven* and *Earth*, and all the other Beings in the Univerſe.

Among the Reſt, I cannot but conceive, we are ſtrangely miſtaken in the Nature of theſe *Comets*. For if they are only certain Heaps of Inflamable Matter, kindled in the Air by the Force of the *Sun-beams*, or by ſome other Influence of Nature, how come they to have ſo Regular and Diſtinct a Motion of their own? How come they to Riſe and Set at certain Hours every Day and Night, varying only as the Heavenly Bodies do, in appearing earlier or later, one Day than another, according to the Succeſſive Alteration of the Four Seaſons of the Year, that ſo they may paſs like them, through all the Signs of the *Zodiack*? If the *Earth* moves, and theſe *Comets* be in the Air, they muſt needs be carried round with the Motion of the Whole Vortex. But it is apparent to Human Sight, That they are not thus whirl'd round with the *Atmoſphere*, but have a diſtinct, and ſometimes a quite contrary Motion. They are *Statick*, *Direct*, and *Retrograde*, like the *Planets*; which is almoſt a

Demonſtration, That their Seat is in the *Heavens*; at leaſt above the Interſecting Orb of the *Moon*. And if ſo, I ſhou'd be glad to have an Account of their Generation and Original. For, the Subſtance of the *Heavens* being Immutable, and not Subject to any Change or Corruption, it is Impoſſible, That any *New Poſthumous Being* can be generated there. There may, I believe, in every Age, be diſcloſed and uncabineted, ſome Glittering Forms in the Heavens, which before lay hid, and lock'd up in the Treaſures of the moſt High. But they are as Old as the World it ſelf. That's my Creed. Let other Men think what they pleaſe.

If I could wonder at any Thing, it would be at the miſtaken Piety of thoſe, who to avoid the *Charybdis* of *Atheiſm*, which attributes all Things to *Nature* or *Chance*; fall into the *Scylla* of *Fanaticiſm* and *Religious Dotage*. Whilſt they vainly aſſert, that every New Alteration in the World, is an Effect of *God's Immediate Creative Power*. Not a Child is conceiv'd, but *God* then and there creates a *Soul* for it. Not a Plague, Fire, Peſtilence, or any other Common Calamity happens, but they muſt diſturb the Reſt of the *Eternal Deity*, and make him have a particular Chief Hand in the Conſpiracy. So of Comets, they preſage Tremendous Things, as if *God* had immediately created them, to warn this Lower World of ſome approaching Judgments. Whereas, according to the dictates of more Impartial *Reaſon*, they are the pro-

products of his first *Fiat*, when he made the *Universe*. Only he has reserv'd the Revelation of them, to certain Periods of Time. But, these sort of People Affront God really, for Fear of Affronting *him*. They injure his *Goodness*, to save his *Omnipotence*; and by a *Back-blow* they strike at both, in defence of his suppos'd *Arbitrary-Will*. *Let not my Soul sit down in their Cabal; nor my Mind listen to the Secrets of their Divinity.*

O Sage Osman! I believe that all things flow from *God* by an Emanation without Beginning, and Subsist on him by a Dependance which shall know no End. With him the Causes of all Fleeting and Decaying Things, have a permanent Stability. In him reside Immutable Springs, of whatsoever is subject to Change. In his *Eternal Essence* do live the Principles and Models of all Beings; but he is no daily Labourer. 'Tis a Grand Contempt of the *Divine Majesty*, thus to invade the Rest and *Sabbatism* of the *Most High*, who dwells for ever in Infinite and Eternal Solitude and Bliss: To make him the Drudge of his Creatures, who has Ten Thousand Thousand Myriads of Angels to Execute his Will.

Undoubtedly he has contriv'd the Universe with such Ineffable Art, That his whole Pleasure is perform'd by Second Causes. This Infinite *Machine* is full of Wheels, and has an Eternal Motion; whereof he is the Original Spring. If I may descend to so low a Comparison, observe but the Course of a

Miller's

Miller; when once he has turn'd the *Cog* of his Mill, he has no more to do, but ſtand ſtill and look on: The Work goes forward of it ſelf, without any more of his Labour, till he Stop it. So the Supreme Artiſt, when he had once ſet the *Primum Mobile* a going, had no more to do, but to enjoy himſelf in *Eternal Beatitude*.

It is an Indignity to the *Omnipotent God*, to ſay or think, he was not able to make a World as perfect as a Mortal Man can frame the Imagination of. Now I think 'tis very eaſie to conceive, That as a *Hand-Mill*, which continually requires the Attendance of ſome body to keep it in Motion, has leſs of Artifice in it, than a *Water*, or a *Wind-mill*, which go of themſelves: So a World, that muſt always have its Maker Slaving and Drudging, Toyling and Moyling at the Product of every Individual Generation and Corruption; of every New Event, or what appears to us to be ſo, is not ſo Excellent and Perfect, as one that can perform its own Task by the Neceſſary Force which one contiguous Atom has upon another; like Wheels upon Wheels.

To conclude all, Undoubtedly the Works of *God* are moſt perfect, and full of Wiſdom. He made all Things from Eternity, and they Obey his Law. He has appointed the Times and Seaſons of *Good* and *Evil*. The Symptoms whereof appear to Mankind in Various Manners: In *Dreams* and *Viſions* by Night; in *Ominous Accidents* by *Day*; in *Prophecies*, and *General Whiſpers*; in *Apparitions*, Spectres,

Stres, and *Monſtrous Forms*; in *Heaven*, and all the *Elements*: Finally, in *Comets*.

But, *Oh Learned Adrooneth!* Does it therefore follow, that theſe *Signs*, theſe *Apparitions*, theſe *Comets*, &c. are freſhly created for the ſake of Mankind? Are there not various Ends and Uſes of all Things? Are there not the Fixed *Stars*, and the Planets, according to their different Configurations and Aſpects, Signs of Good and Evil, as well as *Comets*; and are not the *Stars* as Old as the World? Why may not the *Comets* be ſo too, though they are revealed at certain Stated Periods of Time?

There's one Comprehenſive Reaſon for all, in that double *Query*; and I'll ſay no more to the *Sage Adrooneth*, for whom a Word is *Satis*.

I pray *Heaven* divert from thee the Influence of Evil *Stars*; and that whilſt thou Contemplateſt their Order, Motion, and Efficacy, thou may'ſt not tumble into a *Ditch*, as did *Anaximenes*, and *Thales* the *Mileſian*. *Aſtrologer* Adieu.

Paris, 9th. *of the* 2d. *Moon*,
of the Year 1681.

LETTER

LETTER VII.

To the Venerable Mufti.

THE *People* of *Rome* having aboliſhed the *Government* of *Kings*, transferr'd the *Sovereignty* on *Brutus* and *Collatinus*; the Champions of their Liberty, altering both their Right and Title: For they call'd them *Conſuls*, not *Kings*: And ordain'd that their Power ſhould laſt but a Year; which being expired, new ones were elected in their Stead. And the Reaſon why they had Two, was, that if one prov'd guilty of Evil-Adminiſtration, Injuſtice or Tyranny; The other having Equal Power might curb him, and rectify the publick Affairs. They were alſo call'd *Conſuls*; to put them in mind that they were to do nothing Arbitrarily, but in all Things of Importance, to Conſult their Fellow-Citizens.

So great was the Joy of the *Romans*, upon this Recovery of their Freedom; that they could ſcarce believe it was true. But as it uſually falls out in any ſurprizing Happineſs, all ſeem'd as a Dream. And ſo inveterate was their Averſion for *Kings*; that they expell'd *Collatinus* from the City, only becauſe he was Nephew to *Tarquin the Proud*; whoſe Name alſo he bore. *Valerius Publicola* was ſubſtituted in his Stead: A Man ſingularly

gularly devoted to the publick Good. He own'd himself the Creature of the People, and gave Power of Appealing from him to them. And, lest he might offend them by the Lofty Building of his House; which also standing on a Rock, seem'd strong as a Castle; he pull'd down the Upper Stories, and made it level with Ordinary Houses.

Brutus's Collegue, was no less studious, than he, to gain the Favour of the Citizens; even with the Destruction and Slaughter of his own Children. For, When he perceiv'd his Sons Conspiring to restore the Abrogated *Monarchy*, he brought them forth into the *Forum*, or *Market-place*; and having caus'd them to be scourg'd with Rods, he beheaded them: Thus demonstrating, That as a Parent of the People, he Adopted them in the Room of his Perfidious Children.

The *Romans* being from this Time made perfectly Free; first took up Arms in Defence of their New-gotten Liberty, against the Neighbouring *Kings*: Next, for the Bounds of their Dominions: Then for their Confederates: And last of all, for Glory and Empire: Being on every Side invaded and molested by the Adjacent People. For, they had no Territories within the Walls of their City: So that they were no sooner out of the Gates, but they were exposed to the *Toscans* and *Latines*; between whom the City was seated, as it were in the Middle. Therefore resolving to inlarge their Territories, they took one City and Province after another,

till

till at length they became Masters of all *Italy*.

Their First Expedition was against *Porsena, King* of the *Toscans*; who took the Field with a great Army; having the *Tarquins* along with him, whom he undertook to re-establish in the *Throne* of their *Fathers*. He made fierce and resolute Advances, possessing himself of the Hill *Janiculum*, and the Avenues of the City; where he besieged them close, and pressed them with Famin. Yet, the *Romans* sustain'd all with Admirable Bravery: And their stout Resistance had this Effect, that at length *Porsena*, when he had almost vanquish'd them, made a *League* of *Peace*. He was chiefly mov'd to this by those Prodigies and Miracles of *Roman* Fortitude; *Horatius Cocles*, *Mutius Scævola*, and *Clelia*. The First of which, when he was not able alone to keep off the unequal Throng of his Enemies, every where crowding on him; at length broke down the Bridge, and swam cross the *Tyber* with his Weapons in Hand. The Second attempting to kill *Porsena* in his own Camp; When by Mistake, he had instead of the *King*, stabb'd his *Vizir*, or *Secretary*; and for that Fact was seized: He thrust his Right Hand, that was guilty of the Error, into the Fire: Saying with a Menacing Voice, *Think not thy self the safer. O* King, *because thou hast escaped my Hand, since there yet remains Three Hundred* Romans, *who have all sworn to make the same Attempt. Porsena* trembled, and was astonish'd

nish'd at the Boldness of the Man; whilst *Mutius* stood still, undaunted, with his Hand broiling in the Fire, as a Demonstration of his invincible Constancy, and of the Truth of what he affirm'd: Thus did those Two Famous Men behave themselves. And as if a Glorious Envy had fermented the Vertue of the *Female* Sex: A certain *Noble* Virgin, call'd *Clelia*, who was given in Hostage to *King Porsena*, escap'd her Guards by Night; and mounting a Horse which she found in the Way, swam over the *Tyber* on him. *Porsena*, as if he were terrifyed at the Fortune and stupendous Resolution of the *Romans*; accorded them *Peace*: But the *Latins* would not let them rest so: For they also attempted to restore the *Tarquins*; not so much in Love to them, as out of Spight to the Inhabitants of *Rome*; being desirous to see that People, at least subjugated at Home, who Lorded it so Abroad. There was a Bloody Fight between 'em; and the Fame goes, That Two *Gods*, *Castor* and *Pollux*, were present on white Horses, as Spectators of the Combat. Wherefore, after the *Romans* had gotten the Victory, they built a *Temple* to these Warlike *Deities*; as a Stipend or Reward to their Champions. And thus far they fought for Liberty; which having successfully asserted and established, they were involv'd in Fresh Wars, about the Confines of their Dominion.

It would be too tedious to rehearse the various Battles and Encounters between them and the Neighbouring Nations; wherein at

last

laſt they always got the Victory, and extended the Limits of their Empire far and wide. Such alſo, and ſo prodigious were the Actions, Exploits and hardy Performances of this ſtout People, that when *King Pyrrhus* conſider'd it, he brake forth into this Exclamation: *How eaſie, were it*, ſaid he, *to obtain the Empire of the World, were* Pyrrhus *King of the* Romans; *or the* Romans *Soldiers to* Pyrrhus!

Yet as faſt as this Victorious People enlarg'd their Territories Abroad, ſo did their Seditions and Tumults encreaſe at Home; raiſed by the Ambition of ſome, and the Diſcontent of others; 'till at length they had entirely ſubdued all *Italy* to their Obdience: In which Enterprize they ſpent Five Hundred Years, before they brought it to Perfection.

Then, like a Fire which devours all the Wood it meets in its Way, till its Fury be ſtopp'd by the Intercourſe of ſome River; ſo the *Romans* ceas'd not to conquer to the very Shores of *Italy*. But, when they conſider'd *Sicily*, as a moſt Rich and plentiful Iſland; only rent, as it were, by ſome Injurious Stroke of Time, or Fate, or Chance, from their *Continent*; they reſolved to unite theſe again by Arms and War, which cou'd not be joyn'd together by Bridges, or Peers. And a very favourable Opportunity preſented it ſelf to them for this Purpoſe; whilſt the Confederated People of *Meſſina*, the Chief *Mart* of that *Iſland*, complain'd of the Tyranny practiſed by the *Carthaginians*.

&

At that Time *Rome* and *Carthage* were Æmulous of each other: Both equally Rivals for *Sicily*, and the *Empire* of the *World*. Therefore under a Mask of helping their Friends and Allies, the *Romans* betook themſelves to the Sea; but with Real Deſign to Enrich themſelves with Booty; and adding this Iſland to their *Empire*: Whilſt the *Carthaginians* appear'd like Open Enemies and Pyrates, without any Diſguiſe. Theſe having loſt their Fleets in various Conflicts, their Fate yielding to that of *Rome*, the *Romans* made *Sicily* a *Tributary Province*, and then reduc'd *Sardinia* and *Corſica*. Thus having expell'd the *Carthaginians* out of all the Iſlands of the *Mediterranean* Sea, there remain'd Nothing for them to Conquer on that Side, but *Africk* it ſelf: Where alſo they Landed, and took above Three Hundred Places of Strength, in a ſhort Time. Though they were ſtoutly oppos'd, not only by *Men*, but alſo by *Monſters*. For a certain Stupendous Great *Serpent*, a Hundred and Twenty Foot in Length, Annoyed their Camp very much, near the River *Bragada*; as if this Dreadful Beaſt had come into the World on purpoſe to be the Champion of its Native Country, and Defend or Revenge Oppreſſed *Africk*. But *Regulus*, whoſe Victorious Arms, neither Men, nor Monſters, nor Fate could hitherto reſiſt; made no Stop, till he came with his Army before the Walls of *Carthage* it ſelf, the Root of all this War. Here Fortune began to fall off from him, and prove

his

his Enemy: Yet ſo as only to give an Occaſion for the *Roman* Virtue to appear more Illuſtrious. For though by the Good Conduct of *Xantippus* the *Lacedemonian* General, Thirty Thouſand *Romans* were kill'd in one Fight, and *Regulus* himſelf taken Priſoner: Yet ſo great a Misfortune could not make him loſe himſelf, or ſink into any Paſſion beneath the Conſtancy and Fortitude of an Invincible *Hero*. The *Carthaginians* ſent him as their Embaſſadour to the *Senate* of *Rome*, to propoſe a *Peace*, and the Exchange of *Captives*. But he was of a contrary Sentiment, and diſſuaded the *Senators* from hearkening to any ſuch Overtures: Chuſing rather bravely to return to his Former Captivity, there to be Crucify'd; than be Inſtrumental in Word or Deed to the leaſt Diſhonour or Diſadvantage of his Country: So that though Vanquiſh'd, he yet ſeem'd to Triumph o'er his Conquerours. And his lamented Fate had this Influence on the *Romans*, that it made them proſecute the War with more Fierceneſs and Ardour, to Revenge the Blood of *Regulus*, than in Hopes of Conqueſt. So deep are the Impreſſions of Love, which a Good General Living, or Dead, makes in the Hearts of his Soldiers. Thus the War was renew'd again in *Sicily*, wherein the *Romans* came off Conquerours: And as an Evidence of the Greatneſs of their Victory, they ſhew'd an Hundred and Twenty Elephants taken from the Enemy in the Field. Which wou'd have been a Great Prey, had

they

they been taken in Hunting; but now serv'd only as a Trophy of a more Expensive Conquest. This Victory was obtain'd in the Consulship of *Metellus*: Which was follow'd by a Terrible Overthrow at Sea, in that of *Appius Claudius*: When the *Romans* seem'd not so much overcome by their Enemies, as by the Prophaneness of their *General*, or the *Divine* Vengeance. For he consulting the *Augurs* before he began the Engagement; Chickens were let out of their Coops, to observe the wish'd-for Tripudiation of the Corn they were to feed on. But when the *Oracular* Birds would not taste a Grain; the General disgusted at the *Fatal Omen*, Commanded them to be drown'd in the Sea: Saying with an Impious Jest: *Since they will not Eat, let them Drink their Fill.* In the same Place was the *Roman* Navy Sunk and Destroy'd.

There were many such Encounters as these between them, for the space of Four and Twenty Years and upwards; even till the *Consulship* of *Lutatius Catulus*; when the Enemy seem'd not to advance with a Fleet of Ships, well Mann'd and Rigg'd with all Necessaries; but all *Carthage* appear'd upon the Sea, with the Woods and Forests round about it. This prov'd its Ruin. For they were too heavy for Service: Whereas the *Roman* Navy was Light and Expeditious, like a Moving Camp in the Sea. In a Word, they fell upon the *Carthaginians* so furiously, and batter'd their Vessels with such Speed, That all the Sea between *Sardinia* and *Sicily*, was cover'd

cover'd with the Dismal Wrecks. And this Victory was so Great, That they had no farther Thoughts of Sailing to *Africk*, and Razing the Walls of their Enemies; that being counted Needless, since *Carthage* was now extinguished in the Sea.

After this War was finish'd, the *Romans* enjoy'd a Short Rest, as it were to Breath themselves. And as a Demonstration of *Peace*, the *Temple* of *Janus* was shut up, it having been constantly open before from the *Reign* of *Numa Pompilius*. And this Distinction was the Publick *Emblem* of *Peace* or *War*.

Thou wilt not have Patience to read their Wars with the *Ligurians*, *Gauls*, *Illyrians*, *Macedonians*, *Syrians*, *Germans*, *Spaniards*; and in Fine, with the most Potent Nation on Earth. 'Twill be as Irksome to be detain'd with a Rehearsal of their Domestick Seditions, and Changes of *Government*. Suffice it to say, That this People grew Worse by the Increase of their *Empire*: And after they had subverted *Carthage*, *Corinth*, *Numantia*, and other Famous Cities of *Europe*, *Asia*, and *Africk*: After they had subdu'd *Gaul*, *Thrace*, *Cilicia*, *Cappadocia*, *Armenia*, *Britain*, and many other most Rich and Opulent *Provinces* abroad; they began to make Wars among themselves; their Former Vertues turn'd into Vices: The Seditions, Conspiracies and Emulations of the *Triumvirs*, the *Tribunes*: Of *Catiline*, *Marius*, *Sylla*, *Antony*, *Pompey*, and a Thousand other Popular Commotions; help'd toward the Confusion

of this *Empire*; which seem'd to be the Support of all Things.

Most *Divine* of the *Successors* of the *Prophets*; This Vast *Empire*, is now become but as a shatter'd *Skeleton* of Ancient *Rome*: And most of the Exteriour Members, are fallen to the Share of the All-Conquering *Ottomans*. *God* perpetuate the Victories of *True Believers*; and yet grant, that their *Conquests*, may not out-last their *Virtues*.

Paris, 8th. *of the* 3d. *Moon*,
of the Year 1681.

LET-

LETTER VIII.

To Dgnet Oglou.

I Am as waggiſh as a *Janizary* that has newly receiv'd his *Aſpers*. There's more *Satyr* in me at this Time than there was in *Juvenal* and *Perſius*: And yet 'tis only the Dregs of what I've vented on ſome learned Bigots here in *Paris*, with whom I have been drinking theſe Two or Three Hours. I tell thee plainly; I put off the *Muſſulman* for a while, and took my Glaſſes *Frankly*, or like a *Nazarene*.

The Diſcourſe we were upon was *Aſtrology* and the *Nature* of *Comets*, &c. But God tumble me headlong into the Lap of *Tagot*, if ever I heard ſuch *Blockheads*, *Dunces*, *Fools*, *Sots*: I know not what to call them properly. *Zounds!* How can Human Reaſon be ſo debauch'd? How can Man become ſuch an Inſenſible Piece of Stuff, to think as they do? They made me Bluſh for Shame, or Anger: They made me ſorry that *I was a Man*; to be rank'd in the ſame Liſt with 'em. However, I ſuppreſs'd my boiling *Choler*; I bit my Lips and Nails, and did every thing that Patience cou'd ſuggeſt: (For I uſe to be a very Boon Companion in my Wine:) But at length, as 'tis the Fate of all Diſputers, we grew too hot: There was ſuch a Tempeſt of Words and Paſſionate

nate Expreſſions; that we cou'd hardly find a Grain of Senſe. At laſt we fell from Words to Blows; and I, though *Old* and *Crazy*, held up my Head as well as I cou'd.

Thou wilt believe, at this Age, I have no great Strength: But, I tell thee, my Courage is the ſame as when I was but Five and Twenty: I cannot flinch from provoking Dangers; and when I am thorowly inflam'd with Wrath, *Death* it ſelf appears to me in the ſame Figure which Painters give it; a *mere naked Skeleton*; which I have more Reaſon to pity, than fear: If I am afraid of any thing, it is, of breaking its Bones, and ſpoiling its Shape, in the Claſh of my Fury. So tender am I even of *Death* it ſelf; the Obdurate and Inexorable Deſtroyer of all Mankind.

One of the Company that was a *Prieſt*, and ſat right over-againſt me at the Table, threw his *Four-Corner'd Cap* at my Head, whilſt his next Neighbour check'd him for his Inſolence. But he was full of *Fat*, and empty of *Reaſon* or *Civility*: A great Hulking Fellow, that makes a Figure like the Statue of *Pont-Ginello*, at *Catanea* in *Sicily*; only he is a little Taller: But he has a ſwinging *Tun* of a *Carcaſe*.

After he had abus'd me thus; he ſwore, *if he had the Chalice of the Altar in his Hand, he'd do the ſame thing: Nay, if he had the conſecrated Wine in it, he would turn the Blood of Chriſt into Poyſon, as he cou'd turn Wine into Blood, to be reveng'd of me.*

There was, by good Chance, an *Armenian* or Two in the Company (not any of *Solyman's* Gang) who took him up upon his Menace. They challeng'd him severely to answer his Words before the *Arch-Bishop* of *Paris*: But the Cunning *Priest* had more Wit in his *Anger*. When he began to reflect on the bad Consequences of a *Summons*; he crouch'd, wheadl'd, and fawn'd like a *Spaniel*. So fearful are they of a *Spiritual Court*, which is almost as bad in *France*, as the *Inquisition* in *Spain*.

Then there was a Captain, an Old *Miles Emeritus*, a *Pensioner*, who having not drank such a Quantity of Wine many a Day, took my Part; because he sat on my Side of the Table (for he never saw me before in his Life Time, as I know of.) However, the *Old Gentleman* shew'd himself stout; and demonstrated that he wou'd stand a *Push for Souls*. But, there was no Body wou'd oppose him, save my self: And I did it in *Verbo Clerici*; not *Manu* or *Ense Militi*, *God* knows. I pray'd the *Good Old Man* to be pacifyed: I laid my Right Hand to my Breast, and heav'd both that and the other joyn'd, to *Heaven*. I invocated all the *Patriarchs* and *Prophets*; I bawl'd at the *Saints* and *Angels*; I summon'd *God Almighty* himself to appear in my Vindication. But nothing wou'd do, save right-down Fighting.

To it we went, Pell-Mel: The Fellows at the other Side of the Table were eager: Nothing

thing would ſatisfie them but Blood: Their *Rapiers* were drawn; and they were upon their *Paſs*. When I ſtarted up, and cri'd out aloud; *Gentlemen, 'tis the wrong Minute for you to fight in*; Mars *is in the* 8th. *Houſe, in Conjunction with* Saturn, *and in Quartile with the* Sun; *a very Malevolent Aſpect*: Upon this, they grew all madder than before. *Damn that Aſtrologer*, ſays one; *Curſe upon his Stomach*, ſays another; till at laſt they all fell foul upon *me*; only my *Side-Captain* ſtood up ſtifly for me. I did what became a Man; but 'tis to his *Bravery* I owe my Life. For, one of the Oppoſite Sparks, made a full *Paſs* at my Breaſt, which the *Noble Old Captain* parry'd, with a ſudden Shoot of his Arm athwart, and a Dexterity which I can never admire enough.

I, that had neither Sword, nor Skill in the Science of *Fencing*, thought it my Part to expoſe my Body between my ſeeming Friends and Enemies, ſince all the Occaſion of this Quarrel was on my Account, as an *Aſtrologer*. I leap'd upon the Table, and ſeiz'd upon the Sword of my Captains Antagoniſt. I ſmil'd upon him at the ſame Time, and convinc'd him that I was not in Anger. I twiſted it out of his Hands with a *complaiſant Violence*: And then the Strife was appeas'd. For, 'twas not he that began the Quarrel, any more than my Old Captain; but the *Prieſt* was wholly in the Fault; who, ſtraggling out of his *Sphere*, pretended to ſet up for an *Aſtrologer*; and

tell us Things that wou'd not ſquare with Reaſon.

My *Dgnet*, thou know'ſt me, and all my Inclinations: Thou art ſenſible, that I cannot ſtoop to the Magiſterial Dictates of Error, nor the Bold Impoſitions of Ignorance: Let 'em approach as near as they will to Truth on the Backſide, they are the further off from attaining it: And ſo let thou and I enjoy our ſelves in perfect Tranquility.

Paris, 19th *of the* 5th *Moon, of the Year* 1681.

LET-

LETTER IX.

To Hamet, Reis Effendi, Principal Secretary *of the* Ottoman Empire.

HAving in my laſt ſpoken of the preſent State of *Venice*; wherein I omitted Nothing that I thought worthy Obſervation: I ſhould now in Order touch upon *Candia* or *Crete*, the moſt conſiderable *Iſland* that the *Venetians*, not long ago, had under their Obedience. But ſince by the Fate of War, it is fallen into the Hands of the Victorious *Oſmans*; I will ſay but very little of it, and paſs to the other *Republicks* of *Europe*.

There is no Doubt, but ſince the *Conqueſt* of *Candia* by the *Muſſulmans*: The Imperial City abounds with Geographical Deſcriptions; Natural, Moral, and Political Obſervations on it. But, perhaps they are wanting in the Hiſtory of that Famous *Iſland*: In Regard the Books of the *Gentiles*, are not much Read by the *True Believers*. And 'tis from theſe only, we can Collect the Ancient Memoirs of the Nations, which were once in their own Poſſeſſion.

This *Iſland* was once call'd *Crete*, and ſaid to be the Nurſery of *Jupiter*, as alſo his *Sepulcher*. It obtain'd likewiſe the Title of *Hecatompoli*,

catempolis, because of the Hundred Cities that were in it. And some call'd it the *Island of the Archers*, in Regard the Inhabitants being taught from their Infancy to handle the *Scythian* Bow, grew so expert in that Exercise, that they surpass'd all other Nations.

The *Lacedemonians*, *Athenians*, and other Renowned *Commonwealths* of *Greece*, receiv'd their Laws from Men Born in this *Island*, as *Plato* and *Pliny* testifie. And yet *Epimenides*, one of their own Poets, gives them a bad Character, when he says, Κρῆτες ἀεὶ ψεῦσται, κακὰ θηρία, γάστερες ἀργαί.

They were much addicted also to all kinds of Sorcery and Enchantments. A Fraudulent Race of People, Covetous, Greedy, Idle, and Ignorant of ingenious Arts and Sciences.

Yet notwithstanding this, they were so powerful of Old, That they could, as with a Bridle, Curb all *Greece*. During the Reign of one of their Kings, whose Name was *Cydon*, came up the Use of *Pyrrhick* Measures; which the Youth being Arm'd *Cap-a-Pe*, danc'd with great Labour and Sweat. And the Inhabitants have all along been so tenacious of this Custom, That it is observ'd to this Day among the *Rustick Candiots*, on their Holy-days. For at such Times, the *Youth* of the *Island* meet together, Arm'd with a Bow in one Hand, and a Naked Sword in the other, with a Quiver of Arrows hanging at their Backs. And thus they will Dance indefatigably in the Heat of Summer, even at Noon-day; when the Sun scorches all Things with Insupportable Fervors. In

In Proceſs of Time, this *Iſland* became ſubject to the *Grecian Empire*: And as ſuch, fell into the Hands of *Baldwin*, *Count* of *Flanders* and *Emperour* of *Conſtantinople*: Who gave it to the *Marquis* of *Montferrat*; by whom it was ſold to the *Venetians* in the Year 1194, for an Incredible Sum of Mony. And that *Republick* has held it ever ſince, till it was lately taken from them by the *Invincible Ottomans*.

It is worth Remark; That *Candia*, the Chief City of this Iſle (call'd *Caſtro* and *Candax*, by the *Greeks*) is a Place of that prodigious Strength, that it ſuſtain'd a Blockade of 22 Years; from 1645 to 1667: And after that, a Siege of 2 Years; from 1667 to 1669: In which Space of Time, 'tis thought, 600000 *Muſſulmans* loſt their Lives before it.

The next *Republick*, in Order, is that of *Genoua*; a City whoſe *Power* and *Empire* was far greater in former Times, than it is at preſent. For, they extended their *Dominions* even to the *Black Sea*; where *Tanais* that parts *Europe* from *Aſia*, pours her Waters into the *Palus Mæotis*. Here they poſſeſs'd the City *Theodoſia*, or *Caffa*; as 'tis called at this Day. They alſo made themſelves Maſters of *Cyprus*, *Lesbos*, *Chios*; with other *Iſlands* in the *Archipelago*; and even of *Pera* it ſelf, that Magnificent Adjunct to the *Imperial City*.

Yet, from the Beginning, they were Feudatories of the *Roman Empire*, till the Year

600 of the *Christians Hejira*. For then *Lotharis* King of the *Lombards*, took the City by Force, and plunder'd it. But when after some Years it had recover'd its Pristine Glory again; *Charles* I. and his Son *Pepin*, Kings of *Italy*, and their Successors the Kings of *France*, bore Rule there for almost a Hundred Years, placing Governours in the City, who bore the Title of Counts of *Genoa*. And when afterwards the *Saracens* had subdu'd *Corsica*; *Ademarus*, then Count of *Genoa*, Arm'd out a Fleet of Galleys, invaded the *Island*; and having defeated the *True Believers*, took Possession of it, and reduc'd it under the Jurisdiction of *Genoua*; whose *Power* at this Time, was very great by Sea.

After the *Dominion* of *Charles* the *Great*, his Posterity was by degrees so diminish'd, that at length it became in a manner quite Extinct; the more Potent among the Citizens took Turns to Usurp the *Government*, and exercise a Tyranny over the Inhabitants: Which so exasperated them, that they often submitted themselves to *Foreign Princes*. But finding still as great Inconveniences in this Dependance on Strangers; at last, following the Example of the *Venetians*, they chose to themselves a *Duke*, in the Year 1337. of the Christians *Hejira*. Him they sent with a Fleet to Conquer *Cyprus*: Which he accomplish'd with good Success. For, having taken the *King* and *Queen* of the Country Captives, he imprison'd them, till they agreed with him for a Yearly Tribute to be paid to the *Republick* of

of *Genoua*; and then he reſtored them to their Native Poſſeſſion; reſerving only *Famagusta*, the Chief City of the *Iſland*, to himſelf.

He enter'd alſo into a War with the *Venetians*; but being overcome in Battel, at his Return, he was Depos'd from the *Ducal* Office, and thrown into Priſon; another being Choſen in his Place. This was more Fortunate than his Predeceſſor, againſt the Enemy; doing them many Injuries; but at length, was kill'd in Battel.

Then the *Genoueſe* Elected another *Duke*; who going to *Conſtantinople*, perform'd ſuch Eminent Services to the *Emperour* in his Wars, that he gave him the *Iſland Mitylene*; which the *Genoueſe* held till the Year 1354.

After this, they Created one to Rule over them under the Title of *Prince*, in the Year 1381. But not liking his Government, they threw themſelves upon the Protection of *Charles* VII. *King* of *France*; who ſent thither his *Deputy*. Being ſoon weary of the *French Government*, they joyn'd themſelves to the [illegible] of *Milan*; under whoſe Patronage they liv'd, till the Year 1435. and then Abdicating him, they Created a *Duke* of their own again. This rais'd Factions in the City; whilſt ſome adher'd to the *French* Intereſt, and others eſpous'd the *Duke* of *Milan*'s Cauſe: At laſt they fell again under the Power of the *French*; whom they obey'd, till *Andreas D'Oria* having queſh'd the Seditions, and pacify'd the Contentions of the *Freggi* and *Torni*; Two

prevailing Factions in the City, one consisting of the *Nobles*, the other of the *Commons*. He Eſtabliſh'd that Liberty in the *Commonwealth* of *Genoua*, which ſhe has enjoy'd ever ſince, till of late ſome new Troubles have been given 'em by the Kings of *France* and *Spain*.

As to the Original of the *Genoueſe*, it is uncertain. *Strabo*, and others are of Opinion That this Nation deſcended from the *Greeks*. Whilſt *Thucydides* derives them from the *Sicilians*. They were call'd *Ligurians* by the People of *Rome*. And *Florus* mentions a certain Race of *Ligurians*, who dwelt in the Dens and Caves of Mountains, being a very Fierce and Warlike People.

But now adays, the *Genoueſe* are a very Polite and Civiliz'd People; of a Lively and Subtile Wit, eſpecially in Merchandizing, by which they greatly enrich themſelves. They are alſo exceeding Induſtrious, ſhunning no Labour or Danger for the Sake of Gain. They appear Studious of thoſe Things which tend to the Good of the *Commonwealth*; yet are extremely Fickle and Inconſtant, given to Faction, and deſirous of Novelty: As is manifeſt by what I have before related of them. Which occaſioned a certain *King* of *France*, when one of his *Lords* told him, That the *Genoueſe were about to throw themſelves on his Patronage*, Anſwer, not without ſome Indignation, That *they might go to the Devil for Protection; for I*, ſays he,

have nothing to do with Men, who are more unstedfast than the Waves of the Sea.

This Inconstancy never appear'd more plainly, than in the late Conspiracy of *Raggi* and *Torne*; which had like to have proved of Fatal Consequence. As to *Vachero* and *Balbi*, they were like the Dog in *Æsop*'s Fables; who lost the Bone, to catch at its Shadow in the Water: So these Sea-*Myrmidons*, were not content with the Strong Party which they had made in the City, but must needs go to Corrupt the Navy too; which ruin'd all their Design: For the *Plot* was discovered by one of the Sea-Captains. This *Commonwealth* has been afflicted with many *Wars* and *Plagues*: But none of either Sort ever threatned it with so much Desolation, as the Last: The One having almost exhausted their *Treasury*; and the Other as near emptied the City of its Inhabitants. As for the First Misfortune, the Scarcity of Mony, they knew quickly how to remedy it; being perfect *Chymists*, and Masters of the *Philosopher's* Stone, if there be any such Thing in Nature. But whether there be or not, this is certain, That the *Genoueſe* are Old *Doctors* at garbling, transmuting, and adulterating of Metals. And the *Ottoman Empire* has experienc'd it; to the great Damage of our Merchants at *Constantinople*, *Smyrna*, *Aleppo*, and other Ports, where the *Genoueſe* did put off their Base Coyn, to the Value of some Millions. But this Cheat may cost them dear one time or other.

The

The *Genoueſe* appear at preſent more Inclinable to Merchandiſe than to War. However, it muſt be confeſs'd, that this Commonwealth has brought forth Valiant and Expert Soldiers; as is evident from the Families of the *Doria's*, *Spinola's*, and others, who have prov'd Famous *Generals*, and *Leaders* of *Armies* in ſeveral Parts of *Europe*.

Of ſuch as theſe has *Genoua* more Cauſe to boaſt, than of any Strong Forts, Caſtles, or fenced Cities within her *Dominions* in *Italy*. Nay, the Chief City, *Genoua* it ſelf, truſts more in the *King* of *Spain's* Protection, than in her own Strength. *That Monarch* is indebted to the *Genoueſe*-Merchants Eighteen Millions of Gold, beſides the Intereſt of * * * * Years. For this Bill was given in to him in the Year 1600. of the *Chriſtians Hejira*. By this thou may'ſt gueſs at the Riches of this *Commonwealth*.

As to the Manner of their *Government*, it differs not much from that of *Venice*: The *Supreme Power* being in the Hands of the *Senate*, who Elect a *Duke* every Two Years by Lot, out of Four Men who are propos'd as worthy of that High Office. No Man can propoſe any Thing to the *Senate*, but the *Duke* himſelf: Who lives in a Publick Palace, during the Two Years of his Government; and has a Guard of Five Hundred *Germans* about his Houſe and Perſon.

It wou'd be Superfluous to trouble thee with an Account of their *Judicial Courts*, the Manner of Electing the *Senators*, and other Publick Magistrates; with the rest of their peculiar Politicks. Besides, I believe thou art almost cloy'd with the Length of this Letter. Wherefore begging thee to put the best Construction on my Endeavours, I bid thee Adieu.

Paris, 17th. *of the* 8th. *Moon, of the Year* 1681.

LET-

LETTER X.

To Dgnet Oglou.

I Formerly ſent a Letter to the *Sage Oſman Odroneth*, *Aſtrologer* in Ordinary to the *Grand Signior*; Wherein I inform'd him of a *Comet* or *Blazing-Star*, which then newly appear'd in the *Heavens*. I took an Occaſion in that *Diſpatch*, to venture my Thoughts concerning the Nature of theſe Amazing *Phænomena*, which ſo aſtoniſh the Minds of Mortals, and puzzle the Ableſt *Philoſophers* to diſcover the *Origin*. From this Diſcourſe, I paſt inſenſibly into a more General One, concerning the *Stars*. I ſaid what I thought was proper to One of his Profeſſion; being unwilling to offend by too much Boldneſs, a Man eſteem'd the Moſt Learned and Accompliſhed in that Science, of this *Age*. For, though I give little Credit to *Judicial Aſtrology*, as 'tis practis'd now a-Days; yet it would have been an Incivility to expreſs ſo much to one that lives by it; and who, for his Eminent Skill therein, is honour'd with the *Grand Signior*'s Friendſhip, and a Noble Penſion. But, with thee, I will take the more Freedom; in Reſpect of that intimate Familiarity that has been always between us.

That

That the *Heavenly Bodies* have an Influx on this Lower World; is an Article, the General Senſe of all Mankind gives Teſtimony to; whilſt every Morning we rejoyce to ſee that *Glorious Orb* of *Light*, the *Sun*, imprint the *Eaſtern Skies* and Clouds, with his Refreſhing Rays; he gilds the Frontiers of the *Horizon*, and decks the Tops of Mountains with a chearful Brightneſs. The *Earth*, the *Air* and *Seas*, participate of the Vertue of his Beams: 'Tis *He* gives Life to Plants and Animals: *He* renovates the Elements, and every Sublunary Being.

So, when he takes his *Congé* every Evening of our *Hemiſphere*; he ſtill affords us Light, though *but at Second-Hand*: Whilſt he in Perſon, makes his Progreſs to the *Weſtern* Continent, to chear and recreate by his Preſence, the Remote and Solitary Borders of *America*; Fair *Cynthia* is his *Proxy* here, attended on by other *Planets*, waiting in their Turns, and a whole *Hemiſphere of Fixed Stars*.

Theſe ſhine by *Night*, for other Ends, no doubt, than meerly to light the Shepherds as they watch their harmleſs Flocks; or ſerve as *Flambeaux* to the wandring Traveller: Yet this is comfortable in our Elementary Darkneſs. The *Mariner* rejoyces, when in the Mighty Waſte of unknown Seas, he makes a Lottery of his Fortune, and truſts his *Soul* and *Body* to a rotten Skiff; where Slavery and Freedom, Life and Death are equal Chances. When he ſtruggles with

Impetuous

Impetuous Winds, and Boisterous Waves, threatn'd on all Hands by the *Bedlam Fury* of the Sea: I say, he's glad at such a Time, to have the Light his Friend, though it be but the faint Glimmering of the Stars; that he may see the Perils that encompass him, and use the properest Means to avoid them. How is his Heart reviv'd, if in the dreadful Storm, he spies but one poor Chink or Cranny in the Close Gloomy Clouds, through which the *Azure Sky* can shew it self? And then some Prosperous *Constellation* to appear amidst that *Checquer-Work* of this Low *Orb*, and those Above; makes him take Courage and defy the Powers of *Æolus* and *Neptune*: He challenges the *Rocks* and *Sands* to hurt him; and mocks the Fatal Apparitions of *Castor* and *Pollux*.

Yet these and many more Inferiour Uses, were not all for which the Stars were made. They have besides, undoubtedly, some Dominion, Influence and Power on Earth; and all the *Beings* dwelling on it. Wherever they cast their Rays, there's some Material Emanation felt; An Efflux full of hidden Magick. They dart on Men and other Animals; on Plants and other Minerals; on every Thing that is Compounded of the Elements, and does reside within the *Sphere of their Activity*: Each darts, I say, its own Peculiar Force and Vertue. 'Tis probable, that every Nation, Tribe and Family, each Climate, Province, Spot and Corner of the Earth, have their Particular *Stars*. So have

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the different *Species* of all Sublunary Things, and every Individual Being. But how to determine their Influence particularly, by *Divination*, by Calculating *Nativities*, erecting *Horoſcopes*, and other *Schemes* of *Aſtrology*; to foretell Things to come; to avoid Prognoſticated Evils; and engroſs all happy Events; to predict other Mens Fates, whilſt we are ignorant of our own, &c. is a thing which appears to me beyond the Power of Human Reaſon, and a Science built on Sand.

For, who has numbred the *Stars*, or viſited the Places of their different Situation? Who has underſtood their various Qualities, Engagements, Aſteriſms, and Obligation? their Tyes to one another, and their Obedience to the Laws of the Univerſe? O that Mortal Man ſhou'd preſume to dive thus far; even, into the *Heavenly Arcana*, the *Cabinet-Secrets* of *God Almighty!* Will he be Wiſer than *Ptolomy*, *Caſſander*, *Endoxus*, *Archelaus*, *Hoychilax*, *Halicarnaſſeus* and many others, moſt expert *Mathematicians*, and Men of a profound Judgment; who have confeſs'd, that after all their Search in this *Science*, they find it impoſſible to make any certain Concluſion from the Configurations Above; in Regard of the Innumerable Multiplicity of Cauſes co-operating with them, to which we are wholly Strangers: beſides thoſe things which oppoſe or favour the Influence of the *Stars* among our ſelves, and with which we are very familiar; as

the

the Force of Blood, Cuſtoms, Traditions, Manners, Education, Prejudice, Prepoſſeſſion, Place and Time; Empire and Subjection; Diet and Diſcipline: Finally, the Freedom of Mind, or its Servitude. All which, they ſay, the *Stars* cannot compel, but only diſpoſe and incline.

Moreover, they who have preſcribed the Rules of *Judicial Aſtrology*, differ ſo extremely in one and the ſame Subject; That there is no Encouragement for a Thinking Man, to hope ever to make a True Judgment by their Rules, unleſs he be Divinely inſpir'd within, and have a certain Natural Inſtinct which ſuggeſts to him the Knowledg of *Future Things*. Or, he is poſſeſs'd by ſome Preſaging *Dæmon*; whoſe Whiſpers direct him what Judgment to chooſe, among the many that may be made upon the Sight of a *Scheme*, according to the Variety of Rules that have been given. And this is the Opinion of the *Learned Hali*, my Countryman, who has had many Followers: So that after all, this boaſted *Science* will rather deſerve the Name of *Sortilogy*, than *Aſtrology*; whilſt all its Dictates depend on pure Conjecture, or the *Extempore* Affections of the *Mind*; or which is worſt of all, on the *Afflatus* of Buſy, Intereſted Spirits, *Genii*, or *Dæmons* of the Air, who have ſome Deſign of their own to purſue, and make Men their Tools to execute it.

Undoubtedly, they both deceive others, and are deceiv'd themſelves; who practiſe this

this Vain Art, *for the Sake of Filthy Lucre.* For, if there was any thing of Truth in it; how came they to fail ſo often, and ſo egregiouſly in their Predictions? Or, why do they always couch their *Prognoſtications* in ſuch Ambiguous Terms; that like the *Delphick Oracle*, may be taken in which Senſe you pleaſe, and applyed to any Nation, Prince, Time, or Perſon; as the *Aſtrologer* ſhall pleaſe to comment, after ſomething of what he has ſaid at random may have happen'd? For from that infinite Variety of *Stars* and *Aſpects*, it is very eaſie for a Bold *Sophiſter* in this *Art*, to cull out ſuch for his Turn, as ſhall be proper to convince Ignorant People, that he was in the Right when he promis'd them Long Life, Health, Honours, Riches, Children, Friends, Power, Victory, the Enjoyment of their Loves, and ſuch like; or threatned the quite contrary; even juſt as they fall out. But, if at any Time they were catch'd in an apparent Falſhood, then they either complement a Man into a good Opinion of them, by telling him, *A Wiſe Man has Dominion over the Stars*; or they inſult over him by a Thouſand Contempts of *his ſuppos'd Folly*; which, they ſay, *reſiſted the Influence of the Stars, and hinder'd their good Effect.* Yet, theſe Sort of People are in Chiefeſt Requeſt among the Princes and Potentates of the Earth; eſpecially in the *Eaſt*, where there's nothing to be done either in Peace or War, without firſt conſulting the

Aſtrolo-

Astrologer. Though really there is not a more *unprofitable*, not to say a more *pestilent* Race *of Men in a Commonwealth*.

Cornelius Tacitus, a grave Author, complain'd of 'em in Old Time: So did *Varro*, with other Sincere *Writers*. And it was a Custom in *Alexandria* formerly, for *Astrologers* to pay a certain Tribute, which they call'd *Fools-pence*, because it was taken from the Gain which the *Astrologers* made by their own Ingenious Folly, and the Credulous Dotage of their Admirers.

My Dguet, if our Lives and Fortunes depend upon the *Stars*, what Reason have we to be afraid of any Thing? Why are we solicitous, and full of Needless Cares? Let us leave all Things to *God*: And the *Heavens*, which cannot err, nor transgress the *Decrees of Fate*; will be our Guarantees till Death. But if our Lives and Fortunes are altogether Independent of the *Celestial* Bodies, let us bid *good-Night* to *Astrology*, as the Vainest *Ape*, or *Mimick* of a *Science*, that ever Buffoon'd the World.

'Twas said of Old by the *Sages* of *Chaldea*, *That God had committed the Disposal of Days to* Moses, *and of Hours to* Jesus *the Son of* Mary; but, *That he had reserv'd the Moments to himself, and his last Favourite*. Let us therefore every Minute of our Lives wait on him, *the Father of all things*, with an entire Resignation.

But, there is a sort of *Puny-Spirited Men*, so timorous and void of True Faith, That they

they will rather believe any Thing, though the most Incongruous Fictions of *Hobgoblins*, *Ghosts*, &c. than the Dictates of Solid Reason. They tremble at the Report of Things which have no Existence in Nature; and whose very *Idea* is full of Impossibilities and Contradictions. Yet they will stand the *Brunt* of Truth with Brazen Foreheads, and resist the Dint of Rational Arguments, like so many *Colossus's*. Hence it comes to pass, That whereas one Lie is apt to take away the Reputation of any *Honest Man*, so that he shall not be believ'd when he speaks true; On the contrary here in our Case, if an *Astrologer* in his *Random-Predictions*, by mere Chance hits upon remarkable Truth, it procures him Credit for all the Lies that ever he has, or can be guilty of. Impertinent and prepostrous sort of Fellows; who, whilst they pretend to know, and foretel Future Things, are ignorant of that which is Past, or Present; and when they are impudently asserting their Familiarity with the *Houses* of the *Twelve Signs* in the *Zodiack*, know not what is done in their own Homes, and Beds: As this *Epigram* says:

Astra tibi cæterea pandunt sese omnia Vati;
Omnibus & quæ sint Fata futura monent.
Omnibus at Uxor, quid se tua publicat, id ve
Astra, licet videant Omnia, nulla monent.

But

But that which appears most strange is, That they ascribe the very Gift of *Prophesy* to the *Stars*; also the *Origin* of *Religions*, the Secrets of *Conscience*, the Power of *working Miracles*, and *Casting out Devils*; the *Efficacy of Prayers*, and even our *Immortal Happiness or Misery after this Life*. Thus they assert, That when *Gemini* is the *Ascendant*, and in Conjunction with *Saturn* and *Mercury* under *Aquarius*, in the *Ninth House*, a *Prophet is Born at that Time*. And therefore *Jesus* the *Messias* was endu'd with so many Matchless Gifts and Abilities, because he had *Saturn* in his *Configuration* with *Gemini*.

Thus they distribute the Various *Sects* of *Religion* that are on Earth, into their distinct *Classes*, according to the different *Asterisms* Above; *Jupiter* being suppos'd the General Patron of all Religion. Upon this Ground, they ascribe the Religion of the *Jews* to *Jupiter* and *Saturn*; of the *Chaldeans*, to *Jupiter* and *Mars*; of the *Egyptians*, to *Jupiter* and the *Sun*; of the *Arabians*, to *Jupiter* and *Venus*; of the *Christians*, to *Jupiter* and *Mercury*: And that *Religion* or *Irreligion* of *Antichrist*, which is to come, they ascribe to *Jupiter* and the *Moon*. They say also, *that Moyses prescrib'd the Observation of the Sabbath, from Astrological Grounds; it being dedicated to Saturn*. They ascribe the Deluge to the Influence of the *Stars*; and the Law given on *Mount Sinai*, is in their Divinity owing to the same Original. They attribute the Conception of *Jesus the Son of Mary*,

to

to *Venus*; and his ſuppoſed *Death* to *Mars*. They affirm, that the *Meſſias* himſelf was the greateſt *Aſtrologer* of his Time: That he made a particular Choice of *Hours*, wherein to work his Miracles, and to paſs through the Streets of *Jeruſalem*, without receiving Damage from the *Jews*. Which made him once ſay to his Diſciples, *Are there not Twelve Hours in a Day?* when they warn'd him not to go into the City on ſuch a Day for fear of the People.

They add, That whoſoever has *Mars* happily plac'd in the *Ninth Houſe*, at his *Nativity*, ſhall have Power to Expel *Dæmons* from the poſſeſs'd; And whoſoever has the *Moon* with *Jupiter* in Conjunction with the *Dragons Head*, in the *Zenith*, and ſhall pray to *God*, whatſoever he deſires ſhall be granted: And that *Immortal Felicity* depends on *Jupiter* and *Saturn*, if they be happily poſited in *Leo*. For, whoſoever has this Configuration, his *Soul* after Death being freed from Infinite Streights and Perils, ſhall aſcend to its Original and Native Seat, the Region of Endleſs Liberty and Bliſs.

All this may be true, for ought I know; but till I have a Demonſtration for it, I ſhall deſire to ſuſpend my Belief. In the mean while, this is my Faith, *That all Things depend on Everlaſting Deſtiny*. Whether the *Stars* be Inſtruments in Executing the *Eternal Decrees* or no, it matters not much. *All ſublunary Beings muſt obey the Law that cannot be revoked.*

Then

Then ſuffer not thy ſelf, *Dear Friend*, to be diſmay'd, or over-anxious at any Thing that happens in this Mortal Life: But practiſe that *Ode* of *Horace*,

Æquam memento rebus in arduis
Servare Mentem: non ſecus in bonis
Ab inſolenti temperatam
Lætitia, Moriture, &c.

Finally, *My Dgnet*, be mov'd at Nothing. Adieu.

Paris, 5th. *of the* 11th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1681.

LET-

LETTER XI.

To Ibro Kalphaſer, Effendi, *a Man of* Letters *at* Conſtantinople.

I Congratulate the Honour thou haſt, in being made *Superviſor* of that Noble Work; *an Univerſal Hiſtory of the World.* I wiſh thee and the other Undertakers, a Whole *Hegyra* of *Happineſs*; whoſe Date may commence with the Finiſhing this Illuſtrious Volume.

The *Muftı* has ordered me to addreſs to thee ſuch farther Inſtructions as are neceſſary to render the Hiſtory complete; that nothing either of Subſtance or Ornament may be wanting.

I formerly ſent that *Patriarch of the Faithful*, a *Scheme*, or *Model* of the Whole Work, which I drew up in the Beſt Manner I cou'd for the Time that was allowed me. Now I ſend thee one more ample and correct; 'tis inclos'd in the Box which comes with this: Wherein thou wilt alſo find a large Catalogue of *Hiſtorians*; containing almoſt all that have written the Affairs of Kingdoms and Empires, ſince the Beginning of the World; With their particular Characters; that thou mayſt diſtinguiſh ſuch as are worthy of Credit, from the Authors of Figments. Neither art thou to wonder, that I

have in these Papers, given thee Cautions how to use, even some of those whom we esteem of greatest Integrity and Reputation. For, though they scorned to broach Fables, or transmit Romances to Posterity; yet they were Flesh and Blood as well as other Men; and many times their Interest or Passions byas'd their Judgment, and drew their Pens into Cabal with a Party. Thus *Herodotus* himself, though otherwise a Man of approv'd Veracity; yet, when he relates the Wars of the *Athenians*, appears too partial to his darling Country-Men; and lets those Passages escape his Pen in their Favour, which are contradicted by *Plutarch* and other more disinteressed Writers, and for which he is particularly reproached by *Plutarch*, in a Treatise of his, entituled [*Of the Malice of* Herodotus.]

Therefore, in Cases of this Nature, thou art not to confide wholly in any one Author, whom thou hast Reason to suspect guilty of Fiction in History; or supinely pass thy Sentiments into those of another, without examining whether his Relations be true or false: But having so great a Throng of Testimonies, reserve the last Appeal to thy self, and let thy own Judgment be the *Tribunal*, where every ones Sentence is finally determin'd.

Thus much may serve for a Direction, as to the Matter of the History. What concerns the several Periods of Time, wherein Things were done; Authors cannot with such

ſuch Reaſon, be ſuppos'd deſignedly Faulty, as miſtaken in their *Chronology*; and thoſe chiefly, who wrote in later Times; and ſeem only to have collected and tranſcribed out of others, what was for their Turn. And, thou wilt have Reaſon, to be particularly circumſpect, in what thou takeſt on the Credit of *Diodorus Siculus*, *Pliny*, *Paterculus*, and ſome others; who ſeem to have been too Precipitate in fixing the Terms and Periods of Time, requiſite to the Illuſtrating their Hiſtories, without making a due Compariſon of the ſeveral *Epocha's* in Uſe among the Precedent *Hiſtorians*; from whom they borrow their Light.

In Order therefore, to the rendring this *Univerſal Hiſtory*, the moſt correct and free from Error of any yet extant; to the Eternal Honour of the *Muſſulmans*, and Advantage of all Mankind: It will be neceſſary for thee to have a Right Notion of all the different *Hegyra's* or Computation of Years, us'd by divers Nations, from the Firſt Invention of Records to this Day. Theſe I have nam'd in ſhort, at the Tops of the Columes to which they belong, in the Scheme I have ſent in the Box. Now I will explain their Meaning to thee, and ſhew which are of moſt Import in this Work, and which not.

To begin then with that *Æra* which is commonly taken for a *Series* of the Years of the World, or a Computation from the ſuppos'd Origin of Time: Thou oughteſt to

obſerve, that this is moſt diſputable and uncertain of all other *Epocha's*, in Regard it is impoſſible to adjuſt the different Accounts of the *Jews*, *Greeians*, *Romans*, *Ægyptians*, *Arabians*, *Perſians*, and other Nations; not to mention the almoſt *Eternal Chronologies* of the *Chineſes* and *Indians*, which extend many Millions of Years beyond the ſuppos'd Time of the World's Creation.

Wiſhing thee therefore, in this Point, to adhere to thoſe *Epocha's* which are moſt commonly receiv'd in the *Eaſt*, we will paſs to *Noah's Flood*; wherein thou muſt expect no other Light, ſave what is deriv'd from *Moſes* and the *Hebrew Doctors*. Which has occaſion'd many to confound this Deluge, with thoſe of *Deucalion* and *Ogyges*, mention'd by *Ovid*; and other *Gentile Writers*. And indeed, it may well ſtart a Scruple in a Mind not over credulous; how it came to paſs, that this Univerſal Deluge of *Noah* (ſuppoſing it to be ſuch) was recorded by no other Nation on Earth, ſave only by the *Jews*? As if it had not equally concerned all Mankind, to tranſmit to Poſterity, the exact Time of ſo General a Depopulation of our Race, made by *Water*. But ſo far are we from finding any ſuch *Memoirs*, that there are no Footſteps to be trac'd of the bare Matter of Fact; or any Mention made of a Flood, ſave thoſe of *Ogyges* and *Deucalion*. Whence proceeded this Neglect in the Writers of *Aſia*? What Intereſt, Prepoſſeſſion or Prejudice,

cou'd

cou'd byaſs the *Phœnician Antiquaries*, the *Perſian Magi*, the *Chaldean Sages*, the *Indian Gymnoſophiſts*, or the *Bonzi's of China*, from Regiſtring ſuch an Inundation, as (if the Story be true) ſwept away all the Race of *Adam* from *the Face of the Earth, except Eight Perſons?* Or, ſhall we ſuppoſe that thoſe *Eight Perſons* combin'd together to conceal ſo great a *Cataſtrophe* of Human Nature from their Poſterity, making their Children believe, that they were the Firſt Mortals that ever liv'd on Earth? If ſo, how come the Poſterity of *Sem* to be favour'd with the Firſt Diſcovery of the Truth? And thoſe of *Japhet* and *Cham*, to remain ignorant of their Fathers Deliverance from the All-deſtroying Deluge?

It has been uſual with the Learned *Nazarenes* of late, to cry down the Writings of *Manethon* the *Ægyptian*, *Beroſus* the *Chaldæan*, *Philo* the *Jew*; with *Metaſthenes*, *Anianus*, and other Authors of Antiquity; becauſe they have deliver'd Relations which thwart the Errors of theſe Modern Writers: On the ſame Score they contemn the *Perſian Antiquaries* and *Poets*, with all the *Records* of the *Eaſt*, as Fabulous and not worthy of Credit, becauſe they have been more careful than other Nations; eſpecially than thoſe in the *Weſt*, to conſerve the Hiſtory of the Firſt Ages of the World entire, and free from Corruption. But, with what Face will any Rational Man faſten this Calumny on *Priſtine Ægypt*; that *ſhe*

was the Mother of Fables and Ignorance, which all the World knows to have been the ſole Nurſe and Seminary of *Science and Truth*? Could not ſhe inform her ſelf aright in the Hiſtory of the World, who firſt taught the Uſe of Letters to other Nations? Where was there any Monument of Antiquity that came not out of *Ægypt*? Or what Learning, that was not firſt derived from the City of the *Sun*? *Moſes* himſelf, that *renowned Lawgiver* of the *Iſraelites*, had his Education at the Feet of the *Ægyptian Philoſophers*; and the whole Syſtem of his Laws, is but a partial *Epitome* of their Statutes; which, by Adding, Diminiſhing, and Altering, he fitted to the peculiar Tradition and Cuſtoms of the Offspring of *Jacob*. And, why may we not ſuppoſe he did the ſame in the Hiſtorical Part of his Books? Particularly ſo far as tended to beget Faith and Reverence in his Readers, to the Sanctity of that which he celebrates under the Title of the *Holy Line*: In which *Noah* was the *Janus with Two Faces*; one looking backward, on the *Old World*; the other forward, regarding the Future *Ages of the New*?

I ſpeak with Freedom, and after the Manner of the *Scepticks*, believing that the Boldeſt Diſquiſitions, even in Things which are of *Divine Aſſurance*, are the beſt Means to eſtabliſh the Truth. Let it not paſs therefore, for an Argument of *Infidelity* or *Atheiſm* (which ſome are pleas'd to lay to my Charge) in that I ſtrive to recover the loſt

Antiquities

Antiquities of the World, out of the Ruins of Time and Ignorance: And, that to this End, I even call in Queſtion thoſe Records, which being father'd on *Moſes*, paſs for *Divine Oracles*; which contain Paſſages repugnant to Human Reaſon; and appear infinitely more Fabulous than thoſe, which for their Sake, are condemn'd as ſuch, by the *Superſtitious Nazarenes*.

In all this I have not contradicted the *Alcoran*, which confirms the *Scriptures of the Old Teſtament*; but declares at the ſame Time, that *the Devil has inſerted many Errors into them*: 'Tis only againſt theſe Errors I diſpute, adoring the Truth wherever I find it; though it were written in Parchment, made of the Skin of an *Infidel*; which thou know'ſt, *is as great an Abomination as the Fleſh of a Hog*.

But, to return to *Noah*'s *Flood*, or that of *Ogyges* or *Deucalion*'s, which thou wilt; (for as the Firſt is an *Epocha* of the *Jews*, ſo the Two Latter are remarkable *Æra's* to the *Gentiles*) thou wilt do well in uſing all Three, and leave the Scrutiny to others; for 'twill involve them in a Labyrinth of Knotty Diſputes.

The Next *Epocha* among the *Gentiles*, is taken from the Burning of *Ida*; whereby Men occaſionally found out the Way to melt Iron, and form it to their Neceſſary Uſes; and the next to that, is the Tranſlation of *Ganymede*: Then the Building of *Troy*: After that, the Expedition of *Jaſon* to get the

Golden Fleece: And 45 Years after that, begins the great *Epocha* of the *Grecians*; the First *Olympiad* instituted by *Hercules*: Next succeed the *Olympiads* of *Iphitus*. I shou'd have mention'd the *Jewish Epocha*; which begins with their Departure out of *Ægypt*. But, in Regard this is only us'd by the Writers of that Nation, thou wilt not find it of any great Import. The Years of *Nabonasser* are of general Observation: So is the *Epocha* from the Building of *Rome*: The *Æra* of *Alexander the Great*, is used by my Country-Men, the *Arabian Writers*. The *Capitoline Games* is an *Æra*, mention'd by some *Roman Authors*, but not of General Remark.

These are all that are of any Note in Ancient History; for as to the *Augustan Years*, or those reckon'd from the Battle of *Actium*, they continued not long, and are but sparingly mention'd in History: But I had almost forgot the *Calippick Periods*, which must not be omitted; and therefore I have plac'd them at the Top of a *Column* in the *Scheme*: They commence from the Famous Battel between *Alexander* and *Darius* at *Arbela*; wherein the *Persians* receiv'd a Total Defeat.

As to more *Modern History*, thou wilt have Occasion to use the *Christian Æra*, the *Hegyra* of the *Arabians*, and the *Persian Epocha*. Thou must also observe the Difference in the *Julian* and *Gregorian Accounts*; The *Epocha* of *Diocletian*; the *Spanish*

niſh Æra: And above all Things, both in the *Epocha's* of the Ancient and Modern Hiſtory; thou muſt have a Special Regard to the Different Times of Year, wherein each Diſtinct *Æra* begins. For, they do not all commence in One and the ſame *Moon*, but vary their Dates from the Beginning of the Year to the End. The Want of due Care therefore in this Point, wou'd breed a great Confuſion in an *Univerſal Hiſtory*; and wou'd render its *Chronology* Intricate and Obſcure.

Follow the moſt *Ancient Authorities*, and be not diſcourag'd at the Captious Remarks of Modern Writers: For they grope in the Dark; and having ſet up to themſelves certain ſuppoſititious Land-Marks, whereby to meaſure the Age of the World, they Quarrel with the *Ancient Sages* for ſaying, 'Tis of longer Standing. As if thoſe, who are but of Yeſterday, knew better the Extent of Time backwards, than ſuch as liv'd above Two Thouſand Years Ago. Thus they retrench the Primitive Succeſſions of the *Aſſyrian Monarchy*; becauſe they are dated before their *Jewiſh Epocha* of *Noah's Flood*: And in the ſame Manner they deal with the *Ægyptians* and *Indians* of the *Eaſt*; becauſe thoſe Kingdoms were in Being, long before the Time theſe Upſtarts have ſet for the Beginning of the World.

But, be not thou Partial to the Truth, nor Swear to the Words of such as have Narrow Conceits of *God* and his Works: Doubtless, *he is Omnipotent and Eternal*; and it is no Heresy to Affirm, *That the Universe, both in Extent of Time and Place, is Adæquate to those Incomprehensible Characters of its Architect.*

Paris, 14th. *of the* 12th. *Moon,*
of the Year 1681.

LETTER

LETTER XII.

To the Wiſeſt *of the* Wiſe, *the* Key *of the* Treaſures *of* Knowledge, *the* Venerable Mufti.

I Have obey'd the Orders of *thy Sanctity*, in Writing to *Ibro Kalphaſer Effendi*, the *Student*. I have diſpatch'd to him all the Neceſſary Inſtructions he ſeems to want; together with a more Ample and Accurate Scheme of the Work, to which thou haſt appointed him. When the Tranſlators ſhall have procur'd the Books I have nam'd in a Catalogue, there will be nothing more wanting, but the Compilers Care in delivering a Correct *Chronology*. Wherein it will be neceſſary to deviate from the *Nazarene* and *Jewiſh Hiſtorians*; who ſeem to have curtail'd the Age of the World, and repreſented it infinitely Younger than it is, in the Records of the moſt Ancient and unſuſpected Writers.

The Ground of this Errour, no Doubt, was partly the Ambition of the *Jewiſh* Nation, to poſſeſs a Fame of greateſt Antiquity, and to be accounted Older than other Countries; and partly the Loſs of ſuch Monuments and Records, as were Extant in other Nations before *Noah*'s Flood.

Of all People on the Earth, the *Jews* ſeem to have been moſt Guilty of impoſing on the World

World an Opinion of their Antiquity, and Aggrandizing their Line above all the Race of *Adam*. And from them, the Errour is transmitted to the *Christians*; who giving a Kind of implicit and blind Faith to the *Hebrew Historians*, have confin'd the Age of the World within the Compass of Six Thousand Years; whereas, if other *Chronologies* be true, it may, for ought we know, be above Six Hundred Thousand Years Old.

The *Ægyptian Chronicles* give us an Account of no less than Seventeen Successive *Dynasties*, or Governments in that Nation, before the *Jewish* and *Christian Epocha's* of the Origin of Time. The *Assyrians* boast of a Race of *Kings* long before *Noah's Flood*; whose Succession continued down to the Reign of *Sardanapalus*, without the least Interruption or Vacancy made by any such Deluge. But the *Chineses* and *Indians* exceed all the Rest of the World in the prodigious Antiquity of their Records. And among the latter, their *Brachmans* assert the Age of the World to be little less than Infinite or Eternal. The Laws and Histories of this Nation, (I speak of the *Gentile Indians*) are Written in a Language which is now Antiquated, and has no Affinity with any other Speech in the World. And the Books that are extant in this Language assert, that it was the First and Primitive Speech of Mankind. None understand it at this Day, but the *Priests*; and such as they Vouchsafe to teach it to, in their Schools and Colleges. Yet this is the Language wherein are Written

the

the Hiſtories of their firſt *Kings*, the Original of their *Government*, and the Fables of the Worlds Immenſe Antiquity.

Certainly, it wou'd be a Deed worthy of *thy Munificence*, to procure a *Tranſlation* of ſome of theſe Records, that ſo we may no longer be in the Dark, as to the Hiſtory of that *Renowned Nation*. And I could heartily wiſh, our *Chronology* in this Work, might receive ſome Light from ſuch unqueſtionable Monuments.

The *Chriſtians* declaim againſt every Thing, that does not ſuit with their Tenets. They ſet up their private Errors as the Standard of Truth; and reject whatſoever contradicts theſe, as Fabulous and Heretical. In this they act like the *Gyant*; who, *when his Gueſts were too ſhort for his Bed, caus'd them to be ſtretch'd out with Engines; and when they were too long, he cut off their Legs or Heads, to make 'em fit for their Lodging*. So do the *Nazarenes* deal with *Ancient Writers*, and eſpecially with ſuch as extend the Age of the World beyond their Narrow *Epocha*; reſolving not to admit of any *Chronology*, which exceeds the Limits of their own. They Retrench whole Ages, and reduce the indefinite Meaſure of paſt Time to a Span. They eſteem the *Indians* as Fools, eaſily impos'd on by their *Crafty Prieſts*; and all the Records of the *Eaſt* paſs with them for Fables, or the Dreams of *Poets*. There is no Reaſon that the enlightened *Muſſulmans* ſhould be their *Apes*, and Mock at *Oriental Hiſtory*; ſince we are Taught from

from our Cradles, *That all Wisdom comes out of the East.*

But they will object perhaps, How is it possible, That any Records cou'd be preserv'd, of the Times before the *Flood*, except such as were Sav'd in *Noah's Ark*; since that *Universal Inundation*, swept away all the Rest of Mankind; and must needs utterly Efface their Writings and Monuments? To this I Answer, That they cannot prove this Inundation to be Universal: Not ev'n out of their own Scriptures; which I have narrowly examin'd in this Point, and find the Deluge Limited to that Part of the Earth, which was Inhabited at that Time. Which Verbal Limitation Supposes, that the whole *Globe* was neither Inhabited, nor Drown'd; or else they must allow a Tautology in the *Scriptures*.

Besides, it is evident from what the *Bible* says, concerning *Noah's Preaching* an Hundred and Twenty Years before the *Flood*, that this was but a particular Deluge, inflicted as a Punishment on that obdurate and impenitent Nation where he liv'd, and who derided the Warnings of the *Prophet*. For it cannot be suppos'd, That *Noah* wandered up and down over the Face of the Whole Earth, to Preach every where, and warn all Mankind of the approaching Calamity. And 'twould seem Partial in *God*, to send him to Preach to one People only, and let the rest of the World die in Ignorance. Either therefore there were no more People in the World, than those of his own Nation; or at least, there were no more

more to be drown'd. He was employ'd in Building the Ark, during the Time that he Preach'd; and the *Alcoran* makes mention of the Water that boil'd in *Noah*'s *Pot*; which are convincing Arguments, that he went not out of his own Country; unless we will suppose he carried the *Ark*, and his *Pot* along with *him*; one of which is impossible, the other ridiculous; and both of them full of Absurdities.

Add to this, that it was impossible for *Noah* and his Three Sons, to Build an *Ark* so big, as to contain all the Species of Clean Beasts and Birds by Fourteens; and the Unclean by Fours; and to have Room enough to lay up Provision sufficient to Nourish his Family, with such an Infinite Number of Living Creatures: Some of which would multiply upon him every Moon; others, in a little more Time; and all of them within the Year that they were confin'd to the Ark: For so long did the Flood last.

It is evident then, that it was but a Particular Deluge; and that the *Ark* was made only large enough to contain the *Species* of Beasts and Birds peculiar to that Country. For if it were otherwise, another Difficulty will start, How all the Innumerable Kinds of Beasts could Transport themselves from the Islands, and Remote Regions, to the *Ark*; and from thence, back again to the Places from whence they came; after the *Flood* was abated, and dried up?

A great deal more might be ſaid; but this is ſufficient to render it very Probable, if not to Demonſtrate, that this was no more than a particular Deluge, by which *God* was reſolv'd to Exterminate the *Infidels* out of that Land: Even as he has inflicted Judgments as Terrible on other Nations; deſtroying them by Lightning, or Vehement Winds, or by Armies of Wild Beaſts; as the *Alcoran* often intimates. Other Hiſtories ſpeak of Whole Cities in *Africk*, *with all their Inhabitants, turned into Stone, in one Nights Time, as a Puniſhment of their Wallowing in that Vice; whoſe very Imagination creates a Horrour in Chaſte Souls.*

Suppoſing therefore, that only *Armenia*, or the Adjacent Countries, were overwhelm'd in this Deluge; it will be eaſie to ſuggeſt, that the other Nations, ſuch as *Ægypt*, *China*, and the *Indies*, might retain their *Chronologies* uncorrupt, from the Original Source of Time.

It is of great Importance to True Hiſtory, that this point ſhou'd be throughly examin'd, and the Extent of the Flood adjuſted. For, if it could be apparently made out, that *Noah's Flood* was but ſuch another as thoſe of *Ogyges* and *Deucalion*; all the Miſts which darken Antiquity, would Vaniſh. The whole Firmament of *Chronology* would become Clear and Serene; and we ſhould Walk in the Light of the Primitive Ages, without being dazl'd, or forc'd to Wink.

Methinks, I behold this Light glimmering from afar like *Aurora*, the Chearful Harbinger

binger of Approaching Day. Methinks I see the Splendour of Historical Truth rising from the Orient, and Gilding the Tops of those Mountains; which the Ignorance and Superstition of some, the Pride and Ambition of others, have rais'd to hinder our Prospect of the far extended Ages of the Primitive World. And without Rapture or *Hyperbole*, I dare be bold to presage, *That a little more Knowledge in the Indian Language and Histories, will bring those Things to Light, which have been hid for many Thousands of Years, from the greatest Part of Mankind.*

Go on then, *thou Sacred Patron of History*; Go on to encourage this Unparallell'd Work! Send Messengers to the *Indies*; Men of Learning and Prudence: Let them Court the *Brachmans* with the Promises of Inestimable Rewards. Let them try to win those Renown'd *Philosophers*, to come with their Books to the *Sanctuary of the World*; that so this *Universal History*, may Transcend all that have been Written before it; and that the Proud Contemners of the *Mussulmans*, may have this Proverb Common among themselves, when they wou'd assert any Thing seriously, to say, *It is as true as an Oracle, or as the Chronology of those who Believe the Alcoran. Great Light of the Faithful*, Adieu.

Paris, 14th. *of the* 12th. *Moon,*
of the Year 1681.

LETTER

LETTER XIII.

To Cara Hali, Phyſician *in* Ordinary *to the* Grand Signior.

I Am now arriv'd to a Great Age, and have rubb'd through many Fatigues in my Life-Time. I have ſtood the Brunt of a Thouſand Perils, and undergone much Hardſhip. Pains and Afflictions have invaded me in Body and Soul. Labour, Perſecution and Grief, have been the Portion of my paſt Years. Now I wou'd fain Live at Eaſe, if 'twere poſſible.

Therefore I have Recourſe to thee, my Old Friend, who haſt often afforded me thy Counſel in Time of Need. I do not Addreſs for Faſhion ſake, or to diſcover the Vaſt Eſteem I have for a *Phyſician*, whoſe Skilful Preſcriptions have ſo often ſav'd my Life. No, No: I'm really in Want of thy Aid; and no Man but thy ſelf can Cure me.

It is not eaſie for me to define my Diſtemper, ſince 'tis Heterogeneous, and complicated of many different Maladies. However, it is fit that thou ſhouldſt be inform'd of the particular Symptoms, and the Cauſes, as far as I can gueſs at 'em: And I can do no leſs, than make thee in Part my *Confeſſor*.

Methinks I feel the Reverſion of my Youthful Vanities, Inherit the Entail of my paſt Plea-

Pleasures; which is certainly nothing but Pain and Torment. Those Agonies which I laugh'd at in other Men, are now fallen to my own Share. The *Comedies* of my Greener Years, are become the Sensible *Tragedies* of my Weather-beaten Age. Whilst I Sweat, Frown, and make a Thousand Grimaces at the Anguish given me by the Gout, Stone, Strangury, Cholick, Cramp, and other Acute Diseases, which Excruciate me by Turns: I think the Divine *Nemesis* has appointed some *Devil*, for an Inquisitor and Tormenter of every Bone, Vein, Artery, Nerve, Muscle, and Gut in my Body. Surely, I'm laid in the First Pickle of Nature's Wrath: I wish it may be the Last. For I do not in the least covet her Ill-Will.

Then I have my Successive Intervals of Dropsies, *Asthma's*, *Dysenteries*, *Fevers*, *Consumptions*; and *God* knows how many more *Species* of Sickness. Yet sometimes I am as seemingly well in Health, as *Maroph Zuastan*, the Old *Aga* that liv'd just by the *Obelisk* in the *Hippodrom*, who ran away from his Father in his Youth, and serv'd Seventeen Years in the Wars of *Persia*; liv'd till he was Eighty and Nine Years Old; yet never was let Blood, took Physick, or was Sick in all his Life.

I protest, 'tis hard for me to guess at my own Constitution, or to find out the Originals of those different Habits in my Body. Yet I have a feeling Sense of that my self, which I cannot express to another.

Some-

Sometimes I think there is some Native and Radical Venom in my Body, deriv'd from the Influence of Malignant Stars, that had the Dominion at my Birth; though how, or why it should be so, I am altogether Ignorant. Neither can any *Astrologer*, with all his Schemes and Heavenly Figures, convince me which of the Constellations or Planets did me the Fatal Injury. I give no Credit to their Antiquated Tales of Trines, Conjunctions, Oppositions, Quartiles, and the Rest of their *Egyptian* Jargon. I believe there may be something True and Sacred at the Bottom of *Astrology*; but 'tis cover'd with a Heap of Rubbish, Rules and Observations. And they that take most Pains, dig deepest, and make the Narrowest Search into the Ruins of that Noble Science, shall for one genuine Pearl, find a Thousand Counterfeits; for one Truth, a Thousand Errors. It fares with *Astrology*, as it does with *Religion*; which is Cantonized into Innumerable Sects and Factions; each positively asserting, that they have the only Incorrupt *Laws* of *God*: Whereas, if you make a Strict Scrutiny, you shall find a very little Sincere Piety, but Abundance of Prophaneness, Hypocrisy, and Superstition.

Well, let it be how it will, whether the Stars have any Hand in the Plot of Human Events or no; whether *Saturn* or *Mars* be Malevolent or Benign Planets, it matters not much: No more does it to hear what they prate of all the Various Aspects and Configu-

Configurations of the other Stars. This I am ſure of, That I endure a great many Pains; which, let them be deriv'd from Above or Below, are very troubleſome.

'Tis poſſible, that all, or moſt Diſtempers which afflict Human Bodies in ſo many different Kinds, may be but the Effects of One Original Indiſpoſition, or Artaxy, in our Animal Spirits; or ſome Hereditary Contagion in our Blood, or Seminal Peſts in our Humours; which *Proteus*-like, appears in different Forms; Maſquerading it up and down our Bodies in the Diſguiſe of Fevers, Agues, Phthiſicks, Coughs, Conſumptions, Rheumatiſms, Pleuriſies, and a Thouſand more. Or, perhaps our Vitals are not ſound: Some Fall, or Knock, or other Accident in our Infancy, might put us out of Frame: Or the Debaucheries of Youth may leave their Sting behind them, to chaſtiſe our Riper Years, and teach us Wiſdom before it is too late.

I tell thee in ſhort; all my Maladies, as I conjecture, owe their Original to an Ill-temper'd Spleen, and Vitiated *Hypocondria*. This, as I ſaid before, I can eaſily feel within my ſelf, but can hardly expreſs the Manner how it comes to paſs, with that Accuracy as is requiſite to make another ſenſible of it: Only in General Terms, I ſuppoſe it has made me extremely Melancholy at ſome Times; and as exceſſively Merry and Frolikſom at others; Both which Paſſions, thou know'ſt, have an ill Influence on the Heart, Midriff, Pericardium, Liver, and Lungs.

This

This I have found by frequent and long Experience, though I will not undertake to describe the Mechanick Operation of these Contiguous Vitals one upon another: Especially to thee, who art the most Accomplish'd and Curious Anatomist of this Age. Suffice it to say, that I have perceiv'd within my self, the Violent and Forcible Contraction or Dilatation, Heating or Cooling of any of these Interiour Principal Parts; to be very pernicious to my Health; having an immediate Influx on all the Rest, and so on the Blood, wherein is contain'd the very Essence of this Mortal Life.

My Dear *Physician*, Our Bodies are perfect Machines, and subject to the like Mischances. If but a Straw, a Pin, or any such Diminutive Triffle, get between the Wheels of a Watch, 'tis presently disordered in its Motion. The whole Frame of the Artificial *Mechanism*, is either at a Stand, or goes too slow, or fast; or at least, very unevenly. So the Smallest Irregular Passion, in any of the Chief Members of our Bodies, disturbs and violates the Peace of all the Rest; it spoils their Harmony, and makes them jarr; just like a Viol, when some blundering Hand has new-turn'd the Pegs, after a skilful Musician had put the Instrument in Tune.

Besides, there is a strange Chain of Consequences without. Our Passions hurt not our selves only, but others; and we receive again the Revenge of the Damage we gave.

For

For, there is an Eternal Circulation of Justice in the World. The Whole *Universe* is but a Piece of *Clock-Work*, where one Motion begets Another to Infinity, and one Stop in the Meaneſt Wheel would put all the Reſt to an equal Stand. We Mortals are *Parts* of this *Grand Mechaniſm*; and have our Particular Shares in the Diſaſters that happen to the *Whole*. I, for my Part, by many caſual Jolts of Misfortune; the deſigned Bruiſes of Enemies, and the corroding Teeth of Time, am almoſt worn out: If thou wilt by thy Skill reſtore me again, and put me in Frame, the Praiſe will be thy own: Otherwiſe, the Firſt *Artiſt* muſt even take me to Pieces, diſſolve this Uſeleſs Maſs; and when I am thus reduc'd to my Original Element, he may new-mold my Ductile Subſtance, and hammer it to what Faſhion and End he pleaſes.

Only I beg of him, rather to make me any *Four-Footed Beaſt*, than a *Spaniard*, a *Dutchman*, or a *Jew*, among Men: For theſe are the Scandals of Human Race.

Paris, 2d. *of the* 3d. *Moon*,
of the Year 1682.

LETTER XIV.

To Abdel Melec Muli Omar, *President of the* College *of* Sciences *at* Fez.

I Have had to do lately with Men pretending to *Astrology*: Persons of many Words and ostentous Expressions, but of little Sense, and less Knowledge, even in the very Science they boast of. I can compare them to none more properly, than to those Travellers, who visit Foreign Countries, that they may come home laden with *Romances* and *Fables*; with Trifling Remarks and Jejune Observations, to make a crackling Noise among the Vulgar; whilst Wise Men laugh at their Folly, in that after all their Extravagant Rambles Abroad, they are not able to give a Rational Account of any Thing to the purpose; and are perfectly Strangers to the Place of their own Nativity. So these pretended *Star-Gazers*, whilst they boast of being familiarly acquainted with all the Regions of the Sky; can draw Maps, Charts, and Figures of the Remote Heavens, delineate the *Houses* of the *Zodiack*, the Course of the *Signs*, the Governments, Laws, and Influences of the *Planets* and *Constellations*; are ignorant of their own Domestick Region, this *Globe* whereon they dwell. They know not the Things

Things with which they are dayly converſant; much leſs can they penetrate into the Secrets of the Earth, or diſcover the Things that are under their Feet.

Wherefore turning my Back on theſe vain *Scioliſts*, I approach with Reverence to Thee, who art accompliſh'd in the Myſteries of *thoſe* Worlds Above, and *this* below. I have two Difficulties upon my Mind, which I beſeech thee to ſolve. The firſt is concerning the Original of the *Blacks* or *Negroes*; the other about the *Flux* and *Reflux* of the *Sea*.

I was in Company not long ago with an Eminent *Phyſician* of *Paris*, a Perſon of great Abilities, a Searching Spirit, and very Curious in his Natural Obſervations. Among other Subjects which we diſcours'd of, we fell at length upon the Grand Diviſion of Mankind into *Blacks* and *Whites*. Which carried us ſo far, as to enquire into the Cauſes of this Difference in their *Colour*; whether it proceeded from the Various Heat and Influence of the Sun, or from the Divers Qualities of the Climates wherein they live; or finally, from ſome Specifick Properties in themſelves, in the Natural Frame and Conſtitution of their Bodies.

He was of Opinion, That if *Adam* were *White*, all his Children muſt be ſo too; if *Black*, all his Poſterity muſt be of the ſame *Colour*. Therefore, by Conſequence, either the *Blacks* or the *Whites* are not the Deſcendents of *Adam*. This he endeavoured to prove by many plauſible Arguments; but he

insisted chiefly on one Experiment he had seen made, when present at the Dissection of a dead *Negro*. For he affirm'd, That between the Outward and Inward Skin of the *Corps*, was found a Kind of *Vascular Plexus*, spread over the whole Body like a Web or Net, which was fill'd with a Juice as Black as Ink; from whence he concluded, the Outward Skin receiv'd its Tincture. And in regard there is no such Web or Net to be found under the Skin of a *White* Man, it serv'd to him as an Argument, That they were Two different *Species* or Races of Men, from the very First Original of Mortals; Nature having given the One Kind an Inward as well as an Outward Characteristick to distinguish them from the Other, in this diverse Organization of their Bodies.

I must confess, it has been my Opinion a long Time, That the *Negroes* or *Blacks* owe their *Colour* to a far higher and more ancient Original, than to the *Curse* which *Noah* pronounced on *Cham* and all his Posterity, as is commonly believed. And I cou'd even grant them to be of a different *Race* from that of *Adam*: For it is no new Thing with me, to conceive, That Mankind had a different Original from that which is Recorded in the *Book* that goes under *Moses*'s Name. And I dare be bold to say, That that *Book* [of *Genesis*] was either not penn'd by *Moses*; or if it were, that it has been much corrupted in After-Times; and that at present there is not any known True Copy of it in the World.

For

For how can we Father ſo many Incongruities, as are to be found in that *Book*, on the *Holy Prophet*? Or if he were really the Author of ſuch Contradictions and Abſurdities, how can we believe him, without forfeiting our Senſe. *God* gave us our Reaſon to be a Lamp and a Prop, to light and ſupport us as we walk through the Dark and Uncertain Wilderneſs of this Mortal Life; not as an *Ignis Fatuus* to miſguide us, or a Reed of *Egypt*, which deceives him that leans on it, and cauſes him to fall. He has ſquar'd our Faculties to the Works of *Eternity*. Our Native *Idea*'s of Things are exact and true, till adulterated by the falſe Strokes of Education, Superſtition, and Foreign Error. Thus in my Infancy, I remember, I cou'd not conceive any Limits to the Extent of Space, nor any Beginning to the Age of the World. And I have retained the ſame Notion of Infinite and Eternal Matter ever ſince, even to theſe Grey Hairs. So of the Original of Mankind, I believe not the narrow and partial *Genealogies* of the *Jews*, who only ſtrove to exalt themſelves and their own *Lineage* above all the Nations on Earth beſides.

For ought I know, there were as many Original *Protoplaſts* of Mortals, as there are different Nations, ſpeaking various Radical and Maternal Languages; obeying ſeveral Forms of Government, and practiſing diſtinct *Maxims* and *Principles*. Or, it is poſſible, the *Eaſt* produced One ſort of Men, the *Weſt* Another; whilſt the *North* and the *South*

brought forth an equal Variety. Who knows the Force of the *Conſtellations* and *Heavens* Above; or the hidden Virtues which exhale from the *Depths* Below? Theſe may differ as the *Climates* do: And the firſt *Indigence* of the *Earth*, might all be mark'd with the Various Affections, Paſſions and Diſpoſitions of *Her* their Common *Parent*; even as Children are now-a-days ſtigmatiz'd with the Luſt of a teeming Mother.

Oh that it were poſſible with *Theſeus* to deſcend into the Bowels of this *Globe*, and come up alive and ſafe again! That we might dive into the *Abyſſes* below, and viſit the Caverns of perpetual Darkneſs! That we might creep along by the Roots of the ancient Mountains, or through the Channels of Mines, a Thouſand Miles beneath the Surface! There wou'd I ſeek for the Fountains of hidden Waters, which run to and fro in the Veins of the Earth; I wou'd find out the Subterranean Seas, Lakes, and Rivers, which feed our Upper Ocean with its Briny Floods. And perhaps there I ſhou'd diſcover the True Cauſe of the *Flux* and *Reflux* of the *Sea*, which has ſo puzzl'd all *Philoſophy*.

Tell me, Thou Sage of Sages, Can all the Fountains, Rivulets, mighty Channels, Lakes and *Seas*, which we ſee on the *Superficies*, be conſtantly ſupply'd only by Showers from Heaven, which in ſome Places fall very ſparingly or not at all? Cou'd the conſtant Regular Tides and *Ebbs* be ſtill maintain'd by the uncertain fickle Rains and Snows? Or

is there not an Eternal Circulation of Waters thro' the various Hollowneſſes of the Earth?

In a Mine at *Bern* in *Switzerland*, about 230 Years ago, there was found a whole Ship 50 Fathom deep, with all its Tackle, and the dead Bodies of many Sea-Men: I ask, How that Ship came there?

Who can give me an Account of the many Whirl-Pools, *Vorago's* and *Charybdis's*, there are in divers Seas? There is one in the North of the World, not far from *Moſcovy*, Forty Miles in Compaſs, which when the *Tide* comes in, ſwallows up all the Sea with an inſupportable Noiſe, above that of Thunder, with Ships, Fiſh, and whatſoever elſe comes within that Fatal Stream; then at the *Ebb* it throws them up again with equal Fury. Doubtleſs, there are innumerable ſuch Devouring Jaws of the Earth, under the various Bottoms of the Sea. And I will never trouble my ſelf any farther for the Solution of this Grand Scruple, which coſt the *Stagyrite* his Life.

Venerable *Sage*, Tell me thy Opinion of theſe Things; for I could bring Inſtances enough to write a Volume on this Subject. But I am brief with thee, who canſt not improve by any Thing I can ſay; who write this as one that begs Inſtruction, and not to teach or inform an *Oracle*.

Paris, 20th. *of the* 5th. *Moon*, *of the Year* 1682.

LETTER XV.

To the Kaimacham.

HERE'S a Race of *Infidels* newly ſtarted in *France*; who, if they be let alone, may, for ought I know, in Time depopulate not only this Kingdom, but the whole Earth. A Society of Miſcreants, Sorcerers, Magicians, Witches, and I know not what. They ſecretly ſteal Children away from their Parents, and offer them in Sacrifice to *Demons*. Their Blood they ſave to compound horrible Poiſons and execrable Enchantments. The Bread of *Paris* and other Cities, is become like the Fruit of the Tree *Zacon*, which overſhadows the Center of *Hell*; full of deadly Venom. The Fountains of once living and refreſhing Waters, are now tainted with the Contagion of *Styx*, *Phlegeton*, and *Cocytus*. There is no Safety in eating or drinking. Men chuſe to periſh by Hunger or Thirſt, rather than taſte the very Fruits of the Earth. They undergo a Voluntary Famine in the midſt of Infinite Plenty. And whilſt there is an Affluence of all things, which uſe to ſupport our Mortal Life, People complain of Scarcity, and die for Want of wholeſome Food.

In the mean While, no Body can tell the meaning of it; but a diligent Enquiry is made:

made: Some are arrested on Suspicion, others are convicted by undeniable Evidence, yet will confess nothing: They prove 'em guilty in Matter of Fact, and put 'em to more than the common Tortures, but can extort not a Syllable from 'em, which shall discover their Accomplices, or reveal the bottom Secret of this Nefandous Practice.

Arise! Arise! Arise! *Medea*, *Circe*, *Æsculapius*, or some other Powers more expert in Nature's hidden Force: Arise, I say, and prop the fainting Reliques of Human Race. New Deaths invade the World: Men speak, seem stout; they walk the Streets, are merry, brisk and gay; and yet in the Height of Laughter, down they drop and die. This is very strange; but more so it is, that even after Death, when they are Cold, their Chaps remain still distorted in the same Comical Figure, not much unlike the Statue of the *Satyr*, which stands behind the Gate of the Womens Apartment in the *Serail*.

I have indeed read of a Fruit, which whosoever tastes, will die Laughing: And of the *Torpedo*, which if any Man touch, though with a Staff or Pole in his Hand, immediately it benums him, and takes away his Sense of *Feeling*: But I always ascribed these Stories to the Romantick Humour of *Pliny*, or at least, of those from whom he collected the pleasant Paragraph of his *Natural* History. But, now I'm convinc'd, that 'tis possible these things may be true.

In

In a Word, I tell thee plainly, that were it not for honeſt *Eliachim* the *Jew*, poor *Mahmut* muſt ſtarve himſelf. For, I wou'd rather die weeping and famiſhing, deploring and lamenting the Miſeries of Human Life, than paſs to *Orcus* in an Artificial Good Humour, only fram'd by the Force of Poyſons and Charms; but *Eilachim* and all the *Jews* are ſingular in their Diet: They take Care not to be polluted by Abominable *Infidels*: They will not eat the Bread of the *Chriſtians*, nor taſte of their Fleſh. The Law of *Moſes* forbids it, and they are very curious in obſerving it: They have their Corn-Merchants, Millers, Bakers, Butchers, Poulterers, and Fiſh-mongers by themſelves; Their Fruiterers alſo, and ſuch as ſerve 'em with Water, Wine, or any other Beverage: They will not eaſily be cheated of their Lives, through the Complaiſance of what they call Good Nature: Neither *French* nor *Dutch*, *Italians* or *Spaniards*, ſhall impoſe upon them: They eat and drink more nicely (I ſpeak of the better Sort) than the *Infidel Kings* of the Earth.

Herein lies my Safety amidſt the Common Danger: I never eat or drink of late, but at *Eliachim*'s Houſe. For, I dare not; ſo well grounded are the Fears of Poyſon, in the Society of *Nazarenes* at this Time in *Paris*.

By the *God* of my Fathers, and my *God*, I wou'd not willingly go down to the Shades, in a Vehicle of *Aia-mala*, *Kerim*, or any other ſubtle *Eaſtern Opiate*. I'd rather fairly ſtand

the

the Fate of a Bullet, Dagger, Sword, or any Thing that with *Candor* threatens us above-board. But, to be ſneakingly undermin'd, circumvented, &c. goes againſt the Grane, by the Wounds of *Mahomet*, which he receiv'd before the *Holy Flight*.

O *Ali*, *Ali*! This Oath brings thy Fame to my Remembrance, who durſt ſtand againſt the Sword of *Ali*, when he was in his Wrath? *Ali*, the True Succeſſor of the Prophet!

Do not take me for a *Kyſilbaſchi*, *Heretick*, *Infidel*, &c. For, I am of an untainted Race, a True *Believer*, a *Muſſulman* in all Senſes: But I hate *Phanaticiſm*, and factious Bigotry: Though we hate the *Perſians*, and purſue 'em as Incorrigible *Hereticks*, may we not love and honour the *Caliph* whom they follow? So we are profeſs'd Enemies to the *Chriſtians*, and yet we reverence *Jeſus* the *Son* of *Mary*, the *Chriſtians Meſſias*.

But to return to the *French*, the *King* has erected a Kind of *Inquiſition-Court*, which is call'd the *Chamber* of *Poyſons*. Here all Perſons ſuſpected of theſe Diabolical Practiſes, are examin'd, and put to the Torture. Alſo Millers, Bakers, Butchers, Fruiterers, Vintners, and other Trades which ſell any thing to eat or drink, are ſworn in this Chamber, and undergo a ſevere Scrutiny. So do all Phyſicians, Druggiſts, and Apothecaries. Edicts are daily publiſh'd, whereby *all Perſons pretending to a Spirit of Divination*, &c. *are commanded forthwith to depart the Kingdom, under the Penalty of Death*. It is order'd alſo, that

that whosoever has abus'd any Sentence of the Written Law, in making of Enchantments, Spells, Charms, or any Thing beside or beyond the Force of Nature, shall be severely punish'd. The same Edict forbids *all Use of Poysons, unless they be such as are Ingredients of wholesome Medicines, and help to compound those Physical Preparations which are necessary to conserve the Life of Men. And that even these shall not be sold to any Person whatsoever, but only to those who by their Art and Profession are oblig'd to make use of them.* Abundance of Care is taken both by the State and the Church, by Publick Magistrates and Private Persons, to discover the Authors of these Inhuman Tragedies, and to prevent the like for the Future. Every Man's Eye is upon his Neighbour, and they of the same House are jealous one of another. The Father suspects and narrowly watches the Motions of his Son, and the Mother will not trust the Daughter of her Delight. Children are wary of their Parents, and one Brother or Sister dares not eat or drink any thing prepar'd by another: Neither the Ties, nor even the Sacred Bonds of Friendship it self, are sufficient to conquer Mens Fears and Apprehensions of being poyson'd.

In the mean while, the Inhabitants have felt a terrible Blow from the *French* Arms. For, the *King* of *France* having receiv'd some Affront from those *Corsairs*, gave Orders to the *Sieur Du Quesne*, Lieutenant General of his Naval Forces, to go and Bombard their

City

City, which was perform'd accordingly, in the Beginning of the 9th. Moon: And that Bld Warriour threw so many Bombs into the Town, that he ruin'd a considerable Part of it, overthrew the Principal *Mosque*, and kill'd many Thousands of Men: Which obliged the *Algerines* to become humble Supplicants for Peace: And it was granted them on certain Conditions, advantagious enough for *France*.

This *Monarch* is wholly addicted to War, in which also he is no less expert than he is in Matters of State: And he loves to see his Subjects follow his Example. To this End, he has lately establish'd Two *Seminaries*; One in the Cittadel of *Tournay*; the Other in that of *Metz*, where a certain Number of *Cadets* or Younger Brothers, who can prove themselves descended of Noble Blood, are educated at the *King*'s Charge, and taught the Method and Art of Fortifications, with other Exercises of Military Discipline.

This is a great Encouragement to the young *Gentry* and *Nobles*, and fills 'em with Glorious Emulations, every one being ambitious to excel another in these Heroick Arts. And the *King* will never want for able Souldiers, to serve him in any Station at Home or Abroad.

Illustrious Kaimacham, this is all the News I can at present send thee. May *God* protect thee and all the True Faithful from the sly Attempts of Magicians, Witches, and Poysoners

ers. As for me, I know not how long I shall escape their Snares. But I'll be as cunning as I can. Sage Minister, Adieu.

Paris, 4th. *of the* 7th. *Moon, of the Year* 1682.

LETTER XVI.

To Nathan Ben Saddi, *a* Jew *at* Vienna.

I Receiv'd a *Dispatch* Yesterday, sign'd with thy Name; but not writ by thy own Hand, nor in thy accustom'd Style; and yet there is no mention made of Sickness, a broken Arm, or any other Misfortune which might hinder thee from penning it thy self; which fills me with Abundance of Doubts and Scruples. If the *Palsy*, or any other Disease, has taken from thee the Use of thy Limbs, I hope it has not depriv'd thee of thy Reason. That Faculty wou'd have prompted thee to explain this Mysterious Way of Correspondence, by the same Hand which wrote the Letter. I know not what to think of it. 'Twas very odd, thus to leave me in the Dark, and thou canst not blame me, if in this Obscurity, I stumble upon Suspicious Thoughts. I am not Jealous of thy Fidelity; though such a Conduct as this, would make

make a Man fear the worſt. But I rather apprehend the Effect of thy Credulity and Negligence. In a Word, I am afraid, leſt ſome prying buſy-Body has got a Glimpſe of our Secret Buſineſs, and mutual Intelligence, and ſo put this Trick upon me in thy Name, to ſee what Anſwer I will make; which they may think eaſie to do, by intercepting the Letters which are addreſs'd to thee by the Poſt. To prevent which, I ſend this by a Private Meſſenger. We cannot be too cautious in ſuch Caſes; where one falſe Step betrays all, and lays our Deſigns open to the World.

I conjure thee to be very plain and particular in thy next; ſatisfie me in all things. For, I am very anxious at preſent: My Mind is full of Thorns and Briars: I ſhall not write to any of the Sublime Miniſters, till I have thy Anſwer by the ſame Meſſenger I ſend. Therefore diſpatch him with Expedition.

As to Count *Tecli*'s Buſineſs, if this Information be really thy own, and not ſent by ſome ſly Interloper; I like the Project well enough; and will communicate it to the *Grand Vizir*, or the *Kaimachan*, without taking Notice of thy Overſight in putting me to this Fright and Trouble. The *Count* has a good Character among the *French*, who are no Friends to the Houſe of *Auſtria*, or Ennemies to the *Grand Signior*. This is certain, New Spirits muſt be rais'd, in the Room of thoſe who are taken away. For, Conſpiracies of this Nature muſt not be given over,

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upon every Discouragement. Care must be taken, that the *Hungarian* Faction be constantly supply'd with fresh and active Heads, like the *Hydra*, as fast as the Old ones are cut off. And I know not where they cou'd have pitch'd upon a more likely Man than *Count Tecli*: He comes of a good Parentage, and his Ancestors were all along Patriots, and Sticklers for their Country Liberties. They ever oppos'd the Tyrannous Encroachments of the House of *Austria*.

Carcoa's Journal relates many remarkable Passages of the *Tecli's*; whose Castle, he says, was the usual Rendezvouz of all the Malecontent Lords in those Parts, who were weary of the *German* Yoke. There they caball'd and held their Private Consults: There they hatch'd their Plots against the *Emperour*. I read this *Journal* daily, finding no small Pleasure in it, and Abundance of Profit. For, it contains Select Memoirs of divers curious Transactions and Events, that happen'd both in Publick and Private during his Residence at *Vienna*. And I take the greater Delight in reading him, because his Style is very short, yet comprehensive; familiar also and free, without Impertinences or Solecisms: He gives one not the Fatigue of dwelling long upon a Period, to hammer out the Sense of Attentive Study. But he couches his Words like a Train of Gunpowder, which is no sooner lighted at one End, but in an Instant the other catches the Flame: So you can hardly cast your Eyes on Three Words at the

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Beginning of a Paragraph or Sentence in *Carcon's Journal*, but you anticipate his Scope in all the Reſt. This argues a great Serenity of Spirit in the Author; and An Elegance not to be met with, but in a Mind void of Clouds. Beſides, he relates no Trivial Matters, or Tales fit only for Women and Boys: But he treats altogether of Weighty and Important Affairs; Intriegues of State; Remarkable Strokes of War; Subtle Overtures of Peace: Which he gracefully intermixes with Parallels of Hiſtory; with Characters and Deſcriptions of Countries and their Inhabitants: And, finally, with Philoſophical, Moral and Political Remarks: All very agreeable and pleaſant.

Nathan, I counſel thee to imitate his Example, and leave ſome Memorial behind thee of thy Induſtry and Vertue. To this End apply thy ſelf at Spare Hours to reading, but be ſure uſe Caution in the Choice of Books; elſe 'tis but Time miſ-ſpent. Be curious in Searching out the moſt excellent Treatiſes: For vain and trifling Subjects, are fit only for the Fire. Have a ſpecial Regard to the Credit of ſuch Hiſtorians as fall in your Way; beſtow not a Moment on thoſe that are not Authentick; leſt Old Time call thee to an Account for the Waſte. Then accuſtom thy Pen to make Epitomes, Abſtracts and Collections out of what thou readeſt, and learn to be nice and cleanly in thy Language: A ſqualid Style turns the Stomach of a Reader; whereas Polite Expreſſions,

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whet his Appetite, and cause him to devour whole Volumes with a Gust.

After all, I bid thee farewell, and advise thee not to neglect the *Grand Signior*'s Business, but mind the main Chance.

Paris, 5th *of the* 8th. *Moon, of the Year* 1682.

LETTER XVII.

To the Kaimacham.

I Shall now acquaint thee with an Accident, which extremely surpriz'd me, when I first heard of it, and has still left me in Confusion. About Seven Weeks are past since I receiv'd a Letter, dated as from *Vienna*; which *Nathan Ben Saddi* subscrib'd, but I presently perceiv'd it was not his own Hand-writing; which made me very uneasie and full of Careful Thoughts. For, it contain'd Matters of Importance, Secrets of the *Hungarian* League, with a Particular Project relating to *Count Tecli*, a great Lord in that Country.

I consider'd, that if the Letter were writ with *Nathan*'s Knowledg, and by his Order; he cou'd not be so forgetful, as not to bid the *Scribe*, whoever he was, give me an Account of the Reasons which hindred him from Writing to me himself. For, he must needs imagine,

gine, I shou'd be troubled, and in no small Astonishment, to find Matters of that dangerous Consequence, addressed to me in an unknown Hand, under his Name. Or else I thought, he took me for a Man that made no Reflections on things. I knew not well what to conclude, amidst so many probable Uncertainties.

However, I was resolv'd to act more securely, and with greater Caution on my Side, in Order to a Right Information in this Mystery. Wherefore, not daring to trust the Posts, I dispatch'd away a Private *Courier* to *Vienna*, One in whom I can confide, with ample Instructions, and a Letter to *Nathan Ben Saddi*: Wherein, among other Things, I desir'd him to tell me the Meaning of this Conduct.

My Messenger is honestly and safely returned again to *Paris*, but no *Nathan Ben Saddi* to be heard of. All the Account he cou'd learn of him, was, that about Eight Weeks ago he went out of his House, with a Stranger, who pretended Business with him at the *Burse* or *Exchange*: But neither he nor the Stranger have been seen or heard of since; only they said, that a Day or Two after *Nathan* was missing, there was the Dead Body of a Man seen floating in an Eddy of the *Dannbe*, hard by the Bridge; but the Face was so mangled and disfigured with Wounds and Slashes, that it was impossible for any to distinguish, or discern who it was. Yet, *Nathan's* Friends were apt to suspect it was he himself, and

and that he had been privately murder'd, and afterwards thrown into the River.

This is the Substance of what my Messenger cou'd learn of him: And he was forc'd to use Abundance of Caution in Enquiring so far; lest by being less reserv'd, he might have brought himself into Trouble, run the Hazard of being put to the Torture, and discovering what I entrusted him with, besides other Inconveniencies.

Praise be to *God*, he escaped all Scrutiny, and is come back safe with my Letter. But what is become of that *Jew*, *God* knows. Perhaps some of his own Nation have made him away privately, to prevent his turning *Mussulman*: For, he was unsettled in his Religion; and if amidst his wavering, he seem'd to have any Particular Byas stronger than Ordinary, it was that which inclin'd him to the Faith of *True Believers*. And if he perish'd on this Account, we ought to esteem him as a Martyr of *God* and his *Prophet*. But, I must confess, I that well knew the Shallowness and Inconstancy of *Nathan*'s Temper, with the Superstitious *Attach* which he ever had for his *Rabbi's*, have hardly Faith or Charity enough to believe, his Zeal for the *Alcoran* would carry him to Martyrdom. Neither can I forbear thinking, there is something worse in it.

But all this which seems so strange to me, may be well known to the Ministers of the *August Port*, by whose Order perhaps he has receiv'd a Secret Death, as a Chastisement of some Crimes they have found him guilty of;

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and which they cou'd not inflict openly in a Country of Enemies and *Infidels*. Or, it may be, he has privately withdrawn himself, to prevent such a Punishment; being conscious that he deserv'd it. Be it how it pleases *God*, and my Superiours, I humbly crave Advice and Instructions about the Ordering my Bills and other Matters. *Sage Kaimacham*, Adieu.

Paris, 6th. *of the* 11th. *Moon*, *of the Year* 1682.

LETTER XVIII.

To Dgnet Oglou.

THIS comes to thy Hands by the same Post with one to the *Kaimacham*; therefore I pray thee be quick in executing the Contents of it. I have not One Friend in the *Seraill* whom I dare trust with such a Secret: Thou art my only Refuge at a Juncture which requires Fidelity, Prudence, and a dexterous Conduct in diving and searching into a certain Mystery, which, for ought I know, may concern my Life.

To tell thee in short, *Nathan Ben Saddi*, the *Sultan*'s Agent *Incognito* at *Vienna*, a *Jew* by Descent and Religion, is, I fear, privately murder'd by some Order from the *Divan*. But, for what Reasons I know not, unless it were

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in Complyance with the Old Maxims of the *Sublime Port*, which seldom suffer any *Slave* to go to his *Sepulchre* in Peace, who has serv'd the *Grand Signior* many Years in any eminent Station. He has been miss'd at *Vienna* these Eight Weeks, and within a Day or two after his First Absence, the Body of a Dead Man was found floating on the *Danube*, but so disfigur'd with Wounds, as it could not possibly be known who he was; which gives me the greater Suspicion that it was he. And if so, I may expect to be serv'd so my self in a little Time. For my Turn is next.

Therefore, if thou hast any Love or Friendship for me, be watchful on my Behalf: Attend the Whispers of the Court, and observe the Language of those who discourse with their Fingers Ends. The Cast of the Eye many Times discovers the Secret Sentiments of the Heart: So does a Shrug of the Shoulder, a Pout of the Lip, or any other Artificial Gesture. They are all Significant and expressive of what Affections and Thoughts we harbour within. Thou know'st how to act the Mute upon Occasion, as well as any in the *Serail*. I conjure thee to use great Dexterity, and no less Expedition in unravelling this Secret. Feign to know something more than thou dost, that so thou may'st really learn what I wou'd have thee know concerning *Nathan*'s Fate, and mine too, if possible. Let no cold Indifference make thee neglect this due Care of thy Friend's Interest and Life. We were born to serve one another with mutual Zeal and Fidelity. The

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good Offices thou doſt me, are but lent to be repay'd again with others, whenever Opportunity preſents it ſelf. But theſe Arguments are ſuperfluous; thou needeſt no Spurs to do a Generous Action. I know thou loveſt me, and wilt be active at this Juncture on my Account. In full and entire Confidence of this, I take my Repoſe under the Shadow of the *Divine Mercy*; begging of *God*, to afford thee a Shelter in Time of Peril; and that when thou and I have weather'd all the Tempeſts of this Mortal Life, we may triumphantly enter the *Port* of *Paradiſe*, and enjoy one another in Eternal Felicity.

Paris, 6th. *of the* 11th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1682.

FINIS.

BOOKS *Written by Sir* Roger L'Estrange, *and Printed for* J. Hindmarsh *and* R. Sare.

1. FAbles of *Æsop* and other Eminent Mythologists, with Morals and Reflections, *Folio.*

2. *Seneca*'s Morals, by way of Abstract, the Fifth Edition, *Octavo.*

3. Select Colloquies out of *Erasmus Roterodamus*; pleasantly representing several Superstitious Levities that were crept into the Church of *Rome*, in his Days; the Second Impression corrected and amended, with the Addition of Two Colloquies to the former, *Octavo.*

4. *Tully*'s Offices in Three Books, turned out of *Latin* into *English*; the Fourth Edition corrected, *Twelves.*

5. A Guide to Eternity, extracted out of the Writings of the Holy Fathers and Ancient Philosophers; written originally in *Latin*, by *John Bona*, and now done into *English*; the Third Edition.

The Genuine Epistles of the Apostolical Fathers, by *William Wake*, D.D.